

The Reader's Digest

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"An article a day"

of enduring significance, in condensed, permanent booklet form

NINETEENTH YEAR



VOLUME 37, NO. 219

A CONVERSATION BY MAIL

Timing Is Everything

Cast of Correspondents :

Christopher Morley : Creator of
Kitty Foyle—and others

Franklin P. Adams : Columnist,
wit of "Information, Please"

Margaret Fishback : Poet, author
of *One To a Customer*

Henry Morton Robinson : Writer,
editor, poet

CHESS is sometimes played by mail; why shouldn't conversation be carried on the same way? Curious to see what would happen when four sprightly conversationalists met in the mailbox, the Editors of The Reader's Digest assembled a brilliant cast of correspondents, selected a subject, and left the rest to the letter carrier.

Here's how our postage-stamp salon worked out: Each conversationalist wrote an opening remark, mailed it to the Editors. We selected the one we liked best and mailed it to the other three conversationalists, asking them to add a place-worthy bit of dialogue. From these contributions we again chose the most eligible remark, tacked it on to the first one, and mailed the growing conversation to our correspondents. Good manners suggested that after each relay the talker whose speech was selected should take a breathing space, while the other three jostled for position. Letters shuttled back and forth for several weeks, wit sharpening wit in the best coffee-house tradition, until the following postal dialogue resulted.

Margaret Fishback : How adroitly you chug at your after-dinner cigar, Mr. Adams. It doesn't appear to be a particularly good cigar, but I do admire your attack on it. What

puzzles me is how you manage to say so many clever things with that smoldering rope's-end in your mouth.

Franklin P. Adams : It isn't in my mouth when I say them, Miss Fish-

back. You don't see me take it out, but I do. The cigar is quicker than the eye. First I puff, then I crack wise. The trick is to keep from suffocating myself with smoke, while suffocating the audience with laughter.

Henry Morton Robinson: Frank is modestly trying to say that he's gifted with a special sense of timing. Actually, he wields a time-slicer that makes a surgeon's scalpel seem like a butter knife by comparison. All custard-pie throwers — intellectual or otherwise — develop a razor-sharp "when" sense, much keener than the commuter's whose closest shave is catching the 5:15.

Christopher Morley: I remember the swing we had in the backyard as kids. I found out that if you're pushing someone in a swing, there's just the right instant to give it a shove. Not too soon, not too late. A very small push at the proper moment does the trick. I guess it's like that in showmanship or publishing, or making love.

Miss Fishback: Or taking a boiled egg out of water.

FPA: And that's something the egg-cooks just can't manage to do when I ask for a one-minute egg.

Robinson: Any man who eats one-minute eggs would tear the hands off baby Swiss watches!

Morley: Or forge laundry marks. But what's the difference? Even if

FPA's food were well cooked, he'd eat it too fast anyway. We all do. Quick lunch, curb service, minute steak — what a stepped-up tempo of meal-timing we Americans have!

FPA: Too many clocks spoil the broth, eh Chris?

Miss Fishback: Especially the jittery little modern clocks. There was something restful about the leisurely swing of the pendulums in those old clocks. We had one at home with a moon and all the planets circling slowly in their celestial orbits. Every time you looked at it, you got a cosmic feeling as well as the time of day.

Robinson: The most natural character I know hasn't looked at a clock for 30 years. He says that all really important events such as eating, sleeping and making love, don't need to be jogged by watches. He hasn't any calendar either. Yet for 25 years he has written a marvelous quarterly full of timely comment on men and events. When the sap begins to run, he knows it's time for his spring number. When the year's last aster feels the year's first frost, he puts his autumn issue to bed. He figures that a week one way or the other won't make much difference. "How long did you work today?" I once asked him. "Just long enough to write a sonnet," he replied. Dawn is his alarm clock; twilight his supper hour. At 72, his mansprings seems scarcely to be worn at all.

Morley: Sounds as if it might be a little rusty, though. Your friend must have wasted a lot of time in his life, Robby. Now a fellow I really admired was Houdini. I once saw him put time to its maximum advantage. He jumped out of an airplane, heavily handcuffed, and had to get out of the shackles before he could pull the string of his parachute. He figured he had only 28 seconds in which to get loose. I bet he didn't waste any of that time in starry-eyed gazing at the scenery. If I were a moralist (which thank God I ain't) I'd advise everyone to use his time as completely as Houdini must have used it after stepping out of that airplane.

Miss Fishback: Few of us ever do. I remember trying to sneak out of a task by saying to an old school-teacher, "I didn't have time enough." "You had all the time there was," she said simply. "Everyone has. It's just a question of putting it to its loveliest use."

Robinson: I once watched John Gielgud rehearsing *Hamlet*. You remember there's a soliloquy beginning, "Now I am alone." Then follows a sententious wait while Hamlet walks up and down the empty stage, picks a revolving loophole of eternity — the *right* one, or the whole thing's ruined — and plunges into a furious speech of self-loathing and castigation. An ordinary actor would "drawn the general ear with horrid speech," but Gielgud's

sense of timing held every line taut as a wire whip before letting it fall smack on Hamlet's raw heart. Diction? Sure. Business? Plenty. But the quality that breathed life into it was *timing*.

FPA: I have a theory that perfect coördination doesn't exist outside the arts. Could any of us time an entrance as beautifully as Tchaikovsky introduces a theme for strings?

Morley: Everything you say about Gielgud and Tchaikovsky goes double for ordinary conversation. Good talk is a flexible mixture of pace — and space. Ben Franklin got a reputation for being a wit by calcimining large white spaces of silence around his remarks. He was chary with language, generous with punctuation. I wish more people would sprinkle commas and semicolons over their chatter. It breaks up the tedium of listening and spaces out more clearly what the talker has to say.

FPA: A guy named Timothy Dexter didn't agree with you, Chris. Dexter was a woolly American eccentric who wrote a satire called *A Pickle for the Knowing Ones*. The book itself didn't have any punctuation but Dexter put several pages of commas, periods and question marks on the back pages and invited the reader to "salt and pepper to taste."

Miss Fishback: Clever of him, but

would you want all books to ramble on with never a comma?

FPA: I'd prefer them with never a coma.

Robinson: Puns are like salted peanuts. The man who begins on them finds it impossible to stop.

Miss Fishback: That's equally true about making rhymes. I find myself nibbling at them all day long — *trollop, scollop, dollop, swollop*. But no matter how stunning my rhymes are, the poem limps and sags unless the meter — that is, the timing, is in order.

FPA: Margaret, as a poet you'd make a fine mechanic. And I mean that as a compliment. Another good mechanic named Henry Ford took the same idea and made millions on it. His car had a little gadget that, strangely enough, was called a "timer." Its job was to deliver powerful explosions at just the right moment, so as to give a maximum wallop to the pistons. If your timer was off, you never got anywhere, no matter how good your intentions were.

Morley: I suppose they must have a glorified kind of timer on these mammoth transport planes, like the one that brought me back from Minneapolis the other day. We skimmed over silvery savannahs of cloud-bank; there was a strong tail wind, and the pilot had her throttled down so as not to get in too

early. We were making a ground speed of 200 miles an hour, but the motors were just idling. No matter how powerful an idea may be, sometimes it's got to idle — maybe for centuries — until its appointed moment. Meanwhile, someone's got to keep it warm. Like pearl necklaces in bank vaults. The bankers send young women down to sit and wear them for the customers. A pearl necklace has to be warmed on a human bosom once and a while, to keep it from fading. Ditto with an idea.

Miss Fishback: That's irony for you. *My* all-too-human bosom is cold right now for want of a pearl necklace.

FPA: My notion is to emit an idea while it's still hot. If it's not hot, like this one, all the bosom-warming in the world won't raise its temperature.

Robinson: Isn't the record against you, Frank? History, as I see it, is a series of ideas, kept warm in someone's bosom until the world is ready to be set on fire by them. Take St. Ignatius, for example; he conceived the idea of a society of spiritual soldiers at a time when religion was at a pretty low ebb. The idea was plenty "hot" to begin with, but it would have perished like a living coal in a snow bank if Ignatius hadn't kept it burning until he found exactly the right fuel — men and circumstances — to ignite the world.

Morley: Ignatius *would* be good at ignition.

FPA: You and your timing! None of you know what it is, or you wouldn't define it all night. It's a

rhythm. It's how Tilden and Budge were always where the ball was. It's Lincoln's two-minute Gettysburg Address following Edward Everett's two-hour one. It's knowing when to quit. Like this.

This feature, "Conversation by Mail," will appear from time to time in The Reader's Digest.



Chinese Civilization Moves Inland

SINCE the spring of 1938, when, under secret government instructions, the orderly retreat of China's civilization began, 77 Chinese universities have been moved 1000 to 2000 miles beyond the reach of Japanese guns; and today China has the largest college enrollment — some 40,000 students — in its history. The prewar universities, concentrated along the coast, were at once Japan's most dangerous foes and easiest targets. Knowing that the hope of China's survival lay in trained men, and that in all China there were comparatively few mechanics, engineers, doctors and scientists, the Chinese government, while the nation fought for its life, calmly laid plans for China's future.

From Sian 1500 students, including 300 girls, set out on foot, climbed the Tsingling Mountains, finally reached Hanchung and Chengku and started universities. In Nanking 1086 students

loaded boats on the Yangtze with books, laboratory equipment and shop machines, and after 1000 miles and 43 days, reached Chungking's gray-stone buildings, started by foresighted Chancellor Chang Po-ling before the war. The students of Canton's Sun Yat-sen University, poling their sampans out of Canton just as Japanese entered it, pushed ahead by night, hid in the West River rushes by day.

The universities have brought to the former wilderness of western China medical facilities, new manners, new dress, new farming methods, reading and writing (since 1938 nearly 50,000,000 Chinese have been taught to read and write). The students, of whom a third are entirely supported by the government, live in bamboo and mud huts, eat bean soup, a few vegetables, often suffer from acute undernourishment. Active, patriotic, brave, these students are the hope of China. — *Time*

¶ Prepare for the worst, admonishes this commentator, face the fact that the U. S. may soon be a lone democracy surrounded by totalitarian aggressors!

Wake Up, America!

Condensed from the syndicated column by

Walter Lippmann

FOR THE United States this is the beginning of the most critical period in 70 years. Our security is gravely jeopardized. The nation is unprepared in all essential respects—in material for defense, in training, in discipline, in industrial organization, in its politicians and in its mind and heart—to protect adequately and swiftly its vital interests. Our cities may not be bombed; but if Hitler's offensive succeeds, we shall know no peace in our lifetime.

If it succeeds we shall be confronted with immediate choices of the greatest magnitude. We shall

be compelled to choose again and again—in the Pacific, in the Atlantic, in the Caribbean, in South America—between retreat and resistance. The choices will not be a simple choice between war and peace. They will be choices between giving up the protection behind which we have lived for more than a century in individual freedom and of acting henceforth with full energy to maintain that protection. For if the Allied power falls there will fall with it all the outer defenses of the Western Hemisphere, and we shall be left isolated in a world dominated by the most formidable alliance of conquerors ever formed in the history of man.

If the Allied power falls in Europe, we must then resign ourselves to the fact that Japan will be master of the Pacific, and capable of subjecting us to very serious pressure upon essential materials of our economic life. If the Allied power falls in Europe, our neighbors in the Atlantic will then be not the easygoing British but the Rome-Berlin Axis, intoxicated with victory and drunk with power. J

IN THE SUMMER of 1910 Lincoln Steffens asked a Harvard professor: "Who among the new graduates has the ablest mind which can express itself in writing?" The professor made an accurate choice: Walter Lippmann, then a 21-year-old assistant to philosopher George Santayana. Since then Mr. Lippmann has been associate editor of *The New Republic*, editor of the *New York World* and, for the past 8½ years, author of the column "Today and Tomorrow," which appears in the *New York Herald Tribune* and more than 100 other papers. His many books include *A Preface to Politics* and *A Preface to Morals*.

the Allied power falls in Europe, there will appear in some, perhaps in many, of the countries of this hemisphere subversive movements led by native adventurers, financed and organized by the totalitarian powers. They will be hard to deal with. They will jeopardize most gravely the inner defenses of the United States.

All this will not destroy us. But it will mean that we and our children will have to live wholly different lives. Isolated in a world which envies and despises us, we too shall have to become a nation in arms. We too shall have to have conscription; we too shall have to regiment capital and labor in order to build the ships, the airplanes, the guns and tanks without which we shall be harassed and intimidated, threatened and blackmailed by the coalition on both sides of us.

We have a duty, each and every one of us, which must be done. Our duty is to prepare for the worst, to begin acting at once on the assumption that the Allies may lose the war this summer, and that before the snow flies again we may stand alone and isolated, the last great democracy on earth.

II

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE must open their eyes to the fact that the whole fundamental plan of American defense upon which we have relied may collapse altogether. The American people must

not be misled into thinking that something has really been done for national defense if Congress excitedly votes another big appropriation.

Our system of national defense is based on the assumption that our security will never be threatened in more than one ocean at a time. It assumes that if we had to fight in the Pacific, we could count in the Atlantic upon the benevolent neutrality of all European powers. It assumes that if we were threatened in the Atlantic, we could count upon the neutrality of Japan.

These assumptions are true as long as Great Britain and France retain control of the Atlantic. But if the Allies fall, the whole conception of American defense falls with them. Unless we are prepared to defend ourselves in both oceans at the same time we shall not be prepared at all.

A Nazi victory in Europe is bound to create a coalition of European and Asiatic aggressor powers who will be the masters of the British, French, Dutch, Belgian, Danish and Portuguese empires. So tremendous a victory will not satiate their appetite, but whet it. Their conquests will not exhaust them; the booty to be had by looting the richest lands on earth will more than make up for their material losses in conquering them.

There are some who think that

the coalition might attack us. I do not think so. It will be unnecessary for them to go to that much trouble. They would squeeze and blackmail us as they have done so efficiently to the British in the past few years.

That they could do with no great risk to themselves — given our present weak defenses *and* a collection of obligations and vital interests scattered over the globe from Alaska to the rubber plantations and tin mines of southwestern Asia, from Greenland to Patagonia. This far-flung complex of American interest is, in Alaska, within a few miles of Russia, in the Far East it is within a few miles of Japanese Formosa, in South America it is closer to Europe and Africa than it is to continental United States. Why should the victorious coalition make war on us when we are as vulnerable as that? When they can ask us to give up whatever they covet? If we make ready to resist some demand, let us say, in the Pacific, they need only manufacture storm clouds in the Atlantic, or engineer uprisings in Latin America. We shall not know whom to resist, when to resist or where to resist. We shall be driven from Munich to Munich, and gradually stripped of possessions and outlying vital interests and of the strategical means to defend ourselves.

This critical position cannot be repaired by the simple device of

appropriating more money for warships and military equipment. It would require several years at least to create the facilities for developing adequate air and military armaments. It is impossible for us to build a two-ocean navy except by a gigantic national effort extending over many years at a cost of at least \$7,000,000,000.

Only by successful Allied resistance can we gain the precious time we must have to prepare ourselves adequately. We cannot intervene by force of arms in the present war. We have nothing to intervene with, and if we had, the weapons could be more effectively employed by the trained troops of the Allies than by any army that we could raise and train quickly enough to make any difference.

The only practical plan for American defense is to organize at once — with government subsidies if necessary — a vast expansion of our plants and personnel for making instruments of war. What those facilities can produce immediately we should sell to the Allies. With those weapons they may be able to withstand the attack. Their successful defense will provide us with the infinitely precious time needed to develop our capacity to produce adequate armaments. Then if the Allies fall, we shall at least have made a start toward preparing ourselves for the emergency which will confront us.

III

IF THE RESISTANCE of the Allies is broken this summer we shall never be given time to build a second navy or achieve superiority in the air. Long before such a program could get under way the victorious coalition could take possession of Iceland, Greenland, Ireland, Portugal, Gibraltar, the Azores, the Cape Verde Islands, the Allied colonies in Western Africa, the Netherlands Indies, Singapore, Hongkong, the Philippines, and Guam; we cannot perfect our defenses rapidly enough to suppress the invasions of the fifth columns which are already prepared in several vitally important countries of this hemisphere. Once those outposts are in the hands of the unfriendly, aggressive powers, we shall not be allowed the time to arm ourselves adequately.

How grave the situation is few of us have realized as yet. Let us suppose that Hitler lets loose his air force against England, crippling the industrial plants which supply Britain with arms and making British harbors extremely difficult to use. The British Isles are blockaded and threatened with starvation. What does the British Navy do under these circumstances?

The usual answer is that the British fleet would go to Canada and to Singapore. But would it abandon the British Isles to starvation and destruction? Is it not plain

that if Hitler had the British Isles in his power and France fighting in the last ditch, he would offer the two nations a choice between devastation — such as he inflicted on the Poles — and the surrender of their navies? This would give Hitler a ready-made navy in an ocean where we have none.

We dare not assume that the Allied navies would be scuttled in a final gesture of desperate defiance, though even if they were, the naval power of Germany, Italy and Japan would still make us vulnerable in both oceans. We have to assume that if we do not supply the Allies with the means to resist, we may find that the Allied fleets which now guard the Atlantic against the Axis will become part of the power of the Axis.

It is not only necessary for us to make sure that the Allies have weapons and food with which to continue to resist but that they do not lose the incentive to resist. They must be told that, if they hold on, the enormous industrial resources of this country will be organized and the products made available to them as rapidly as possible. With that assurance they should be able to repel the attack. With that assurance every people in Europe, the conquered peoples, the entangled peoples, the non-belligerent peoples, will know that liberation is practicable and that an indomitable resistance is worth the sacrifice.

Bone Bending in the Jungle

Condensed from Esquire

William LaVarre

Author of "Gold, Diamonds and Orchids," "Fated Woman," etc.

AN EXPLORER comes, every now and then, smack up against something he doesn't believe. I am a skeptic and I emphasize that fact because I want to tell of something I saw deep in the Dutch Guiana jungle of South America. In this jungle live the only absolutely free, undominated black men in the world today — 30,000 wild Djukas, whose African ancestors were sold to Dutch planters by slave dealers. The Dutch could not tame these Africans and, frightened by their murderous attacks, turned over the jungle 50 miles inland to them. The Djukas have their own

king and their own tribal laws. No white man can enter the interior without their permission.

I carried the carved passport paddle, sign of the king's permission to travel up the river, and late one afternoon I stopped at the Village-of-the-Gods whose chief is the tribe's most important medicine man. The chief was seated on his witch-doctor's stool by the ceremonial fire. On the fire was a black pot, the contents of which he was stirring with a long wooden spoon intricately carved with snake and animal designs.

When I showed my interest in his medicine, he nodded his head approvingly. When I asked its purpose, he looked around the village for a moment and called to a very old black man sitting before a small carved hut. The ancient one disappeared inside and came out with one of the strangest sights I've ever seen — a black boy with one leg very bowed and one leg perfectly straight.

The boy had been brought to the village a few weeks before with two very bowed legs, bowed since infancy. Now one leg was straight. By another moon the other leg would

WHEN William LaVarre returned to Harvard after his freshman vacation he showed envious classmates a pocketful of diamonds and regaled them with tales of his adventures as a prospector in South American jungles. He has commuted between the Americas ever since, searching in the southern wilds for everything from gold to guppies, and writing in the north about geography, exploring and the queer things he has seen. He early noticed the remarkable success of jungle medicine men in treating various diseases by means of native plants, and has brought back many new ingredients for modern medicinal formulas. Mr. LaVarre, now 41, is a Fellow of both the Royal Geographical Society and the American Geographical Society.

be straight also. The boy's mother would pay 12 chickens and a duck, the father would pay a new canoe.

The chief led me to an open shed. Under the palm-thatched roof was a canoe — its hull lined with clay molded to form a reclining seat from which two deep channels sloped. The black boy was lifted into the seat, with his bent leg in one of the troughs. Three old men came out of the medicine hut with gourds full of a white liquid which they poured over the bowed leg until it was covered. Then the black pot was brought and its contents dumped over the boy's leg. The white liquid became dark, an oily iridescent sheen rose to the surface.

"He will sleep in the canoe tonight," the chief said. "Tomorrow we will straighten the leg a little more."

I dipped my finger into the liquid. It smelled acidic. I smelled the empty gourds, hoping to recognize what had been in them, but quickly they were taken away.

Next morning the chief and two aged helpers lifted the bowlegged boy out of the slimy concoction in the medicine canoe and placed him on a table. The flesh of his warped leg was wrinkled, like elephant hide, and flabby. The two old men pinioned the leg, at the ankle and the crotch, with pegs driven into the table top. Then with their hands they pressed against the curve of the knee. The leg straightened, a quarter, then a half-inch nearer

plumb. The medicine man padded the knee with cloth and tied it to the table with leather thongs drawn so taut that the knee could not spring back. A woman came with broth and rice cakes. The boy stopped gritting his teeth and began eating. The chief and the medicine men returned to the carved hut.

When I thought no one was looking I tried to fill a bottle with the solution in the canoe. I'd take it back to civilization and get it analyzed. But a woman yelled warning and the chief came hastily and took away the bottle. It was a secret thing, he quarreled, the white man would not understand it! That was his answer to every question I asked.

The medicine men even covered the bundles of purplish roots, the baskets of dried leaves, and the lumps of whitish gum that were outside the hut. Could a bone-softening solution possibly come from such a primitive pharmacy? True, many present-day medicines had their origin in roots, barks, vines, or flowers, and expeditions are sent to Africa and South America in the hope of discovering new plants with medicinal properties. Jungle women chew a certain root to relieve pain at childbirth. The Aracanians of Chile know a plant that produces abortion. The Amazon Indians have a gum that heals ulcers and running sores; they have a vine which kills fish and insects instantly, but can be eaten by man and animals. Sci-

ence found that this vine contains a poison known as rotenone, an insecticide safer than arsenic, and today civilization is using it.*

Perhaps I could discover the ingredients of the bone-softening solution if I stayed another day. But the old chief, when I suggested prolonging my visit, announced that he was very busy. And besides, he said, the king had sent a messenger bidding me come to him by sunset. You seldom gain anything arguing with a primitive man. So I set out for the king's village.

King Ah-tu-den-du, dressed in an old Dutch admiral's uniform, greeted me cordially. I had come to make a deal for a thousand mahogany logs and he was pleased. He had set aside a clean house for me. Anything else I wanted would be provided, he announced.

"There is something else you can do for me," I told him after our business was settled. "In the Village-of-the-Gods there are medicine men who make a medicine that straightens bent legs. Order the chief to tell me what is in it, to give me samples to take to the coast."

"Medicine men can't be ordered around," he grunted. "Not even by me. It is their secret. Can you order your white medicine men to tell what's in their bottles?"

I offered bribes, but they were useless. Nobody but the medicine men knew the secret.

On the way down river, two weeks later, I stopped again at the Village-of-the-Gods. The boy's legs were both straight. His knees touched and his ankles touched.

Another two weeks and I was on the coast, sitting with the chief medical officer of the government hospital. "You know," I said, finally getting up courage to say the thing I thought he'd laugh at, "I saw a very strange operation up there. I saw a boy's bowlegs being bent straight. I know you won't believe it, but I *saw* it."

"*Ya*," the Dutch doctor said. "We know about it. They use some solution that makes the bone pliable like bamboo. The American Consul had a Djuka orphan boy working for him. His legs were bowed eight inches between the knees. One day the boy disappeared. After a year he was back, his legs as straight as yours. I made X-ray pictures to see if the bones had been broken and reset. They had not. The boy told us they had kept him sitting in a hot solution for days, then put him on a table and pushed his legs straighter and straighter. That's all we could get out of him."

Well, I am a skeptic and most jungle magic I have seen is pure tommyrot. But if I were bowlegged I'd go to the Village-of-the-Gods and sit in the medicine canoe. I'd bet the medicine men would do what no civilized doctor could do — bend my bones until they were straight. I've *seen* them do it!

* See "Awakener of the Amazon," The Reader's Digest, May, '40, p. 25.

Any American with compassion in his heart
can find ways to relieve Europe's suffering

What You Can Do to Help the Allies

By
Don Wharton

Mr. Wharton has spent weeks reading confidential reports, cabling for information, checking with investigators fresh from Europe

MILLIONS OF Americans anxious to relieve suffering in war-tortured Europe are asking, "What can I do?" The answer is: anyone who wants to help can find a way. The needs are staggering, but they boil down to men, money and materials. There is scarcely an American who cannot help provide one or another of these.

So far, the only men needed are ambulance drivers, healthy young fellows in their 20's or 30's. Applicants must have about \$600 for steamship fare, uniforms and spending money. The French feed them, house them, give them two packs of cigarettes a week and a bottle of bad wine — but no pay. Anyone with \$600 can sponsor a young

BEFORE Don Wharton was halfway through Smithfield, N. C., High School, he was working as a printer's devil in a newspaper office. He got 30 cents an hour for melting metal, and wrote editorials for nothing. But he liked to write. After Davidson College and graduate work at Harvard, he became first a New York *Herald Tribune* reporter, then an editor of *The New Yorker*, and then editor of *Scribner's*. All along he has written magazine articles, and he is also the author of one book, *The Roosevelt Omnibus*. Quite a lot of experience for a man who is now 34.

WE AS a God-fearing nation have no moral right to stand by with large surpluses of food and allow people to starve. If we deny compassion to other people, we shall soon be denying it to our own people.

— Herbert Hoover

man who wants to go but lacks the money.

By late May, the American Field Service and the American Volunteer Ambulance Corps had nearly 150 drivers in France, but the French were asking for at least 400 more ambulances and drivers. The drivers do not enlist in the French army; that would violate our Neutrality Act. The British are not seeking American drivers because under their regulations drivers must enlist, but they cabled for "250 four-stretcher ambulances complete with equipment for an additional 1000 stretchers." Individuals can donate an ambulance, equipped and delivered, for \$2000. One well-to-do New Englander gave an ambulance, kissed his wife good-bye, bought a ticket on the Clipper and flew to France to drive.

Thirty young American women, trained social workers and chauffeurs, are helping Anne Morgan's magnificent work among the refugees in France. They are volunteers who even pay for their own food. Each must have about \$1500 in order to serve, but there is a long waiting list.

Miss Morgan needs \$50,000 for cars, ambulances, medicines, food, clothing and blankets.

"The American woman who is deeply moved by suffering in Europe can render great service working here at home," says Norman Davis, chairman of the American Red Cross. The local chapters are trying to turn out a million surgical dressings and thousands of hospital bed shirts, pajamas, operating gowns and convalescent robes each month. Some 350,000 women are helping now; more are wanted. Good knitters are needed; 166,460 sweaters is the quota to be completed by September 1.

Other opportunities to serve are offered by more than 300 American organizations collecting war relief funds; many of them need volunteer field workers, organizers and typists.

But money is the great need, dwarfing all others — money for food, medicines and other vital supplies, to be bought mainly in America. In Holland, Belgium and France, German invasion has destroyed mills and factories, fields of growing crops, stores of food. One urgent

need is for tens of thousands of cans of condensed milk and other baby foods.

An American back from close contact with the 250 French war relief organizations gave me a list of heart-rending requirements which ranged from thousands of baby carriages and hundreds of thousands of warm undergarments and pairs of shoes to 2,000,000 yards of new sheeting and 1,000,000 yards of new toweling. These figures can now be at least tripled. Manufacturers who wish to donate shoes or textiles in quantity should write the Red Cross in Washington or the Allied Relief Fund, 46 Cedar Street, New York. The Allied Relief Fund will also accept cash earmarked for special purposes or specific relief agencies abroad — for example, it is in contact with French organizations which can do wonders with \$50 for child feeding.

The Red Cross has already shipped 23,000 surgical instruments and 38 X-ray machines to France and England, whose former sources of supply, Germany and the Low Countries, are shut off. The Royal Navy urgently requests 2,000,000 quinine tablets, while the need for medicine in France is beyond estimation. The Red Cross has shipped 766,000 sulfapyridine and sulfanilamide tablets, but millions more are needed.

Persons tempted to donate kits filled with chocolates and checkers for soldiers might remem-

ber that while \$100 buys 20 kits it will also buy 75,000 sulfanilamide tablets — or 75 pairs of shoes. A gift of \$20,000 will set up a 100-bed hospital, with medicines and equipment capable of expansion into 1000 beds.

Many wish to do more than simply write a check. Dr. Henry S. Dunning of New York secured a State Department permit to solicit funds, wrote letters to dental surgeons all over the country, and was able to ship what is believed to be the world's first operating ambulance for air raids. Manned by a plastic surgeon, a dental surgeon, a dental mechanic and an anesthetist, it can speed 50 miles an hour to bombed areas, care for shattered faces before infection sets in and simplify the later plastic operations that prevent disfigurement. Now the British cable, "20 to 25 plastic surgery ambulances urgently needed." Anyone wishing to do such a job as Dr. Dunning's should write to the Allied Relief Fund.

Britain also reports "great need for mobile feeding units both for expeditionary forces and for refugees in event of air raids." Another job waiting for someone: 3600 old sewing machines of the pedal type are wanted so the evacuated women in France can do their bit. Knitting wool — at least 160,000 pounds for France alone — is also needed badly.

This summer several organiza-

tions will probably begin enormous drives for old clothes. This will give an opportunity to people who have time for gathering, sorting, cleaning and baling. But if you want to help in this work before then, communicate with one of the Polish organizations or the Allied Relief Fund. Polish-Americans have already shipped 150 tons of used clothing and the British cable they want 400 tons — "warm clothes in good condition, mainly boys' and men's." Don't go out collecting on your own, however — there's a heavy fine and jail sentence unless you have a State Department permit.

Another tip: don't give to an organization unless you know a lot about it. Those mentioned in this article are utterly dependable. Some others are excellent — the Quakers, for example — but 40 so-called relief organizations have already lost their State Department permits, some because of gross inefficiency, one because the promoters sought a cut on the materials they were purchasing. Even a permit does not represent State Department approval — in fact, any group implying that it does, is breaking the law. Citizens who wish to check up on an organization before contributing can write the National Information Bureau, 330 West 42 Street, New York, though its reports are also available through most local Community Chests.

Many Americans want to give

direct military help to the Allies without violating the Neutrality Act. Well, there's no law against writing a check payable to King George, Winston Churchill or Premier Reynaud. The day after the Germans swept around Sedan, a British consul was swamped with checks, many of them earmarked "for planes." It is illegal to solicit such funds.

If you travel in Canada you furnish Canadians with U. S. dollars to buy planes. And incidentally our travelers get a bargain with the Canadian dollar at its present rate. No passport is necessary, despite pro-German propaganda rumors to the contrary. Travel to Nassau or Bermuda, of course, has the same effect. So have purchases of Canadian, British or French goods. Both the French and British Ambassadors have stressed to me the

importance of such purchases by Americans.

There is grave question whether our hundreds of war relief organizations with overlapping purposes and sometimes inefficient methods can effectively tap the reservoir of American generosity. Perhaps the best solution would be to place Herbert Hoover at the head of a super-council to organize and mobilize American giving, collect \$100,000,000 in a single monster drive and distribute it to the organizations that will use it efficiently.

But sick and starving millions cannot wait until this is done. In the meantime compassionate Americans can use the several excellent existing agencies to convert their gifts of time and money into lives saved. This help will be needed as long as the war lasts, and for a long time thereafter.



Illustrative Anecdotes—XXXV—

THE LATE Dexter Fellows, who was press agent for Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Combined, had magnificent faith in the overwhelming supremacy of his show. I first met him years ago when he came into a newspaper office in Kansas City. "I am Dexter Fellows of the Circus," he announced, waving his cane, "and I am here to . . ."

"What circus?" I asked.

He was profoundly shocked. "Good lord, young man," he protested. "If you were in London and heard a man singing *God Save the King* would you interrupt him and ask 'What king?'"—Jerome Beatty

Guide to Modern English Usage

Condensed from "The Owl in the Attic & Other Perplexities"

✽

James Thurber

"The Owl in the Attic" is a collection of Mr. Thurber's humorous sketches (both verbal and pictorial) which first appeared in *The New Yorker*. It includes some extraordinary advice on the care of even more extraordinary pets, as well as "The Ladies' and Gentlemen's Guide to Modern English Usage."

✽

I. *Which*. The relative pronoun "which" can cause more trouble than any other word. Foolhardy persons sometimes get lost in which-clauses and are never heard of again. My distinguished contemporary, H. W. Fowler, in his *Dictionary of Modern English Usage*, cites a tragic case of an adventurer who became involved in a remarkable which-mire. Fowler has followed his devious course as far as he safely could on foot: "Surely what applies to games should also apply to racing, the leaders of which being the very people from whom an example might well be looked for . . ." Not even Henry James could have successfully emerged from a sentence with "which," "whom," and "being" in it. The safest way to avoid such things is to follow Ernest Hemingway. In his youth he barely escaped with his mind when trapped in the following which-clause: "It was the one thing of which, being very much afraid — for whom has not been warned to fear such things — he . . ." Being young and powerfully built, Hemingway was able to fight his way back and begin again. This time he skirted the morass this way:

"He was afraid of one thing. This was the one thing. He had been warned to fear such things." Today many happy writers are following in the trail Hemingway blazed.

Trying to cross a paragraph by leaping from "which" to "which" is like Eliza crossing the ice. The danger is missing a "which" and falling in. A case in point is: "He went up to a pew which was in the gallery, which brought him under a coloured window which he loved and always quieted his spirit." The writer, worn out, missed the last "which" — the one that should have come before "always." But supposing he had got it in! We would have: "He went up to a pew which was in the gallery, which brought him under a coloured window which he loved and which always quieted his spirit." Your inveterate whicher in this way gives the effect of tweeting like a bird or walking with a crutch, and is not welcome in the best company.

It is well to remember that "whiches" multiply like rabbits. Take a sentence like: "It imposes a problem which we either solve, or perish." The writer of a monstrosity like that tries to reconstruct the

sentence, and gets: "It imposes a problem which we either solve, or which, failing to solve, we must perish on account of." He gets a drink, sharpens his pencil, and grimly tries again: "It imposes a problem which we either solve, or which we do not solve, and from which . . ." The more times he does it, the more "whiches" he gets. The way out is simple: "We must either solve this problem, or perish." Never monkey with "which."

II. The Split Infinitive. Word has somehow got around that the split infinitive is always wrong. This is of a piece with the outworn notion that it is always wrong to strike a lady. Fowler contends that it is better to say "Our object is to further cement trade relations," than to say "Our object is further to cement trade relations," because the use of "further" before "to cement" might lead the reader to think that it had the weight of "moreover." My way out would be simply to say, "Our object is to let trade relations ride." Some people would regard the abandonment of trade relations, merely to avoid grammatical confusion, as unpatriotic. That, it seems to me, is a matter for each person to decide for himself. A man who, like myself, has no knowledge at all of trade relations, cannot be expected to take the same interest in cementing them as, say, the statesman or the politician. This is no reflection on trade relations.

III. The Perfect Infinitive. It is

easy to say that a person should avoid the perfect infinitive after the past conditional, but it is another matter to do it. Take a typical case. A gentleman and his wife, calling on friends, find them not at home. The gentleman decides to leave a note of regret, and the first thing he knows he is involved in: "We would have liked to have found you in." Reading it over, the gentleman is assailed by the suspicion that he has too many "haves." So he changes the sentence to: "We would have liked to find you in." Now as a matter of fact, this is correct (barring the use of "would" instead of "should"), but alas, the gentleman does not realise it. He makes a list of all possible combinations: "We would like to find," "We would have liked to find," "We would have liked to have found," "We had hoped to have been able to have found. . . ." The right kind of woman will at this point hastily drag her husband away. Otherwise he will sink rapidly into a serious mental state.

IV. Exclamations. For exclamation marks, one general "don't" could well cover the whole thing, for the exclamation is never actually necessary. Some excellent books have been written without a single exclamation mark, among them *The Art of Rodin*, a collection of photographs of the sculptor's statues. A colon, which is typed by striking only one key, could almost always be used in place of an excla-

mation point, which is composed by striking the period, back-spacer, and apostrophe. This is frequently complicated by accidentally striking the shift-lock, setting the machine so that it writes solely in capitals. In this way a person will sometimes write six or eight sentences in capitals without realising it. By following his exclamation with several lines of capitalised sentences, screaming and bawling across the page, he has made the exclamation mark ridiculous.

Take the sentence: "You are wonderful!" That's trite, but if one writes it, "You are: wonderful," it's certainly not trite and it has a richness that the other hadn't, giving an effect of tense endearment, which is certainly what the writer is after. Of course whether he should be after that effect is a separate problem. Sentences of that kind when written from a gentleman to a lady are never altogether safe.

V. The Indefinite One. The chief objection to a consistent, or "cross-country," use of the indefinite "one" is that it tends to make a

sentence sound like a trombone solo, as: "One knows one's friends will help one if one is in trouble, or at least one hopes one's friends will help one." Even though this is correct, to the point of being impeccable, there is no excuse for it. The "one" enthusiast should actually take up the trombone and let it go at that.

"One" is, as a matter of fact, too often used for the personal pronoun. What could be sillier than to write to a lady, "One loves you and one wonders if you love one"? Such a person is going to get nowhere. Some persons use neither the indefinite nor the definite pronoun, but substitute a pet name, as, "Mopsy loves Flopsy and wonders if Flopsy loves Mopsy." This usage frequently gets into the newspapers and becomes famous, particularly if Flopsy is an ambitious blonde and Mopsy a wealthy mop-handle manufacturer. The fault here, however, is not so much with nouns or pronouns as with the verb "to love." Nothing can be done about the verb "to love."



Repetition, the Mother of Retention

"I WONDER at your patience," said Susannah Wesley's husband to her on one occasion. "You have told that child the same thing 20 times."

The patient and wise mother of John and Charles Wesley answered with rare philosophy: "Had I satisfied myself by saying the matter only 19 times, I should have lost all my labor."

¶ Playing with the climate instead of against it has led to profound changes in the American way of life

American Summer

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Henry Seidel Canby

Author of "Thoreau," "The Age of Confidence," etc.

FOREIGNERS still think of us as a restless nation constantly driving ourselves in the attempt to get rich, pushing ahead with no clear idea as to where we are going, and therefore deficient in judgment, and always craving excitement.

This conception is picked up from reading, or from seeing the United States in its go-getting days, or from visits to great cities in the strenuous time of the year. There may have been truth in it once, but in recent years a change has undeniably come over us. Reasons for the change are numerous — some economic, some educational. Most of them have been much discussed, but one of them the social histories have barely mentioned: our new

way of life in summertime. Yet American summer is a factor of first-rate importance in understanding America as it is today.

Summer in the '90's was to the average American a climatic rather than a psychological experience. Most people were at home most of the time. Upholstered chairs and sofas were dressed in summer pajamas of cool colors, parlor mirrors and chandeliers were draped against flies, over each bed a mosquito netting was hung from the ceiling. Shutters were barred, and the house became a grotto of shaded light, smelling faintly of moth balls and palm-leaf fans.

Vacations for the vast majority were brief: a week for the businessman, two to three weeks for the family. These were spent usually at a "summer hotel" on the beach or in the mountains, where mother rocked in the long line on the columned porch and learned with surprise that home life in Michigan was much like her own; and father hurried up for a week with his outing shirt, and was back again before he had time to get sunburned. But for all the rest of the long summer,

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY — "a Quaker by inherited temperament, an Epicurean by taste and desire" — has put his Epicurean taste in literature to good practical use. He has lectured on English at Yale, Dartmouth, California; he founded and still helps edit *The Saturday Review of Literature*; he has written nearly a score of books on English composition and criticism; he is chairman of the Book-of-the-Month Club's board of judges. Mr. Canby lives in Clinton, Connecticut. This summer is his 61st.

the hot routine of life in city or town went on as usual.

During the early 1900's that which had been the luxury of the rich came to middle-class life in general. In the '80's, for example, my father was at his mill by seven and came home after six. But now work hours were shortening everywhere, incomes increasing, and the week's vacation was lengthening to two. As a result, beaches and lakes accessible by trolley from urban centers were looped with summer cottages.

Along with increased wealth and more leisure came the automobile. By 1919 a car had become a necessity even for people of moderate means. Great areas lying beyond the urban areas of tense living were turned into residential property. The semirural life of the commuter became available to hundreds of thousands, yielding some of the attributes of vacation all summer long. Every city had its hinterland within easy automobile run.

By the late 1920's, for most urban Americans the summer vacation came every week-end, if not every night, and was spent on the road, or pottering about a garden, or on the beach. Activity was not what they were after. They sought relaxation, changing from coffee to iced tea, from a fast walk to a slow one, from a plastered home to unscaled walls and a porch by a lake — from a taut mind to an easy one.

The American at last was playing with his climate instead of against

it. For we have throughout most of this country an atmosphere which, from September to May, is perhaps the most stimulating in the world, and from late spring to early fall surely one of the most relaxing. When the American began to relax with his weather, American summer became a national characteristic of great social importance.

The country is no longer living on its nerves. For example, I know one hard-working family — the husband has the college professor's long summer vacation — who load a flat-bottomed boat in June with bare necessities and pole up an old logging backwater in Maine to an island on a remote lake, where they live like their immigrant ancestors. And I know a woman in a publishing house, with only two weeks of actual vacation, who every week-end, and many afternoons in summer, points her car north, east, west or south until some tourist home attracts her for the night. Men who in winter would telephone an electrician to put in a double plug, tinker through the summer, shingling, rolling logs, hanging doors, or drifting in sailboats. Women whose social calendar in other seasons leaves no hour free can be found in summer in cottage kitchens or in a garden pulling weeds.

Our busy year, thanks to American summer, has become a nine months' year — nine months of strenuousness, three months of let-down — and tough nerves can stand

a good deal for nine months. In the 19th century our national disease was nervous dyspepsia. Today it is questionable whether the younger generation knows what the name means. I have little doubt that the chief cause is American summer — three months during which the compulsion to be active day and night loses half its driving power. Even the motorist in the summer country feels the slow curves of the hills, sees the drift of the clouds, and hears the quiet of fields and woods.

And the phenomena of American summer can be seen in New York as significantly as on the highways, woods or beaches. The pace of the city relaxes. At four o'clock the outward tide toward beaches and country cottages, recreation and refreshment, begins to suck a vast population into subways, trains and boats. It is indescribably different from the commuters' rush of wintertime, as different as is next morning's return tide of brown, vigorous men and women, smelling of fresh air and flowers. In their nightly absence Fifth Avenue becomes a lover's strollway, and idlers hang on the railings of Radio City and the park. On side streets the children, in wisps of garments, have taken the sidewalks for their own, the janitor sits on his steps in his undershirt, and along tenement window sills the housewives lean lazy breasts. This city-wide mood of pleasant yielding to humidity, heat, and evening opportunity is the soft

music and mental healing of our over strenuous American life.

And now comes the American winter holiday. Once a luxury of the rich, the winter vacation in the South has become an aspiration for most Americans. Indeed, with many it has been substituted for the summer vacation. With life in the summer now relaxed, with long week-ends (Friday to Monday in many industries), with the car at the door and the family at the cottage, it seems better to keep at work through the pleasant summer life and break the hard winter with a week or two of vacation on a southern beach.

Psychologically, New Year for most Americans comes on the day after Labor Day. New jobs, new expectations begin for us in September. Our energies, relaxed and restored in the long summer, revive with the first red leaves on the swamp maple and the first flocks of southward moving birds.

If foreigners who visit us will stay until summertime, as they never do, they will learn why we survive, grow fatter not leaner, and actually seem to be developing a philosophy of life. American winter — old style — nearly extinguished the immigrant pioneers of our first century. American summer, new style, will quite certainly save their descendants from the nervous disintegration prophesied by every European critic who has never seen us when nights and days are hot.

Maude Adams, beloved star of Barrie's famous play, emerges from seclusion and finds a new career

Peter Pan Grows Up

Condensed from *Independent Woman*

George Kent

THE FIRST TIME I saw Maude Adams, she was playing in *Peter Pan*. I was six, and what enchanted me was her way of flying through the air. I believed that this was accomplished by what Peter himself called "flying dust," and to have been told that wires were employed would have shocked me beyond words.

A few weeks ago I met Maude Adams, playing at 67 the role of professor of dramatics at Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri. And again I was forced to crane my neck to see her, for she was standing atop a ladder. Under discussion was a plan to build rehearsal rooms in the attic above the stage and

some doubt had been expressed as to the space available. "I'm going to see for myself," said Miss Adams, and up the ladder she went. But the ladder did not quite reach. She seized a rope and pulled herself up, hand over hand, and clambered through the opening above.

The sight of that trim dark figure dangling in the air totally *re-illusioned* me. All was not lost if Maude Adams, at an age when most of her contemporaries were either dead or retired, was still doing Peter Pan tricks. This time without wires or flying dust but out of some inner compulsion.

This is the same Maude Adams who for a quarter of a century was our most beloved and revered actress. In those days she wore ermine and traveled in a private car, and babies were named for her. Today, at Stephens, she is the center of much the same idolatry — but with an important difference. When her erect figure starts across the campus, two or three girls will fall in beside her — not in awe but out of sheer affection. They go freely in and out of her room, use her telephone, read her books.

AS A YOUNGSTER, George Kent saw the world through a porthole as an Able Seaman on a tramp steamer. He liked what he saw so much that he became correspondent for the United Press in Paris, editor of an English-Portuguese newspaper in Rio de Janeiro, and European publicity director for the Western Electric Company. He then returned to the U. S. to handle the publicity of a group of peace organizations — including the League of Nations Association and the World Peace Foundation — and to write magazine articles. In recent years he has specialized in educational subjects.

Somewhere in her almost two decades of rigid retirement and seclusion she has found an amazing vitality. When the campus is dark, one light burns — over the bed in the room of Maude Adams. She does much of her work in bed, an art learned during the years she was seriously ill. The habit of working late was fostered by the topsyturvy schedule of theatrical life. The story is told of one faculty member who sat talking with her in the auditorium until two o'clock in the morning. When he discovered the hour, he apologized profusely. She begged him not to be upset, saying with a smile, "I have an appointment with the electrician at three."

Before a performance she will stay awake all night and arise clear-eyed and alert. Does she disapprove of the arrangement of furniture? She moves it herself, lifting heavy objects without waiting for assistance. Are the girls playing the toads in *Chanticleer* maladroit? Maude Adams squats and leaps for them until they understand. The phonograph is playing the first act from Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience*. She goes through it, taking every part. Before a play goes on, she is everywhere, dressing the cast, supervising makeup, attending to a hundred-odd details.

What makes Maude Adams such an exhilarating person is her capacity to grow and change. Since coming to Stephens she has been

literally reborn. In her heyday she shunned reporters and the public. Her almost impenetrable veil was famous, and sometimes after matinees, when a crowd of doting admirers milled at the stage door, she would put her veil and coat on the maid and send her forth to sign autographs.

After her retirement, she fell seriously ill and for a long time was cared for at a convent in Aurora, New York. A new generation came up and Maude Adams became just another dusty name in the history of the stage.

Then life in the stout shape of James Madison Wood, president of Stephens, came over her garden wall. As a young man, he had seen Maude Adams play Peter Pan, and he never forgot it. Coupled with this memory was his conviction that the theater was a valuable device for training young women in the use of their emotions. He decided to bring Maude Adams to Stephens.

It took him three months and all the influence of his friend, Eva LeGallienne, to arrange the first meeting. Maude Adams lived in utter seclusion. Her code was simple: never answer a letter; never speak on the telephone; never meet a stranger.

She had repeated offers to go into radio, to return to the theater, to head dramatic schools. President Wood's ideas, however, electrified her. They coincided with her own

conviction that the business of art is to cultivate and refine the emotions.

For all that, two more years went by before she gave her consent. In 1937, accompanied by a nurse-companion, she rode out of her Long Island estate for Stephens. The first year was an ordeal. The shock of meeting reporters, for example, prostrated her for three days. She refused absolutely to appear before classes. She quaked at the thought of giving group criticisms in rehearsal, and confined her suggestions to personal interviews.

Her fears reached a climax when President Wood asked her to deliver a short curtain speech at her first production. In her entire career, she had never said more than two words of her own to an audience. During the performance, she sat huddled in the corner, her hands crumpling the yellow sheets of her talk. Finally the call came. She seized and folded an assistant's arm back of her waist, and went before the audience. Out in front the old Maude Adams rose to the surface. Her voice had grown richer and more vibrant with the years. She made them weep and she left them laughing. Her first curtain speech was a huge success.

The terrors that accompanied her return to the world have now vanished. She talks freely before classes and recently, without a tremor, addressed a national convention of junior colleges. Today

she feels she is really living for the first time.

"My billy-goat mind is working on all sorts of things," she said to me. Her passion is the movies, and she plans to collaborate with Walt Disney in a full-length cartoon of *Peter Pan*, and to appear, for another film company, in a production whose leading role has been created especially for her.

But she will not give up Stephens. She has always been interested in the technical problems of dramatic production. Ever since, as a child, she acted behind kerosene footlights, stage lighting has fascinated her. During her retirement she rose from her sickbed to start experiments at the General Electric laboratories with Charles P. Steinmetz, which resulted in a new type of stage floodlights.

At Stephens, when the treasurer objects to her plans because of the expense, she counters invariably, "I'll pay for it." It is no secret that during her tenure she has spent her \$1000-a-month salary on various improvements. In addition, she has presented the department with lights, scenery and other equipment valued at not less than \$25,000.

President Wood points out that Miss Adams has had a striking effect on the students, far beyond her immediate work. In one play a youngster fumbled her part, and the stage manager scolded her. When Miss Adams heard of it, she

remembered her own anguish over failure, and though it was two o'clock in the morning, trotted over to the girl's dormitory. She sat with the youngster, talking of her own mistakes, stroking her hair when she wept — and in the end she left her laughing. The girl told me, her eyes shining at the memory: "I shall never forget it — it's the most wonderful thing that happened to me."

To teach students breathing, Miss Adams gives them narrow sandbags to lie on. The bags fit into the small of the back and compel proper use of the diaphragm by pushing the ribs outward. This has produced a change in the procedure of the physical education department.

Dissatisfied with the existing translation of Rostand's *Chanticleer*, she turned the play over to the French department which did a rough literal version in English. The script then went to the students of English, who cast it into poetry. The experience was invaluable.

Maude Adams explains the idea behind her work simply. "Theoretically," she says, "we recognize the importance of the emotions. But practically, we make very little effort to prepare young people for emotional crises ahead. The great dramatists can tell the young

of every sort of crisis, no matter how complicated. Through playing parts in great plays, you get to know what life is. You learn by sympathy and imagination — for to act a part in a play you must be sympathetic. Acting is a course in emotional psychology. It is a way of learning about life without being harmed in the learning."

Maude Adams is still Peter Pan, an eager and more intrepid Peter — a little heavier, possibly, but still slim and graceful. Perhaps the greatest single moment in that classic is when Peter appeals to the audience: "You do believe in fairies — don't you?" I asked her if she herself still believed in fairies, remarking that we need them now more than ever. She replied:

"I think there still are fairies — and that they will save us. An ideal to live and fight for — that is a fairy. Recognition of our limitations is another. When we are young, we all start out to do big things; we are certain we can make the sun rise. If like Chanticleer we learn unhappily that our work is not so important as we should like to think it, we must remember that it is our work. In the words of Rostand,

We must sing the song we know
Must sing the song God gave
us. . . ."

☞ You can stop smoking — and like it!

I Quit Smoking

Or,

Cooper's Last Stand

By

Courtney Ryley Cooper

THE SCENE is deeply etched. It was a lazy Florida afternoon; on my studio floor snored my terriers, the Four Barx Brothers. All in an instant I whisked away a lighted cigarette and said aloud: "No; I've stopped smoking." Here was the culmination of many years' resolutions, each too weak to stand by itself, but all forming a basis for *Cooper's Last Stand*. Now I must either lick the foe or admit to being a weakling and a sucker.

Suddenly I was terrified — a sniveling sacrifice on the altar of resolution. It was the kind of after-

THE WORD for Courtney Ryley Cooper is vigorous. He went to work at 15, and has been a teamster, trucker, vaudeville hoofer, newspaperman, and everything in a circus from animal trainer to general manager. During the World War he served in the Marines. After the war he unleashed a torrent of short stories, photoplays, radio sketches, magazine articles and books. On one magazine assignment he spent months flying and musing in the far North. For the past several years he has specialized in crime, working closely with the Federal Bureau of Investigation! From the FBI he obtained material for his books: *Ten Thousand Public Enemies*, *Here's to Crime* and *Designs in Scarlet*.

noon for a fellow to lean back from his typewriter, forget his work for a moment and light a cig —

But I had sworn off.

My smoking had gotten a bit thick. For more than 40 years I had sucked up nicotine like a filling station sponge. Even at night I awakened many times and grabbed for a cigarette. And now I stood quivering with the knowledge of what I was in for. I didn't even have any help; my wife was out shopping. I was alone —

Alone! I laughed. No need to tell anyone what I had done. No need for braggadocio, or alibis in case I couldn't stick it out. If I failed, there would be no shame. Nobody could kid me into weakening, because nobody knew.

Suddenly everything was swell. Deliberately I put some cigarettes in my pocket; that afternoon I fingered them a hundred times. At last, I laid them aside. I had lived for eight hours without smoking. Why shouldn't I be able to live eight hours more? I refused to touch my cigarette box when I went to bed. Someway I managed

to sleep, only to awaken with a horror hanging over me — of something terrible I'd done —

Then I heard the clock strike four. I'd been asleep for six straight hours, something unheard of for years! My terror passed; now I really laughed. Snapping on the light, I opened the box and streamed cigarettes through my fingers, exulting over them. "I've got you licked!" I gloated. "If I can stay away from you this long, I can stay away forever."

Here the story chops short. On that November day when the Big Excitement happened I was 20 pounds underweight. I had no taste for food. I had smoker's throat, a bronchial cough, smoker's nerves, sinus, and spine — about as rigid as a rubber band. The fingers of both hands were stained a deep walnut. I was ashamed to open my mouth because of the thick nicotine incrustations on my teeth, to say nothing of the brown fur on my tongue. I was a one-man furnace.

A single month brought about a great change. My smoker's pulse which often had pounded along at 120, dropped back to a pleasant 72. I could really taste and enjoy food for the first time in ten years. The smoker's throat, cough, and sinus inflammation were gone. Today if I don't sleep eight hours at a stretch, I complain about it. The only scar remaining is the wish that I'd done all this 25 years ago.

I had attempted it often enough,

but without the proper philosophy. Usually I told everyone that I was going to *try* to stop smoking. Or I began the "tapering-off" technique, and all that self-delusion bilge. In a few days, I was smoking like a fire engine again. How anyone afflicted with acute nervous nicotinitis can cut down on his intake is something I've never learned. On the contrary, everybody who has studied the problem of smoking avers that there is only one way to decrease the intake — and that is to stop altogether. J. C. Furnas recently made an exhaustive canvass of smokers; his principal finding was that you'll either cut smoking off short and take it on the chin, or you won't cut it out at all!

From 45 of my acquaintances who have sworn off, I have discovered some rather surprising things. Those who experienced the least difficulty in quitting were those who did least talking about it. As one friend put it:

"If you're going to build bridges back to smoking even before you quit, then quitting is just a pretense. You're going to lay off for a while, go through hell and high water, start smoking a little on the sly, then get back hard as ever, meanwhile lying your head off about how you really found out it was better for you to cut down gradually."

One cigarette is just as dangerous to an ex-smoker as one drink is to a reformed drunkard. Actu-

ally, excessive smoking is just a form of drunkenness. If I had a boy whom I was trying to guide, I'd tell him to take the liquor route rather than the tobacco road. Your doctor can scare you into quitting drink. But most doctors will only say about smoking: "Well, maybe you'd better cut down."

Yet there exists no doubt about the benefits to be derived from cutting out tobacco. Of my friends who have stopped nibbling at nicotine, all but two or three are feeling far more fit. Headaches have vanished, sinus troubles decreased. In some instances, sight has been enhanced; others mention a keener sense of smell, even of hearing. With many, there has been a lessening of indigestion and biliousness, and a greater resistance against colds or flu. Smoker's throat and cough have disappeared. While some have gained weight, most have not gained in size. Since I stopped smoking, I have gained 20 pounds, and can drool easily at the thought of oysters, a sirloin steak, baked potato, and ice cream. Yet I still wear the same size clothes and my 32 waistline is exactly the same.

This is probably due to an increased desire for activity. A person feels better, and goes in for more exercise. The type of flesh which one puts on by abstinence from smoking seems entirely different from the inner-tube variety which attaches itself to the midriff as a result of indolence.

There is a common belief that a drink isn't much good without a smoke to accompany it. Therefore, one big hurdle is the social hazard when everyone is standing around with cocktails in hand. You think you're not going to be able to take that. But it can be done. Merely say what you've always said when you haven't felt like smoking: "No, thanks." The offering of cigarettes is merely a mechanical social gesture. It is amazing how few persons notice that you aren't in the huffing and puffing class. One rule need be observed here: always carry matches. Oddly enough, the more cigarettes you light for others the fewer times you will be asked to smoke.

Heavy smokers become accustomed to irritation of the throat and some sort of taste in the mouth, and my friends agree that this is the big thing to beat in staying away from tobacco. In times of stress, I sucked on a menthol cough-drop or mint. Others have used hard candies. But stay away from soft candies; you'll eat the whole box before you realize it.

The person who stops smoking must inure himself to the knowledge that every old association will bring a recurring desire. Once this is understood, however, it is just another apple in the bag. The desire *can* be squelched by a compensatory amount of reasoning which makes the craving ridiculous. This phase grows weaker the more you

laugh about what a nuisance smoking used to be. Soon the thought of smoking seldom enters your mind.

One association will not bother you: the smell of cigarette smoke. Indeed it has the opposite effect; the longer one stays away from tobacco, the more obnoxious it becomes. The exhalation from another's cigarette stinks like a dead cat, and revives no memories except unhappy ones of headache, hacking coughs, a half-dead feeling, and hours in which one sits cussing himself for being able to do nothing but suck on a tube of tobacco.

Always remember this: no one ever died or went crazy from lack of tobacco. The worst that can happen to you is annoyance, for which you are repaid by better wind and pulse, and a mouth which doesn't taste like glue.

The strange thing about all this is that practically no one looks upon tobacco as a vile evil. Some of my friends do feel, however, that the public has been high-pressured into smoking more than is good for it, and that there are indications of a back-fire. No matter what the radio programs say, cigarettes just don't soothe nerves or win 100-yard dashes.

To those who desire to stop smoking because of a belief that the habit is harmful, I recommend lis-

tening to the radio ~~hours~~ hours on the radio! Here is a cigarette that tells you that it contains no waste material, dust, or other terrible things that rival manufacturers put into their product. Another boasts that its tobaccos are less harmful on the throat. A third promises that it will cure that annoying cigarette cough. After all you can't accuse your competitor of every crime in the calendar without being suspected yourself.

To stop smoking is a real job, but it is not as sacrificial as one likes to pretend. I wish I could assume gigantic stature and stand, Napoleon-like, with a hand in my vest, while I relate terrible experiences. But I can only say that, like any other abrupt change, quitting smoking is serious, but not crucial. One must employ every possible element of one's sense of humor, whip up all the pride that ever existed — and use common sense. After all, why fuss and worry about something that enables you to wake up rested in the morning, restores your mental clarity, and adds years to your life by decreasing your chance of physical breakdown?

An overwhelming desire for a cigarette is possibly sweeping over you right now. But why should a puny piece of paper with some tobacco inside it be allowed to push you around?

According to Foyle—

MEN HAVE so much more time for thinking. They have sort of time 'between times, what a woman never has. Men don't have to tuck a dress under their knees every time they sit down in a windy subway car, or figure if they'll have a pair of fresh gloves for lunch.

I HATE to see men overdressed. . . . A man ought to look like he's put together by accident, not added up on purpose.

NOWADAYS they build the taxicabs with an open top so you can climb out on the roof and yell if you need a chaperone.

LOTS OF TIMES you have to pretend to join a parade in which you're not really interested, in order to get where you're going.

WHEN anything goes wrong with a man he sure lets you hear about it. . . . Whatever goes wrong downtown

WHEN *Kitty Foyle* appeared critics were amazed (a) that it had been written by a man and (b) that the man was Christopher Morley. For every sentence in the book breathes the feminine viewpoint; and this streamlined modern novel contains none of the whimsical fantasy of Morley's earlier works. Morley was born 50 years ago in Haverford, Pennsylvania, not far from Philadelphia, the home of Kitty Foyle. He has been newspaperman, columnist, poet, playwright and novelist. Best known of his novels are *Parnassus on Wheels*, *The Haunted Bookshop*, *Where the Blue Begins* and *Thunder on the Left*.

Excerpts from the widely
quoted book, *Kitty Foyle*,
by Christopher Morley

the dames are expected to be able to iron it out before dinner is served.

MEN ARE good about Telling the World, but pretty often some woman whispered it to him first.

THE JEWS must have possibilities or they couldn't be so sensitive. . . . They are wonderful to children and old folks, they can be pretty tough with everybody in between.

THE MORE we get mixed up, I mean race mixed-up, the better. We got no time here for race prejudice.

POP USED to say about Presbyterians, it don't prevent them committing all the sins there are but it keeps them from getting any fun out of it.

THERE'S NOBODY who gets such wonderful dark rings under their eyes like the Irish.

YOUR MIND needs an uplift as well as your bust.

IT'S QUEER, when there's so many ways of loving a person you seem to lay so much stress on just one.

THINGS ARE never quite the same somehow after you have to lie to a person.

THOSE LATE sunsets people were hurrying along the sidewalk on their

way home, walking in that blaze of light that comes crosstown at quitting time. There's not any light in the world that can hurt you so much when you leave the office and think you haven't anywhere special to go.

I GUESS you never get happy except by thinking more about other people.

PEOPLE'S FACES are so handsome when they're happy.

THE OLD MAN was smart. He knew when to treat a kid of 14 like a woman and when to treat her like a baby. That's not so easy.

OF COURSE, since children are always sensitive about any kind of differences I had an inferiority because we had no phone and our house was only two stories.

POP SAID once, "We had bad luck with our kids, they've all grown up."

I READ ABOUT the guts of the pioneer woman and the woman of the dust bowl and the gingham goddess of the covered wagon. What about the woman of the covered typewriter? . . . I see them in subways and on buses, putting up a good fight in their pretty clothes

and keeping their neebyjeebies to themselves. There's something so courageous about it, it hurts me. . . . Maybe these white-collar girls, business sharecroppers Molly calls us, who've learned what to do without, wouldn't make such bad wives after all.

THERE'S something alive about a kitchen, the way it smells and sounds and feels. Maybe sick people would all live longer if they sat in kitchens.

IF YOU can sit on one animal and chase another you get to be Esquire.

FEW GIRLS are as well shaped as a good horse.

SHE TICKS along calculating and steady, like the meter in a cab.

IT GAVE me what Wyn called in our own language the M.P., that was the Moral Pang.

MOODS would come down on him like fogs.

WHEN HE called me Baby Girl I could feel the sap running like I was a sugar maple.

WE CALLED her Sanka because probably she never kept anyone awake.



PEOPLE criticize me for harping on the obvious. Perhaps some day I'll write an article on The Importance of the Obvious. If all the folks in the United States would do the few simple things they know they ought to do, most of our big problems would take care of themselves.

— Calvin Coolidge

¶ An almost forgotten benefactor of mankind, who made ocean travel cheaper and safer and fathered modern U. S. weather bureaus

Pathfinder of the Seas

Adapted from The Nautical Gazette

David L. Cohn

ON THE DAY before Christmas, 1853, the sailing vessel *San Francisco*, carrying a regiment of soldiers, lost its rudder in a storm off Cape Hatteras. The transport dropped out of sight and was unreported for weeks. Where to search for her? The Navy turned to the one man who might know. Matthew Fontaine Maury, as director of the Naval Observatory, had been making pioneer studies in the mysteries of ocean weather. Bending over his charts, Maury calculated how wind and currents would combine to drift a helpless wreck. He pointed to a spot 400 miles off shore. "Look for the *San Francisco* there," he said. Precisely at the latitude and longitude he indicated, the rudderless ship was picked up.

Maury's name is almost forgotten today, yet all men who steer ships or pilot planes or raise crops owe him a debt. A hundred years ago he first charted the direction and velocity of prevailing ocean winds, and mapped the course of currents. He laid the tracks that liners still follow. He traced on the

ocean bottom the best place to lay the first transatlantic cable. Undiscouraged by public apathy, pursuing his own vision with dogged energy, he became the father of our modern weather bureaus, and raised weather forecasting from a guess to a science.

Matthew Maury, Virginia-born, became a midshipman in the Navy at 19. That was in 1825, and for nine years he cruised the seas. Of harsh physical labor there was plenty, but few books and very little instruction. He taught himself spherical trigonometry by drawing problems with chalk on cannon balls. He learned from salty experience that adverse winds or the drift of currents could thrust a vessel far off its reckoned path, that a ship could double its speed by taking advantage of favorable currents. Shipmasters learned these things individually through long years at sea, but this hard-won knowledge moldered in the pages of discarded logbooks.

Young Maury determined to place in the hands of every ship captain charts that would indicate

winds, calms, and currents in all seas at all seasons. He was deeply religious, believing that God, who ordered the universe, also decreed order *in* the universe. But how discover this order? At what season might the mariner expect belts of calm in the Indian Ocean? What correction in course must be made for the drift of the Gulf Stream? Thousands of such vitally important questions the midshipman proposed to answer, and to lay down routes which would offer the quickest time with a minimum of hardship.

Maury's seagoing career was shattered at 33 by a stagecoach accident ashore that broke his hip and knee. Maury turned adversity to his purpose. In 1842 he was made superintendent of the U. S. Naval Observatory at Washington and in its storerooms he found the logs of thousands of ships. From their data he plotted charts and sent them to navigators, asking coöperation in further observations. Soon a thousand shipmasters in every ocean were making day and night observations according to uniform plan.

Each navigator entered in his log the temperature of air and water, direction of wind, set of currents, height of barometer. He cast overboard at stated intervals bottles tightly corked, recording latitude, longitude, and date. He was to pick up all such bottles found floating, note latitude and longitude, and forward the information to Wash-

ington. Within eight years Maury collected data covering 2,000,000 days at sea and constructed his famous "Wind and Current Charts," virtual road maps of the sea.

Maury made practical commercial applications of his charts. Baltimore packets rolling down to Rio over his route made round trips in 75 days instead of 100. The gold rush to California in 1849 put a premium on speed for the transport of supplies; and where the average time from New York to San Francisco had been 180 days, Maury's "Wind and Current Charts" reduced it to 133 days. He advised British ships in the Australian trade to circle the globe, going by way of Africa, returning by way of South America. The savings to a 1000-ton vessel making the round trip were \$6500. Use of his charts by American shipping alone saved owners more than \$2,000,000 annually, while Britain gained by \$10,000,000.

As American business with Europe increased, men talked of a transatlantic cable. But where to lay it? For five years under Maury's direction naval vessels sounded the depths of the ocean, using lines weighted with cannon balls. The cannon balls were coated with tallow, and when they were pulled up, the sand, flora and fauna clinging to the tallow told Maury the nature of the ocean bottom. From these data Maury mapped a broad, level plateau at the bottom of the ocean between Newfoundland and Ireland,

so smooth that it would not chafe or wear the cable. At a dinner celebrating the first cable message, tradition has it that Cyrus W. Field, promoter of the enterprise, said: "Maury furnished the brains, England gave the money, and I did the work."

Asked to devise some method of preventing the not infrequent collisions between eastbound and westbound ships in dense fogs off Newfoundland, Maury found inspiration in the Biblical words "the paths of the sea." "If God says 'the paths of the sea,'" Maury reasoned, "they must be there, and I will find them." After patient calculation of currents, prevailing winds, sailing distances, fogs and drifting icebergs, he published in 1855 a chart showing two lanes across the Atlantic, 60 miles or more apart, the northern one for westbound, the southern one for eastbound vessels. "Let every ship follow these 'paths of the sea,'" he said, "and there will be no more collisions." The Navy used the lanes at once, but it was not until 1898 that shipping companies adopted them by written agreement.

It now occurred to Maury that if order could be deduced from ocean chaos it could likewise be found amid the winds, rains and storms that blow over the land. Today we take reports of the U. S. Weather Bureau for granted, but it was Maury who first showed that forecasting, once the province of the

almanac maker, was properly a matter of scientific observation.

Congress refused to appropriate money to establish a system of weather observations, but in 1853 King Leopold of Belgium called a congress of nations in Brussels to consider methods by which the American's researches could be furthered. Nations who were enemies in all else enthusiastically agreed to coöperate. On land and sea observers were soon gathering data, recording their observations on uniform charts. Thermometers, barometers, sounding apparatus and other instruments were compared with common standards. Thousands of laboratories thus were placed at Maury's disposal and at the service of mankind.

When Virginia seceded from the Union, Maury, then a commander in the U. S. Navy, resigned and cast his lot with his native state. He was appointed Chief of Sea Coast, River and Harbor Defenses of the Confederacy, and his electric torpedoes — forerunners of present-day contact mines — raised havoc with northern shipping. The Secretary of the Navy said in 1865 that they had cost the Union more vessels than all other causes combined.

In 1866 he rejoined his family, then living in England. He was penniless, but scientific Europe again came to his rescue, tendering him a banquet in London at which he was presented with a silver casket containing \$15,000.

By 1868, considering it safe to return to the United States, he accepted a professorship of meteorology at Virginia Military Institute. He resumed at once his campaign for a meteorological bureau that would regularly issue weather and crop reports. "I calculate," the pioneer said, "that in consequence of erroneous weather information cotton planters alone have received for their last six crops \$40,000,000 less than they should have received. Crops may be regarded as an economic expression of the weather from seed time to harvest; that there is a physical relation between weather and crops is obvious to all."

Stricken with fatal illness in 1873, Maury did not live to see his

plan of a Weather Bureau reporting crop conditions carried out. On his deathbed, he inquired of his son, "Do I drag my anchor?" And then, with the sailor's cry of "All's well!" on his lips, he died.

Maury's greatness consisted not only in his vision and imagination but in his willingness to toil endlessly himself that his theories might become realities. His name is not generally remembered today, but navigators know it well. At the top of every pilot chart issued by the Hydrographic Office is this legend: "Founded upon the researches made in the early part of the nineteenth century by Matthew Fontaine Maury, while serving as a lieutenant in the United States Navy."



Illustrative Anecdotes—XXXVI—

A MARRIED COUPLE of my acquaintance, returning from Europe, became interested in an attractive, red-cheeked Finnish girl in the steerage. They found that she was coming to America to look for work, and decided to offer her employment. "Can you cook?" they asked.

"No," said the girl, "I can't cook. My mother always did the cooking."

"Well," they said, "then you can do the housework?"

"No," she said, "I don't know how. My oldest sister always did the housework."

"Well, then, we could let you take care of the children."

"No, I couldn't do that. My youngest sister always took care of the children."

"Well, you can do the sewing?"

"No," said the girl, "my aunt always did the sewing."

"What *can* you do?" cried the despairing couple.

The girl was quite bright and cheerful as she volunteered, "I can milk reindeer."

—Donald Culross Peattie

Paris Railway Station.

Condensed from the syndicated column by

Dorothy Thompson

THE SOLDIER stands face to face with his girl, his hands on her waist, under her jacket. The officer holds his girl by her arms. The soldier kisses his girl unashamedly. The officer kisses his girl with his eyes. None of the four speaks at all.

"The French are a talkative people."

On the crowded platform hardly a word is heard. What is there to say now that has not been said before? What has come that was not awaited?

"We shall breed a new race trained to hardness, cruelty, violence; supermen, leading masses. On them we shall found a new Reich that will last for a thousand years."

"The superman will be ingenious, treacherous, masterful. The masses will be uniform, with arms that rise and fall rhythmically, voices that cry hoarsely, rhythmically, 'Sieg Heil!'"

DOROTHY THOMPSON, brilliant columnist and radio commentator, went abroad in March to inspect the trouble spots in south-eastern Europe. With a veteran reporter's unerring news sense, she reached Paris just before the invasion of the Low Countries, and in her widely syndicated column, "On the Record," gave her readers a firsthand interpretation of fateful events.

"Breed them, mothers! Prizes for the most fertile! Equality for the illegitimate! Born in love or lust or for a bonus, all are equal, all alike, one folk, one Reich, one Führer."

The soldiers on the Paris railway station are uniformed, but not uniform. Men of yesterday, why has each of you a different face? You, so diverse, so individual; you, with the ascetic bones and the cynical eyes; you, little soldier with the gleeful mouth of a peasant epicurean; you, lovers of books and you, lover of your girl — you have got to meet the man of tomorrow, No. 1135, type B.

The soldier holds his child on his shoulder. He strokes her hair — the hair of his individual little girl, a French child, precious, rare.

"The French birth rate is stable, the small family is the rule. The family is the basis of society. One has the number of children that one can support and educate. This one is clever and shall go to the lycée."

"The French are a dying race. There are 42,000,000 French and 80,000,000 Germans. The Third Reich needs room for its growing population."

Make room, little father, make room!

Nobody smiles, nobody sings. No *Tipperary*. No *Madelon*.

A woman in black holds her son in her arms. Tears flow down her face. His lip trembles slightly. A nine-year-old boy stands apart while his father and mother say something to each other, swift and low. He cries bitterly but without noise.

"Nazi youth do not weep."

The whistle blows. The officer holds his girl's cheek to his. The soldier kisses his girl on the mouth. Just once more! Nobody watches anyone else. No one pretends.

No one says a word about Boche or killing. Not a flag. Not a salute . . . not an *au revoir*. They pull apart, and the men crowd into the cars.

They look through the open windows — a thousand different faces. Now, at last, they smile, kindly, comfortingly, understandingly. The women and the girls stand together, but each alone, each surrounded by a little space of loneliness and separateness, each alone in her tears.

The train begins to move. The men wave. The women wave and, weeping, smile.

No one calls "*Vive la France!*" There goes France.



The Spartan Tradition

DURING my internship, the young daughter and only child of Dr. Walker, a lecturer on surgery at the medical school, was stricken with appendicitis. Dr. Walker decided to operate himself, with his classes present. I assisted as anesthetist, and toward the end of the operation whispered that the patient's heart was in a bad state. Dr. Walker told me to do what was proper under the circumstances, which I did, but the patient died on the table. When I told him, he nodded and finished the operation to the last detail — the incision was sutured, a dressing applied, and the bandage put in place. Then he turned to the students in the amphitheater above him and said:

"Gentlemen, the patient, my daughter, has been dead for perhaps ten minutes. I had only slight hope of saving her, but determined nevertheless to operate. My sole purpose in completing my work was to impress upon you the absolute necessity of doing this very thing, so that your future cannot be ruined by threats of malpractice for failure to continue an operation. Remember — always complete the operation, even if the patient dies on the table."

— Dr. William E. Aghinbaugh, *I Swear by Apollo* (Farrar & Rinehart)

A Scramble for Eggs

Condensed from "Wild Honey"

Samuel Scoville, Jr.

Author of "Everyday Adventures," "Lords of the Wild," etc.

STRUGGLING against the encroachments of age and the blandishments of the flesh, I consort, whenever I can, with collectors who, my experience has shown me, are among the few real adventurers still left in this country.

Of them all I think egg collectors are the most interesting. In public they pose as bankers, merchants, lawyers, and similar everyday individuals. In private they have adventures which would make the life of the average pirate seem drab. Personally I collect nothing except the joys of good fellowship, and this is probably why these experts tolerate me on their trips, for there are no folk more jealous of their secrets than oölogists. Wherefore one spring, when three collectors of birds' eggs invited me to go with them on a search for duck hawks' nests, I accepted promptly.

That sky pirate, the duck hawk, the peregrine falcon of the Old World, is one of the speed kings of the sky. A green-winged teal, a canvasback duck, or a redhead can fly well over a mile a minute, but the peregrine overtakes them all with ease and kills his victim with one blow of his great yellow knuckles. Invariably these falcons nest on

the most inaccessible cliffs they can conveniently find, and their red eggs are among the most prized trophies of an oölogist's collection.

It did not seem probable to me that we should find so rare a bird nesting just outside of New York City, but we did. We were standing on the edge of the Palisades, above the Hudson. Hundreds of feet below us a gang of men working on the road looked no larger than ants. Suddenly the Collector gripped my arm and pointed. Seventy-five feet down the cliff was a zigzag ledge some two feet wide, narrowing at one point to less than a foot in breadth. Beyond that point, in a wide sloping niche in the face of the cliff, sat a female duck hawk. She was not more than a hundred feet away, and through our field glasses we could see the hazel-brown iris of her fierce eyes, her dark brown, toothed beak, hooked like a parrot's, and her enormous lemon-yellow feet.

Catching sight of us, she started up and stood for a moment, a fierce, imperious figure, the curved markings beside her beak looking like a curling black mustache. Then she launched herself into the air, giving a call like the creaking of a rusty pump. As she left the ledge,

four red eggs showed plainly in the little hollow.

As I stared down the depths before me I realised that I had been a trifle hasty in agreeing to go down that cliff. I weigh 190 pounds. It might strain my friends severely to lower and hoist so great a weight. Then too, owing to inexperience, I might fall off the ledge and break a valuable set of duck-hawk eggs. Moreover, as I stared down that cliff I felt that I must have eaten something which disagreed with me.

None of these perfectly valid reasons had any effect whatever upon my friends. Before I could think up any better ones they had spread a blanket over the edge of the cliff above the nest to keep the rope from cutting, and had tied the hauling and guide ropes around a small tree some distance from the edge. The guide rope was to be gripped by me to lessen the weight on the hauling rope, which was to go around me just under my arms in a bowline, that knot which will neither tighten nor slip.

There was some discussion as to whether what the Collector tied was a real bowline.

"You can tell as soon as you start," said the Banker. "If it unties, it ain't."

I decided the argument by retying that knot myself, painstakingly. Then I raised another question, as to whether the hauling rope was perfectly sound.

"It's never broken yet," asserted the Collector reassuringly.

By this time I knew exactly how a condemned man feels just before the drop falls. Taking a turn of the hauling rope around his arms, the Banker sank his heels deep into the soft earth and announced that he was all set for the descent — which was more than I was.

Now the Banker is one of my best friends, but he leads a sedentary life, and it did not seem to me that he was the man for the job. In fact I felt strongly that what was needed on that rope was a flock of large, powerful young athletes. The Collector, as an expert, however, assured me that I should unconsciously do so much climbing myself on the guide rope that even a middle-aged banker would be enough to lower me and bring me back safely, and promised that he and the Naturalist would lend a hand if it became necessary.

As they all seemed to feel that there was no possible reason for my delaying further, I gripped the guide rope, shut my eyes, and backed off the cliff. In another moment I was swinging over the 600 feet of atmosphere which lay between me and the Hudson Boulevard. Immediately I felt that I had made a hideous mistake — but there was no returning. When I opened my eyes I could see far, far below me the tiny black figures of the laborers on the boulevard, who had stopped their work and gath-

ered there to gaze up at me, and I reflected that if I fell upon that gawking crowd, who ought to be attending to their business, it would be their own fault.

Thirty feet down, there was an ominous cackle in the air just over my head, and out of a corner of my eye I could see the duck hawk bearing down upon me, her hooked beak half-open and her talons outstretched. A peregrine falcon will not actually attack a man, but for a few moments I had an awful fear that this bird intended to make me an exception.

A moment later I forgot all about her as a stone about the size of my fist buzzed past my head like a bit of shrapnel and went on down in a long parabola to the ground below. I shouted up a warning, and a head was cautiously thrust over the edge of the cliff and the Collector called down apologetically that the Banker's foot had dislodged the stone by accident. I reflected bitterly that if the stone had struck my head it would have made very little difference to me whether it was an accident or not.

All further forebodings were suddenly ended by my feet landing on the ledge below. As the cliff slanted in, so that I could not see my friends after I had once started, we had arranged a simple code of signals. I gave a single tug of the guide rope, and it was instantly slackened so that I could walk along the narrow shelf, which gave me the feeling of

having no support at all, especially as I had to let go of the guide rope in order to reach the nest.

Then ensued one of the most terrifying experiences of my life. I had to sidle along that ledge, with the cliff on one side and a sheer drop of over 500 feet on the other. The naked space which yawned beside me made me gasp as if I had suddenly been plunged into ice water. The worst was yet to come. When I reached the point where a spur of rock jutted out from the face of the cliff, the ledge narrowed so that it was necessary to lean out into space, clinging to the rope, edge around the rock, and then crawl up the inclined ledge like a tree toad, holding on by the pressure of my palms against the rock.

I finally reached the nest in safety and carefully stored the eggs in a box, filled with cotton, which I had brought with me. When, after another hair-raising journey, I came back to the guide rope, I found that it had caught on a chimney of rock some distance above me, up which I had to scramble in order to loosen it.

At last, however, I gave the signal to be hoisted up and began to rise into space. At first I helped the Banker by climbing up the guide rope hand over hand, but 10 feet of that was all that my wind would allow, and I sagged back, a dead weight upon the hauling rope. This sudden increase of his burden evidently caught the Banker unawares,

for he let the rope slip some distance. Measured by space and time the drop was probably inconsiderable, but the intensity of sensation produced, if you leave it to me, involved several million foot-pounds. Then, in accordance with his promise, the Collector came to the Banker's assistance, and with exasperating slowness they pulled me up.

My last memory of that day was the sight of the duck hawk, black against the blue, as she swooped down out of the sky toward her eyrie. The Collector assured me that she would lay another clutch of eggs in the same nest, and I highly resolved that, so far as I was concerned, they should remain undisturbed.



Partners, Not in Crime

PATROLMAN SMITH of the Berkeley, California, police department, and his partner Joe climbed out of their car at the mouth of a dark alley. "Let's look it over," Smith whispered. At once Joe ran silently ahead down the alley, while Smith shook doors to make sure they were locked. Suddenly Joe barked.

For Joe is one of the ten Doberman pinschers that nightly ride the police patrol cars in Berkeley, guard prisoners, sniff out fugitives, follow the trails of lost children and wanted men.

This night, Officer Smith found Joe standing over the body of a man recently slugged and robbed. Leaving him on duty, the patrolman spread the alarm. And when the victim had been rushed to the hospital, it was Joe and two other Dobermans that took up the hunt and led their human partners to the criminal. As the man reached for his gun, he went down under a mass of dogs; but when Smith said quietly, "That's enough, don't hurt him," the dogs, still growling, backed away.

Each Berkeley policeman owns his dog; the city gives him six hours a week for nine months to train it. He pays \$100 for a nine-months-old pup, trains it till it is 18 months old. Several of the dogs have been in service for ten years. Dobermans are used because experiment proved them the fiercest in attack, the most gentle when called off.

"They make the best partners in the world," explains Patrolman Smith. "They're always on the job, are afraid of nothing, are as smart as most men, more loyal than most."

— Karl Detzer

¶ How the new and growing profession of industrial research creates better products, lower prices and more jobs

Glass Magic

Condensed from The American Mercury

J. D. Ratcliff

NEGLECTIBLE 20 years ago, industrial research is our fastest-growing profession. This year, alert American manufacturers will spend \$180,000,000 in 1800 laboratories to discover new methods of making their products better and more abundant. Such research creates lower prices for the consumer and more jobs for labor.

One outstanding example of the benefits of industrial research is the Corning Glass Company. In vast rambling rooms of the Corning laboratories, amid salt baths and hissing rotary molds, 175 scientists labor. There is singularly little regimentation; to a considerable degree, each man selects some problem that particularly fascinates him and concentrates on it.

Corning's scientists have worked out 25,000 magnificently versatile variations of glass. They have made glass bolts and nuts, to be used where acids would eat iron. They have made dishes that will not break when filled with molten metal; drinking glasses that bounce unharmed when dropped on tile floors. Corning has spun filaments so fine

that a one-pound batch would stretch around the earth; has poured the world's biggest chunk of glass—the 20-ton reflector for the Mt. Palomar telescope.

In a gigantic plant that at first glance resembles a corner of hell, the raw sand, soda, lime, borax and other materials are mixed by precise laboratory formulas and fed into gas-fueled furnaces. In a cherry-red flood, the "cooked" glass spills out into molds; still hot, it is stamped into baking dishes or auto headlights by huge merry-go-round presses. An automatic machine turns out corrosion-proof insulin ampoules by the million; hand-workers fabricate glass so beautiful it is included in museum collections. But whatever the process, whatever the product, it roots inevitably back to research.

Corning's research laboratory dates from 1908. The very first problem solved was the development for railway trainmen of a lantern globe which wouldn't break in the rain. Today the signal lights that gleam along the railroad are the same beautiful red, yellow or

green wherever we may be. It was not always so. Years ago, the railroads came to Corning saying, "We have 32 shades of green. Some of our yellows look red in murky weather; more dangerous, some of our red lights actually look yellow. Try to straighten this out." Corning determined by test the most readily distinguished red, green and yellow. The resulting color standards were adopted by all American and many foreign railroads.

Corning men blew Edison's first light bulbs in the old-fashioned way, one at a time. When it became apparent that the world wanted bulbs by the billion, a monstrous machine was devised that goes at too fast a clip to be followed by the eye, producing several hundred bulbs per minute. It helped reduce the cost of a 60-watt bulb from \$1.75 in 1907 to 15 cents today.

The country's clinical thermometer tubing is made at Corning by an ingenious method. Previously, tubing was drawn by hand along a horizontal track. It sagged; quality was uneven. Corning built a 216-foot tower that looks like the Washington Monument. A chunk of molten glass the size of a punching bag is placed at the bottom of the tower, and a hoist draws it quickly upward. Result is a continuous piece of fine tubing well over 100 feet long. The inside bore is of uniform size — one third the diameter of a hair.

Corning's new "shrunk" glass

is the greatest achievement in glass technology. It is a low-cost duplicate of fused quartz. Fused quartz has been indispensable in various scientific instruments, but it costs 25 times as much as the best glass.

In attempting to make a glass as clear, as resistant to high temperatures and as transparent to certain rays as quartz, Corning research men tried and abandoned 600 glass formulas. Months passed, and a quarter of a million dollars was expended. The management decided to scrap the project. "Give us a little more time," the scientists begged. They got their reprieve. Like Ehrlich on his magnificent trek through the arsenic compounds which led to the discovery of syphilis-killing 606, they plowed on. Glass No. 790 finally appeared — a material entirely new to the world, 96 percent pure silica.

Industrialists come to Corning with varied problems. A gingerale maker wanted a glass pipe line through his factory so that he could inspect his product; the pipe had to be strong enough to be taken down every night and scalded with steam. Corning fabricated a special heat-resistant, shatterproof glass pipe, now widely used in breweries and in chemical plants.

Surgeons complain of neck burns from overhead lights in operating rooms. The research men evolve a glass which lets little heat through. Welders want goggles which will cut out eye-damaging light-bands

beyond the visible spectrum. Corning obliges. Dr. Chevalier Jackson needed a minuscule light bulb for his bronchoscope with which he fishes for foreign objects lodged in the lungs. A bulb no larger than a grain of wheat was designed. Another doctor wanted a glass boot to fit over gangrenous legs; alternate pressure and vacuum inside the boot stimulates blood vessels and hastens mending. Corning came through again, with a contraption which saves many legs from amputation.

Medical men wanted a glass for transmission of ultraviolet light. An unbelievably clear glass, flawless and pure, was finally produced by a wholly new method. This is Steuben glass, beautiful as it is useful. Examples of Steuben glassware have passed the sacred portals of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

Corning research has developed especially efficient glass insulators for the coast-to-coast telephone lines. Conserving electric energy, these insulators have helped both to improve service and bring down the cost of long-distance calls.

The huge atom-smasher called the cyclotron, which has already transformed platinum into gold and has given off more radioactive particles than the world's entire supply of radium, could not function without two insulators of special glass, created by Corning after

other materials had failed under the heat and shock of high voltage.

It was the Corning research staff which, patiently juggling formulas and subjecting the product to severe temperatures, finally evolved a glass that would resist the punishing heat of ovens. Under the name of Pyrex, it has gone into baking dishes used in millions of homes.

Glass fiber is another proud and very practical Corning achievement. One fifteenth the diameter of human hair, this new product, 35 million miles of it a year, spurts out of invisible nozzles, to be woven into dresses and curtains, or into electrical insulation, or to be used for insulating the walls of homes.

During the depression, Corning has invested \$3,000,000 in new buildings and equipment. And despite new automatic machinery, employment has risen steadily. This is true of glass manufacturing as a whole; in 1939, this \$400,000,000 industry employed 13 percent more people than in 1929. The average annual wage in the glass industry is now \$1300 as against the average for all industries of \$1100.

Amory Houghton, 40, great-grandson of the Corning founder and present head of the business, feels that research should go at an ever-accelerating pace to build a shiny new world. He foresees houses built of glass bricks and partitioned with glass-bubble slabs which may be sawed and nailed; furnished with

glass tables and chairs and draped with glass textiles; equipped with windows which permit light to enter but none to escape — thereby maintaining privacy in a sunlit room. He envisions piping and plumbing fixtures made of glass; automobiles insulated with glass wool and running on roads paved with glass blocks. He dreams of a malleable glass which can be worked on machine-shop lathes.

Says Corning's veteran research chief, Dr. E. C. Sullivan: "In glass, not even the easy things have been done. And help is needed from those who like to do the hard things. Tomorrow's better world lies just beyond today's frontiers of research. To young technologists, to workers in science generally, I suggest the field of glass research as attractive, exciting, and worthy of any scientist's devotion."



"Official" Document Factory

PECULIAR to the Nazis is a bureau in the Gestapo which contains the finest setup for the falsification of documents that has ever existed. Handwriting wizards and ace chemists are able to produce, reproduce, or falsify almost any document that Hitler wants to spread before the world. For example, a letter is stolen from an enemy of the regime, the authenticity of which he cannot deny. An entire paragraph in the letter is made to vanish; then an expert forger writes a fresh paragraph including statements necessary to prove the original author's guilt. The man is presented with the letter, which he admits is his; then in the midst of it he is startled to read lines not there before.

For the falsification of typewritten documents the bureau has every make of typewriter in the world. A Gestapo expert checks the type of machine used;

then lines are chemically expunged and new ones inserted. Examination by experts would require days to detect the true from the false.

No doubt exists that letters from Ambassadors Bullitt and Kennedy, supposedly taken from the Polish archives after the fall of Warsaw, were thus "improved." These Gestapo operators could produce a letter in President Roosevelt's handwriting which even he would believe to be authentic. The bureau has collected specimen handwriting of every important person in Europe, Asia and the Americas; also perfect imitations of office blanks and letterheads used in the embassies, consular and government offices of practically all nations. There is little that these experts cannot imitate, from state documents to well-nigh perfect coinage of foreign money.

—Wythe Williams in Greenwich (Conn.) *Time*

Nazi Tactics Revolutionize War

Condensed from an Associated Press dispatch in
New York Herald Tribune

THE NAZI METHOD of warfare has revolutionized tactics. The idea that artillery preparation must precede infantry advance and that supply and ammunition trains must follow the troops seems to be a thing of the past.

By the new method employed by the German war machine a huge armada of heavy bombers first appears over the objective to be attacked. These act as the long-range artillery, dive-bombing previously selected targets. Each plane has a definite target of its own.

As the big ships drop their bombs and turn about, they become on the return trip mechanized machine-gun units, strafing anything visible on the ground. They are followed by a wave of lighter planes, armed with smaller bombs and incendiary fuses, which take the part formerly delegated to cavalry. They clear the way for a squadron of air transports bearing parachute troops. After dropping their parachutists, the transports also become machine-gun units on the return trip.

With the ground thus prepared, still another air force arrives to protect the advance of the tanks, which arrange themselves in a fashion similar to naval warfare. The

GERMANY'S new six-miles-a-minute dive bombers cruise at 500 feet, so low that anti-aircraft batteries cannot touch them. Hedge-hopping until almost over the target, with one swift, unbelievable turn they climb at a 45-degree angle to 5000 feet in the twinkling of an eye. They make another sharp turn, point their noses at the target and come arrowing out of the sky. Their wide-open 1000-horse-power motors change from a shrill whine to a blasting roar. A few hundred feet above the target, the plane pulls up swiftly and "lays its eggs," generally five bombs which fall in tattoo succession. Another incredibly swift turn and the plane has zoomed back thousands of feet out of range of ground batteries. — UP

big 30- to 60-ton tanks are in the middle, with lighter and faster armored cars and tanks on the flanks. They screen the advance of the infantry, which is moved up in buses and trucks only after the way is cleared. The entire mission is under the constant protection of fighter planes.

While the infantry is coming up, the several kinds of parachute troops perform previously assigned duties. Those whose insignia consists of five winged birds on their tunic lapels make contact for subsequent maneuvers with fifth columnists, who have been protecting their descent. Parachutists wearing four birds land beyond their ob-

jective and make a back-trek toward it, mopping up whatever they find in the way. Three-birders seize gasoline and supply depots, while two-birders capture landing fields. Single-bird troops are engineers who open roads so that the infantry may be rushed onward.

Then, like clockwork, a new transport plane group appears and, after dropping from 30 to 50 para-

chutists, goes to fields presumed to have been seized for the use of wounded soldiers, to return them to the home base.

"These highly coördinated tactics," one military observer said, "reflect years of intense study and training. No wonder captured prisoners have maps showing a new Germany even before that objective is attained."



Friends of Trees

¶ ON HIS DEATHBED, Governor Hogg of Texas requested that no monument of stone or marble be placed at his grave: that instead there be planted "at my head a pecan tree and at my feet an old-fashioned walnut. And when these trees shall bear, let the pecans and walnuts be given out among the Plains people of Texas so that they may plant them and make Texas a land of trees."

His wishes have been carried out. The first nuts were saved in 1926 and planted in nursery rows, and the same thing has been done each year since. As soon as the saplings are large enough to transplant they are distributed to schools and county boards.

— *Famous Trees* (U.S. Dept. of Agriculture)

¶ DR. EDWIN LEWIS STEPHENS, as secretary-treasurer, is the only human member of the Live Oak Society of Louisiana, which he founded some years ago "to promote the culture, distribution and appreciation of live oak trees." President, by reason of age and size, is the Locke Breaux Oak standing on the banks of the Mississippi, 500 years old, girth 35 feet. Other members of the Society are some 120 oaks at least 100 years old. Each oak has its own attorney — usually its owner — who watches over it and collects as yearly dues 25 acorns which are planted to provide saplings for state highways. Oaks less than 100 years old are eligible for the "Junior League."

— *New Orleans Times-Picayune*

¶ ON HIS 80-acre ranch near Hollywood, Edward Everett Horton has established an Old Trees' Home. Seeing beautiful oaks and maples and elms condemned to be cut down to make way for highway improvements, he buys them and moves them to his asylum for unwanted trees.

— Sidney Greenbie, *Leisure for Living* (Stewart)

The Old House at Home

Condensed from The New Yorker

Joseph Mitchell

For eight years a N. Y. World-Telegram feature writer; now on the staff of The New Yorker

IN 86 YEARS McSorley's Old Ale House in New York, near the end of the Bowery, has seen scarcely a change. The bar is stubbornly illuminated with gas lamps which throw flickering shadows on the low, cobwebby ceiling. There is no cash register. Coins are dropped in four soup bowls — one for nickels, others for dimes, quarters and halves — and bills are kept in a rosewood cashbox. It is a drowsy place. The bartenders never make a needless move; the customers, sitting in a row of chairs along the wall, nurse their mugs of ale, those who prefer it mulled keeping theirs on the hob of the stove until the ale is as hot as coffee. The three clocks on the wall have not been in agreement for years.

The backbone of the clientele is a rapidly thinning group of crusty old men, predominantly Irish, who have frequented the place since youth and now have a proprietary feeling toward it. Some of them clearly remember John McSorley, the founder, who died in 1910 at

the age of 87. They like to sit around the big belly stove, gnaw on the stems of their pipes and talk about him.

Old John was quirky. Normally affable, he was subject to spells of unaccountable surliness during which he would refuse to speak.

Many photographs of him, with sideburns and bald head, exist and it is clear that he had a lot of unassumed dignity. Old John patterned his saloon after a public house he had

known in Ireland and originally called it the Old House at Home. It has a fine back room, but for years a sign nailed on the street door said: "Notice. No Back Room in Here for Ladies." In McSorley's entire history the only woman customer ever willingly admitted was an old peddler called Mother Fresh-Roasted, who went from saloon to saloon on the lower East Side hawking peanuts.

Old John maintained that the man never lived who needed a stronger drink than a mug of ale — and to this day no spirits are sold.

✦
*Vignettes
of
American
Life
—II—*

He was a big eater, and before locking up for the night he would grill a three-pound T-bone on a coal shovel held over oak coals in the back-room fireplace. He liked to fit a whole onion into the hollowed-out heel of a loaf of French bread and eat it as if it were an apple. "Good ale, raw onions, and no ladies" was his motto. Adjacent to the free lunch, which inflexibly consisted of soda crackers, raw onions, and cheese, Old John kept a crock of tobacco and a rack of clay and corncob pipes. The purchase of an ale entitled a man to a smoke on the house; the rack still holds a few of the communal pipes.

Although no handshaker, Old John knew many prominent men. One of his closest friends was Peter Cooper, president of the North American Telegraph Company and founder of Cooper Union. Mr. Cooper, in his declining years, spent so many afternoons in the back room philosophizing with the workingmen that he was given a chair of his own, with a rubber cushion. The chair is still there. Also, like other steadfast customers, he had a pewter mug on which his name had been engraved with an icepick.

Old John had a passion for memorabilia, and eventually covered every inch of wall space with pictures and souvenirs — banquet menus, starfish shells, theater programs, political posters and the worn-down shoes of race and brew-

ery horses. New customers get up on chairs and spend hours studying them. Above the entrance to the back room he hung a shillelagh and a sign: BE GOOD OR BEGONE. There are portraits of assassinated statesmen and framed pages from old newspapers; one from the London *Times* for June 22, 1815, describes the beginning of the battle of Waterloo, and another from the New York *Herald* of April 15, 1865, has a single-column story on the shooting of Lincoln. A copy of the Emancipation Proclamation hangs beside a facsimile of Lincoln's saloon license.

Around 1890 Old John turned the business over to his son, William. Bill worshiped his father. When Old John died the son locked the doors, pulled the shutters to, and did not come downstairs for almost a week.

Bill's concern was to keep McSorley's exactly as it had been in his father's time. For 20 years the bar sagged like a plow mule's back. Finally, in 1933, Bill told a carpenter to prop it up. While the work was in progress he sat in the back room with his head in his hands and got so upset he could not eat for days. In the same year the smoke- and cobweb-encrusted paint on the ceiling began to flake off. After customers complained that the flakes they found in their ale might strangle them, he grudgingly had the ceiling repainted. In 1925 he switched to earthenware mugs,

most of the pewter ones having been stolen by souvenir hunters. But those were all the changes he would permit.

When prohibition came Bill disregarded it and continued to run wide open. The fact that McSorley's was patronized by Tammany politicians and minor police officials probably gave it immunity.

Bill never had a fixed closing hour but locked up as soon as he began to feel sleepy, usually around ten o'clock. If the saloon became crowded, he would close up early saying, "I'm getting too confounded much trade in here." His most rigid conviction was that drink should not be sold to minors; and since he was nearsighted he would sometimes peer across the bar at a small-sized adult and say, "Won't sell you nothing, bud. Get along home, where you belong." Reading a newspaper, he would disregard customers waiting to be served. If a man impatiently demanded a drink, Bill would shout angrily at him in a high, nasal voice. Such treatment did not annoy customers; they thought he was funny. When they said he was the gloomiest, or the stingiest, man in the Western Hemisphere there was boastfulness in their voices.

Just before closing time Bill would summon everybody to the bar and buy a round. This had been his father's custom. If the customers were slow about finishing the final drink, he would drum on

the bar and say, "Now, see here, gents! I'm under no obligodamnation to stand here all night while you baby them drinks."

Ordinary noises bothered Bill so unduly that he put up a fire-alarm gong behind the bar. If someone started a song, or if the old men around the stove were too noisy, he would give the gong rope a series of savage jerks.

Most of his friendship Bill reserved for cats. He owned as many as 18 at once and they had the run of the establishment. He fed them on beef liver put through a sausage grinder and they became enormous. When it came time to feed them, he would leave the bar, no matter how brisk business was, and bang on a tin pan; the fat cats would come loping up, like leopards, from all corners of the place.

Bill used to say morosely, "When I go, this place goes with me," but in 1936, to everybody's surprise, he sold out to Daniel O'Connell, an old customer. One of the conditions of the sale was that O'Connell was to make no changes. Almost from the day of the sale Bill's health began to fail. Sometimes in the afternoon he would shuffle into the bar and sit in the Peter Cooper chair with his hands in his lap. For hours he would stare at a painting of Old John. In September, 1938, he died in his sleep. As close as his friends could figure it, his age was 76.

McSorley's is an utterly democratic place. The customers never

try to impress each other. A mechanic in greasy overalls gets as much attention as an executive from Wanamaker's department store nearby. Around 1911 a number of prominent artists, including John Sloan, George Luks, Glenn Coleman and Stuart Davis, began hanging out there. They did not put on airs, and the workingmen in the saloon accepted them as equals.

Most nights there are a few curiosity-seekers. If they don't ask too many questions they are tolerated. The majority of them have learned about McSorley's through one of Sloan's five paintings of the place. "McSorley's Bar," showing Bill presiding majestically over the tap, hangs in the Detroit Institute of Arts and was reproduced in Thomas Craven's recent book, *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces*. Last November there was an exhibition of Sloan's work in Wanamaker's, and a number of McSorley patrons attended it in a body. One asked a clerk the price of "McSorley's Cats." "Three thousand dollars," he was told. He be-

lieved the clerk was kidding him and is still indignant.

McSorley's opens at eight. In the middle of the morning the old men, "the steadies," begin shuffling in. The majority are retired laborers and small businessmen who prefer McSorley's to their homes. Many come from a distance. Most of them are quiet and dignified. Only a few have enough interest in the present to read newspapers. Some of them sleep in their chairs for long periods, others simply sit and stare into the street. Once Bill got interested in a sleeper and clocked him. Two hours and forty minutes after the man dozed off, Bill became uneasy — "maybe he died," he said — and shook him awake. In summer they retire to the back room, which is as cool as a cellar. In winter they sit near the stove, as motionless as barnacles, until around six, when they yawn, stretch, and start for home, insulated with ale against the dreadful loneliness of the old. "God be wit' yez," the master of ceremonies says as they go out the door.



I KEEP THINKING of a forlorn outcast struggling with a wind-blown banner in London's Trafalgar Square in the summer of 1932. His banner read: "Let's be pleasant to each other. We are all having a dreadful time." That isn't many miles from being a sort of runner-up for the Sermon on the Mount these catastrophic days.

— O. O. McIntyre

A Gentleman of Virginia

Condensed from "Robert E. Lee"

Robert W. Winston

Author of "Life of Andrew Johnson," "Life of Jefferson Davis," etc.

ON APRIL 18, 1861, after the Civil War had already begun, Robert E. Lee, West Point graduate and recently appointed Colonel of the First Cavalry, was informed that President Lincoln wished him to take command of the Union Army. Lee was not a person of national importance. Thus far he had not commanded a regiment in the field. In Texas he had been engaged in chasing Mexican bandits, duties well performed but bringing no fame. In truth when he had arrived at his home in Arlington, Virginia, on March 1, 1861, the occurrence was so inconsequential that no mention of it was made in the Richmond papers.

Yet, though he disapproved of slavery, believing it "a moral and a political evil to any country, but a greater evil to the white than the black race," Lee declined Lincoln's offer. "I do not believe in secession, nor that there is a sufficient cause for revolution," he declared. "But if Virginia secedes I will follow my native state with my sword and if need be with my life." On April 20, following the thorny path of duty, he resigned his commission in the United States Army. Meanwhile Virginia had seceded and its governor dispatched a messenger to as-

certain if Colonel Lee would accept the position of Major General of the Virginia forces.

But when the Confederate War Department took charge of affairs at Richmond, Lee was entrusted with no command whatsoever. He was retained in the office of President Jefferson Davis as a mere staff officer, and as he contemplated his career since he resigned from the army his heart must have sunk within him. In the struggle he seemed doomed to play a subordinate part. His wife and daughters were refugees. His home in Arlington had become a Union hospital. The family heirlooms were disappearing. All three of his sons were in the army. Almost in a moment his day had been turned into night.

Yet within a year, because of disasters in the West and the lack of confidence in President Davis as a military leader, Lee was chosen Commander-in-Chief of all the armies of the Confederate States. He knew the odds against the South were overwhelming. If there were no foreign aid, the United States, an organised government of 20-odd million people, would surely overcome an unorganised Confederacy of 9 million, embarrassed by slaves and without the funds to finance a

great war. "Lay aside your pencil," said General Lee one day to his subordinate. "Do not make any figures, figures are all against us."

But the people of the South soon discovered that in Lee they had found a man who would "take more desperate chances and take them quicker than any other general, Confederate or Federal." When, in the spring of 1862, McClellan invaded and attempted to take possession of Virginia, Lee, in seven days, with a poorly equipped army of less than 80,000 men, routed the well-supplied Union forces of more than 100,000, and completely frustrated McClellan's campaign, prosecuted after six months of preparation at an enormous expense of men and money.

Lee now became a magnet drawing together a group of fiery leaders whom he soon bound to himself with ties of affection stronger than steel. In after days General Wise, one of Lee's officers, exclaimed, "Ah, General Lee, these men are not fighting for the Confederacy; they are fighting for you."

At Fredericksburg, another victory for Lee, the Union troops were mowed down by the thousands. "It is well war is so terrible or we would grow too fond of it," Lee exclaimed as he looked upon the ghastly spectacle. After Fredericksburg the South looked upon Lee as invincible. Around the camp fires the soldiers discussed their beloved Chief. Women almost worshiped him, lit-

tle children were his friends. In all the army he had no peer.

Lee not only directed the greater movements of his troops but inspected minor details, encouraging his men, stimulating their pride, supplying their needs, as far as he could, and sharing their privations. They were members of his household and he was their father; when he rode up to headquarters he came unostentatiously, as if he were the head of a plantation, riding over his fields. He appeared to have no mighty secrets, he assumed no airs of superior authority.

One night, around the camp fires, a Brigadier-General asked his Chief-tain why he did not wear the full insignia of his office, but contented himself with the stars of a colonel. Lee replied that he cared little for display. "The truth is," said he, in his quizzical and self-depreciating manner, "the rank of a colonel is about as high as I ought ever to have got, or perhaps I might manage a good cavalry brigade if I had the right kind of subordinates!"

In a pole tent, without trappings or adornments, he dwelt among his men. A slouch hat and a suit of plain grey cloth constituted his apparel. Yet Lee was an aristocrat to his finger tips. One day at Valley Mountain he noticed a scion of an old Virginia family in one of the companies, and wrote his wife that he was "pained to see a young man of education and standing, serving in the ranks." But he was unwilling

to invoke the rule of caste in behalf of his own son. Bobby Lee, Jr., served his apprenticeship as a powder monkey in the Stonewall Brigade and was so grimy with stains that his own father did not recognise him.

In the field as at home General Lee had a childlike confidence in an overruling God. Again and again, during the dark winter of '63-'64, he repeated, "Our times are in Thy hands." Indeed the wits said of him that he cared more for Bibles than for bullets. The religious aspect of Lee's army was a striking feature. "It was no unusual scene, as the gloaming gathered, to see a group of soldiers quietly collect beneath the dusky shadows of the forest trees, whence soon arose the notes of a familiar hymn, while some youthful chaplain, in earnest tones, would tell his holy mission. And presently, by the waning light of pine torches, the weird figures of the soldiers would be seen reverently moving to the night's repose."

Lee's chivalry was illustrated when he sent to Jefferson Davis a captured letter that had been written by a Union soldier. The latter described the demoralisation of the Union Army because of McClellan's retreat. "I would suggest," wrote Lee to Davis, "that no publicity be given the name of the writer, as it would injure him without materially benefiting us."

[At Gettysburg he passed a wounded Federal wife, seeing him,

raised himself up and shouted in defiance: "Hurrah for the Union!" Then, this man says: "The general heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted, and came towards me. I confess that I at first thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up he looked down at me with such a sad expression upon his face that all fear left me, and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me and grasping mine firmly and looking right into my eyes, said: 'My son, I hope you will soon be well.'"]*

After the decisive Confederate victory at Chancellorsville, Lee gave first attention to the wounded of both sides. While he was thus engaged a note was brought from Stonewall Jackson congratulating him upon his victory. "Say to General Jackson," he replied, "that the victory is his and the congratulations are due to him." But after the disaster at Gettysburg, when General Wilcox came forward and lamented the state of his brigade, Lee took him by the hand. "Never mind, General," he said. "All this has been my fault; it is I that have lost this fight and you must help me out of it in the best way you can."

As the war progressed and the resources of the South became exhausted, the endurance and fortitude of Lee's army was remarkable. The troops were insufficiently clothed and nourished. At one time Lee

* From *Grant and Lee*, by J. F. C. Fuller (Scribners).

wrote the authorities that in one brigade there were only 50 men with serviceable shoes and thousands were barefoot. Fuel was scarce. When the mercury was at zero wood was selling for five dollars a stick. Sherman's march had cut off supplies from Georgia, and the Army of Northern Virginia, living from hand to mouth, was often without meat for days. Inevitable calamity was impending. In these distressing circumstances, while Lee was retreating before the vastly superior strength of Grant's forces, there was neither fear nor confusion. All men turned to Lee as their saviour. If he had been marching to victory he could not have been more honored. Whenever he appeared a hundred tattered hats were waved and cheers rent the air.

But finally, after Appomattox, Lee's staff agreed the situation was so desperate that peace negotiations should be opened. The McLean house at Appomattox was selected as the place where the formal surrender would occur. Silently and deferentially the respective officers arranged themselves around the historic room. Grant had come in such haste that he had not changed his clothes. He wore an old blouse, army jacket, and had on no sword — a plight which he explained as a desire to avoid delay. Lee was attired in his best — sword and sash, embroidered belt, boots and gold spurs — because that suit was now all he possessed.

The two great captains conversed of things remote, of Mexican war days, of life on the frontier. Grant became so much interested he almost forgot the matter in hand. At this moment the booming of guns was heard. The Union troops were celebrating their victory. Grant ordered them to desist. He was sad and depressed and did not feel like rejoicing over so gallant a foe. Every request that an honourable man could grant was conceded. Lee's officers were allowed to retain their side arms, rations were issued to his hungry troops and they were permitted to take home their horses and mules. There was no boasting, there was no truculence. The short and concise document of surrender provided that the officers and men should not be molested, so long as they kept their parole. The tattered battle flags were furled. The Farewell Address, restrained but tender, was read. The drama ended.

In behalf of Virginia, and on the altar of conscience, Lee had sacrificed all — the command of the United States Army, followed by certain victory, wealth, fame, perhaps the Presidency. Now, with no home and no business or profession, he was a paroled prisoner of war, disenfranchised and incapacitated from holding office. But his courage and integrity remained uncompromising. When the Richmond bankers arranged, without his knowledge, to have him elected as president of one of the great New

York life insurance companies, with a salary ample if not princely, the General quietly declined the position. He would not undertake a complicated business, of which he was ignorant, nor would he permit his name to be used to draw patronage. But when he was asked to become president of a broken-down college, Lee's only misgivings were as to his competence to fill the trust.

During the war he had invoked Divine approval. Now that the final issue had been decided adversely he would not deny that God had spoken. Southern leaders all about were hesitating. Some were defiant. Confederate colonies were being organised in Canada and in Mexico. But Lee applied to President Johnson for a pardon and when this became known in the South the irreconcilables stood aghast.

"You are disgraced," exclaimed the impulsive General Wise to a soldier who had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States. "Why, General Lee told me to take it," the soldier replied. "Ah, that makes a difference. What General Lee says is right." In a short time, following Lee's example, applications for pardon poured in on the President and were liberally granted.

Under Lee's administration Washington College, at Lexington, Va. (now Washington and Lee), became perhaps the most widely attended Southern institution of learning. Though he taught no classes, he attended the oral examinations

and was present in chapel at 7:45 each day. He sought to know the faces and the names of all the students. In the army he had been a father to his men, in the college he would be a father to their sons. He had long since given up his social glass, declaring he stood more in dread of intoxicating liquors than of bullets, and now he urged total abstinence upon his students as the best safeguard to morals and health.

The Lee Cottage became the center of a dignified, informal hospitality. When the college board passed resolutions to donate the dwelling to him, Lee suggested that the college was in no condition to make gratuities and that neither he himself nor his family would consent to become a burden upon it. Every day he visited Traveler, the grey horse who had been with him through most of the war. Frequently the General would ride him to the shop to be shod. And before the glowing forge, Traveler, remembering the days of action, no doubt, would snort and rear. "You must be patient with Traveler," the General would urge, caressing his old companion. "He has been through a great deal and is somewhat nervous."

Old age may be considered a test of character. How does one live his last days, how does he bear the ills that come with advancing years? Lee never lost heart. The future beckoned to him, the past guided.

He was fond of an expression of Marcus Aurelius, "Misfortune nobly borne is good fortune." Washington College grew, and diffused a wholesome learning, softening the asperities of the hour, while General Lee became the great peace-

maker, the ideal college president. Strong, sensible and level-headed, a gentleman of the old school, yet alert and practical, he was the finest flower of the Old South as he became the Prophet of the New.



The Loudest Noise on Earth

AT ONE P.M. on August 6, 1883, the volcano Krakatoa in the Dutch East Indies erupted after 200 years' quiescence. To startled sailors on the British ship *Charles Bal*, ten miles at sea, the entire nine-square-mile island appeared to rocket skyward. Straight up in a steady stream spewed huge stones, enveloped in flame and billowing smoke 17 miles high. The whole eastern sky vanished behind a backdrop of ebony streaked by lightning flashes. Moments later came the noise, a deafening and sustained cannonading. Stones the size of a man's head showered the ship; soon a five-foot layer of pumice on the sea impeded navigation.

The bombardment grew steadily fiercer; by five every eardrum in Java and Sumatra was hammered to the bursting point. People in West Australia, 1700 miles distant, were mystified by what seemed to be artillery fire; at Rodriguez Island, nearly 3000 miles away, the police chief reported cannon-

ading: it took the sound four hours to reach there. The detonations ended the following morning with four earth-shaking blasts—the greatest noise ever to break on earth during the recorded time of man.

The effect on sea and atmosphere of the matter vomited in this blast is similarly without parallel. Crashing down from a height of four or five miles, it created a 72-foot tidal wave which took 36,000 lives; was still 18 inches high when it reached Table Bay, West Africa, 5100 miles from its origin. The dust cloud, shot 20 miles into the sky, was blown around the world. Throughout the winter people in all parts of the earth were treated to color displays at sunrise and sunset so fantastic that fire departments in such far-flung spots as New England, London and continental Europe scurried through the streets looking for imaginary conflagrations. Not until the following spring did the heavens regain their normal appearance.

— Victor Hugo Boesen in *Coronet*

The Swarm

Condensed from Blackwood's Magazine

John Crompton

TO A CASUAL observer the issue of a swarm of honey-bees from the hive on a bright spring day seems as full of glad abandon as anything well can be. They pour out, and the air is full of dancing insects whose voices swell into a song that combines the roaring drinking choruses of old days with the richness of a cathedral choir. One gets the impression that the sunshine has suddenly intoxicated the bees in the hive; that they have said, "It's a *lovely* day. To blazes with work! Let's all go out and have a spree!"

Actually, the swarm is a troublesome and intricate process and there is nothing haphazard about it. For the honey-bee is unique amongst created life in having to increase itself deliberately, unassisted by the urge of sex or the natural desire of the young to emigrate. It is the old, worn queen who leads the colonists and mostly the old bees who follow.

Their preparations begin some two months before the swarm issues. The amount of stores and the number of the population is noted; a survey is made of the grubs and nymphs in the cells, for these will be mature or elderly bees when the time for swarming comes. Their

queen mother is studied: if she is young and laying well the casting vote may be given against swarming that year; if she is ageing it is considered a pro-swarming argument. If it is decided to swarm that season, the bees must get busy immediately. First they must build drone cells. The queen will leave with the swarm, and a virgin princess will take her place. The princess must be fertilised, and drones must be on hand to do it.

Then princesses must be raised, and here a mathematical problem arises. The drone eggs will take 24 days to hatch, and after this it will be another 14 days before the drones reach potency. Eggs that turn into princesses take only 15 days to hatch, and the princess will take her wedding flight about six days later. Therefore however much of a hurry they are in the bees must not start rearing eggs in queen cells until 17 days have elapsed since the laying of drone eggs. The rearing of drones does not commit the bees in their own minds to swarming; the rearing of queens does. So when the beekeeper finds those great cumbersome affairs bees use for rearing queens, he knows that the hive will swarm.

They must get the queen into

flying shape. Previously she has been fed assiduously to encourage her to lay — babies will be needed in the hive they are to leave. But that long, swollen queen with her abdomen full of eggs could not fly a yard, so they take her in hand. No boxer is put into stricter training as regards diet. They starve her till she regains the youthful lines she had before her marriage; there is not an egg in her or a superfluous "ounce" of flesh when the great day comes.

The drones emerge, the time of swarming draws near. When the council decide that, all being well, it will take place in about a week, a chosen band of scouts is sent out house-hunting — all strong fliers, for some will be out several days. They fly all over the country; no empty hive, no hollow trunk escapes their notice. They return and report, but the final decision cannot be made just yet.

Now everything is ready, and the bees may be seen outside the hive scanning weather conditions as anxiously as human holiday-makers in a doubtful August. If it is going to rain they will not leave; and if rainy weather continues, so that day after day the edict goes out, "The swarm remains," it is a trying time for all. They had intended to leave well in advance of the hatching of the princesses, but now these virgins are becoming mature and struggling in their cells. Normally princesses bite their way out,

but the workers have to assist them by filing thin the apex of the cell. Now, since the swarm and the old queen are still here, they keep them prisoners, feeding them through a tiny hole they make in the side. But they are troublesome prisoners, raging in their cells and shouting murder to each other.

But should a cloudless sun herald a bright day, the bees at the entrance gather in little groups as if conversing. A hum of subdued excitement comes from the interior. The day has come; an army of some 40,000 is to emigrate. The youngsters rush up and down the combs in between the solid, waiting phalanxes of older disciplined bees. The order is given to load up with stores, and the members of the expedition fill their honey sacks. The queen mother runs here and there: she knows what is coming and is half eager, half afraid. Poor queen! For years she has never left the hive or seen the light. Now she must lead a great army into a brilliant sky.

The roar of full-fed bees fills the hive. They are ready, and hang waiting; those outside take to the air, flying about in circles. There is a lull of quiet, the aperture is empty. Then the order comes. The captains echo it. With a furious roar the hordes are released, and a living stream of bees pours forth like flood water in a brown mass. They are carried out rolling, flying, on their backs, on their heads. The air

becomes misty, then clouded with bees. A booming, organlike note rises and swells over the fields.

You may witness now for anything from five minutes to a quarter of an hour the perfect abandon of an insect holiday: bees indulging in aerial gymnastics and singing as they perform. The queen is somewhere among that crazy mob. She will try her wings, tentatively at first, then take a course according to her strength and temperament. Perhaps she will remember the days when as a svelte young virgin she shot aloft with a flight so strong that only the swiftest of the drones could overtake her. In such a case the swarm will be long on the wing and will settle eventually in some high tree. Or she may find her body too heavy for her frayed wings, and lumber to a low near-by branch.

The swarm will soon join her. At first the air everywhere seems equally full of flying insects. Then a small, more compact crowd will be noticed, and a small lump will appear on the underside of the branch. It is a gradual process, but in ten minutes there is hardly a bee in the air, while from the branch hangs a great, silent, pear-shaped cluster. The holiday is over. Reason and sobriety have returned.

The first settling place of the swarm is always somewhere near the hive. Here they make sure their queen is present and unharmed; that their numbers include the right proportion of old and young;

and send out the final band of scouts to choose definitely the new home. The swarm will stay there until the scouts return: a time varying from half an hour to a couple of days, depending on the number of places the scouts have to inspect.

While the swarm hangs there, utterly quiet, the beekeeper, if he wants it, must take it: shake it into a straw skep and carry it to a shady spot some distance away. This puts the bees in a quandary: they cannot leave their queen; nor can they lead her away on wild-goose chases — she is much too valuable. So they remain where they are, hoping the scouts will find them.

That evening the beekeeper, with a violent downward heave, shoots the whole lot out of the skep onto a long, sloping board in front of a hive ready to receive them. The mass of bees spreads over the board like thick syrup and overflows the edges. The bees are disorganised and scared; all they want is to get into some dark place and safety. Those nearest the aperture see what promises to be the very thing and move forward. It is cool and dark inside, with a nice waxy smell. Immediately they give a signal announcing that a home has been found and indicating where it is. They do this with a special organ called Nasanoff's gland, situated at the back of the abdomen, which when exposed gives off a powerful, aromatic scent. As they expose it the bees fan with all their might,

sending a perfumed gust to those behind. On receipt of this news, the queen will often be seen running over the backs of the bees toward the promised shelter. The swarm becomes a marching army. There is no haste, no excitement, no pushing: the fanners move in and those behind take on their duties, giving the signal till the last bee is in.

They are "hived," but if the place displeases them, or if one of the scouts finds them, they will leave next morning. Actually, the scouts rarely find them. When they go back to the trysting place and find the swarm gone, they hover about a long time, then return to the old hive and tell the sad tale of the mysterious disappearance of the expedition.

When the beekeeper does not take the waiting swarm, the scouts return and somehow convey to that packed inert mass the news that its future home awaits it. A gradually increasing hissing noise which invariably heralds the breaking up of the swarm will be heard; again the air becomes full of flying insects. A cloud forms that seems a little uncertain of its movements. Tenuous as steam, it goes here and there, forms and re-forms, with faultless precision, like highly trained members of some ballet chorus. Then, swiftly and surely, led by the scouts, they head for their new

home, flying low, or as high as half a mile above the earth, according to the nature of the country. The journey will be a fairly long one, for the swarm always chooses a distant locality. It seeks to break every bond with its old home; to burn its boats.

Once they have taken over and cleaned out their new home, the swarm works with amazing vigour. For it is a race with time. They have only two or three months in which to build a city of costly material (15 pounds of honey goes to the secretion of one pound of wax). With other jobs in plenty to be done, only half of their number can be spared to collect stores. These must gather sufficient honey for the daily needs of the hive; they must seal down a six months' supply of honey and pollen for the winter months; and in addition they must set aside a reserve of at least 30 pounds to feed the army of babies which must be reared in early spring.

The old bees can and do stint themselves, but the young must not be stinted for they will have to carry on the work of the hive when summer comes and the present generation dies. It is a formidable task these colonists have set themselves, and it is little wonder that many of them do not live to see the spring.

☛ Rarely has a man experienced so strange
an introduction to his chosen profession

My First Funeral

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Rev. Charles Francis Potter

Minister, First Humanist Society of New York

I CONDUCTED my first funeral service when I was 18 years old, and although I have had many funerals in the long years since, that first experience was so unusual that its bizarre details still remain clear in my memory.

I was then a ministerial student earning my way through college by selling aluminum cooking utensils to housewives, and had drawn as my "territory" the sleepy little Massachusetts town of Medfield. One hot August noon I was enjoying dinner at my boardinghouse when the doorbell rang. The landlady answered it and came back to say to me:

"The undertaker wants you."

It was such a specter-at-the-feast announcement that the whole table laughed. I hurried from the merriment to find on the doorstep a character from Dickens — a gaunt parody of an undertaker dressed in a silk hat, black string tie, frock coat, and even black cotton gloves. Years later I recognized him in the cartoons of the Prohibition era.

Looking at me rather doubtfully, he demanded: "Be you a minister of the gospel?"

"Not yet," I stammered, "I'm only studying for the ministry."

"Well, I guess you'll have to do," he said sourly. "All the reg'lar ministers are away on their vacations, but death don't take no vacation. I'm all wore out traipsin' round to find a parson, and while you ain't exactly one, you're the next thing to it. Finish your dinner," he added magnanimously, "but we can't waste no time, on account it's pretty hot weather."

My appetite had left me and I soon came out to find the hearse, or rather, the coffin-wagon, with the undertaker and his assistant perched on the high seat in front. I was a little relieved to find the conveyance otherwise empty.

As I rode through the streets scated between the two lugubrious men of death, it occurred to me that I had not the slightest information about the deceased. I asked the undertaker about it.

"Well," he said, "I s'pose I orter tell you there's *two* corpses — but one funeral will do for both of 'em. You see, we're on our way to the state insane asylum. Two of the inmates has died, and accordin' to

law, if any relations request it, the institution has to provide Christian burial, and I have the contract. I can't tell you nothin' about it except that they're both old women." I began to wish that the Methodist ministers had taken turns on vacations.

When we reached the asylum, I was taken through the women's wing where I had to pass between rows of iron-barred cells inhabited by grinning unfortunates whose sudden silence as I approached was followed by a barrage of screamed obscenities. My guide forgot his great hurry in his desire that I should miss none of the sights. Then he escorted me downstairs to what was called, by courtesy, "the morgue." It was simply a whitewashed cellar.

Side by side, supported on wooden carpenter's horses, were two old-fashioned diamond-shaped pine coffins. Rude as they were, they nevertheless dominated the room with the mystery of death. The lids were off, and I stepped nearer and gazed, fascinated, at the faces of the two old women. They looked startlingly alike; each had a mouth sunken over gums long toothless, which caused chin and nose to curve toward each other like the conventional pictures of witches. No cosmetic treatment had been attempted, and no embalming. I knew now why the undertaker had mentioned the hot weather.

He took a common kitchen

chair, the only article of furniture in the place, sat down and tilted back against the wall. Then he fished a cigar from one pocket and a newspaper from another, and said:

"Well, sail in, bab."

It seems incredible, but these were his actual words.

"But where are the mourners?" I protested.

"There won't be no mourners. Them relations that request a Christian burial hain't showed up and prob'ly won't." He puffed at his cigar. "Go right ahead, and make it short and sweet."

I was shocked at his boorish levity and outraged by the mockery of the whole situation. If this was a "Christian burial," I was sure that heathen ones were carried out with more respect for the proprieties. My indignation roused in me a fledgling professional pride. Young and inexperienced I might be, but I was in that room as a representative of the Christian church, and this was a challenge. If there was nothing Christian about the arrangements, I, at least, could be respectful and dignified in the presence of death.

And suddenly it occurred to me that sometime, somewhere, those old women had loved and been loved. Perhaps, even now, some relatives who could not be present were sincerely mourning their passing and were glad that they had found peace at last. At least there

had been two persons who had cared enough to ask for Christian burial. Well, they should have it.

As I thus thought kindly of fathers, I forgot my own embarrassing position and all fear left me. In that moment I became a minister. Ordination would wait on years of study, but I would begin my ministering now.

I had no little black morocco handbook with funeral services to fit all occasions. I didn't even have a Bible with me. Never mind! I had a lot of the Bible in my memory.

I began quoting the Twenty-third Psalm, the Fourteenth of John, and other appropriate Bible passages that I had memorized. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil." "Let not your heart be troubled." As the familiar verses gave me more confidence, my young voice rang out in that old cellar.

I had forgotten my audience of one, but my eyes were drawn his way by a sudden thump when he brought his tilted chair to its proper position. As I continued my improvised service, I saw him quietly fold up his newspaper and put it back in his pocket. Then he removed his cigar from his mouth and let it go out as he listened respectfully.

When I said, "Let us pray," he bowed his head, and at the end of my fervent prayer, he uttered a reverent "Amen."

As he was putting the covers on

the coffins, he remarked: "Well, Reverend, we had a good service even if they wasn't many here." And when the assistant clumped down the steps to help carry up the coffins, the undertaker barked at him: "Take off your hat, you fool! Don't you know nothin'?"

At the cemetery we drove past the well-kept private plots and stone monuments to a far corner where the graves were marked on'y by wooden sticks—the potter's field. A pile of raw yellow dirt revealed our destination. I could see but one grave and wondered where the other one was. But they lowered the second coffin on top of the first. Meeting my questioning glance, the undertaker said, half apologetically:

"Saves a lot of diggin' and nobody will know or care."

Then he picked up a handful of the yellow dirt. "Go ahead with the committal, Reverend Potter," he said. "When you say 'Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,' I'll throw this dirt in."

"Wait a minute," I said, "I have a better idea." I walked to a nearby clump of yellow daisies, and picked a handful of them.

"Use these instead of dirt," I told him. "There ought to be some flowers at a funeral." He gave me a strange look, but tossed the dirt aside and took the flowers. And at the proper time, he stooped and laid them carefully, even gently, in the grave.

It helped a little.

I received no fee or word of thanks from the undertaker, the institution authorities, or the relatives, but I didn't care. The money that I might have made selling saucepans that afternoon would have been devoted to my education anyway, and, hustle as I might, I couldn't have earned enough to buy that much education.



Traditional Ceremonies in the U. S. — IX —

The Lost Colony

IN THE SPRING of 1587 Sir Walter Raleigh sent 121 men, women and children, in three ships smaller than *Normandie* lifeboats, to colonize the New World. The little band settled at the edge of the wilderness in a spot they described as "the goodliest land under the cope of Heaven" — now known as Roanoke Island, North Carolina. Summer brought the birth of Virginia Dare — the first English child born in America — the beginning of Anglo-American civilization. But — Queen Elizabeth, busy fighting the Spanish Armada, forced Sir Walter to neglect his colony. Three years later another expedition arrived and found no trace of the colony except the cryptic word "Croatoan" carved on a tree.

The colony's romantic story has long haunted historians. Their most likely theory, that the colonists intermarried with the friendly Croatan Indians on the mainland, and that their descendants are now living there, is borne out by these facts: some modern Indians of this area have beards, which are rare among North American aborigines; old-timers remember the day when Old Christmas — January 5, the Eng-

lish Twelfth Night — was celebrated on Roanoke Island; and some natives have surnames listed among the Lost Colonists.

Three years ago, Paul Green, noted North Carolina dramatist, immortalized their adventures in a "symphonic drama" written for presentation by native islanders and fisherfolk on the site of the original colony, in celebration of the 350th anniversary of Virginia Dare's birth. The musical score is based on Elizabethan carols, hymns and songs; the dances on old English and authentic Indian ritual motifs. Presented on a mammoth outdoor stage, the Waterside Theater, which seats 5000, *The Lost Colony* was acclaimed by 75,000 people from all over the country that summer. Requests for its repetition poured in, and the poverty-stricken village found that it had a permanent hit on its hands. The original site of Fort Raleigh has been restored, and today one may see there a complete sixteenth century village, with its blockhouse, chapel, cottages and fort behind stout palisades.

The 1940 season of *The Lost Colony* opens in June, ends September 2.

— Anthony Bultitta in *Holland's, The Magazine of the South*

What Men Notice First about Women

Condensed from You

IN A THEATER LOBBY recently, during the intermission, a man was overheard to say to a group of friends: "What a beautiful woman!" One of them retorted: "But heavens, man, what *feet!* They're gunboats." We glanced quickly at his wife's neat, well-shod size fours. Another friend groaned, "Beautiful? Look at those little brown pig eyes." We heard a third say: "No woman who has claws like hers could ever be beautiful — to me." The lady under fire was smart, well groomed and rather striking.

What did this dissection mean? To find out how variable male first impressions are, we asked a number of men what they notice first in a woman. If you ask the same question of men in your own circle, you'll be surprised at the comprehensive dissertations you get on female anatomy, couture, physiology, and psychology.

Christopher Morley, Versatile American novelist: "Unfortunately the foibles of fashion are such that one is prevented from seeing first what one would like to see. I look first to the eyes. But today it's impossible to avoid seeing the hat first. After the eyes, I next notice tone and accent of voice. I am not at all sure that women make the best of their natural resources.

Nothing has been more disturbing to men of taste than the adopting of that savage Polynesian custom of plucking eyebrows. Women's noses should not be overlooked. I have the most wonderful time going along the street marveling at the shapes and sizes of noses."

George Platt Lynes, Top-notch advertising photographer: "Some of the homeliest girls make the most beautiful photographic models, just as some of the funniest looking gals are the best to know. So, it's no professional sacrilege to say that I notice a girl's complexion first. To see a natural, flawless complexion that can hold its own in bright daylight is really something!"

John Zinn, Business Manager of Casting and Talent for Paramount Pictures: "A woman's eyes can be as revealing as a 400-page autobiography. Does the light there lie or, on the contrary, does it reveal what she is or can be? Coquetry, lure, tears, sparkle, love — what qualities and emotions eyes may reflect! If, with interesting eyes, a woman is well groomed, speaks pleasantly and has a graceful carriage, then she's bound to be a lovely person."

Eddy Duchin, Popular orchestra leader: "Nine times out of

ten I can tell what a girl is going to be like from looking at her lower lip and listening to her voice. I like full red lower lips. But I retreat from the phony kind—despite a masterful paint job. When I'm faced with a tight, thin lower lip, I feel like crawling into the woodwork for fear I'm going to be interrogated on the theories of Plato. Voices fascinate me, too. I listen for throaty, dulcet tones when a woman speaks. But lower lips are my primary concern and that's what I look at, even stare at, I'm afraid."

Pavel Tchelitchew. Internationally known portrait painter: "The eyes are the most revealing feature of anybody—the expression cannot be disguised. However, every detail of a woman's dress or makeup denotes her character. I admit I am an addict of extremes. A face whose skin is stretched taut over the bony structure, or the round, wrinkled face of an octogenarian—either type of facial landscape gives me a

sense of freedom from the conventional."

Bert Goodrich, Favorite male model of outstanding sculptors: "Oh, I look first at figures. I like nice round bosoms, nice round fannies, tiny waists and shapely legs. Then when I get her figure sized up I notice a girl's teeth. You can tell more about personality from her smile than from anything else in her face. And a pretty smile requires white, even teeth. As for makeup and clothes, I like conservative moderation."

Mainbocher, Famous style designer: "The first thing I notice is the way a woman's hair frames her face. In my early aspirations as an artist, I first drew the face and then I concentrated on framing it with a lovely head of hair. It's not the texture or color or elaborate coiffure that first catches my eye—it's the way the hair grows out of a woman's head, especially at her temples, that forms the focal point of interest for me."



Rich Heritage

ON MY FATHER'S tombstone the legend reads: "A wit, a journalist and gentleman unafraid."

My mother's epitaph says: "She ate of life as if it were fruit."

— Donald Culross Peattie

Specialist with a Future: The Odor Engineer

Condensed from Advertising & Selling

Ray Giles

ONLY a dozen years ago new oilcloth reeked of castor and linseed oils; rubber goods had a distasteful odor; glues stank of fish or goat, and after the house-painter departed the aroma lingered on for days. But these and many other kinds of malodorousness are vanishing. The world is becoming measurably more fragrant, thanks to the perfumer-chemists who, with over 1000 aromatic materials in their repertory, are playing skillfully upon our olfactory nerves.

The *Tulsa Tribune* mixed Helena Rubinstein's "Apple Blossom" with the ink used in printing an advertisement of it, and the perfume was a sell-out. The *Chicago Tribune* saluted the national florists' con-

vention with a page greeting which included a printed bunch of roses perfumed to smell like living blooms. A fire insurance company sent out advertising blotters which smelled like fire-gutted homes, and business doubled.

Smelly raincoats have been rendered odorless, and a new shower curtain gives off a pleasant fragrance when the water hits it. A manufacturer of scented carbon paper and typewriter ribbons is making a hit with stenographers, who also find "spicy-smelling" pencils refreshing. A bus line is using perfumed gasoline to deliver passengers from the usual irritating fumes; and a railroad is trying perfumed fuel for its diesel engines on suburban trains. New, almost odorless paints are being welcomed by hotels, hospitals, and other buildings where every day's loss of rent is serious.

DURING 25 years of advertising and sales promotion work, Ray Giles constantly urged businessmen to tempt customers with imaginative measures. Then, when he turned to writing on business topics for the general public, his first book was *Turn Your Imagination into Money!* As might be surmised, he possesses considerable imaginative faculties himself. He produced cartoons for *Life* and *Judge* by the time he was 17, illustrated many of the advertisements he wrote later on, and is now a skillful amateur painter and color photographer.

If you were at the New York World's Fair on a certain day last summer you may have wondered why the air hovering over one of the pools was so delightfully floral. A perfumer, Waldo F. Reis, had tossed a little carefully chosen aromatic into the water. The exper-

iment made so many more visitors linger that the management asked Reis if he could do something about the sometimes fishy odor of the evening fountain show. Several nights later Reis perfumed the water as it shot sky high, and to the eye-and-ear appeal of the spectacle was added nose pleasure.

The odor engineers frequently have to caution enthusiastic clients against overdoing the use of scent. They will advise your laundryman, for example, not to return your wash redolent of gardenia, but to add just a trace of cedar oil to the water — or an aromatic which suggests sun-dried washing. As you lift out the garments you think, "How nice and fresh they smell!"

The specialists are asked to duplicate in merchandise every sensation the nose knows. One succeeded in making sponge rubber smell exactly like American cheese, in order to produce a more durable rat bait. A pharmacist wrote in, "I want my place to smell like a prescription pharmacy instead of a lunch counter." That was easy.

While Michael Lemmermeyer of the Aromatics Products Company was convalescing from an appendectomy he became so bored with the familiar hospital smell that he had an associate spray about a field, floral aromatic. The effect was so pleasing that hospitals have taken up the idea, many physicians thinking it contributes to recovery. The odor engineer of tomorrow

may even develop a scent therapy, for some odors are demonstrably sedative while others, like carnation, are cheery pickups.

When several hundred women were asked if they'd like lightly perfumed hosiery, they were all against it. But when they were offered their choice of stockings, identical except that one box was lightly floral while the other had the usual faint smell of finishing oils, every hand reached for the odorized article. Men are the same way about their shaving creams: they swear they don't want perfume but few will buy a neutral-smelling soap.

Last year in Berne, Switzerland, two chemists invited newspapermen to attend the first motion picture enhanced with scent. While the lover guided his lass through hayfields the scent of new-mown hay filled the auditorium, and when he handed her a bunch of violets you could smell them. These inventors claim that it takes no magic to introduce — and eliminate — a thousand odors through modern air-conditioning systems.

Everywhere the advance toward a science of odor engineering accelerates. That "oven-fresh" smell of your store bread may be due, in part, to kitchen aromatics in the wrapper. Many other food products and candy bars have wrappers which heighten natural fragrance. Your clothing need no longer reek of strange chemicals when coming

back from the cleaner. Even the dollar bills in your pocket smell fresher because so many banks spray them with antiseptic fragrance before putting them back into circulation.

One by-product of industrial

perfuming may be a sharpening of our sense of smell. As more inviting scents reach us we may sniff deeper. In another generation, many of us may be able to identify, as can Waldo Reis, over 1000 different odors merely by whiffing them.



Footnote to History — XII —

Bible Lesson

A BRIGADE MAJOR with General Allenby's forces in Palestine during the last war was reading his Bible one night by the light of a candle, looking for the name "Michmash." His brigade had been ordered to capture a village of that name which stood on a rocky hill just across a deep valley. The name had seemed vaguely familiar.

Finally, in Samuel I, Chapter 13, he read: "And Saul, and Jonathan his son, and the people with them, abode in Gibeah of Benjamin: but the Philistines encamped in Michmash." The major went on to read how Jonathan and his armor-bearer went over to the Philistines' garrison alone one night, through a pass that had "a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side: and the name of the one was Bozez, and the name of the other Senh." They climbed the rocky hill till they came to "a half acre of land, which a yoke of oxen might plow." Then the Philistines awoke, thought they were surrounded by the armies of Saul, and "the multitude melted away."

Saul then attacked with his whole

army, and "so the Lord saved Israel that day."

The major thought to himself, "This pass, those two rocky headlands and the flat piece of ground are probably still there." He woke the brigadier, and they read over the story. Scouts were sent out and found the pass, thinly held by the Turks; rocky crags were on either side — obviously Bozez and Senh — and high up in Michmash moonlight showed a small flat piece of ground.

Then and there the general changed his plan of attack: instead of sending the whole brigade, one company alone was sent along the pass at dead of night. The few Turks met were silently dealt with; the hill was climbed; and just before dawn the company found itself on the flat bit of ground. The Turks awoke, thought they were surrounded by the armies of Allenby, and fled in disorder. Every Turk in Michmash was killed or captured that night.

And so, after thousands of years, the tactics of Saul and Jonathan were repeated with success by a British force.

— Major Vivian Gilbert, *Romance of the Last Crusade* (Appleton-Century)

King in an Unsullied Land

Condensed from "The Small Years"

Frank Kendon

Walter De La Mare says of these experiences of Mr. Kendon's childhood, "They rise to the surface of memory quiet as a bubble, and lo, 'within the limits of a lost moment,' we are children again."

AS A FAMILY, and a country family, we did not get up early. Yet the idea of being up early was itself an idea of virtue, and, logically, the earlier you were, the greater the virtue. In the summer time, with breakfast at eight, there was thus left to us one adventure which, besides being enthralling and exciting, also received the pleasant blessings of our parents.

We had a special method of making sure that we would wake at the proper time. When we were ready to blow out the candle we would tell each other exactly how early we meant to be. Four o'clock or five o'clock. Say five o'clock for tomorrow. Then two entirely serious little boys would bang their heads five times against the wooden wall, blow out the candle and go to sleep talking. Punctually at five, we knew, we should wake, and we did.

About the sunlight in the morning I used to notice a stillness and secrecy all its own. From the window as I looked, the sky was clear and pale like pearl over the roofs. A starling sat on the nursery ridge, oily and freckled with silver in the sunlight, his feathers ruffled into points and ragged with bodily joy, and his whole being concentrated

on quips and claps and hisses and long human whistles. It seemed so necessary to be quiet and quick that I scamped washing for fear of ringing the tin basin, and hastily pulling my jersey over my ears, and carrying my boots in my hand, I went out (John still asleep there) into a house where nobody else was awake. The stairs and passages, lit by an unappreciated daylight, all seemed to breathe and stir with a silence entirely different from the silence of a dark night, and far more active on its own account than the silence of an empty house. The rooms downstairs were cold, the blinds were down, the air was stale with last night. Extinguished lamps stood in their places on the tables. The fireplace in the kitchen was cold and empty except for a few grey ashes; the kettle was dead on the hob. Everywhere the place was oppressive, so that instinctively I walked on tiptoe, and felt the silence like an interdict against words. The kitchen clock ticked loud and hard, and in the emptiness the ticks even echoed a little. I drew the top bolt of the back door and hurried out into the solitude of day.

There was no whim but mine to consult, all laws of daylight were

abrogated, and yet daylight was here and my own. Sparrows squabbled almost at my feet; for they were all accustomed to an early morning license, as if the world were theirs before six by a law of Nature and time, without fear of disturbance. They did not quite believe in me, certainly they allowed me to come near to them — much nearer than in later hours. And everywhere there was a sense of a spirit or creature indifferent to human boys, a spirit who had slipped round out of sight by the snowberry hedge only a moment before, and when I followed, had, I felt, escaped me again by going out to the road under the fir trees. I followed. Sheep grey with dew in a grey field browsed on without looking up at me; the starling on the nursery roof behind me shouted and hissed as though he did not see me; the sun was in a strange place, low and liquid, among the tops of the oaks by the Farm. The earth was wide awake and noisy and very much herself, but not a human sound or sign was perceptible. In the shadows the clean and dustless air was aching cold — the dew was colder than frost on my shoes — and, walking from the shadow of the hedge into the sunbeams, I could feel the warm rays like a substance touch my eastern cheek and my right hand. I was cold even in my own shadow, but I was King, alone, in an unsullied land.

As I walked along the gritty road

and turned up under the cedar tree by the chapel, I again felt that mingling of joy and fear that is ecstasy. There was no wind, yet the ground under the oak trees was dark with drippings of dew from the golden young leaves. I passed a steep bank by the alchouse garden. It was deep with rank grass, nettles, goose grass, hedge garlic and new vetches; and in the angles between leaves and stems heavy dew lay in drops, but a path led barely through these grasses to a natural doorway, and this led into a wood where I had never ventured. I climbed the bank and looked in. As yet the level sun had not shone in, and the place was a dark cavern with its roof supported by thousands of slender pillars, and in that darkness nothing could grow but wild parsley. It grew deep and shadowy, all its umbels standing at a level, a thin surface of parsley flowers floating in the still, dark air, a foot above the ground. But I was for sunlight and hilltops that morning and came down from the wood again to go on, up through the village.

The road by day was generally in possession of neighbours, but now in Grove's cottage garden, although the washing still hung on the line, it hung there as if it had been long forgotten — the night had passed like a hundred years; it had swept the earth clean of her old possessors and left her free and incredibly young and gay. How could a boy

feel this? Had I been asked when I returned, and the others were there at the breakfast table, I should have stammered and said, "Oh, it was a lovely morning." I should not have added that it was so lovely that it made me afraid. The key picture of the morning is that dark, unvisited wood, grey with the lace-like level of its parsley flowers. I could not have gone in!

So I idled my way past the ale-house, noting the busy air of the white cocks and hens in the garden under the great cherry tree, and past all the other houses still sleeping in the sunlight. A vole plumped loudly from the bank into the water of the cricket-field pond, and I stood to watch his arrow of ripples and his dark anxious nose as he advanced through the water towards the bank where I stood under the rusty hawthorn. Even he forgot his usual timidity, till I raised a hand to shade my eyes from the reflected light. Then with a single sound of water closing over him, he dived out of sight, and the ripples died away.

The houses that stood round the Green were all shut and silent too;

they gazed, with their windows like eyes, as I went past. The only sound I heard here was the impatient thud of a horse's hoof upon the cobbles in Robert's stable: one sharp heavy sound of iron on stone. I fancied the spark that he struck. The cobbler's shop was shuttered and asleep. Grass and parsley grew out of its thatching over the double door. It might have been asleep for 100 years. In the meadow beyond Jimmy's timber-yard a shaggy pony stood knee deep in wet mowing grass and sorrel, fast asleep. The hedges were top-heavy with new luxuriant shoots: rose, honeysuckle, and black bryony vines clambered carelessly high and hung their delicate tips over, wet with dew and waiting for a breeze; and the roadside grass strips were high with buttercups and oxeye daisies. Now I was on the ten-foot road at the top of the hill, and had nothing but the sky over my head, cloudless like a great blue bubble, and the sun was free of the entanglement of cherry trees. Now I was myself again, and not troubled by the self-possession and silent watching of the world.



EVERY MORNING, when I leave my house, I say to myself, "Today I shall meet an impudent man, an ungrateful one, one who talks too much. It is natural and necessary that these men be thus; therefore do not be surprised."

— Marcus Aurelius

¶ The Negro preacher whose "fire and broomstoning" left his audience limp and exhausted

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

— X —

By

Roark Bradford

MY LASTING
FRIEND,
Preacher

Wes — the Reverend John Wesley Henning — lived on my father's farm during my childhood and, when he was not roaming the Mississippi River bottoms thundering salvation, "pastored" the Junner-goad church ("The Truc Vine of Jonah's Gourd") on nearby Knob Creek. The creek's clear sandy bottom made a convenient baptismal font for the newly converted, a ceremony that

This has proved to be one of the most distinguished series of articles in recent years. Previous contributors have included Sherwood Anderson, A. J. Cronin, Peter B. Kyne, André Maurois, Grand Duchess Marie, Kathleen Norris, and Stefan Zweig.

followed nearly every service.

"I ducks 'em while dey's hot," Wes would explain. "A Christian is like a plow p'int. You heat a plow p'int

and sharp hit down to a fine edge and den whilst hit's still hot, you jam hit in de water and dat sets de metal. But efn you let hit cool off slow, de fust root you hit, de p'int will break off."

What made me adopt Preacher Wes happened when I was seven. The children's class in the Methodist Church was taught by Miss Emma. A kindly, pious old lady, she had come to regard my searching curiosity as impertinence. This Sunday she was telling us about Cain and Abel. To me, one important detail was missing. "Where did Cain's wife come from," I asked, "when there weren't any more people?"

Miss Emma rose with dignity and led me to my father, who was instructing the Men's Bible Class. "Squire," said she, "this boy is not only impertinent, he is positively blasphemous."

ROARK BRADFORD's vivid short stories and books about the Southern Negroes derive from his personal experiences and friendships. It was Preacher Wes's easy familiarity with the Lord and his rough-and-tumble interpretation of the Old Testament that formed the basis for the *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillan* stories, which achieved phenomenal success on stage and screen as *The Green Pastures*. Mr. Bradford has also received inspiration from the Negroes on his Louisiana plantation and those he has met aboard Mississippi River steamboats. In New Orleans, where he now lives, he attends Negro churches, pulls in off the street strolling bands of Negro musicians, and collects cheap but authoritative Negro phonograph records.

The switching I received did not lessen my interest in the matter, so I hunted up Uncle Wes in the barn, where he was wont to sit on rainy days, arguing Scripture with the other Negroes.

"Uncle Wes," I started, "you won't be mad at me?"

"You fixin' to start axin' questions? Go 'haid and don't beat about de bush. Efn I knows, I'll tell you. Efn I don't, I won't."

"Well, where did Cain's wife come from? After Abel got killed, there was nobody in the world left but Adam and Eve and Cain."

"De answer to dat one ain't writ in de Bible," he began. "De Lawd figgered a man had sense enough to answer some questions, hisse'f. God made man and He made de varmints. De Bible give you dat much to go on, and f'm dar, you got to do yo' own figgerin'. Amongst de varmints was what you calls a oo-rangy-tang. Dey look like a mawnkey and ack like a man, and dey lived in dat Nod County what de Bible say Cain get his wife f'm. When Cain kilt Abel, he figgered he better git down de road befo' de Law got him, so he drapped over to Nod County. De fust thing anybody knowed, Cain hauled off and married up wid a oo-rangy-tang gal, and dey had a heap er chilluns. Some er de chilluns tuck after dey paw and was light; and some tuck after dey maw and was dark. And dat filled de yearth up wid white folks and colored folks."

This explanation seemed so reasonable I wondered why Miss Emma had made all the mystery about it. "Dat's de p'int," Uncle Wes said. "People don't mind claimin' dey great-gran'daddy kilt his brother, but dey don't like to tawk about dey great-gran'mammy bein' a oo-rangy-tang. So de white folks won't tawk about hit, and de colored don't do no braggin'."

From that moment, Preacher Wes was my private chaplain. He frequently interceded for me when I was in trouble. I had a toy oxen-yoke which I used to break calves that later were to do service as oxen in the cypress swamp. When my father bought a pair of registered Angus bull yearlings I was sternly forbidden to yoke them.

I promptly named the Angus calves after two famous racers, over whose relative merits the neighborhood was divided; and to find out which was the faster I naturally had to yoke them. When my father caught me, Uncle Wes took the blame. He had thought, he said, the calves would be used for logging when grown, and he'd been trying to be helpful.

"In bearin' false witness," he told me, "I done a sin. And in not mindin' yo' daddy, you done a sin. Nobody can't do no sin widout gittin' a whuppin'. So me and you fixin' to get a whuppin'. Us preachers got a way er whuppin' ourse'ves," he explained. "So come on to de orchard."

We cut peachtree switches and both of us solemnly whaled our legs until our sins were properly expiated.

Wes was thin and tall, and when he stood in his pulpit and brought down "fire and broomstoning" on unrepentant sinners he was the most terrifying man I ever saw. He was at his best on missionary journeys to neighboring churches. These jaunts were frankly for money, which he used mainly to hire his crop of cotton worked. The labor was done by members of his flock, and while they worked Wes would range among them, exhorting greater effort and a better life: "Blessed is de man which twile in de vineyard for verily will come a day which no man knoweth! Dat's what Paul say about hit, and dat mean don't leave no grass growin' on de end er de row. Crab grass is like sin: you leave a little and de fust thing you know, hit's spread all over de fiel'."

His most famous "collecting" sermon was the "Eagle Stirs the Nest." He would wait until the congregation grew tense, pretending to read from the open Bible, though he could scarcely spell a word. When he had his audience worked up to the right pitch of apprehension, he would slam the book closed, scowl ferociously, and begin:

"De Bible say hit take grace, grit and greenbacks to spread de gospel. De Lawd gimme de grace,

my mamma gimme de grit and now I'm fixin' to git de greenbacks, right hyar! I'm fixin' to spread de Glory all over de po' weary souls of you low-down sinners. But I can't preach when I'm wearied in my own mind." A long pause. "I'm wearied on account er I got to see *dat man* tomorrow. I'm got to lay fo' dollars and 86 centses in his hand. Now, befo' I brings you de Glory, y'all gonter gimme dat fo'-eighty-six. Deacon, git de plate goin'.

"Abraham Lincoln was a good man, and God loved him good and Uncle Sam put his pitcher on de copper centses. You kin drap some er dem in de plate efn you can't do no better. And God loves de buffalo. One nickel wid a buffalo will do God jest five times as much good as one Lincoln cent. And I'll take some er dem ladies dey put on de dimes, 'cause God made de ladies too. But de Lawd's favorite was de eagle. I'm fixin' to preach about dat eagle, and I wants to see some eagles in dat plate. I ain't fixin' to tawk about no two-bits eagle. I ain't fixin' to tawk about no fo'-bitses, ring-tail eagle. I'm fixin' to tell y'all about de kaing eagle of 'em all, de ole bald eagle dey puts on de dollas! Dat's de Lawd's favorite, and hit's mine, too.

"De Book say: 'As de eagle stirreth up his nest, so shall God stirreth up his people.'"

"Amen, amen."

"And I'm sayin', God gonter use me for de spoon."

The sermon lived up to this promise, including practically every phase of the Old and New Testaments. The basic story is: The eagle builds a nest of thorn branches, lined with moss. If, when it is time for the young to leave, they are too comfortable and refuse to go, the mother "stirs the nest," forcing the sharp thorns through the lining until the eaglets decide to fly. God created man in a nest of comfort. And when man gets spiritually lazy in his comfort, God stirs up the nest with trouble.

Another of Preacher Wes's famous sermons, "Dry Bones in de Valley," was inspired by the irreverence of the younger generation: "In de Bible times, jest like now, young folks was foolish. Dey cut up devilment and yi-yi tawked de ole folks. De mens packed a pistol. De women made love powders and fit wid razors. Scan'lous goin's on all over de place. Hit was ugly, and God don't love ugly. One day God sont ole Prophet 'Zekiel down to swage 'em down. But de young folks said dey didn't have no time for his preachin'. 'You's too ole to do my preachin',' a young gal tole him. 'Go 'haid, granddaddy, and preach at some people yo' own age, out in de graveyard.'

"All de young folks tuck up de tawk. 'Yi-yi,' dey says, 'git out in de graveyard and make yo' preacher tawk to de bones.'

"Ole 'Zekiel jest looked down his nose at de young'ns. 'I ain't fixin' to go out to de graveyard and tawk to dem ole dry bones,' he tole 'em, 'I'm gonter make dem ole dry bones git up and tawk to you!'

"He called on de bones, on de dry bones. Dry bones, dry bones, dry bones, git together!

Toe bone, foot bone, git together.

Foot bone, ankle bone, git together.

Ankle bone, leg bone, git together.

Leg bone, knee bone, git together.

Knee bone, thigh bone, git together.

Thigh bone, hip bone, git together.

Le's see you wawk up hyar

And spread de Word er de Lawd."

That sermon lasted for hours and left the congregation limp from crying, shouting and singing. They blazed in the brimstone fires of hell and fluttered away on white wings to Glory.

When Wes told the story of the Crucifixion and began the march up Calvary, his strong body literally exhausted from bearing the burdens of all mankind, his throaty moans crying out for the pain and sorrow of the universe, the congregation went wild. Women would shout and roll on the floor in delirium; the men whooped and stamped their feet. Even visiting white friends saw for a moment with their own eyes the sins of mankind expiated in the suffering of One, and exalted their little souls in an overwhelming Divine Passion.

"You white folks makes a heap er trouble for 'o'se'ves," Wes would say to me. "Y'all gits religion, and

den you jest sets back and looks solemn and holy, and don't pleasure yo'se'ves no mo'. Well, dat ain't right. When God give you religion, he want you to enjoy hit. Don't set around and mope and ack so holy, like you sick."

Uncle Wes's bones lie in the Junner-goad graveyard. It may be

sentimentality or it may be what people call faith, but I have a pretty strong notion that he has found a "Lawd" and a Heaven that just about suit him. And I know that this world would be a better place if there were more men in it like John Wesley Henning—and if more of us would listen to them.



L Club *I*_N NEW YORK CITY

there are some 30,000 lonely, unemployed women over 50, living a meaningless existence in tiny cheerless rooms. A meager old-age pension or home relief allowance keeps them alive; they lack friends or relatives. Because they are not starving, no one worried much about their tragic prospect of staring at four dingy walls until they died.

Then in 1938, Mrs. Walter Nelson Sedgwick rented and renovated a big sunny loft; stocked half of it with comfortable chairs and couches, magazine tables, games, radio, piano, and the other half with a sewing machine, washtubs, ironing board, typewriter and such niceties of civilization not afforded by a \$3-a-week room. This was the beginning of the "L Club," so designated because members had passed the half-century mark.

Five hundred women a month flocked to the club. At last they had something to look forward to when they woke in the morning, and they mended self-respect along with shabby clothes. Individuals and business firms gave food for afternoon tea; members' birthdays were honored at a monthly party.

Although work wasn't originally part of her plan, Mrs. Sedgwick saw what constructive occupation could mean, and prevailed upon several stores to give swatches of wool for making quilts. Discovering some excellent seamstresses among the members, she started a Bachelor's Mending Service which now keeps five sewing machines busy and brings in several hundred dollars a year to women overjoyed to find that their usefulness is not at an end. Dressmakers may bring customers to the club for fittings, typists may execute there jobs they get for themselves; work has been found for other talents.

— Weldon Melick

An American in Soviet Jails

Condensed from *The Living Age*

Arthur John Kujala

Of the Soviet system of forced labor and prison camps described by this Finnish-American victim, John D. Littlepage, American mining engineer long in Soviet Russia, writes: "The authorities have never given out figures of the total number of men and women put to forced labor; I have heard the number estimated at anywhere from 1,000,000 to 5,000,000." Ivan Solonevich, formerly a statistician for the White Sea-Baltic Canal forced-labor project, in his book "Russia in Chains" estimated the population in the concentration camps of the USSR at not less than 5,000,000. Says the American correspondent William Henry Chamberlain, author of "Russia's Iron Age": "What marks Soviet terror in an age that has been full of governmental ruthlessness is the enormous number of persons affected and the vile conditions of food and housing which almost invariably prevail in places of imprisonment and exile." — The Editors

AFTER TWO YEARS in the labor camps of the Soviet secret police, I don't know why I'm still alive. From September 1937 to September 1939 I was in a dozen prisons from one end of the country to the other. Working under conditions that amounted to slavery, I never had enough to eat and never had a blanket to keep

me warm. I lost 45 pounds. I got out at last only because I am an American citizen, and because my family and the State Department kept fighting for me.

I was born in Wyoming, the son of an immigrant from Finland. In 1932, when times were hardest, I lost my job as a truck driver. A Communist agent offered me a two-year contract at 350 rubles a month as a mechanic with the Soviet Karelian Timber Trust. My fare to Russia would be paid, and I would have paid vacations and a seven-hour day. Although I was never a Communist, this looked so good that I signed up. So did many other Finnish-Americans.

In July 1932 about 120 of us landed in Leningrad. During the next five years I had plenty of reason to become disillusioned with the Land of the Workers and the promises its agent had made to me. But I stayed on, because I had married a Russian girl, a music teacher who spoke English, and hoped to take her home with me.

Like all foreigners in Russia I had a residence permit. Every time I reported to the police to renew it, they would try to get me to give up

my American passport and apply for Soviet citizenship. In September 1937 I discovered that the passport had been taken from my bureau drawer. I went to the police to explain, and was promptly clapped into a lockup with workmen and peasants accused of "counter-revolutionary activity."

After two weeks I was moved to another prison, where I spent almost three months in a filthy cell with 150 other prisoners, women as well as men. None of us had room to stretch out. We slept twisted and half sitting up. All we had to eat was black bread. Three times I wrote to the American Embassy in Moscow, but the letters, I found out later, never arrived. My wife was not allowed to see me.

Late in December three secret police officers questioned me. It was the nearest thing to a trial I ever had and it lasted less than five minutes. They called me "counter-revolutionary" but didn't say what I was supposed to have done. Weeks later I learned that I had been given a five-year sentence for espionage.

On New Year's Day, 1938, 100 of us were locked into prisonboxcars. I came to know those boxcars well; I spent over two months in them altogether. There were 36 prisoners in each car. We had a double tier of heavy boards to sleep on. For a toilet there was only a hole in the floor. We never had a change of clothing, and soon the lice were

just dropping off us. In winter the cars were pitch dark, the small openings near the ceiling being closed because of the cold. Everyone was always hungry; if you dropped a crumb big enough to be seen someone would pick it up.

When we arrived at Omsk, in Siberia, I was put in the city jail. One day a man died but the guards didn't notice it. Other prisoners propped him up so that he looked lifelike, and divided his bread ration. The scheme worked for six days, until the air in the cell became unbearable.

Finally I was sent to a logging camp, part of the great system of forced labor managed by the Soviet secret police. These camps are nightmares. Like all Soviet industries, the secret police has its quota — called a "norm." Each camp has its norm, each man his norm. Unless he does his stint he gets only part of his bread ration. But in our camp the regular rations were so short that we starved anyhow, and became too weak for the heavy work required to fulfill our norm. This vicious circle continued until men grew so feeble they had to be sent to the hospital. Not more than half of us were well enough to work at any one time.

At five o'clock every morning we were awakened, given a meager breakfast, and lined up. Sometimes we had to stand out in the bitter cold for three quarters of an hour, listening to lectures and

propaganda. But we were off to work by six, even in winter, when it was too dark to see.

We worked in small groups, bossed by head prisoners. These men knew that good records meant time off from their sentences, so they made us sweat. Their driving was torture. I saw men who cut off fingers so they wouldn't have to work. I came near doing it myself.

For punishment, prisoners were put in the lockup and stripped to their underwear. To stay warm they had to keep moving and so got very little sleep. Often it was just warm enough inside to melt the snow on the roof, and icy water would drip down through the cracks. Some men were given as much as 30 days, though no one could stand the lockup that long without getting sick.

The black bread in the prison camps was soggy. We drank a lot of water with it, to give us the illusion of a full stomach. Besides bread we had a little *kasha*, a cooked grain, usually barley. The nearest thing to a green vegetable was sour cabbage. We got no food in the middle of the day. We never had coffee or tea; once in a while we would get some hot water, darkened with burned grain. If a horse was killed in the lumbering we might find a piece of meat in the thin soup we got every other day. This was the only meat I had in the prison camps.

We had no knives, forks, spoons,

or dishes. I ate out of a tin wash basin I found, and carried it with me wherever I went; otherwise it would have been stolen. I made myself a wooden spoon, but most of the men didn't bother; they just ate with their hands.

No one shaved, for razors were not allowed. We were lousy, and even got used to the rats. After a while we stopped trying to kill them when they crawled over us at night — we just kicked them away. One camp finally built a bathhouse, perhaps because so many men died. There one could see how thin the men were — almost like skeletons, covered with horrible sores and boils.

I saw men break down and cry from the cold. Hands and feet were often frozen. Sometimes men purposely froze their feet just enough to lose their toes, so they wouldn't have to work. The hospitals were always full, new men replacing those who died. The men who were killed in the woods were buried where they fell.

It was no use trying to escape. The secret police had dogs. And where could one find food and shelter in that vast frozen wilderness?

What kept me going was the hope that because I was an American citizen something would happen. And in June 1939 it did. I was put on a train for Moscow.

I was kept in a solitary cell for two months. But on August 17 my beard and hair were clipped, and I

was given a suit of rough clothes. Then I was taken to a room where I found the American Ambassador, Laurence A. Steinhardt, and the Consul, Mr. Ward. In the presence of an official, they asked me how I had been treated. I answered as much as I dared — not knowing whether I was to be returned to the secret police. Then Mr. Steinhardt asked the official why I had been sent to prison. What were the charges? The official said he didn't know. Mr. Steinhardt then said: "Why did you break the agreement between the United States and Soviet Russia, whereby Soviet authorities must notify us within three days if they arrest an American citizen?" The official answered that they didn't know I was an American citizen. After that I signed papers for an American passport, and was taken back to jail.

Finally, on September 9, I was taken to the Finnish border and released. I got back to the United States in November.

I tell my story now because it may help some of those poor fel-

These I have loved:

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, fairy dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny

hours,
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
Then, the cool kindness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is
Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
The good smell of old clothes; and other such —
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
About dead leaves and last year's ferns . . .

Dear names,
And thousand others throng to me! Royal flames;
Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring;
Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing;
Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,
Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting train;
Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home;
And washen stones, gay for an hour; the cold
Graveness of iron; moist black carthen mould;
Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;
And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new;
And new peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass; —
All these have been my loves.

— Rupert Brooke, *Collected Poems*

lows who, like me, went to Soviet Russia; perhaps they can be set free before they are buried near the Arctic Circle.

I am free, but from the day I was arrested I have had no news of my wife. I do not know where she is, nor what has become of her.

He Who Laughs, Lasts

Contributed by
Roy Chapman Andrews

THE Living Buddha of Mongolia was a gay bird with a fine sense of humor, although next to the Dalai and Tashi Lamas of Tibet he was the most saintly person in the whole Lama religion.

Thousands of pilgrims gathered in front of his palace every day, scooping up handfuls of sacred earth on which his feet had trod, and receiving at four o'clock the daily blessing. However, the "laying on of hands" began to bore the Buddha. He had lately invested in a Delco electric plant, and he conceived the idea of a blessing en masse. A wire connected to the plant was stretched out from the palace window where the Buddha sat in state, and the pilgrims were instructed to kneel and grasp it. Then the juice was turned on and the pilgrims got a blessing which they never forgot. The Buddha enjoyed it so much that he increased the "blessings" to three a day.

I witnessed two of the performances and then the Buddha suggested that I get blessed myself. One doesn't refuse a living Buddha's "suggestions" when one is in his country. But the shock nearly knocked me over.



Contributed by
Franklin P. Adams

DOROTHY PARKER (who hates to travel) was trying to make herself comfortable in the *Sky-Chief*, Hollywood bound, when a large and nosey man buckled himself into the seat beside her. After several attempts to start a conversation, he pointed to a basket at Miss Parker's feet, and asked:

"What've you got in there?"

"A mongoose," said Dorothy.

"What's a mongoose?"

"A little animal that kills snakes."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"I'm taking it to my brother who has the D.T.'s."

The man stiffened incredulously. "But they're imaginary snakes!"

"Yes, I know," observed Dorothy acidly, "I'm taking him the same kind of mongoose."



Contributed by
Lloyd C. Douglas

MR. GOLDBERG, returning from Europe, was assigned by the head steward to a table for two. Here he was presently joined by a polite Frenchman who, before sitting down, bowed, smiled, and said, "*Bien appetit.*" Not to be outdone, Mr. Goldberg rose, bowed, and said, "Goldberg."

This little ceremony was repeated at each meal for three days. The Frenchman always came late, always said, "*Bon appetit*," and his bewildered table companion always rose and replied, "Goldberg."

On the fourth day, Mr. Goldberg confided his perplexity to a man in the smoking lounge:

"It was like this, you see. This Frenchman tells me his name — Bon Appetit — and I tell him my name — Goldberg. So we are introduced. That is good. But why keep it up day after day?"

"Oh — but you don't understand, Mr. Goldberg," replied the other. "*Bon appetit* isn't his name. It means 'I hope you have a pleasant meal.'"

"Ah!" exclaimed Goldberg. "Thanks."

That evening it was Mr. Goldberg who arrived late for dinner. Before sitting down he bowed ceremoniously, and said, "*Bon appetit*."

And the Frenchman rose, smiled, and murmured, "Goldberg."



Contributed by
Donald Culross Peattie

A LECTURER of some renown was asked to speak at a nudist camp. He was greeted by ladies and gentlemen with no more on than nature saw fit to bestow upon them. They suggested that he would probably like to get ready for dinner. He went upstairs realizing that he must disrobe like the rest of them. He paced the floor in an agonized panic of indecision. The dinner bell rang. With the courage of utter desperation he stripped, and in Adamite splendor descended the staircase — only to find that all the guests had put on evening clothes to do him honor.



Contributed by
Mark Sullivan

AFTER the 1929 depression struck the country, I collected a number of jokes which illustrate the American capacity for achieving humor as a solace for adversity.

One of my "depression stories" is about a bond salesman who had lost his job — the needy bond salesman was almost a stock character of the early 1930's. This one, in his search for another means of livelihood, bethought himself of a friend who owned a small traveling circus. The circus owner was obliged to say he had no vacancy on his staff, but he added:

"There is one thing that might possibly be a chance. Our gorilla died last week, but we saved his hide — we thought we might stuff it some time. What would you think of putting it on and going into the gorilla cage?"

The salesman, pressed by necessity, put on the hide and went into the cage. There he performed his role with exceptional élan. He growled, he roared, he leaped from side to side, he rattled the bars.

In these horrendous cavortings he accidentally loosened the door to

the adjoining cage. Through the door, presently, came the circus lion. With feline stealth, the lion stalked toward the corner occupied by the gorilla, to the vast suspense and alarm of the audience. The exciting drama became no less intense when the expected victim, catching sight of the lion, lost utterly his gorilla ferocity and cried, "Help! Help!" This strange interruption of anticipated tragedy became complete when the lion was heard to exclaim, "Shut up, you damn fool — you're not the only bond salesman out of a job!"

*Contributed by
George T. Bye*

A FARMER boarding a city-bound train found himself next a man who was acting most strangely — glancing quickly out of the window, muttering to himself, glancing again. Curiosity overpowered him, and he asked the stranger if anything were the matter. "No indeed," was the answer. "I'm a lightning calculator, you see. Just for fun I count the number of cars parked in the street as we pass towns, the number of people in the stations, the number of trees in a grove — I never make a mistake." "Wonderful," said the farmer. "In a few moments we're going to pass my pasture. I know the exact number of cows grazing there — would you care . . . ?" The calculator was delighted to be put to the test. As the train flashed past he gave one glance at the cows and announced "157." "Amazing," exclaimed the farmer. "How did you do it?" "It's easy," replied the calculator. "All I did was to count the cows' teats and divide by four."

*Contributed by
Rex Beach*

WEARY and famished after a long day's trek through the North Woods, I begged shelter at a log cabin. It was a primitive affair of one room, in which was a stove, bed, table and chairs; a ladder led up to a loft under the roof. Despite such cramped quarters for a settler, his wife and four children, I was made welcome. With a hot meal under my belt, I began to nod. "Sorry to keep you up," the father said, "but we're kinda crowded so you'll have to wait till the little ones are out of the way." The children were put to bed early; then when the last one was asleep, the man took them up one by one and laid them side by side on the floor at the back of the room. Then he announced: "There she is, and she's all yours." I vigorously protested at robbing the youngsters of their comfort, but was told to think nothing of it. This procedure was usual whenever company came. Too tired to argue I turned in and knew no more until morning. When I awoke, I was lying on the floor with the kids: the settler and his wife were in the bed.

¶ The fanatic "little bookkeeper" who
is Hitler's policeman extraordinary

"Gentle Heinrich" Himmler

Condensed from Current History

*Frederic Sondern, Jr., with Albert Grzesinski,
former chief of Germany's secret police*

FOR A LONG TIME the statesmen of London and Paris thought wishfully that internal discontent would eventually topple Adolf Hitler from his dictatorial throne. These hopes seem destined to defeat because of the genius and remorseless cold fanaticism of one man — Heinrich Himmler, leader of the Führer's private army and creator of the greatest police system in history. The private army brought Hitler to power, it has smashed every attempt to shake him and, as his Napoleonic campaign spreads, it follows in the regular army's wake to crush into a bleeding pulp every territory where opposition might grow dangerous.

Among the Führer's satraps, Himmler has always been inconspicuous. Now 40, he looks like a

provincial German schoolmaster. He is below medium height, and his sharp features, with receding chin and prim pince-nez, make his steel helmet and natty black uniform look slightly silly.

Fifteen years ago, members of the Nazi inner circle were sitting in a Munich beer hall listening to Hitler's right-hand man, Gregor Strasser, expound National Socialist virtues. "Now take my secretary, our gentle Heinrich here," Strasser said, putting his hand on Himmler's shoulder. "Wonderful brain for organization. But he'll never go far in the Movement. He's too mild. He thinks and looks like a little bookkeeper." Gentle Heinrich blinked owlishly behind his glasses, smiled his thin smile and, as usual, said nothing.

But on the night of the blood purge, June 30, 1934, Strasser and hundreds of other keymen in the *S.A.* — the brown-shirted Storm Troops — discovered how wrong they had been, when without warning Himmler's black-coated henchmen shot them down. The *S.A.* had become not only an embarrassment

IN 1932 Albert C. Grzesinski, as Berlin police chief and head of the Secret Prussian Police, signed an order deporting a noisy Austrian political agitator — Adolf Hitler. But he could not persuade a hesitant German Republican government to approve the order, and now Grzesinski, not Hitler, is the exile. He speaks with personal knowledge of the men who run Hitler's machinery of oppression.

but a danger to Hitler. It comprised 1,200,000 men, poorly disciplined, unreliable. Their ambitious leader, Ernst Roehm, had become increasingly insistent on a "real revolution" which would bring his proletarians to power. It was Himmler's secret police who "discovered" Roehm's "plot" to overthrow Hitler; it was Himmler's men who in one terrifying night of killings broke the back of the *S.A.* After that Hitler made Himmler police chief of the entire Reich.

As head of the *Schutzstaffel*, the élite guard of the Party, Himmler has 450,000 heavily armed, completely motorized, fanatically loyal troops — the pick of Germany's youth — under his absolute command. The *S.S.*, as it is called, originally formed the bodyguard of Hitler and his satraps, guarded the concentration camps, and put down any civil disturbance within the Reich. Himmler has now made it into an army, with tanks, artillery and air force of its own. It is the *S.S.* which has "consolidated" the regular army's gains in the invaded countries by means of mass executions and forced migrations unparalleled in European history. The role of the *S.S.* in Poland will probably go down as one of the blackest chapters of this century. Hundreds of thousands of men, women and children were dumped without sufficient clothing, food, or shelter in the concentration areas to starve and die. Those guilty of

resistance were hanged in the public squares on rolling gibbets, which were then towed through the streets for all to see. Gentle Heinrich had decided that depopulation was the best solution of the Polish problem.

Within the "Old Reich," Himmler has for seven years blown up every nucleus of discontent which might have become dangerous. As Inspector of the *Gestapo*, the secret police, Himmler may arrest and sentence to concentration camp or death at will. Many an unfortunate German has been dragged from his bed at six a.m., and by six p.m. been dead or on his way to concentration camp. Sometimes the cause is no more than a carelessly stated, "I think that the Führer is wrong about —."

The *Gestapo's* thousands of specially trained agents are supplemented by a vast network of spies in every walk of life, who are paid well and promptly for their reports. The special telephone exchanges which tap all lines that interest the *Gestapo* also provide a large quota of death-dealing indiscretions. Himmler himself frequently questions prisoners, and then the real nature of Strasser's "little bookkeeper" reveals itself. His voice rises to a shrill scream, the blinking, watery eyes become venomous, and even the strongest quail before his savage gestures.

The concentration camps to which almost a million Germans have been shipped in the past seven

years are run by the Death's Head Brigade, a special section of the S.S. The barbarous brutality practiced in the camps which has so shocked the world is explained by the fact that the most cruel degenerates to be found are selected as guards for these institutions.

A very special development of Himmler's, of which he is extremely proud, is *UA 1*, the foreign division of the *Gestapo*. Its 5000 agents abroad keep track of Germans outside the Reich, watch all connections between Reich citizens and the outer world, and organize the corruption and sabotage of foreign governments. In Austria and Czechoslovakia, its agents worked comfortably, months in advance, from German consulates and "travel agencies." In both these countries every important anti-Nazi was under lock and key within 24 hours after their governments fell. In Poland the defending army's communication system was completely disrupted. In Norway, *UA 1* paralyzed effective resistance with coups that startled the world. The "Fifth Column" has gained an important niche in military strategy. Himmler's *UA 1* put it there.

This genius in the organization of treachery was born in a quiet little hamlet in the Bavarian Alps, his father a respected school supervisor and pious Catholic. With the hope

It was scarcely possible to believe that this mild-looking and bespectacled young man, who never advertised himself and rarely made political speeches, could be the tyrant directly responsible for the persecution of the so-called enemies of the state. Like a mole, he worked unceasingly underground; and his galleries were burrowed under the whole fabric of the German state. The pogrom of the Jews in November 1938 was entirely organized by Himmler's own policemen disguised as hooligans. The imprisonments and brutalities in Austria after March 1938 were the work of the secret police. What the Czechs and Poles are suffering today is mainly the work of Himmler's blackshirts.

— Sir Neville Henderson, *Failure of a Mission*

that he might follow in his father's footsteps, Heinrich was given a thorough education in the classics. But war intervened and, at 17, young Heinrich joined the 11th Bavarian Infantry. He saw the war from behind a desk, his superiors quickly discovering his knack for handling the innumerable reports which were a specialty of the German army. In postwar Munich, his conservative, farmer's mentality revolted against the Communists who then ruled Bavaria and he gravitated to the circle growing around Adolf Hitler. There began the abject hero-worship which has lasted through the years.

In the early days, Nazi meetings were frequently broken up by a hail of Communist brickbats. Hitler conceived the idea of organizing a special group of strong-arm men outfitted with heavy canes — a pro-

tective corps or *Schutzstaffel*. Himmler joined, primarily to be near the Führer whenever he spoke, and with methodical thoroughness made this corps a vote-getting machine second to none. The intelligence section of his *Schutzstaffel* charted the political sentiment of every locality in Bavaria. The propaganda squad deluged the doubtful with fiery rhetoric. The disciplinary columns beat up active opponents. Nazi representation in the Reichstag began to grow.

By 1929, when Himmler became commander of the *Schutzstaffel*, he had 100,000 well-armed, trained men, completely loyal to Hitler and himself. And when he became a member of the Reichstag the following year, he had every important anti-Nazi shadowed by his S.S. men, and compiled the proscription lists which were executed with such dispatch on the night of the Reichstag fire, some three years later. The efficiency with which the Weimar Republic was unseated, thousands arrested, and police stations all over the Reich occupied by the S.S. was perhaps the outstanding revolutionary feat in history.

Himmler has made his *Schutzstaffel* what he calls an "aristocracy of blood." Requirements include an "Aryan" pedigree that goes back to 1750. To create tradition, dear to the Teutonic heart, Himmler has given his S.S. an intricate semi-chivalric, semi-pagan ceremonial.

If two S.S. men have a serious quarrel, they must submit to a "court of honor," which may order a duel to the death. The *Schutzstaffel* celebrates the "Solstice," the ancient Germanic Christmas, every year on the Brocken, a wild, boulder-strewn eminence in the Harz Mountains where Himmler himself lights a huge pyre "signifying purity and life." He has compelled his men to celebrate their marriages with "ancient rituals" which he apparently thought up himself. For these celebrations he has had Druidic amphitheaters with maypoles erected all over Germany.

Brides of S.S. men must be of the purest Germanic type and must pass an exhaustive examination on ideology and aptitude for motherhood. Himmler encourages his men to have illegitimate children. Unmarried mothers of *Schutzstaffel* offspring are cared for gratis in palatial hospitals, the largest of which, in the Bavarian Alps, has been aptly named *Lebensborn*, "Well of Life," by the poetic Heinrich.

Himmler has collected dossiers on the weaknesses and "irregularities" of even the highest of the Party. With these he has killed or fought to a standstill everyone who has stood in his way, including the mighty Hermann Göring and the leaders of the general staff. When, in February 1938, the general staff rebelled against the Führer's plan for marching against Austria, Himmler supplied the material which en-

abled the Führer to remove the objectors. War Minister von Blomberg and General von Fritsch fell — the former for marrying "below his station," the latter for alleged homosexuality which was pure Himmler invention. In September, another purge was necessary to persuade the general staff to attack Czechoslovakia. Himmler supplied the necessary material, and by the end of the year 17 generals had been relieved of their commands. Himmler had further prodding to do before the Polish campaign.

There is bad blood between the

regular army and the S.S., but Himmler is politically unassailable. Hitler needs him — badly. Himmler's men, although they are the best military material in the Reich, are exempt from front-line duty. If the tide of war turns against him, Hitler will need that loyal half million to keep his regime going. If he wins, he will need the gentle Heinrich to steady him.

"Heinrich Himmler," Hitler has said, "has the clearest head in the country. He is a machine." The world will hear more from Strasser's little bookkeeper.



Good News for Dog Owners

¶ WITH THE ASSISTANCE of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and of private criminologists, Richard Meaney of the Bide-A-Wee Home for Animals, New York City, has developed a nose-printing system for dogs and has organized Noseprints, Inc., which plans to offer its subscribers three services: infallible identification, proof of ownership, and an organized effort to find lost dogs. Noseprints, Inc., will equip humane societies, veterinarians, dog pounds, state troopers and local police with nose-printing apparatus. When a registered dog is lost, agencies within 100 miles will be notified to check on animals answering that description.

— *Newsweek*

¶ BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS for dogs are now being given regularly at a New York City animal hospital. One canine donor is a "resident member" of the hospital staff, ready at all times to give a supply of blood to sick or injured dogs brought to the hospital.

— *Popular Science*

THE quiz-minded child accosted his parents with: "I'm going to have a nickel. True or false?"
— Walter Winchell

OF COURSE, there's a lot to be said in her favor, but it's not nearly so interesting.
— Cartoon by Gardner Rea in *Collier's*

NOT ONLY England, but every Englishman is an island.
— M. Novalis

A YOUNG PHYSICIAN calls his suburban estate Bedside Manor.
— Contributed

Lady: A woman who makes it easy for a ~~man~~ to be a gentleman.
— Walter Winchell

A FRIENDLY old Negro: "I never puts anybody in my Dispensary."
— Contributed

ALCOHOL may give you a red nose, a white liver, a yellow streak, a dark brown breath, and a blue outlook.
— Contributed

IT MATTERS more what's in a woman's face than what's on it.
— Claudette Colbert

IT TAKES all the fun out of a bracelet if you have to buy it yourself.
— Peggy Hopkins Joyce

I GUESS you'd call us friends — we have the same enemies.
— Washington *Herald*

SHE not only expects the worst but makes the most of it when it happens.
— Hughes Mearns

RUNNING INTO debt doesn't bother me; it's running into my creditors that's so upsetting. — Cartoon by Gus Edson in N. Y. *Daily News*

EVERY LINE in her face is the line of least resistance. — Irvin Cobb

Technique of saying good-bye: Two persons who do not part with kisses should part with haste.
— Ralph Bergengren

Congressman: A man who votes for all appropriations and against all taxes. — Senator Henry Fountain Ashurst, quoted in *Time*

AMERICAN WOMEN have the best figures, French women have the most charm, and Italian women the most vivacity. — Eve Curie

THE WAY to fight a woman is with your hat. Grab it and run.
— John Barrymore

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Address contributions to Patter Editor, Box 605, Pleasantville, N. Y.

Two country doctors who transformed a Minnesota village into the medical crossroads of the world

Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie

Condensed from Scribner's Commentator

Edward M. Brecher

THE MAYO BROTHERS were "Dr. Will" and "Dr. Charlie" to the pioneer families in Rochester, Minn. And to everybody who knew them they remained "Dr. Will" and "Dr. Charlie," even after their practice had transformed the prairie village into the world's most famous medical center.

When the Mayo boys' father, English-born Dr. William Worrall Mayo, came to Minnesota in 1855, settlers were so few and so healthy that the "Little Doctor" eked out his income by surveying, working on a Mississippi River boat, and serving as army surgeon during the Indian wars. From one of his war trophies — the skeleton of Chief Broken Nose — Will and Charlie learned to name every bone in the human body at an age when other youngsters struggle with the multiplication table.

Despite his isolated post, the Little Doctor kept abreast of medicine's rapid progress. In 1871, though well past 50, he went back to study for a year at Bellevue in New York City. The epochal work of Pasteur and Lister was then centering attention on germs, infection and

antisepsis, and the Little Doctor returned to Rochester longing for a microscope. The entire family shared his enthusiasm and the Mayo homestead was mortgaged to raise the needed \$600. It took 10 years to pay off the debt; but during those years Will and Charlie acquired a skill in microscopy then possessed by few full-fledged physicians. That brass microscope is now Exhibit No. 1 in the Mayo Museum.

As his reputation grew, patients from miles around came to the Little Doctor for major operations. Since there was no hospital, spare bedrooms were equipped as makeshift operating rooms. In one of these, the Little Doctor would set up his portable surgical table and wield instruments which the village blacksmith made for him out of teeth from an old grain reaper. Will, at 13, acted as "scrub nurse" and Charlie, only 9 and short for his age, sterilized the instruments by heating them in the charcoal furnace of a soldering outfit. Charlie also served as a mobile surgical cabinet, with suture threads and strands of catgut dangling from his lapels and buttons.

In the midst of one operation, the assisting doctor giving the anesthetic fainted. Soon racked with pain, the poor woman on the table strained and struggled.

"Charlie, give her more ether!" called his father. Charlie tried, but he was too short to reach the patient's head. The taller Will couldn't drop what he was doing. Fortunately a cracker-box stood handy, and with it Charlie met the emergency.

From such experiences, Will and Charlie are said to have known more when they entered medical school than many a senior. Will took his M.D. at Michigan in 1883, Charlie at Northwestern in 1888. But only death terminated their education. Both did postgraduate work in New York, and after they began practice in Rochester took turns attending lectures and demonstrations in Chicago. As the years went on, they became surgery's most indefatigable travelers, journeying many times around the world visiting medical centers everywhere, teaching as well as learning.

In 1883 a tornado struck Rochester, killing and injuring hundreds. Homes left standing were turned into hastily improvised hospitals. The Sisters of St. Francis, who helped with the nursing, were so impressed by the work of the three Mayos in the emergency that they offered to build a hospital for Rochester if Dr. Mayo would take charge.

"I'm too old," said the Little Doctor, then nearing 70.

"Your sons will carry on," the Sisters told him.

St. Mary's Hospital was opened late in 1889 with 13 patients. The first year and a quarter Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie performed 219 operations during the mornings, attended to their general practice afternoons, and served as male nurses nightly. Today St. Mary's is the largest of the half-dozen hospitals independently owned but affiliated with the Mayo Clinic.

The Little Doctor himself "carried on," for nearly a quarter of a century. At 87 he traveled alone around the world on a trip of medical investigation, and at 89 he toured the clinics of Mexico. He died in 1911, at the age of 92.

As village doctors, Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie divided their practice geographically. One took all the patients north and east of Quale's Drugstore, the other took the rest. Later they divided surgically, Dr. Charlie taking all the territory north of the abdominal diaphragm and south of the pelvis, while Dr. Will took the vital central region.

Dr. Will was best known for work on cancer of the stomach; Dr. Charlie for goiter and other thyroid operations, but actually both were almost "universal specialists." They published more than 1000 contributions to medical literature, covering an amazing range; they were probably the most prolific writers in surgical annals.

It was the Mayos' good fortune

to launch their careers at a time when surgery, armed with anesthetics and antiseptics, was entering new fields. Dr. Charlie has given a modest account of how he was "projected" into operations on the thyroid gland. A big Norwegian came in with a goiter so large it forced his head back. Dr. Charlie had to improvise a technique. It was highly successful; he perfected it and by 1935 more than 27,000 goiter patients had passed through the Mayo Clinic.

Other surgeons began to learn of the amazing work being done at Rochester. Dr. Will, when barely 40, wrote a report of 200 gall-bladder operations which so astounded the editor of the *Annals of Surgery* that he journeyed west to find out whether the author was a liar or a genius. He found the two modest brothers operating in a way which met or surpassed the standards of the finest Eastern hospitals. A dozen gall-bladder operations were performed during his visit. Two years later Dr. Will reported on his first 1000 gall-bladder cases. Thereafter squadrons of medical men came west to watch the Mayos work. Physicians sent their most difficult cases. They came themselves when in need of major surgery; and, as one of them put it, "We always bought round-trip tickets."

To meet the needs of their growing practice, the Mayos surrounded themselves with the most competent associates they could find. It was said they "induced 500 members of

the world's most highly individualistic profession to live and work together in a small town on the edge of nowhere — and like it." Faced with the problem of treating patients as an organic whole, and at the same time giving them a specialist's care, they assembled under one roof experts in almost everything, combining the work of many on a single case.

Mayo fellows come from every state in the Union, from Heidelberg and Cape Town, Uruguay and Iceland. Some 1500 of them have spent three years or more in Rochester, then carried the Mayo tradition not only all over the United States but also to the remotest medical outposts. One became chief surgeon to the King of Siam. Another serves the Maharajah of Mysore. Others operate in Antwerp, Shansi, Oslo, and Jerusalem.

Although the Mayo walls were covered with awards, citations, and honorary degrees the brothers blushed to hear themselves described as "modern miracle workers" and their Clinic called "the eighth wonder of the world." When speakers referred to some new procedure as "the Mayo operation," Dr. Charlie would call it "the Hippocrates-Mayo operation," to indicate their debt to predecessors.

The Mayos made the Clinic a democracy, giving one vote to each staff member of five years' standing. They placed themselves and all their associates on regular salary,

and provided for pensions and insurance. They made it possible for each staff member to make at least one medical inspection tour a year at the Clinic's expense.

Despite a high proportion of patients treated free or at cost, by 1915 the brothers had accumulated \$1,500,000. With this sum, later increased to \$2,800,000, they endowed the Mayo Foundation for Medical Education and Research at the University of Minnesota. "The money came from the people," Dr. Will declared, "and it should go back to the people." Dr. Charlie called the fund "the contribution of the sick of this generation to prevent sickness and suffering in the next." Dr. Will even turned over his home as a meeting place

for men of medicine, and moved into a smaller house.

On the day in 1929 that Dr. Charlie performed his last operation, a son, Dr. Charles William Mayo, performed his first operation as a Clinic surgeon. Today, he alone carries on the family name at the Clinic. Drs. Will and Charlie died, two months apart, in the summer of 1939.

The Mayo tradition, which has attracted more than a million patients and made Rochester the medical crossroads of the world, is perhaps best characterized by a favorite motto framed on Dr. Will's desk: "If you do one thing well, though you dwell in the midst of a forest the world will beat a path to your door."



NATIONAL E W S R E E L

◀ THE SILLY SEASON got under way with the spring festival at Green Bay, Wisconsin, featuring a swimming pool filled with milk in which a swimming marathon is carried on till the milk has turned to butter.
— Neal O'Hara in *N. Y. Post*

◀ *Public Notice in N. Y. Herald Tribune:* Your dog's horoscope. Send date of his birth and know your dog better. Price \$1. "Dog Horoscopes," W—— P——, N. Y.

◀ IN A Hollywood Spiritualist church presided over by a lady, the Reverend Violet Greener, each parishioner receives, as he enters, a leaflet giving the order of service. At the foot of the page is a little additional information: "Miss Greener's gowns by Raymond; coiffure by Don of Hollywood."

— *The New Yorker*

Limber Up Your Imagination

Condensed from a radio broadcast

Ray Giles

ONE REASON for the dullness that numbs the daily lives of so many of us is the belief that creative imagination is a special possession of genius. "You're either born that way or you're not," we say, and thus fail to use the quality that makes the difference between half-success and success, between passable living and full enjoyment. Actually, imagination — the ability to project our minds beyond the circumstances of our immediate lives — is no more essential to the artist than it is to the able housewife or alert businessman.

Not long ago Dr. F. L. Wells of Harvard set out to find the distinguishing characteristic of a business leader. He selected two groups of 100 men each — the first, those who for six years had not earned over \$35 a week; the second, those who had earned \$100 a week or better. In tests for general intelligence, information, aggressiveness and other business traits, the groups ran neck and neck. But when imagination was tested the high-earning men shot ahead. To far-fetched and hypothetical questions (If the Atlantic seacoast were to sink 50 feet a year, what should be done?) they responded with many more answers and much better ones.

Ability to earn money is not the

sole measure of success, nor the only by-product of an active and trained imagination. But whether you want to get ahead or enjoy life to the fullest where you are — you need imagination. The heartening thing is that all of us possess it, and all of us can greatly strengthen it by definite exercises which psychologists suggest. Not dull calisthenics, by the way, but really games which add a fillip of pleasure to our daily round of activity.

One of the imagination-building games proposed by psychologists is that of Professor Harry A. Overstreet. Look at some common object like a doorknob or a dress tie. Ask yourself, "Does it *have* to be that way?" Never mind how silly your first answers are. With practice you'll improve.

Years ago a schoolteacher, annoyed by the bother of constantly dipping his pen in ink, asked himself, "Does it *have* to be that way?" until he got the reply, "No! Fill a hollow pen handle with ink that feeds down to the point and you can write a thousand words without stopping!" Out of that mental exercise came the fountain pen.

Martin Gilman, weight 142, got tired of being steam-rollered in tackle practice on the football field. There had to be practice, but did it

have to be done just that way? He created the tackling dummy.

But never mind if *you* don't invent something. What you are trying to do is to develop a more interesting outlook on life, new eyes with which to see your daily problems with keener understanding.

Too often we kill off the timid sprouts of our developing imaginations with a frosty blast of "common sense"; we see that our first ideas are "no good" and we scrap them. That isn't the thing to do. Professor Robert S. Woodworth advises, "Give your imagination free rein and come round to criticism later." We need to recover the childhood delight of playing with ideas, letting our fancy run riot for the sheer joy of it.

Charles Darwin used to play with what he called Fool's Experiments. Set yourself problems so tremendous or impossible that the mind recoils from the absurdity of answering them! In this way you clear the dust of practicality from your mind and release your creative intelligence, let it have its way without the sad limitations usually imposed upon it. "Thinking wild" has solved many a problem after systematic, serious thinking failed. As long as Isaac Singer's mind was chained to the idea of a needle with the eye in the blunt end, he got nowhere. When he tried the Fool's Experiment of putting the eye in the point, the sewing machine became practicable.

Exercises for the imagination call for no specially arduous effort, no sudden change of mind and habit. They can be carried on as part of our regular activity, enriching moments that might otherwise be dull. They are as good in play as in work.

The sense of play — of releasing the mind from conventional stays — is the essence of making the imagination work. At lunch twice a week a group of New York business executives play the game of "supposing." They pose such questions as, "Suppose taxes were raised 25 percent; how could we pay them without raising prices or lowering wages?" or "Suppose we all went blind; how should we carry on the business?" Each man must chip in an answer, and so give his imagination a chance.

Originality has been defined as a pair of fresh eyes. Have you ever tried to see the world through the eyes of your employer, your customers or the person you are careful to avoid? To do this improves your imagination and increases the pleasure of using it. Take the barber who saw himself vividly through the eyes of his youngest customers as a tall dark stranger towering above them with terrifying scissors. He sawed the rockers off a rocking horse and he invited young customers to imagine they were knights or cowboys while they got their hair cut. Today his horse chairs are stabled in barber shops all over the United States.

There is a final rule for sharpening the imagination: tie it up with your emotions. Instead of futile anger we can turn indignation to imaginative ends. While crossing the Atlantic in 1851 the milk supply on the ship which carried Gail Borden was not refrigerated or protected from contamination, and several babies died. Borden's feelings were deeply stirred and as a

result his imagination developed a way to condense and can milk.

Today there is danger lest our sympathies and anger be dissipated in discussions and outbursts to no good end. To escape a sense of futility and despair, we can match our wits inventively against social and personal problems. It will add greatly to our sanity and increase the worth and pleasure of our lives.



Aerial Fire Department

DROPPED IN inaccessible parts of Chelan National Forest, Washington, parachute fire-fighters have proved so successful in putting out small fires before they had a chance to spread that the U. S. forest service may adopt them as a regular part of its department. The "smoke jumpers" wear specially designed suits, helmets, steel-mesh masks, ankle braces and heavy gloves, and use a new type of parachute whose large spread and wide apron with two flaps not only cut the rate of descent from 18 feet per second to 12, but permitted jumpers to land about where they wish. Landings in thick stands of young trees proved so easy that they have been christened "featherbed landings."

When a fire is sighted, the plane first circles over the area and drops a small test parachute loaded with a ten-pound sandbag to ascertain the wind drift. The jumper then drops accurately the second time round; and on the third round the pilot drops a burlap parachute carrying a kit of the necessary tools. The whole procedure takes only five to ten minutes, whereas crews landed by plane at any of the 76 forest service landing fields may require several hours to reach a fire.

— *Alabama Farm Bureau News*

☞ A toast to the "tank towns" and their contagious zest for life, where audiences arrive on time — and sober

"Long Live the Sticks!"

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

Cornelia Otis Skinner

Monologist; author of "Excuse It, Please," "Dithers and Jitters," etc.

NOT LONG AGO I had the dubious pleasure of conversing with one of those Park Avenue matrons who know as much about America as I do about Tibet. Hearing that I had just returned from a tour of the Middle West, she asked me about what she jocosely called "the hinterland" in the manner of someone questioning a welfare worker concerning life in Hell's Kitchen. My enthusiasm for the tank towns gave her food for thought and with superb magnanimity she announced: "I do think we Easterners are awfully narrow at times. Why, I'm told that Kansas City has an ex-

cellent museum and I myself have met some really charming people from Michigan."

I watched her retreating figure (I refer to distance), and thanked fate for the job that for 10 years has given me opportunity to travel from one end to the other of this country, and in consequence to become what is vulgarly known as a "push-over" for it.

Persons on the order of that Park Avenue lady frequently ask, "But what sort of audiences do you get?" as if they expected the men to turn up with six-shooters, the women in sunbonnets. The average out-of-town audience differs from the New York variety only in that it's usually a lot better — better to play to and better mannered. To begin with, it arrives on time and in a state of sobriety. Parties of jaded playgoers don't straggle in late, trampling over those who have had the decency to arrive on time. Nor are they more interested in who's in the audience than who's on the stage.

They are discriminating and know their literary and artistic onions. They have all the mental

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER knows the theater inside out. Daughter of the famous actor Otis Skinner, she appeared in several Broadway productions before going in for monologues, character sketches and solo-dramas, for which she is author and director as well as star and company. Since no one word accurately classifies her work, reporters have sometimes fallen back on *disease* — which once resulted in a paragraph announcing the advent of "Cornelia Otis Skinner, widely known disease." Miss Skinner survived that to become the country's outstanding one-woman road show, as well as a prolific contributor to the magazines.

equipment of the New York playgoer minus his infinite capacity for being bored. For attention, response and enthusiasm I'll stake Ypsilanti, Sioux City or Chickasha against New York's Martin Beck Theater, sold out at \$20 top for the Greater Babies' Milk Fund.

My particular specialty of solo work permits me to rush in where large productions fear to tread. I've come in contact with every variety of gathering from the boiled-shirt splendor of the fashionable benefit to the cozy get-together of the state penitentiary.

Audiences do not vary regionally. They are mercurial aggregations and in the same town you may one evening have a splendid house that makes you think Bernhardt couldn't have been so good after all, and the next, one of the frozen, sit-on-their-hands sort that almost persuades you to abandon the theater and take refuge in a silent Trappist order.

The best of audiences is still that of the regular theater, when it's good. But of the specialized groups I find myself happiest when performing in the large coeducational universities. These audiences are alert, discriminating and wonderfully enthusiastic. Groups of all-men or all-women are seldom satisfactory.

The worst audience is the woman's club where middle-aged women more and more cultured and and less amused, where ap-

plause is heard through kid gloves darkly and laughter is confined to an occasional "Tck! Tck!" Next worse is a school of young girls, who have a curious way of reacting in shrill squeals, the effect being that of playing to a group of steam sirens.

In subscription courses the "word of introduction" custom can be at times diverting. At a university in California a professor made me feel at home by telling the assembly he didn't quite know how to introduce me as up to then they'd had "things of a cultural nature." And a New England chairman stated with Yankee brevity that "owing to the high price of Admiral Byrd we have Miss Skinner with us this evening." I have twice endured the harrowing experience of having the evening's entertainment open with long and fervent prayer.

In "the sticks" one plays in theaters and in tumbled-down "oprey houses," in churches, on high school stages and on perilous platforms erected in hotel ball-rooms (some of these have casters, which make them roll about and add to the fun). In an Illinois church I found myself hemmed in by a choir railing, and when I sat down, as I must in some of my numbers, only my head and shoulders were visible.

I've made up in cellars, organ lofts, gymnasiums, locker rooms and lavatories. At a swank Florida club I made my changes on a roof.

And I still shudder at the recollection of a Mississippi hamlet where I stood on a board laid across two chairs to avoid the results of a burst sewer main. Once I changed from traveling suit to evening dress in a taxi, thereby causing the driver a nasty shock. I've had dressing-room encounters with cockroaches, bats (many old theaters harbor whole flocks of these) and scorpions, and in the Rio Grande country even a possum strayed in.

The road can offer all sorts of adventure, but few are the experiences that might be termed "sinis-

ter." For the benefit of those who believe that civilization begins east of Harrisburg I should like to state that the only place I ever experienced a hold-up was in Boston.

When I'm the oldest living inmate of the Actors Home I'll have a good many memories to keep me entertained. America is a picturesque and beautiful land, its people alert, energetic and kind. They have a zest and a healthy enjoyment of life that is pleasantly contagious, and no one knows it better than the actor who goes on tour. I say, "Long live the Sticks!"



Our Unseeing Eyes

ONE JULY afternoon at our ranch in the Canadian Rockies I saddled my horse and rode toward Helen Keller's cabin for my regular call. Along the wagon trail that ran through a lovely wood we had stretched several hundred yards of smooth wire, to guide Helen when she walked there alone, and as I turned down the trail I saw her coming.

I sat motionless while this woman who was doomed to live forever in a black and silent prison made her way briskly down the rough, uneven path, walking with her body completely relaxed, her face radiant. She stepped out of the woods into a sunlit open space directly in front of me and stopped by a clump of wolf willows. Gathering a handful, she breathed their strange fragrance; her sightless eyes looked up squarely into the warm face of the sun, and her lips, so magically trained, pronounced the single word "Beautiful!" Then, still smiling, she walked past me.

I brushed the tears from my own inadequate eyes. For to me none of the wonders of this exquisite highland had seemed beautiful: I had felt only bitter discouragement over the rejection of a piece of writing I had set much store on. I had eyes to see all the wonders of woods, sky and mountains, ears to hear the rushing stream and the song of the wind in the treetops. It took the sightless eyes and sealed ears of this extraordinary woman to show me beauty, and bravery.

— Frazier Hunt in *Redbook Magazine*

A Businessman Looks at Prayer

Condensed from Forbes

*Anonymous**

ALTHOUGH nearly a quarter of a million clergymen — Protestant, Catholic and Jewish — pray for and with us every week, pitifully few of us have learned to use prayer in our own daily lives.

I mean no irreverence, nor any criticism of the clergy. I am speaking about prayer only as a businessman has come to understand it, and I want to share a discovery.

I have discovered that there is only one basis for prayer, and it consists of just four words — *Thy will be done*.

Most of us have repeated this phrase a thousand times, without ever sensing that it is the foundation not only of peace of mind and heart, but of successful living. In itself the phrase is passive, but it comes to life as soon as we take the first two words seriously, and put some drive behind the last two: *Thy will — be done*.

Most of us think we are praying when in fact we are merely asking for something: “gimme” this, “gimme” that; save me from this, let me do that; favor me in some special way. Some look on prayer as necessary only in a crisis, or when

things go wrong; they remind one of the little girl who announced: “I’m not going to say my prayers tonight, nor tomorrow night, nor the next night. *Then* if nothing happens, I’m *never* going to say them again.”

But real prayer is more than a nightly bedside “gimme”; more than something to turn to in emergencies. It is the spirit we infuse into our normal daytime lives. It is a matter of how much of the finest that is in us we are putting into all our human relationships. We must *live* our prayer, expressing it in practical fashion in our dealings with those around us, the members of our family, the people among whom we work, the grocer, the letter carrier, the corner newsboy.

The people the world regards with affection and respect are nearly always those who plunge into life with “*Thy will be done*” in their hearts. The fullness of their spirit overflows into their daily work and spreads over all those with whom they come in contact. Most of us know at least one or two people like that — a teacher who pours herself into the lives of her pupils; a doctor or lawyer or banker who loses himself in the welfare of his com-

* The author, who prefers to remain anonymous, is a businessman of broad experience who serves as adviser to a number of large corporations.

munity, who sinks himself in his job and renders unselfish service. It is not strange that these are the people who win friendship, influence and preferment.

Many people of real ability are defeated simply because of their own selfish and unprayerful attitude. By jealously guarding their precious "rights," by looking out overcarefully for their own interests, they limit themselves to second-rate lives, with none of the thrill that comes from complete devotion to something bigger than ~~oneself~~ self. Their prayer to the world, to God, is always a petition.

To translate "Thy will be done" into terms of your everyday activities is simple if you substitute the word "good" for "will." "Thy good be done." The two words are not synonymous, but join them — "good will" — and you have the essence of Christianity. And "Thy good be done" makes the whole matter easy. If we think of the *good* of our families in all matters, the *good* of the men and women who serve us and whom we serve, then we shall be considerate, fair, unselfish, helpful. This practical prayer spirit is bound to iron out the differences and misunderstandings which creep into human relationships.

As a practical businessman, I see no reason for leaving the prayer spirit out of business or professional life. After all, our business enterprises, our professional activities, aim at serving our fellow men. This

we do most intelligently — and with the greatest profit — when we adopt "Thy good be done" as our attitude toward customers and clients. Sharp practices, petty advantages, can have no place in any enterprise conducted in such a spirit. And a "Thy good be done" reputation just about doubles one's prospects for success in any field.

It is unfortunate that the phrase "Thy will be done" has come to be associated with a sort of spiritual nonresistance: a supine acceptance of fate. "To do" is an *active* verb. Why not put the emphasis on *doing*, rather than *being done to*? As Theodore Parker, noted social reformer, put it, "He prays best who, not asking God to do man's work, prays penitence, prays resolutions, and then prays deeds — thus supplanting with heart and head and hands."

Such was the spirit of a doughty Scotch Presbyterian preacher who once explained to me that he prayed as though everything depended on God, and then worked as though everything depended on himself. This conception of prayer makes Christianity an alert and dynamic force, rather than a matter of spiritless resignation. Prayer takes on new emphasis: *Thy will be done* — and be done by me!

Today there is sore need for more "private virtue for public good." For many years we have been trying to achieve social justice by legislation; but we shall make little real

progress until enough of us are privately living "continuous prayer" lives to swing the balance — and at the same time to prove the power of "Thy will be done" as a workable personal philosophy.

In the tragedy that is engulfing Europe we can see all too clearly where the opposite philosophy leads — the My-will-be-done of the dictator. Unfortunately, this spirit is not confined to distant dictators. We could all name My-will-be-doners among our own acquaintances and fellow workers, petty dictators who make the world a harder place for us and an unhappier place for themselves. These people would be amazed to discover how much more enjoyable their lives would

be, were they to substitute "Thy" for "My."

I commend the Welsh parson's prayer prescription in Richard Llewellyn's book, *How Green Was My Valley*: "Prayer is another name for good, clean, direct thinking. When you pray, think well what you are saying, and make your thoughts into things that are solid. In that manner, your prayer will have strength, and that strength shall become part of you, mind, body and spirit."

Prayer is a vital, moving force. Any man or woman can use it, day in and day out, to make his or her little corner of the world a finer, happier place — and in so doing find rich rewards.



The Practical Joker

¶ WALDO PEIRCE, the artist-poet, one day gave the concierge at his Paris hotel a tiny turtle — about as big as the end of your thumb. She was fascinated by her little pet. A few days later, Peirce substituted a turtle a size larger. On a following day the turtle grew another two inches, and this went on until the delighted lady had an enormous turtle.

Then Peirce reversed the process. The huge turtle began growing smaller day by day. The worried concierge began staying up nights, scarcely leaving her pet long enough for the American to substitute a still smaller turtle. She was on the verge of insanity when Peirce, moved at last by pity, told all.

— H. Allen Smith in N. Y. *World-Telegram*

"The Very Pineapple of Politeness"

¶ A WASHINGTON HOSTESS, apparently anxious to give proper rank to an official's wife who was pouring at her afternoon reception, recently phoned the State Department's protocol officer to ask: "Which takes precedence, tea or coffee?"

— *Newsweek*

❏ Facts you should know about your ears, even though you are not one of the 18 million persons in the U. S. with defective hearing

Hear, and Now!

Condensed from Hygeia

Austin A. Hayden, M.D.

President, American Society for the Hard-of-Hearing

TO ONE person in every seven in the United States, the pleasurable din of daily activity is blurred or diminished by some defect of hearing. Life, to them, is a silent movie, or one in which the sound-track is badly out of gear. But a very large majority of these handicapped people, provided their loss of hearing developed *after* they learned to talk, can be helped by recent advances in the treatment of deafness.

The ear is the most intricate organ of the body. Before a sound wave can reach the brain, it must pass through three labyrinths: the outer, middle and inner ears. The visible outer ear catches sound waves and directs them against the eardrum, a membrane stretched tightly across the entrance to the middle ear. From the drum, vibrations are transmitted through three delicately linked ear-bones or ossicles — the hammer, anvil and stirrup. The drum vibrations set the hammer in motion. The hammer strikes the anvil. This impact impresses the stirrup-shaped bone against the "oval window" connecting the mid-

dle and inner ears. Because the inner ear is filled with fluid, the *air* vibrations from the outer world are here converted into *fluid* vibrations and transmitted to the cochlea, a snail-shaped bone the size of a pea, strung like a microscopic piano with 24,000 feathery nerves. In mysterious fashion, the cochlea transforms these fluid vibrations into *electrical impulses* which travel up the auditory nerve to the brain. Thus we hear.

Small wonder that sometimes this elaborate mechanism goes askew, or that after 50 years of service the sensitive nerve-receptors become dulled. The middle ear, especially, is the seat of hearing trouble. Every time we breathe, air is drawn from the nose and throat into the cavity of the middle ear through the Eustachian tube. This tube is a perfect highway for germs. Chronic colds, sinus infections, common childhood diseases may inflame it until the essential breath of the middle ear is shut off. Pressure within the ear becomes unequal, the eardrum is sucked inward, and the functioning of the ossicles is impeded.

Swimming and diving even in pure water facilitate middle-ear infections. Continuous changes of atmospheric pressure contribute to ear troubles among airplane pilots.

But the main cause of deep middle-ear deafness — suffered by 5,000,000 people in the U. S. — is otosclerosis, a bony overgrowth which locks the stirrup-bone to the "oval window." Blame for this condition is laid chiefly to heredity, sometimes to an abnormal parathyroid gland which deposits excessive quantities of calcium. Today, in the majority of such cases, the deafened person can attain near-normal hearing with a perfected electrical hearing aid adapted to his individual needs.

Hearing devices work on either of two principles: bone-conduction or air-conduction. The air-conduction instrument merely increases the intensity of the sound-waves as they strike the middle ear. The first Western Electric "carbon" amplifier, 17 years ago, weighed 200 pounds and cost \$1500. The present amplifier is about an inch long, weighs four ounces and costs approximately \$100. Upkeep is about \$25 annually for new batteries.

In cases where the tiny ear-bones are locked fast, a bone-conduction device is prescribed. Ear specialists have long realized that the bony structure of the skull transmits sound waves to the middle ear. An early hearing aid was a flexible hard rubber fan lightly clenched be-

tween the teeth; sound waves would strike the fan, flow along the jaw-bone to the inner ear, thence to the brain.

In 1929 it occurred to Dr. Hugo Lieber that if he applied an electrical receiver to the mastoid bone directly behind the ear, vibrations of the spoken word would be carried by bone-conduction to the auditory nerves. By detouring around the middle ear, the Sonotone device of Dr. Lieber is bringing renewed hearing to thousands.

Another great advance was made two years ago with the introduction of vacuum tubes identical with those in your radio. These make possible high fidelity tone reproduction and can amplify the ticking of a wrist watch to sledgehammer blows. Sonotone, Acousticon, Radio Ear and several other hearing-aid manufacturers make excellent vacuum tube devices, which compare in weight, size and cost with the best carbon sets.

Prescription of hearing aids has been taken out of the hit-or-miss realm by the audiometer, an electrical instrument equipped with earphones, which produces pure tones of variable pitch and intensity. To test your hearing, sound intensities are slowly diminished until you no longer hear the signal. Air-conduction and bone-conduction receivers are used, to determine which gives the best results. Thus the physician learns exactly how far your impairment has progressed,

whether both ears are affected, and what kind of device you should use.

Many people resisted the use of mechanical hearing devices because of mistaken vanity. But the new hearing aids are practically invisible — much less conspicuous than eyeglasses. The tiny earpiece is scarcely the diameter of a penny; women conceal it under the hair. If worn under a dress with a frilly jabot or scarf, the four-ounce microphone is completely hidden. One manufacturer makes necklaces of beads which contain wires for sound conduction. Men who wear a modern hearing device regard the small button in or behind the ear as a badge of courage and determination to overcome a handicap. After a few weeks they forget they are wearing it. As Rupert Hughes, the deafened novelist, says, "The day is past for a hard-of-hearing person to cling to solitude and slink through the world missing half of life because of a false sense of shame."

To forestall hundreds of thousands of new cases of deafness, the American Society for the Hard-of-Hearing, with its 175 local units, is sponsoring a program stressing the necessity of periodic hearing tests for school children and other prophylactic measures. In 11 states such examinations are now required by law. Many hearing deficiencies

have resulted from infected tonsils and adenoids; timely surgical intervention can prevent the spread of this infection along the Eustachia tube to the middle ear, the Society points out. Children's earaches should not be lightly regarded; take the child to an ear specialist before infection results in permanent injury. Children must be taught not to pick their ears with their fingernails, or with hairpins, toothpick or other sharp instruments. Have your physician make a careful examination of your children's ears after scarlet fever, which is notoriously destructive of auditory nerve function. Hay fever and other nasal allergies also are a source of ear infection.

Comparatively rare is deafness caused by damage to the inner ear. Yet inadequately treated syphilis or cerebrospinal meningitis can attack this region and impair the auditory nerve. So can tobacco or alcohol poisoning and skull fracture. Diseases of the middle ear, too, occasionally invade the internal ear. When the auditory nerve is destroyed by accident or disease, or when a person is born deaf, lip reading is the only method of salvation. But for millions who suffer from middle ear deafness, today excellent hearing devices offer welcome aid.



When two men in a business always agree, one of them is unnecessary.

— William Wrigley, Jr.

Gloria Swanson Defends Her Title

Condensed from The New Yorker

Frank Sullivan

Valentina, the designer, is reported to be running up a Vesuvius hat for Gloria Swanson. A concealed smokepot will send tiny clouds of perfumed vapors from its crown for several hours at a time.

Lucius Beebe in N. Y. Herald Tribune

GLORIA SWANSON arrived at the Colony for lunch, and Gene ushered her ceremoniously to a table. The other women in the restaurant appraised her with swift glances but, detecting no innovation in her toilette, returned to their Melba toast with relief.

But not for long. No sooner had Miss Swanson seated herself than a puff of smoke escaped from her hat and wreathed upward. Gene blanched and his eyes popped for a fraction of a second. Then, inured as he was to fashionable ladies' hats, he recovered his *savoir-faire*. The second puff from Miss Swanson's hat followed quickly and was observed by Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Mrs. Harrison Williams, and Mrs. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, the three best-dressed women in New York. They exchanged alarmed glances. The fourth puff was observed by the 112 other best-dressed women present. An electric something filled the room: the ladies realized that once again Gloria had outgeneraled them; but after the first sharp pang

of baffled rage they steeled themselves to a pretended indifference.

"Gloria's hat puffs," one lady remarked languidly.

"Yes, I notice. But can it blow rings?" replied her companion in an equally languid tone.

Miss Swanson finished her luncheon in regal calm, her hat meanwhile huffing and puffing away. Finally she left, in a shower of pretty compliments from her colleagues — the Gloria-darling-your-new-hat-is-too-divine sort of thing.

That afternoon well-dressed circles hummed with excitement. The fashionable women of New York could not afford to take Gloria's new hat lying down: It must be topped at luncheon the following day or the best-dressed women of New York would Lose Face! Fashion designers sprang into action.

At luncheon the following day there trickled into the Colony a remarkable collection of hats. There were no hats that smoked, for the law of fashion forbade infringement on Gloria's model. But one best-dressed lady wore a hat of off-salmon straw that spouted jets of flame to match. Another wore a rather cute number which spouted a geyser of champagne every five minutes. A society matron prominent in Roose-

velt-hating circles wore a confection of cornflower blue trimmed with a neon sign which blinked "No Third Term!"

There were hats that exploded at intervals, and hats that circled about the wearer's head on a trolley; one hat was trimmed with a moving electric bulletin board, which flashed late fashion news from Paris.

The prize, had there been one, would have gone to a woman who had been inspired by Herr Hitler's magnetic mines. In her hat was concealed a magnet which attracted other hats. It lifted at least a dozen from their anchorages before an "accidental" shove from an infuriated victim short-circuited it.

But where was Gloria? A rumor spread that she had got cold feet and wouldn't appear. Then suddenly a whisper like the sound of a breeze moving through pines swept the restaurant. Gloria had arrived, wearing — an old-fashioned bonnet of straw, trimmed with nothing and

tied under her chin in a sedate bow.

The girls, not to be taken off guard again, waited for the innocent-looking contraption to start whatever monkeyshines Valentina and Gloria had contrived for it. But it did nothing. Gloria consumed her frugal luncheon, seemingly unaware that she was the center of interest. All about her, hats were making uncanny sounds or cutting fantastic didos. But hers just bobbed demurely.

Miss Swanson finished her luncheon and started to leave. She stopped at several tables and complimented the girls on their new hats. "My dear, your hat is too stunning for words!" But her own little number somehow, in a curious way one couldn't put one's finger on, made them all seem overdressed. Every woman in the Colony realized that once again the doughty little screen star had outwitted them and successfully defended her title as Best-Dressed Woman in New York.



WHEN I, with four other Americans, was received in audience by the late Pope Pius XI, the Rome correspondent for the United Press instructed us in Vatican protocol — which, in the matter of apparel, is rigorous. The men wear full dress suits with black waistcoats; the ladies wear a covering for the head, a high-neck dress and long sleeves. The UP man — himself a devout Catholic — remarked when he saw us properly attired: "I've always believed it would be much easier and less expensive to blindfold the Pope."

— Stanley High

❧ How Dust Bowl farmers are winning their fight —
with pioneer courage, home-made contrivances
and the self-reliance of frontier days

Up from the Dust

Condensed from *The American Magazine*

Don Eddy

OVER a battleground a half-million square miles in area, 300,000 Americans, armed with plowshares, faith and old-fashioned fortitude, are winning a war against a savage enemy that threatened to devastate half the Middle West only six years ago. Acre by acre they are beating back the Dust Bowl. Last year they converted 64,000 square miles of gaunt, gray wilderness into green farms. This year they have more green farms than at any time since 1934. They'll lose some of them, for black blizzards are howling again. But they'll go on fighting.

Their losses have been heavy. Nobody knows how many lives the dust has taken. Whole families have vanished mysteriously. I never believed the stories of babies smothered to death by dust in their cribs until I talked with a New Mexico mother who had lost five of her seven children that way. Her husband, a taciturn, competent man, said, "This has become a sort of personal fight with us."

In a wayside gas station in western Nebraska the leathery old attendant told me, "In '35 I lost a

hundred steers, worth maybe \$7000. They drifted off one night in a black duster that lasted eight days and buried my fields a foot deep."

"So you quit the farm?" I asked.

"Quit?" he exploded. "Hell, no! I work here at night to save a new stake. Daytimes, I clear the dust off my farm. Next spring I'll be able to buy some more cows."

In a month's travel through the 10 states of the dusty battleground, from the Canadian line to Texas, I heard endless similar stories. These Americans don't know the meaning of surrender. They are the breed of the pioneer, with a divine will to subdue the wilderness. They have fought drought, grasshoppers, tornadoes, crop blights. Now it's the dust. But dust or no dust, this is their frontier. They'll fight it out.

Although the federal government is slowly bringing the farmers into coöperative groups, the conquest of the Dust Bowl is, by and large, an individual problem. Fred Bosley, for example, has created a green oasis from a devastated area in Baca County, Colorado. A wealthy farmer in 1934, Bosley

went broke after a succession of dust storms. By 1937 his last tractor had been taken by the finance company. So he shouldered a shovel and went on fighting the dust with windbreaks and trenches and every trick he could devise. In 1938 he had made enough progress to be able to borrow \$2000. He bought machinery and enlarged his field of battle. With his own farm finally under control, he leased the seven abandoned farms adjoining his, for the great menace is not the occupied land but the millions of abandoned acres that remain a playground for the wind. Last fall he was able to reduce his note by \$500. This year he hopes to pay off the remainder.

"Then what are you going to do?" I asked.

"Then I'll have time to help some of the other fellows."

A major accomplishment last year was the conquest of Greeley County, Kansas, an extravagantly rich wheat region until the land began to fly. After that the inhabitants fled in caravans that blocked the road. By 1936 there were less than 200 survivors, surrounded by 270,000 acres of abandoned land. These survivors formed a sort of mutual protective association, parceled out the abandoned land which had to be brought under control, and went to work. This spring agricultural scientists agreed that the county was out of danger; less than 5000 acres remain to be

conquered. Strip-cropping — planting alternate strips of heavy wind-resisting crops like sorghum, and light, blowable grains like wheat — has saved the day.

To date, the Dust Bowl war has cost America's taxpayers a billion dollars in addition to private fortunes spent by the farmers. Into one small Colorado county of 2000 square miles Uncle Sam has poured \$7,000,000 — as much as we paid for Alaska. The economic soundness of the investment lies in the fact that the conquest of that area will eliminate a hazard for hundreds of surrounding miles.

While government agencies have been aiding Dust Bowl farmers with finance and advice, inventive individuals have been tinkering with home-made contrivances to conquer the dust. Charles Peacock of Lincoln County, Colorado, devised a curious machine which he got a local blacksmith to make for him. Called a "damming lister," the machine plows a furrow and at the same time builds a check dam every few feet. The furrow is so deep the wind can't blow the dirt from the bottom, and when it rains the water, which used to run off, settles in the little lakes like maple syrup on a waffle, and the earth drinks it up. Twelve thousand Peacock damming listers are carving waffles on the Dust Bowl this year, and every waffle is territory captured from the enemy.

Other farmers swear by terrac-

ing, used to check excessive rain run-off on sloping ground. Proper machinery to make terraces was expensive — until young Warren Moore pounded out an excellent home-made elevator grader from pieces of junk on his Kansas farm. It took two weeks and cost \$2.64, and is now being duplicated in scores of rural blacksmith shops.

For the cattlemen, a home-made machine called a "corrugator" has proved a blessing in keeping water on pasture land. The corrugator scratches little ditches in grazing land, and grass grows in the ditches even when the rest of the field is bare.

The Dust Bowl has not been whipped. Several blow areas are still scattered over the plains. There's one in Montana, another in the Dakotas; but the worst sprawls over 10,160,000 acres where Kan-

sas, Colorado, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Texas almost come together. This is the cradle of the most destructive black blizzards. The Midwest will not be safe until dust storms cease to exist there, the land nailed down by the roots of prairie grass and green pastures. The most optimistic expert does not believe this can be accomplished in less than 25 years. But that prospect doesn't faze these farmers a bit.

Strangest of all, it's easy to keep the young folks down on the farm since the Dust Bowl became a menace! They aren't migrating to cities as in days of prosperity. They're staying and fighting. It's my guess that something pretty fine is stirring in the dust of the Great Plains; a renaissance of honest American ideals, of personal responsibility and homespun heroism.



Keyed Up

THE NAVY DEPARTMENT shares private business's idea that pressing documents can be hurried through the barricade of office red tape if specially marked for immediate attention. The trouble with this system, as the Navy Department discovered, is that people get used to any sort of immediate-attention mark, and you have to resort to a more stimulating one. Long ago, a Navy Department official got some little pink slips marked "EXPEDITE." Its novelty wore off, and the slips next said "URGENT." This was followed by "RUSH." Came the inevitable time when documents marked "RUSH" were discovered days later, buried in somebody's desk, and the high command realized that a new word was in order. Pressing papers are now marked "FRANTIC."

— *The New Yorker*

The Flying Yorkshireman



by
Eric Knight

THIS fantasy of simple faith was called by *Story Magazine* "a new note in writing in these sour times."

"It is funny," writes Clifton Fadiman, "but also tender and, in a strange way, realer than most realism. The more one reflects on this odd little fancy, the finer, the subtler one feels it to be."

THE FLYING YORKSHIREMAN

THE CONVICTION that he could fly didn't come over Sam Small gradually. It hit him all of a sudden. That night he and Mully had been down to Los Angeles to hear Sister Minnie Tekel Upharsin Smith at the Temple. Sam hadn't wanted to go, but before it was over he agreed it was quite a bit of a do, and Mully had as rare a time as she'd had in all her born days.

After the first hymn, Sister Minnie had all the California people stand up and shake hands with the others, and say: "God bless you, Brother or Sister," as the case was.

Sam felt right funny what with a stranger pumping his hand, but Mully began to warm up to the thing. When Sister Minnie asked the people from foreign lands to get up and say where they were from, Mully kept nudging Sam to put his ha'porth in. But Sam wasn't having any. People shouted that they were from Germany, Italy, China and Hawaii; there was even one chap from India.

Finally Mully couldn't stand it any longer. She tied her bonnet tight under her chin and got up

and shouted at the top of her lungs: "Mr. and Mrs. Sammywell Small, Powki'thorpe Brig, near Huddersfield, Yorksha, England."

Then she sat down with her face all flushed, while everybody applauded and the woman next to her, who was from Ioway, struck up acquaintance, and Mully decided that California was the nicest, friendliest place they'd yet seen on their trip around the world.

Sam tried to make out he didn't think much to it all, but even he got interested when Sister Minnie tore into her sermon.

It was entitled: "Faith Will Move Mountains." Everything depended upon Faith, she said, and she so believed in it she just *knew* that if these 5000 or so Brothers and Sisters were to drive down to San Bernardino, and have Faith together, they could make Mount Baldy shift ten feet toward the sea. Naturally, it wouldn't be wise to try it, as moving a mountain ten feet would cause a lot of disturbance. The gap on one side would like as not run through a lot of good real estate, and the churning of the earth on the other side

would be bad for California. Spiteful people were ready enough to talk about earthquakes anyhow, even though you could call up the Chamber of Commerce and learn that it was only the Battle Fleet off San Diego in firing practice that made the ornaments on the mantelpiece dance. Nevertheless, Faith was a wonderful thing; if the Brothers and Sisters believed in its power, there was nothing they couldn't do. Nothing!

They closed the service with hymns, one half the audience singing and then the other half, to see which was louder. Then it was over and everybody streaked for the doors.

When Mully and Sam were standing on the corner, waiting for the Wilshire Boulevard bus, Mully got enough words together to say: "Well, Ah don't know how tha feels about it Sammywell, but Ah've had a rare good time, and Ah think this is the right nicest place us has struck in all our travels."

Sam knew her remark was part of the campaign to keep him in California. Neither Mully nor Lavinia, their daughter, ever missed a chance to put in a good word for the place. Vinnie wanted to stay so she could become a cinema star; Mully wanted to stay because she could never get over it that palm trees really grew in a white man's land. So they kept after Sam about how, since he was retired and a

chap of independent means, there was no use dashing right back to England.

Sam knew they'd wear him down in the end, but couldn't resist putting his ha'porth in. He blew his nose and said:

"Aye, taking the rough with the smooth, it ain't a bad place. Still and all, Ah'd giv ten quid, reight now, to be sitting back hoam i't' Spread Eagle wi' ma chums and a good pint o' Guinness's in front o' me and a nice coal fire to warm ma behind on."

Mully snorted. "Sammywell didn't Ah tell thee to put a clean henkercha' in thy pocket afore tha coomed out tonight?"

Sam knew he was licked if he got drawn into minor skirmishes, so he jammed his shameful bandana into his pocket and kept quiet. Mully kept giving him a little bit of hell — the way a woman will; and finally Sam stopped listening — the way a man will.

And while she barneyed on, his mind went floating away to this Faith business. He wondered if a whole bunch of people, all having Faith together with a sort of yo-heave-oh effect, really could move a mountain — if only an inch or two. He decided that if a chap was going to move anything with Faith he'd be smart to pick something easy at first, and progress gently to mountains. A bus, now, would be a champion thing to begin on — it having wheels, which, as you

might say, would aid the proposition.

So Sam shut his eyes and said to himself: "Ah have Faith that by t' time Ah open ma ee's that so-and-so bus will have arrived."

He had no sooner said it than Mully was poking him in the ribs and saying: "Wakken up, gormless!"

He opened his eyes, and there was the bus standing before him.

Sam was both surprised and pleased. It might have been just coincidence; still, it gave a chap something to think about. And Sam thought about it all the way home.

Sam and Mully got off the bus at the Beach Drive palisade, and walked slowly toward their boardinghouse, arm in arm. Mully liked that walk along the alameda — it was peaceful and romantic and so tropical. It's on a cliff, high over the shore; you can look out over the rustic wood railing and see the castles of the movie stars on the shore, and the ocean stretching beyond.

When they got up by Marion Davies' house, they stopped and looked over the rail. Sam was still thinking. He had his pipe going good, and there he stood, looking out over the ocean, and thinking.

It was at that moment that he first got his amazing conviction. Perhaps it came from being so high, together with the sermon and the upsetting episode of the

bus coming by Faith. Whatever it was, he got the conviction as surely as ever a man had one that he could fly. He had it so strongly that he couldn't keep quiet.

"Mully," he said. "Sometimes Ah hev a feeling a chap could launch himself off here and fly — if he nobbut hed Faith."

"Aye. If!" Mully sniffed.

Her attitude was not at all encouraging. But there's one thing about a Yorkshireman, the madder you make him, the more determined he gets. "Well, at that," Sam said to himself, "Ah'll bet a chap *could* do it — if he hed Faith enow."

After he got into bed that night he thought he'd like to fly, just to show Mully she wasn't right all the time. And as he lay there, he had Faith, and had Faith, and then his hair almost stood on end. For he could feel his body lifting, and lifting, until it was clear of the bed.

He could hardly believe it. Cautiously, he passed his hand under his body. It was true! As far as he could reach, he was free of the bed. It was so staggering he had to drop back into bed to think it over. When he dropped back the mattress squeaked, and Mully said, snippily: "Sammywell, if tha doesn't stop jiggling this bed Ah'm bahn to get up and sleep on t' sofa."

Sam decided to wait until Mully was asleep and try it again, but unfortunately he fell asleep himself.

His first thought next morning was to tell Mully. But somehow it wasn't easy in the daylight, with the California sunshine spanking down on the breakfast table and Mully and Lavinia sitting there cool and sensible. So all Sam said was: "Tha knaws, it's funny, Mully; Ah dreamt last night Ah were really flying around."

"Hmmm," said Mully. "What was it that tourist office lad said we maun ax for in this country when us wants brimstone and treacle?"

"Sulphur and molasses, Mother," Lavinia said.

"Aye. Now eat thy breakfast, young lady, and hurry. We've got to see t' casting director at Coolver City by ten o'clock."

SAM said nothing more about flying; but he determined to try it again the minute he was alone. After Mully and Lavinia had gone, he tapped out his pipe and got ready. He lay on the sofa and willed, and almost before he could catch his breath he was floating in the air. Gently he floated to one side, a good three feet above the floor. There could be no mistake about it.

"Well, Ah'll be a moonkey's ooncle!" he breathed.

He turned over to look down at the floor. The minute he did that, all feeling of awkwardness left him. "Why, of course," he said to himself. "Ah were upside down, like a

burd trying to fly on its back. This maun be the right way up!"

Imbued with new confidence, he stretched out his arms and zoomed down toward the sofa. A foot from it, he banked with his palms, brought his body upright, and lit on his feet as gently as a thrush.

"Well, if this ain't a do!" he breathed.

He spread his arms again, pushed gently on the tips of his toes, and took off. He made a complete circle of the room about a foot below the ceiling. All hesitation was now gone, and he used his new power with a fierce joy. He found that flying took almost no physical effort. Nor did he need to *think* how to do things. When he came to a corner his muscles achieved the delicate distribution of his weight instinctively, so that he maneuvered perfectly — just one lift of a palm, and he was banking; a slight bend of his knees and he zoomed.

The world became a new place to Sam Small. The room took on aspects unknown to us who see things only from a monotonous eye-level. He could see the tops of doors and cupboards and could get a bird's-eye view of the chairs and tables — which looked very silly indeed from that angle. He noted, too, that there were cobwebs over a closet and dust atop every dot. "Ah'll hev Mully give that maid a good talking-to," he resolved.

Then he gave himself over to the

pure joy of effortless flying. He swooped around the room, landing lightly as a feather where he would, taking off again with the merest preliminary drive of his toes. He practiced landings in awkward corners, to test the range of his new abilities. He was so occupied that he didn't hear Mully and Lavinia come back; when they walked into the room he happened to be perched atop a highboy.

"Well, Ah'll goa to Helifax!" Mully snorted. "Sammywell Small! Coom dahn here afore tha breaks thy bloody neck!"

Sam was so upset by being discovered that he forgot about flying and jumped down in quite an ordinary, mortal sort of way. He landed with a crash that nearly drove his spine up into his back teeth, and of course there was quite a bit of a do about it. Mully rubbed his back with Elliman's Embrocation and sailed into him so hard that Sam got stubborn, and wouldn't have told her about his new accomplishment even if he had got a chance.

"Heavens knaws Ah've swaltered a lot o' things since Ah married thee," Mully said. "But this caps the climax, it does. If tha goas on like this, folk'll think tha's balmy i' t' crumpet. Eigh, sometimes Ah rue the day we took out a license."

"Aye?" Sam came back. "Well, it cost me seven and sixpence.

Ah could ha' got a dog license for t' same price."

"There's soom days Ah wish tha'd bowt a dog," Mully rebutted. "And today's one on 'em."

For several days after that Sam did nothing about flying. For one thing, he was quite jarred up from his jump off the highboy. For another, Mully gave him no chance to be alone.

But one night he woke up, and there was Mully sound asleep. Sam tiptoed out of bed in his nightshirt and took off. It was quite a sight, for Sam was steady as an albatross in flight. For a couple of hours he flew around, zooming and volplaning to his heart's content. After that, night after night, while Mully was asleep, he would swoop around the house, sailing through doorways, diving to within an inch of the carpet and banking swiftly upward again.

He began to set himself difficult tasks. For, though the movements of a bird came naturally, he had to *learn* the evolutions that an airplane can achieve. It was this desire to emulate a machine that got Sam into trouble.

One night he was soaring about in the dining room, practicing the Immelmann turn — half a loop, then a half-roll, bringing him to the top of the loop right side up. He managed it right nicely. Delighted, he sailed about, wildly doing Immelmann turns. Unfortunately, in the

dark, he forgot about the cut-glass chandelier, and crash! He came down with a jangle and thump that would have wakened Lazarus himself.

When Mully came charging in and switched on the light, she found Sam in his nightshirt, sitting in a welter of cut glass and blood. "Eigh, bless ma heart and soul! What's tha been up to now?" she gasped.

Sam was dizzy, for he'd taken a crack that laid open four inches of scalp, and likely would have split the skull of anyone but a Yorkshireman. "It were a forced landing," he said.

Mully pulled Sam up, got him to bed, and phoned a doctor, who came over and put six stitches in Sam's head.

For the couple of days Sam was in bed, Mully said never a word about the goings-on. But Sam could see that she was just saving it. The day he got up, Mully sat him on the sofa, and had her say.

"Now Sam," she said, "Ah'm quite remindful of the fact that tha did turn out to be an inventor, with thy self-doffing spindle and all. But there's limits to what a man can do, even an inventor. When a chap thy age starts gating up in t' middle o' t' neight, and swinging in his shirt-tail from chandeliers like a hoorang-ootang, well, all Ah got to say is, if tha keeps it up they'll be sending for thee from Menston yet. So pull thysen together, lad. If tha wean't do it for me, at least remember tha hes a daughter what's gate

her life and career before her."

Then Mully locked herself in the kitchen and had a champion good cry. After that she fixed a nice pot of tea and a big tray of things Sam liked especially well. Nothing more was said about the chandelier.

OF COURSE, Sam was contrite and resolved to behave himself. He put up a terrific battle to keep from flying. Still, try as he would, he could not help thinking about it. As he sat alone in the sunshine on Ocean Drive he would never tire of watching the sea gulls, lifting and soaring in the breeze. Now that he was practically a bird himself, Sam found himself thinking like a bird, knowing things that never enter an ordinary man's head. He was preoccupied, for example, with air currents.

Some days he would be greatly troubled, for the air currents were short and choppy — what Sam call'd "wivvery." He didn't know where he got the word, but that explained it. As he watched the gulls fight and turn and twist Sam could feel those currents, and would squirm and twist himself as if to help the gulls in their battle.

But on other days the air currents would be broad and untroubled — great anthems of sweeping simplicity that came chanting in from the Pacific, a beautiful music, thrumming and tingling on his senses. Then Sam would feel at peace, and his spirit would soar with the gulls.

He would watch them pick up the air column, volplane over the sand and then, reaching the great up-current at the cliff, go screaming away on the moving tower. Up they would shoot, high—high! Then, quartering to the current, they would sail up the coast to Malibu, never moving a wing, playing with their pinions on the air beneath them. Sam knew they were flying, not for food, but for the pure joy of that unheard music of the air.

Sam would sit there, his heart lifting with the birds far above, until the sun would sink and Mully would call: "Eigh-ooop, lad. Time to coom hoam afore it gates too chilly."

Sam really meant to keep his promise to Mully and behave himself. But the delicious feel of the air currents on his face, this soundless music that he alone could feel, drew him in spite of himself. And one day he left his bench and walked toward the palisade. He drew nearer and nearer to the edge, to feel the heavenly play of the air. With a sigh of pleasure, he leaned against the upshooting current. Without letting his feet leave the ground, he let the air vibrate about his intoxicated body.

Then he was grasped rudely. All his delicate balance was destroyed as he found himself wriggling in the arms of a policeman. "What the hell's the idea?" the cop yelled.

"Hey up, lad," Sam protested. "Ah weren't dewing nowt."

"Better come along with me," the cop said.

The police telephoned for Mully to come to the station house; she arrived in such a stew that it made her mad as a setting hen to find Sam calmly puffing on his pipe.

"You scallywag," she cried. "And what's ta been up to now?"

Sam wouldn't say anything, so the police lieutenant, an affable chap, took Mully aside and explained that Sam had attempted suicide by jumping off the Ocean Drive Cliff.

"Suicide?" Mully said. Big tears began rolling down her face; she dabbed away at them.

"Now," the lieutenant said to Sam, "aren't you ashamed of yourself, causing all this grief to your wife?"

"Eigh, don't scold him, Mister," Mully begged. "Ah hev'n't been a good wife and takken care on him like Ah should."

"Now Mully," Sam comforted. "Tha hez been a good wife. Barring one or two little bits o' things, Ah couldn't wish for a better."

"Well, what's tha want to goa and commit suicide for?" Mully wailed. The lieutenant frowned at Sam.

"Now, Mr. Small," he said, sternly. "By rights I ought to lock you up. But I'm moved to compassion by your wife's evident love for you. I'll take a chance, and release you in her custody."

"Oh no," Mully said. "Ah

wouldn't want to connive at owt wrong. If the law says he's to go behind bars, tha'd better do that."

"I'll be responsible," the lieutenant said.

"Nay, th' law's th' law," said Mully. "Hard on us as it may be, we maun observe it."

It was quite a while before Sam and the lieutenant could get Mully to give in.

"I'll take care of the law; you just take care of your husband," the lieutenant said. "Remember," he said to Sam, "you're being released in her custody — and no more monkey business! Now go home and behave yourself."

"Ah'll see he does," Mully said, wiping her eyes. "Coom on Sammywell. And just wait till Ah gate thee hoam!"

FOR THE NEXT WEEK or so, Mully kept her eye on Sam every waking minute. He couldn't even take a walk alone. Naturally, he got very fed up with this.

"Ah'm no owd codger that can't tak' a walk alone," he would complain.

"That so be as it may," Mully would sniff. "But just the same, Ah'm off to keep an ee on thee."

This meant that Mully had to let her daughter make the rounds of the studios alone. Strangely enough, Lavinia seemed to get along much better, and it began to look as if the cinema might be interested in her after all. The only thing that was

holding her back, she said, was what she called background.

"This place," she complained, "is so small — and in what a neighborhood! We ought to have a place where I could have a party and meet influential people and make contacts."

The upshot was that Mully and Lavinia got a nice big house. It was up on the Pacific Palisades, and had orange trees, an avocado grove, a patio with a fountain and a self-sprinkling lawn. As soon as they were settled, Lavinia gave her cocktail party, complete with stuffed celery and influential people.

Sam's role at this affair was a minor one until, as luck would have it, the conversation turned to flying. A transport plane had just crashed in San Francisco Bay and everyone at the party had a new idea about why it had happened.

"Nay, ye're all wrang," Sam put in. "Like as not the reason he crashed was because the air was wivvery."

"It was what?" asked a young woman with a cut-glass voice.

"It were wivvery," Sam said. Everyone stopped talking, and Sam expanded. "It's ma own word, but Ah'll explain it to ye. Now sometimes the air is all nice and flat as you may wish . . ."

"Father," Lavinia cut in, "wouldn't you like to put up the ping pong net?"

"I' just a minute," Sam said. "Now there's other times when it

gets reyther in mucky little bits, like. That's what Ah calls wivvery. See now, supposing Ah'm an airyo-plane." He spread his arms to show them. Everyone looked amused, and Sam did look funny, with his arms spread and his gray head cocked on one side.

Mully saw them smiling, and boiled over. She gave Sam a nudge that nearly buckled in his ribs. "Time for t' ping pong net, lad," she said with emphasis.

So Sam put up the net, and the influential people began batting the ball around. Sam watched them for a while, then wandered uselessly around his fine big house. He was feeling a bit sorry for himself, when a tall, likely-looking lad came up.

"Mr. Small," he said. "My name's Harry Hanks. I was interested in what you were saying about wivvery air. You were interrupted."

"Well," Sam said. "It's this way." He began to stretch his arms again, but looked to see if Mully was in sight. "Come i' t' kitchen, lad," Sam said. "We're not so liable to be disturbed."

In the kitchen Sam explained all about how the air got wivvery at times, and how a bird managed to stand it because its wings and feathers were pliable. "But airyo-plane wings has got no give to 'em."

"Very interesting," the young man said. "Go on."

Encouraged by such a good lis-

tener, Sam did. The party was over before Mully thought to look for Sam in the kitchen. When she entered, the young man said he had to dash. Mully waited till he'd gone. Then she stared at the six empty beer bottles on the table.

"So! Up to thy owd tricks again," she began.

Sam knew his Mully, so he escaped, and stayed out until dinner time. At dinner he ate quietly while Mully and Lavinia sniffed and ignored him, as women will when a man's in disgrace. Finally Lavinia broke into tears.

"Now, let's have noan o' that," Sam begged, wearily.

"How can the lass help it?" Mully started, glad to get into the battle. "Goodness knaws we try and try to mak' summat on us-selves, and tha upsets t' applecart ivvery time. Showing off abaht things tha knows nowt abaht — and salming up beer i' t' kitchen."

"Now, now. We nobbut hed two-three bottles apiece. And it's Yankee beer at that — wi' no body nor goa to it."

"Tha hed ivveryone laughing at thee," Mully prodded.

"Well, that's their bad manners, then," Sam observed. "Ma faith, Ah doan't talk nonsense when Ah dew talk. The lads at the Spread Eagle were allus varry interested in ma observations on owt that were current."

"That bunch!" Mully snorted.

"This isn't the Spread Eagle,

father, it's Hollywood," Lavinia sobbed. "And you go and take Mr. Hanks in the kitchen."

Sam began to lose his temper. "Well, the lad were interested," he stormed. "All Ah did was explain a few things about flying."

At this Lavinia gave a howl and covered her face with her hands.

"Now what hev Ah done?" Sam moaned.

"What hesn't ta done," Mully retorted. "Mr. Hanks is nobbut t' big producer who were off to sign up Vinnie. On top o' that he's nobbut the avvyator that howds all t' records for speed and height and distance. That's all he is. And so thee, Mister Bighead, Sam Small, Esquire, hez to sit down and tell *him* abaht flying."

"And now you've ruined my chance of getting a contract," Lavinia said. "He'll think I come from a family that's mad."

With Mully and Vinnie going in relays, poor Sam had quite a time. It was getting worse and worse, until he stood up.

"Now hev done!" he thundered. "And that's an end to it."

Sam used that tone of voice about once a year, and when he did, it was time to keep your nose clean, as Mully would say. After all, what was the use of being married to a man if you couldn't harry and chivvy him a little every day? By the same token, who would want a man who didn't show you who's boss a couple of times a year? So

Mully and Vinnie sat quiet as mice and Sam stared at them.

"Now then," he said. "Ah'm out for a walk — and what is more, Ah'm off to walk alone wi' no one wetching ma."

He waited, but there was no contradiction. So out he stalked and clapped on his best derby hat. Without knowing it exactly, he headed for the seashore. He strode to the palisade and stared away out, high over the movie stars' palaces and the breaking waters half-seen in the twilight. Then he turned, placed his hat neatly on the bench, walked over to the edge, and took off.

Out he plunged into the gentle updraught by the cliff face, and then with a swoop he soared high above Santa Monica canyon. With the wild music of the air currents playing on his face, he zoomed and quartered, feeling the first ecstasy of outdoor flight.

He forgot the anger that had sent him to the shore, forgot everything but the glorious thrill of powerless flying. For heretofore Sam had flown only in the stagnant air of his room. This was altogether different. Here were vagrant drafts and currents, all surging in a Wagnerian movement of air. Far down in the canyon he could see the hot-dog stands and service stations, and the tiny lights of automobiles crawling up the shore road. Their puny size and snail-like pace filled him with amused pity.

Poor, earthbound people! As he flew gloriously on and on, Sam was moved to a state of compassion for the world. He did not think of Mully and feel sorry for her. His mood enveloped all Mullys and all women who love and suffer and bicker for a man. With this feeling coloring every fiber, he rocked over on his side and glided slowly back to his palisade. Here he turned his arms and brought himself to a tip-toe landing beside the bench. Then he picked up his hat again, and walked quietly home.

THE WILD exhilaration of Sam's first outdoor flight remained, but the ineffable sadness of the mood it had produced filled him with lonesomeness. And Sam didn't want to feel lonesome. He loved gregarious pleasure. His gift of flying, however, was unique, and he was made lonesome by it. Apathetic and useless, he wandered about the streets each day, discovering only greater lonesomeness in that strange land of palm trees and neon lights and blue mountains and people who spoke with a strange accent.

It was that desire to find someone like himself that made him stop one day at a sign in Beverly Hills: **HOW ABOUT THAT CANINE'S WASHING AND STRIPPING? DICK HOGGLETHWAITE, THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.**

"Happen it's a dog Ah want," Sam said to himself. "And who'd

be better to talk to than someone from England?" In the rear of the place he saw a little chap washing a Sealy, who said:

"Well, whet can Ah dew for tha?"

"Eigh, how long's ta been away fro' Huddersfield?" Sam asked.

The chap stopped his work.

"How did ta know Ah were fro' Huddersfield?"

"By thy bloody accent, o' course."

"Well, Ah'll goa to hell," the chap said, surprised. "Ah been here going on thutty year, and Ah thowt Ah'd lost me accent."

"Tha does talk a bit like a Yankee," Sam agreed, "but there's enow left soa a chap could tell. Ah'm fro' near Huddersfield mysen."

"Soa Ah could tell," the chap said. "Here, 'owd this tyke a minute. There's someone out front."

Sam stripped off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. Since a chap shouldn't be idle when there's work to do, he nearly had the Sealy finished when the kennel chap came back.

From that day on Sam's days were full, and thoughts of flying were far from his mind. His waking hours were spent with Dickie Hoggleswaite in the little dog shop, where they would wash and pluck dogs, clip a few claws and stand aghast at the ignorance of Americans where dogs were concerned. For Sam, like every York-

shireman, was born with a fully-fledged omniscience in all things canine.

Things might have gone on quietly if it hadn't been for a boarding Pekingese that squeezed through the fence. Sam was in the back yard letting the boarders out for exercise when Dick gave a yelp: "Cop that bloody Peke," he yelled. "She's i' heat, and she'll run to hell and gone."

Sam made a grab, but he was too late. Dick started out through the front shop, and he was moving fast, because before his eyes was a horrified picture of what company the Peke might meet. When he got round to the back, he found Sam, with the Peke under his arm.

"Ah'll be . . ." Dick said. "How did tha get out here?"

"Joomped ovver t' fence, lad," Sam grinned. "Here, wetch!"

So, taking off from tiptoe, he sailed over the fence. Then he landed, turned and jumped back again. That is, it looked as if he were jumping, but of course it was the simplest little bit of flying for Sam.

"That's a varry special gift tha's gate there!" Dick said. "That fence is seven foot if it's an inch." He found a tape and measured the fence. It was seven feet, two inches.

"Eigh," he said. "We got to do summat about this. Here tha can jump seven foot two, and Ah think the world's record is nobbut six foot eight or summat like that. Ba

gum lad, we could clean up a pretty penny on this."

Dick, being of a sporting turn of mind, proposed to enter Sam in the Veterans' Relief Games at the Victor McLaglen Stadium. "There's nowt wrang wi' takking a little brass from these blooming Yankees," he argued. "They been winning t' Olympics that long it's time a ruddy good Britisher showed 'em up, and won a few pounds doing so."

"Ayc, there's nowt wrang wi' winning an honest bet," Sam agreed.

So Sam went into training. Dickie was the manager, and after watching Sam work out in the dog-run he entered his man in the running high jump, the broad jump, and the pole vault. He fed Sam a diet of raw eggs and sherry and toast, and gave him massages.

"Now, lad," he said on the day of the meet. "Ah've gate thee in as fine a shape as ivver a man o' thy age could be got. Ah've done ma part. Now thee do thine."

Off they went to the stadium, and Dickie went out and placed his bets. When he returned to the dressing room, his face was lit with a religious glow. "Ah gate five dollars at five to one on thee for each event," he said. "And Ah gate two dollars against a hundred that tha tak's all three."

After a final rubdown, Dickie helped Sam into his sweatshirt and a long pair of sweat-pants, wrapped

him in a dressing gown and took him out on the field. "Now doan't worry," he said, "Ah know full sure tha can do it."

"If tha feels like that," said Sam, "Ah'm all reight."

The high jump came first. Dick passed up the jumps until it got to five feet ten. Then he pulled off Sam's robe. "Tha can do it easy," he said.

Sam was a little nervous, but he felt Dick's faith behind him, so he trotted up to the bar and sailed over. There were three other lads, and two of them made it. The bar went up to five eleven. One of the other lads dropped out. Sam and the remaining competitor jumped and jumped, the bar going up a bit at a time, until the loud-speaker said: "Equaling the outdoor Olympic record in the running high jump. Sam Small of Great Britain now jumping."

Sam trotted up and sailed over. The crowd applauded. The other lad gave a mighty leap and jumped over. When the loud-speaker announced that the bar had been raised to a new world's record, photographers rushed to the spot, and Sam soared over with inches to spare. The other lad couldn't ke it.

A crowd began to gather about Sam, and officials brought tapes to make sure the bar was set right. They had a great argument, till Sam said, "Well lads, to make sure, just shove it up a couple more

inches." Amazed, they did so. And Sam sailed over.

The officials wanted to see how high Sam could go, but Dickie pulled him away. "Nothing dewing, lads," he said. "We got two more events and Ah won't let ma man tire hissen out."

The pole vault was the same story. Sam made a new record at 15 feet 3 inches. Then came the broad jump. Sam was tempted to jump a hundred yards, but thought it might cause trouble in collecting the bets. So he just jumped 30 feet for a new record. All in all, the two chums had a fine day, and felt righteously happy as they went back to Dickie's place and counted their winnings.

When Sam set out for home that night the reaction from the excitement set in. He felt lonesome and depressed and homesick. He wanted to talk over with someone his new and strange power; and who would be better than Mully? But when he got home Mully and Lavinia were all adither. Vinnie had just signed a five-year picture contract, and the excitement was tremendous. Sam couldn't get a word in edgewise, and he went to bed lonelier than ever.

NEXT MORNING his troubles began. The papers were full of the man who had broken three world's records in one day. The front pages had pictures of Sam in his jersey and sweat-pants, sailing

over the bars with his white mustache floating behind him.

And the articles were, as they say in Hollywood, terrific. A Los Angeles paper had one paragraph about Sam; the rest of the column pointed out what California climate could do for a man of 53. Another said it was the California orange juice that enabled a man of 57 to break world's records. One paper thought the performance was due to the California sun putting extra glycogen into the blood, while a tabloid said the higher quality of California tracks accounted for it. Eastern papers said it was another California hoax, and that the officials used special California tape measures. Florida petitioned the A.A.U. to disallow the new records because one of the men who fired the starting pistols in the sprints didn't have A.A.U. sanction. There was no doubt about it, Sam was important news.

He and Mully soon discovered that much. Early that morning, Mully led off with: "Now what's tha been up to?"

"Why, nowt."

"Nowt! Then what's 20 newspaper reporters yammering downstairs to see thee for? And what's this?" She jammed a newspaper under Sam's nose, and there was a picture of his doing the broad jump.

"Why, Ah were just dewing a little athaletics yesterday. It ain't a varry good likeness, dosta think?"

Mully grabbed the paper from

him. "Eigh, Sam Small, Ah doan't know what's happened to thy yead. A man o' thy age, callorpering around at athaletics. What in the name o' God coom ovver thee?"

"Ah ain't gate a word to say," Sam muttered, stubbornly.

"Now lad," said Mully, "come and sit ovver here o' t' sofa. There's summat behind all this. Spit it out. What is it?"

Sam looked at Mully, swallowed once or twice, and decided it was no use lying. "Well, Mully," he said. "It's summat like this. Ah found out Ah could fly."

"Tha found what?" Mully asked.

"Fly," he said. "Sitha! Ah'll show thee." He took off and did a couple of turns round the room and then glided down on tiptoe beside Mully again. "Now, tha sees. Ah can fly."

"So tha can," Mully agreed. "And varry nicely tha does it. What caps me is that tha didn't tell me when tha married me."

"Nay, it nobbut come ovver me lately."

"Well, a varry handy accomplishment it is, too, if tha axes me," Mully said. "Tha'll be able to wash windows that Ah cannot reach and mony things like that. Ah think tha does reight well for a beginner. How long's ta been at it, did ta say?"

So Sam told her the whole story, about Faith and Mountains, and the truth about the highboy and the chandelief and the police, and

how he had met Dickie Hoggleswaite. "He were a nice sort o' chap, and a Huddersfield lad on top of it, and when he axed me to do soom jumping, well, it were a chance for him to clean up a few berts."

"Well, there's nowt wrang wi' making a little brass," Mully allowed. "But it seems tha's stirred up summat, wi' all these newspaper lads downstairs."

"Us can settle all that reight fast," Sam said. "All us has got to do is just explain the truth, like — that Ah'm no athalete, but Ah just did it by flying. While Ah gate thy boots blacked for thee, just run down and tell 'em Ah'm sorry Ah hoaxed 'em and there's noa newspaper story."

Despite the fact that he had made a fortune on his self-doffing spindle, Sam still liked to black boots — especially Mully's. It gave him pleasure, putting on the dauby blacking, brushing it off, then taking a soft cloth and rubbing until the boots shone. So he lost himself in the job, confident that Mully's apt tongue could settle any bunch of reporters.

After lunch, Sam took a stroll to ease his belt a little. A young chap came up to him and said his name was Jim McGillicuddy.

"Is ta a newspaper lad, happen?" Sam asked.

The young man said he was. Sam walked on with the chap, who explained that he had to have a story.

If he didn't get it he would be ruined. He was only starting in as a reporter, so he wanted a really good one. All the other chaps had gone back to write a funny story on what Mully had said, but he wanted an interview with Sam himself and that's why he waited around.

"There's nowt moar to it," Sam said. "Ah can fly, that's all."

"Fly?"

"Aye!"

"You mean, in an airplane?"

"Nay, just on me own hook."

The chap didn't say anything for a while and they went on walking in step. "Well, Mr. Small," he said, at last. "I don't want to trouble you too much, but — if you're in the mood now — would you mind just — flying?"

"If tha likes," Sam said, not wanting to put himself too much forward.

"No, really, I'd be delighted."

Sam went over the slope and took off. He did a turn or two over the canyon, then glided back neatly to earth beside the reporter.

"Holy jumped-up Judas," the young man said. He ran off down the road.

"Bloody balmy Yankee," Sam said to himself, and went home. He was just sitting down to tea when the reporter came back.

"Sit thee down," Sam said, in his usual affable way, "and have a little tea."

"No thanks."

"Eigh, come on," Mully said.

"Have a little summat." But the lad only shook his head.

"What's up?" Sam put in.

"I got fired."

"Tha gate what?"

"Fired! Bounced! Discharged!"

"Oh, tha gate t' sack," Sam consoled. "Why lad, Ah'm that sorry to hear it. Ah thowt Ah'd gi'n thee a reight exclusive story."

"I went back and wrote it," the lad cried. "And they said I was drunk on the job. They were too dumb to believe it. It's the biggest story the world has ever known. Do you know that?"

"Tha's being varry polite," Mully said.

"I may be drunk or I may be crazy, but I definitely am not polite, ever," the young man said. "Look here, would you be interested in a proposition? This is the biggest thing in 50 centuries. With me as manager, we'd make millions!"

"Millions?" Mully asked, getting interested.

"Yes. We'd give exhibitions, make a world tour . . ."

"Nay, Ah doan't want no world tour. Ah just made one," Sam moaned, "and Ah doan't want another only so far as Yorksha."

"Sam!" Mully warned.

"Now Mully — it's ma flying and it's to be ma judgment on what Ah do wi' it."

"Aye, and it were thy self-doffing spindle, too," Mully rebutted.

"But if it had been thy judgment

Owdicotts' mill'd still be using it for their own. Whose judgment were it we should gate us a lawyer and sue for our rights? It were mine, weren't it? But for that we'd still be on two pound ten a week as a mill foarman. When it comes to brass, thee leave it to me. Me and this young chap will settle everything."

The papers were drawn up and signed. "Now," the young man said, "we'll hire Madison Square Garden in New York. All you'll have to do is, just once a day, take off and fly around in the Garden. I'll get the plane tickets and we'll fly East tomorrow."

"Fly," Mully said. "Why, lewk, then, happen tha'd better get nobbut two tickets, and Sam could fly alongside us, and save a fare." But Jim would have none of it, and when he pointed out that Sam might freeze solid going over the Rockies, Mully gave in and agreed that he should ride inside the plane.

NEXT DAY they were established in the grand suite of a New York hotel. There was a roomful of people who talked to Sam and pinched him and prodded him. Then they asked him to fly. So Sam did a few turns round the hotel room, but you never saw anything as suspicious as that bunch of New Yorkers. They climbed on chairs and felt for wires; they prodded Sam to see if anything was fastened to him. Doctors tapped his chest and

took his blood pressure; psychologists asked him if a ton of feathers was lighter than a ton of lead; he was examined by a hypnotist, an alienist and a committee on psychic research.

Then the photographers took pictures of Sam standing and Sam flying and Sam looping the loop, and the room got so full of smoke that Sam could hardly breathe. Finally he escaped into the bedroom. There he saw a little old man sitting on the bed.

"How do you do," the old man said, courteously.

"Well, that were a good show Ah put on for 'em," Sam said. "But Ah'm rare fagged out."

"It was a good show," the old man said. "But they won't believe it."

"Won't believe it?"

"No, alas! The world abhors that which surpasses its knowledge. They'll find any excuse but the simple truth — that you can fly."

"Ah can that," Sam said.

"Of course you can," the old man said gently.

"Thank you kindly," Sam said.

"Here, have a pipe o' my baccy. It's varry good. And who did tha say tha was?"

"I'm just a student at the Research Center," the old man said, stuffing his pipe with Sam's tobacco. "Trying to find out how to defeat the rebellion of man's body and brain against modern life, modern foods and modern thoughts."

He lit his pipe slowly and looked at Sam. "I'd just like to ask one question."

"Ah've been axed soa many another wean't hurt."

"Is it harder flying at some times than at others?"

"Well, Ah like best flying alone and outdoors, and at night. And it does get a bit hard when people's around. Like this afternoon the air were sticky and hard to get through."

The old man nodded and puffed his pipe. Then he got up, and patted Sam on the shoulder. "It has been a privilege to talk to you, Mr. Small," he said. "I wish I could protect you, but I can't. The world will do anything but believe. Biologists have proved virgin birth; chemists can turn water into wine; doctors raise men from the dead; scientists prove matter lives forever; and mathematicians show that the hereafter in time and space is indisputable — all this in a world that no longer believes in virgin birth, miracles, eternity, or the hereafter. The more we prove, the less people believe. There is no more faith, simple and blessed. The world has had too much proof and too much logic — and in getting them we have lost the faculty of having faith in the incomprehensible."

"That's funny," Sam said. "It were a sermon on Faith that started me flying."

"Of course," the old man said.

"Ah doan't care what they be-

lieve," Sam said. "Ah know Ah can fly, doan't Ah?"

"Yes, Mr. Small. But don't you see that their disbelief could . . . well, I cannot interfere. You must go on alone — but just one thing. If at any time you find it gets harder than usual, just say to yourself: 'I can fly. I can! I *can*!' and don't ever disbelieve it." And the little old man pattered away.

Sam hadn't much time to think of what the man had said, for his days were full of doctors, reporters and photographers. Suddenly the night for his exhibition was at hand, and he found himself in a dressing room with Mully handing him a bunch of spangles.

"Ah embroidered it," Mully said. "Sitha, there's a Union Jack on thy right chest, and a Stars and Stripes on t' left. Coom, lad, put it on to please ma."

"It's bad luck to change me suit," said Sam. But he felt so sorry about her sitting up nights doing the embroidery, that he put on the costume. Jim came rushing in and dragged Sam down to the entrance. Sam could hear the loud-speaker systems announcing him.

"You're sure you can do it?" Jim asked. "There's the biggest crowd the Garden ever had — at a twenty-two dollar top, too. You won't miss out?"

"Of course not," Sam said, irritably. Then he was being pushed out, and there stood Sam Small, dressed in pink fleshings all em-

broidered up, and his white mustache jutting out. He stood a minute, blinking at the lights. He put out his arms to take off, and then, suddenly, he began to think of what would happen if he didn't fly.

There he stood, in the middle of the enormous building, a funny little figure in pink silk and spangles, with his arms out parallel to his jutting white mustache. The thousands of people had begun to laugh. That laugh boomed and echoed and gathered until the whole place rang with it. Sam turned to run away, but Jim stood in the doorway, motioning frantically.

"For God's sake — go on and fly," Jim shouted.

Sam was gripped by a horror. Perhaps it had all been a dream; perhaps he couldn't fly at all. He ran with his arms out, to get the feel of the air. And that's what the people saw: a funny little man running round like a chicken — a man attempting to fly.

They laughed, and the harder they laughed the faster Sam ran and hopped, until he was almost exhausted. Then he stopped. The people weren't laughing any more; they were booing and roaring with anger. He saw programs and newspapers sailing through the air. In a half-daze, he felt himself being hurried along the corridor. Policemen were pushing people back. And then he was in the dressing room again. Mully was beside him and Jim was looking into his eyes.

"It's all reight," Sam said, thickly. "Gi' 'em all their brass back again. Ah'll pay for the hall and everything if it tak's ivvery penny us has got."

Jim stood up. "All right, Mr. Small," he said. "I don't want you to feel bad."

"That's nice, lad," Sam said. "Hurry away and tell t' folk." Then Sam sat alone with Mully, and she looked at him. "Ah suppose tha's mad at ma," he said.

"Nay lad," she said. "Ah'm not mad, but tha did lewk a bit funny out there. Go and change thyclthes, and let's nivver say no moar about flying." Then she went out.

"Happen Ah only dreamt Ah could fly," Sam said to himself. Sadly, he got dressed. What hurt him more than anything else was the way Mully had looked at him. She would never again have faith in him. Faith! But that had started the whole thing!

Then he remembered the little professor, saying: "Say to yourself: 'I can fly! I can! I *can*!' and don't ever disbelieve it." Quick as a flash Sam slipped his braces over his shoulders, "By Gow," he roared, "Ah *can* fly. Oppen that bloody door!"

As the door opened he took off and went out over the heads of the policemen, who ducked and fell flat to get out of his way. He shot down the corridor over the heads of the people and zoomed up into the great auditorium.

"By Gow," he yelled, "Ah'll show ye!" He raced up in a tremendous climb and looped over so his belly almost brushed the ceiling. Down below he saw white faces staring up at him in disbelief.

"Ah'll show ye!" he yelled, and shot down at them like a plane in a power dive. They scattered in terror and fell over themselves, and Sam streaked away for the entrance. He screamed over the heads of the jammed crowd and shot out into the street.

"Now, can Ah fly?" he shouted, and he looped and zoomed and dove in the night, skimming over taxis and the heads of people. Lightly he perched on a roof, and watched the scene below. Taxis smashed into each other and women fainted. Sirens screeched as police cars and ambulances and fire engines raced up.

"Come down off there," a policeman shouted, and he started up a fire ladder, gun in hand.

Sam flipped over, did a slow spiral round the ladder, and shot down at the crowd. He swooped up again and raced along over their heads. He tore on through the city, bellowing his defiance and leaving tangles of traffic in his wake.

When he was high over the city his anger suddenly left him. Feeling weary of all the people, he circled slowly, up, up into the night. He could hear only faintly, now, the roar of the metropolis. Beneath him was the island, a lace of lights.

In the majestic blackness around him there was nothing to share the purity of the lonesomeness except the drone of an airplane, far to the south in the vast night sky.

The music of the air on his face brought him sad calm. He glided down slowly toward the city, and looked over it in wonder and confusion. And as he did so all his native caution came back.

"Eigh now, Sam Small," he said to himself. "Tha has gone and done it. How in the blooming hell is'ta off to find out where tha lives?" One of the tall buildings below must be his hotel, but they all looked the same. Disconsolately, he flew around until he saw a roof that had a little lawn and a fountain, and best of all, a porch swing. "Here's a soft place to kip, and t' first thing i' t' morning, tha can get down quietly and find out where tha lives."

WHEN SAM woke he found the sun shining brightly on his face and a policeman holding his arm. "By gum, Ah maun o' overslept," he said.

"Now, how did you get up here?" the policeman asked.

"Why, Ah flew up, lad," Sam said. At this a woman standing by the penthouse door screamed: "The bat man!"

"So, I've got you," the cop said, drawing his gun. "And don't you try any flying tricks on me to escape."

But the minute Sam saw the gun

he shot straight up in the air 20 feet and raced away in a power dive. Sam heard the cop's six wild shots banging behind him. He came to rest on a convenient parapet, but heard a sound behind him. Turning, he saw a nice-looking lady taking a sunbath.

"Hoops, Ma'am," Sam said, turning away politely. "Ah'm right sorry Ah interrupted." Once more he flew away.

So it was all morning. Every time Sam came down to land, the people below shouted: "The bat man — the bat man!" and raced up the streets to keep him in sight. Finally he came to rest on one of the gargoyles of the Chrysler Building. Even then there was no rest, for people opened the windows and shouted.

A policeman called to him to come down, but by this time Sam had lost his respect for the blue uniform. "Now lad," he warned, "if tha climbs up here Ah'll just fly to some other building and tha'll have it to do all over again. The only person Ah want to talk to is ma Mully. Fotch Mully here and Ah'll talk to her."

Sam hopped off and flew a little higher, until he was sitting right against the spire. And there he sat, hour after hour, until late afternoon. At last there was a shout below, and Sam saw Mully's bonnet on a little bit of a balcony. He flew down to give her a hand, until they were both on a ledge, snug and alone.

Mully stared at him and was almost tearful for a moment. "Eigh Sam, in thy shirt-sleeves all night, perched up here like a cock-sparrow. Tha maught ha' caught thy death o' cold."

"Mully," Sam pleaded, "now doan't start in plaguing ma. Help ma gate out o' this mess, and Ah'll nevvver lift ma two feet off the ground together again. Tell these bloody bobbies Ah nobbut want to get down and goa on hoam to Yorksha."

"Nay lad," Mully said, "tha's put thy foot in it and there's owd Nick popping below. Tha's tangled up the city. There's been dozens killed in traffic accidents from people staring at thee. People are suing thee for damages and Ah doan't know what."

"Ooah, drat ma buttons," Sam moaned.

"T' President ordered t' markets closed. Then he called a special meeting o' their Parliament or what-iver it is to pass a bill for new money for defenses against flying men. In a nutshell, Sam Small, tha's mucked up the whole world."

"All Ah ivver wanted, Mully, was to be back hoam i' Yorksha, wi' a good pint o' ale and a few lads to pass a nice evening wi'. And now Ah'm in a proper mess." Sam perched on the ledge, moodily. "Well Mully," he said. "It's ma fault. Go thee down and tak a train for California and stay wi' Vinnie. Ah'll tak care o' mysen."

"Nay," Mully said, indignantly. "Ah'm noa less to blame than thee. Here Ah am, and here Ah stay, wi' thee!"

Sam thought a while, and looked out over the city. The sun still shone where they were, but below it was getting almost shadowy in the dusk. Then he looked at Mully decisively. "Millicent Small," he said. "Dosta luv ma, lass?"

"Nay lad, doan't talk so soft."

"Ah mean it. It's important. Dosta luv ma?"

At that Mully began to weep — much to Sam's astonishment. Finally she looked up at him. "Sam Small," she said, "tha hesn't axed ma that for nigh on twenty year."

"Well, Ah'm a man o' few words," Sam said. "Happen Ah've often thowt about axing thee. Soa now, Ah'm axing thee."

Mully sniffed. "Ah've bore thy bairn and washed thy clothes and cooked thy meals and shared thy bed for twenty year," she said. "And tha axes if Ah luv thee. If Ah doan't, then for a' this time Ah've been living under false pretenses."

"That's all Ah want to hear," Sam said. He squared his shoulders. "Now put thy hand in mine," he said, "and don't be flaid. Just have faith in me, that's all."

Mully looked down at the streets, swarming with humans, far below. "Eigh lad, there's off to be a bloody splash if tha mak's a mistake," she said. But she put her hand in his. "Count three for me lad."

"One —" said Sam.

Mully took a deep breath.

"Two —" said Sam.

Mully shut her eyes.

"Just have faith in me," Sam told her.

"All reight," she said, "Ah do believe in thee, Sam."

"Then here we go! Three!"

Mully stepped forward with her eyes shut. She felt the air rushing past her. It was a sweet, glorious flow of air. She opened her eyes. Then she smiled; there was Sam right beside her, the tips of his fingers touching hers, and they were swinging around in a big circle, up and up in a great spiral.

AND THAT'S the last New York ever saw of them. The people in the buildings, staring out, and the black crowds far below on the streets could see that flight of two

bodies, near to each other, going up and up until they were dots against the washed sadness of the evening sky — up and up until they could be seen no more.

And thus it was that Sam and Mully Small flew back to Yorkshire and settled down again. If you ever go to Yorkshire, to a place called Polkingthorpe Bridge, near Huddersfield, you can test this story. Any evening you can go down to the Spread Eagle, and there, with a pint of ale before him, a blazing fire behind him, and a handful of chums beside him, you can find a chap named Sam Small.

But it's no use asking him if he can fly. If you do he'll look you straight in the eye and say: "Nay lad, that's not me. Tha maun be thinking o' t' other Sam Small — the chap what dropped his musket and held up t' battle o' Waterloo."

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LIFE BEGINS FOR FATHER



BY GROUCHO MARX

THE FIRST TIME I saw my son he was wrinkled, toothless and bald. In fact he looked then about the way I look now, but anyway he was mine, or half mine, and I told him I loved him and would be a father to him.

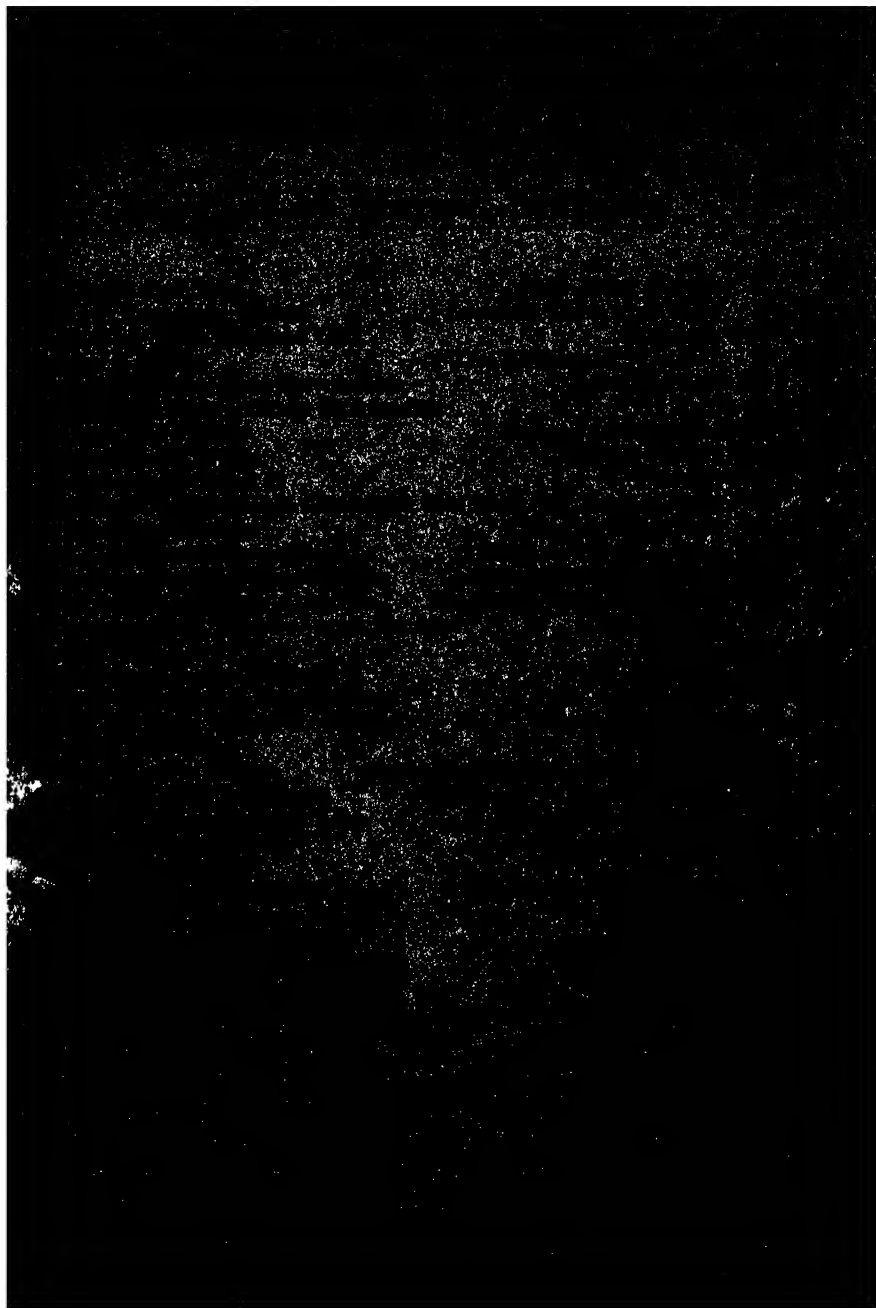
He quickly went through the oatmeal, high-chair and three-wheel bike period, and before I knew it he was reading his own funnies, smoking chocolate cigarettes and demanding a weekly allowance. Those were great days for me and my ego. For the first time in my life I had someone to talk to. Oh, I had talked before — chattering had been my racket for years, but now I was talking to someone who was listening attentively, and even seemed impressed by what I said. It was wonderful. He looked upon me as a combination of "Information Please," "Mr. Chips," and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

The years flew past, and then one gray day I sensed he wasn't listening any more. I realized the jig was up. Frantic, I began looking around for ways of supplementing the sketchy education I had absorbed in 25 years in vaudeville — and then I discovered *The Reader's Digest*. Inside of six months the pains had all disappeared — but so had my son. He, too, had discovered the fountain of knowledge and was up in his room with his own copy of *The Reader's Digest*, secretly boning up on life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The complete collapse occurred one evening at the dinner table, where customarily sounded off on the topics of the day. As I adroitly wove each new subject into the conversation, my son would nod his head sagely and say, "That's right, Dad. I read that in *The Reader's Digest*."

For a time it looked as though this would put a stop to our talks. But then something happened. We found how to turn talk into conversation. There are lots of evenings now when the facts and ideas given in a *Digest* article start real discussions — conversational marathons that run on and on, long after we've left the dinner table. The whole family joins in. We discuss this and argue that, and before we know it we have all gotten a new outlook on the world around us.

Teaching us how to pro and con *The Reader's Digest* is the biggest contribution my son has made to the Marx household since he first consented to wash the family car.



AUGUST 1940

The Reader's Digest

An article a day—of enduring significance, in condensed, permanent booklet form

NINETEENTH YEAR



VOLUME 37, NO. 220

This Land and Flag

An editorial reprinted from
The New York Times

WHAT IS the love of country for which our flag stands? Maybe it begins with love of the land itself. It is the fog rolling in with the tide at Eastport, or through the Golden Gate and among the towers of San Francisco. It is the sun coming up behind the White Mountains, over the Green, throwing a shining glory on Lake Champlain and above the Adirondacks. It is the storied Mississippi rolling swift and muddy past St. Louis, rolling past Cairo, pouring down past the levees of New Orleans. It is lazy noontide in the pines of Carolina, it is a sea of wheat rippling in western Kansas, it is the San Francisco peaks far north across the glowing nakedness of Arizona, it is the Grand Canyon and a little stream coming down out of a New England ridge, in which are trout.

It is men at work. It is the storm-tossed fishermen coming into Gloucester and Provincetown and Astoria. It is the farmer riding his great machine in the dust of harvest, the dairyman going to the barn before sunrise, the lineman mending the broken wire, the miner drilling for the blast. It is the servants of fire in the murky splendor of Pittsburgh, between the Allegheny and the Monongahela, the trucks rumbling through the night, the locomotive engineer bringing the train in on time, the pilot in the clouds, the riveter running along the beam a hundred feet in air. It is the clerk in the office, the housewife doing the dishes and sending the children off to

school. It is the teacher, doctor and parson tending and helping, body and soul, for small reward.

It is small things remembered, the little corners of the land, the houses, the people that each one loves. We love our country because there was a little tree on a hill, and grass thereon, and a sweet valley below; because the hurdy-gurdy man came along on a sunny morning in a city street; because a beach or a farm or a lane or a house that might not seem much to others was once, for each of us, made magic. It is voices that are remembered only, no longer heard. It is parents, friends, the lazy chat of street and store and office, and the ease of mind that makes life tranquil. It is summer and winter, rain and sun and storm. These are flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, blood of our blood, a lasting part of what we are, each of us and all of us together.

It is stories told. It is the Pilgrims dying in their first dreadful winter. It is the Minute Man standing his ground at Concord Bridge, and dying there. It is the army in rags, sick, freezing, starving at Valley Forge. It is the wagons and the men on foot going westward over Cumberland Gap, floating down the great rivers, rolling over the great plains. It is the settler hacking fiercely at the primeval forest on his new, his own lands. It is Thoreau at Walden Pond, Lincoln at Cooper Union, and Lee riding home from Appomattox. It is corruption and disgrace, answered always by men who would not let the flag lie in the dust, who have stood up in every generation to fight for the old ideals and the old rights, at risk of ruin or of life itself.

It is a great multitude of people on pilgrimage, common and ordinary people, charged with the usual human failings, yet filled with such a hope as never caught the imaginations and the hearts of any nation on earth before. The hope of liberty. The hope of justice. The hope of a land in which a man can stand straight, without fear, without rancor.

The land and the people and the flag — the land a continent, the people of every race, the flag a symbol of what humanity may aspire to when the wars are over and the barriers are down; to these each generation must be dedicated and consecrated anew, to defend with life itself, if need be, but, above all, in friendliness, in hope, in courage, to live for.

¶ An eloquent plea to fellow Britishers
to bridle their fears, to meet coolly
any surprise — under all circumstances

If Worst Comes to Worst

Condensed from Time and Tide (London)

Rebecca West

IF THE WORST comes to the worst, and the Germans invade England, many of us will be hurt and some of us will be killed. We will see other people being hurt and killed. Our homes may be destroyed, and woods and fields which are the fond background of our lives may be horribly annulled. We may know fire as a pursuing enemy and hunger and thirst as our companions, so well that sudden death becomes a friend. Well, it might be far worse.

It would be much worse, to take one possibility, if we behaved badly. We all of us are bound to feel fear during the next few

weeks. It is a wholesome reaction. But conceal it.

Conceal your fear. Act on it — get the fire hose and the sandbuckets ready, clear the attic. But do not give expression to it. Should you do so, you may be condemning yourself and all whom you love to the pangs of a perdition far worse than fear.

For fear and pain have one important characteristic in common. Their outward signs give onlookers an exaggerated impression of what the person who is ill or is afraid is suffering. Anyone who has undergone pain so severe that it has to show itself in cries and movements knows that these often overstate the discomfort actually felt. The body is calling for help, so it makes the appeal as strongly as possible.

BACK IN 1910, 17-year-old Cecily Isabel Fairfield left her native County Kerry, Ireland, and went to Britain to become a Great Actress. Fortunately for English letters, she remained on the stage only long enough to acquire a pen name from her role in Ibsen's *Rosmersholm* — Rebecca West. Under that pseudonym she became a literary critic and political writer for English and American newspapers, and also produced a series of finely etched novels and essays distinguished for their wit and urbanity. Among her more recent books are *The Harsh Voice* and *The Thinking Reed*. Her home is in London.

Fear, like pain, looks and sounds worse than it feels. When one is afraid of being killed in an air raid or by a parachutist, there are all sorts of considerations on the other side. There is the sporting chance of not being hit, the hope that somehow we may be able to perform some act of disservice to the enemy, the knowledge that the

military operations of which these raids will be a part should end in a victory for England and freedom from Hitler. But fear, like pain, is always an overstatement.

Therefore you should not speak the words it puts into your mouth, or let it decide the expression of your face. We have got to find out the code of conduct proper to the moment and apply it without help from others. We are all novices in this situation, even our governors. Therefore we might, if our code did not include the most rigid stoicism, contrive for ourselves a ruin which is worse than any pain. If we say, "We cannot bear having bombs dropped on us day after day because we are afraid of being killed," and if we say it again and again with the bogus poignancy of fear, it is possible that the government might believe us and feel obliged to make terms with the Germans.

This would not mean peace. It would, indeed, mean that we should never know peace again, and that our children and our children's children should not see its return. Our young men would be taken from us to fight Germany's wars of aggression against Russia, America, Africa and Asia, and come back to us trained in such delicate arts as machine-gunning civilian refugees. The rest of us would be forced to give our labor and every penny more than was needed for our bare subsistence to pay for these imbecile wars. The background of

our lives would be the fear of the concentration camp; and we would never again warm our hands at the fires of kindness and tolerance. Our lot would be that of the Czechs and Poles today. Let us, therefore, bridle our fear and give the government full opportunity to win the war.

And let us see to it that if the worst comes to the worst it finds us not only in command of our fear, but also beyond the power of surprise. Each of us should examine his or her circumstances in an attempt to foretell what predicaments the war may bring us, and whether they could lead us to be a trouble to the authorities, thus conniving at our own enslavement. We should all of us go to our doors and say to ourselves, "If the village were set on fire, I should be inclined to run away along that road. I must not do that if there are German troops on that road, for then our troops and aircraft might be afraid to bombard it. Even if there is no other way, I must not go on that road." The problem will differ in every locality; but we must always find a like solution. Otherwise, however well we mean, we will be as dangerous as cowards and traitors.

There is consolation in the ease with which we can now achieve unparalleled distinction. That is a miracle: a miracle of a sort called to mind by our patron saint, St. George of Cappadocia. I made

some inquiries into his identity two years ago in the Macedonian Toothhills, while wandering from church to mosque, watching Christians and Moslems ask St. George for children from barren wives and crops from barren lands.

Very little is known about St. George, who was martyred somewhere near Constantinople in the third century. Yet many are the miracles ascribed to this heroic and virtuous man. Once he saw some planks by the roadside, planks that were dead wood, cut and planed; he turned them back into trees. The sap ran up their veins, branches stirred in them, they put forth green leaves. This he did because they had been lying by the roadside to be built into a house which was not needed. The urgent requirement was a wood which good men could use as an ambush against rigands.

When we were young it seemed as if the modern world had made planks of us. We had been deprived of our individuality and planed down to uniform shape so that we should fit into a standardized world. That world has fallen to pieces. Now we are living trees again. Our habit of natural growth, whether we are stunted or noble, whether we are sickly or sturdy, is what counts today. If we chatter and prefer short-term safety from the bombs instead of long-term safety from slavery, then we are dead wood by the roadside, timber for a house that will never be built. But if we are a quiet shelter to all those who come within our shadow, then we shall have the dignity of the living forest, and the worst will be far from the worst. Indeed, it will be better than the best that we could have hoped for in the days before this test.



Illustrative Anecdotes — XXXVII —

❧ LIKE MANY tourists, Lewis Cotlow, president of the Adventurers' Club, wondered why Mexican peons always ride on burros while their wives walk along behind. Finally he stopped a peasant and asked him the reason. The Mexican, looking very surprised, replied, "But *señor*, my wife doesn't own a burro." — *This Week Magazine*

❧ AN ARTIST who wanted a home among the Taconic Hills of Vermont was talking the matter over with a farmer who allowed that he had a house for sale. "I must have a good view," said the artist. "Is there a good view?"

"Well," drawled the farmer, "from the front porch yuh kin see Ed Snow's barn, but beyond that there ain't nuthin' but a bunch of moun-tins."

— Arthur Guiterman

U-boats sinking ships and laying mines along our Atlantic coast — a German exploit that found us panicky and defenseless

When New York Blacked Out

Condensed from Collier's

Arthur Forester and A. J. Russell, Jr.

ON June 4, New York's police commissioner ordered the city darkened. Advertising signs were shut off, tall buildings blacked. Citizens lowered their window shades.

A steel net, stretched across the harbor narrows, closed the port. Anti-aircraft guns were manned. The subways, it was announced, would serve as air-raid shelters. The police established 90 first-aid units; 500 physicians were mobilized and wealthy citizens volunteered their homes as emergency hospitals.

That was June 4, 1918.

Until June 3 the war had been far away. But on that morning 12 seamen shuffled into the barge office at the Battery and announced that their schooner, the *Edward H. Cole*, had been sunk by a German submarine only 45 miles off the American coast.

At first their story was not taken seriously. Then the crew of a second vessel came in with a similar story. Alarm spread. Before night, three other crews reported the sinking of

their ships by a German submarine.

Captain Holbrook of the schooner *Hattie Dunn* reported that on Saturday morning, May 25, his ship was 20 miles off Maryland's Winter Shoals when suddenly a gun boomed across the water. The

German submarine U-151 came alongside. A boarding party placed time bombs in the *Hattie Dunn* and ordered her crew to row to the waiting submarine.

Before sundown, the U-151 sank two other schooners, and had 23 prisoners. For eight days these American seamen lived aboard the U-151. They saw her cut two cables 60 miles east of Sandy Hook and lay mine fields near Cape May and Cape Henlopen.

On June 2, the U-151 sank two more ships. The survivors, along with the 23 prisoners, were loaded into lifeboats. One boatload was picked up by the *S.S. Santiago* and taken to New York. The others were found about 25 miles southeast of Barnegat.

On June 4, when 28 "be-draggled, exhausted and famished"

Footnote
to
History
— XIII —

survivors of the *S.S. Carolina* landed in a lifeboat at Atlantic City, a thousand Shriners, gathered there in convention, wept and cheered at their arrival, waded into the surf to help the survivors ashore. A collection of \$1002 was taken up in a large American flag passed along the beach.

A state of near hysteria resulted. New York feared that the submarines might be accompanied by a mother ship carrying planes. Rumors were rampant: There were secret bases all along the coast. A schooner was seen stocking a U-boat with provisions 40 miles offshore. A floating U-boat repair dock was spotted in mid-Atlantic. A substance like mustard gas, coming in from the sea, overcame six persons and killed a brood of chickens near Charleston, South Carolina. Every floating object was a periscope. Many persons were arrested, accused of communicating with the submarines from our shores.

An officer from one German submarine was reported seen in a New York restaurant by one of his victims. Survivors of a sunken fishing schooner landed at Nantucket said one German officer had ticket stubs for a New York theater dated only two days previous. In Ocean City, New Jersey, a beach walker was shot and killed as a spy by coast guardsmen, having been seen, it was said, signaling out to sea with powerful electric torches.

Rumors were largely baseless. But one fact cannot be denied: during the summer and early fall of 1918 there were six raids by U-boats off the coast of the United States.

The first raider, the U-151, not only sank 22 vessels and laid five mine fields, but accomplished the spectacular feat of transferring a cargo of 80 tons of copper from the steamship *Vindeggen* at sea. The next raider, the U-156, caused a sensation when she came up only three miles off Cape Cod, one Sunday morning in July, and opened fire. Before the eyes of hundreds of startled vacationists she quickly set a tug ablaze and sank four barges with a total of 41 persons aboard, all of whom were rescued. Fragments of the shells even reached the shore.

Four student aviators from the nearby Chatham Naval Air Station took off in hydroplanes to sink the raider. Their bombs failed to explode. As a last resort, sandbags were dropped. The U-156, finding the planes harmless, opened fire on them. After an hour and a half the U-boat headed south on the surface.

The U-156 sank 29 vessels in all. She captured and armed a trawler which, in turn, sank six fishing schooners. On the homeward voyage, however, she hit a North Sea mine — the only raider that failed to reach home safely.

Four other submarines appeared

along the coast during the summer. Altogether they sank or seriously damaged 100 vessels, including a 10,000-ton tanker and the U.S.S. *Ticonderoga*, with 237 men aboard. The U.S.S. *San Diego* and the U.S.S. *Minnesota* were sunk by mines, the former just off Fire Island.

Washington had been warned in advance of all this by the British Admiralty, which reported on May 1 that it had been informed by

"reliable agents" that the U-151 had left Germany on April 10 for a U.S. raid. So precise was the information that the Admiralty even knew the U-boat's route and speed. Naval bases were warned, and, when the raiders struck, destroyers, blimps, and planes set out in pursuit. Yet, despite elaborate preparations, the Navy did not sink or seriously damage one U-boat during that entire summer.

That was 1918.



Two Weeks Before the Mast

ALONG the Atlantic seaboard this summer the sailing-ship tradition is being revived for the benefit of landlubbers of both sexes. Old wind-jammers, trading schooners, and yachts whose owners cannot support them in the style to which they're accustomed are being furnished with extra cabins and bunks and are taking passengers for cruises of one to two weeks.

Captain Frank Swift, pioneer of the plan, has four renovated schooners which sail out of the old whaling port of Camden, Maine, every Monday. The captains and cooks are the only professionals aboard; the 14 to 18 passengers do most of the work — and like it. The skippers lay their courses among the islands and along the coast of Penobscot Bay, according to winds

and tides, anchoring at night off some village where the "crews" may have shore leave. Passengers bring their own blankets and look after their cabins — which are small but, as Captain Swift says, "handy as a pocket in a shirt." They also lend a hand with the sails, with deck-scrubbing and dishwashing; they may even take the wheel when there's nothing about to run into. But there is plenty of time to loaf, fish and swim. And all for about \$5 a day.

Yachts, of course, offer more luxury. The *Dutchess*, for example, a 90-foot schooner yacht with teak decks, mahogany cabins and Diesel engines, takes passengers for an eight-day cruise for \$110, sailing from New York with a crew to do all the work.

— Albert K. Dawson

[A typical roadside stand; and a touch of
humble yet magnificent human kindness

Two for a Penny

Condensed from "The Grapes of Wrath"

John Steinbeck

HAMBURGER STANDS along Highway 66 -- Al & Susy's Place -- Carl's Lunch -- Joe & Minnie -- Will's Eats. Two gasoline pumps in front, a screen door, a long bar, stools, and a foot-rail. Near the door three slot machines, showing through glass the wealth in nickels three bars will bring. And beside them, the nickel phonograph with records piled up like pies. At one end of the counter a covered case: candy, cigarettes, razor blades, aspirin, Bromo-Seltzer. The walls decorated with posters, blondes in white bathing suits

holding a bottle of Coca-Cola and smiling. Beer taps behind the counter, and in back the coffee urns, shiny and steaming.

Minnie or Susy or Mae, middle-aging behind the counter, hair curled and rouge and powder on a sweating face. Taking orders in a soft low voice, calling them to the cook with a screech like a peacock. Mopping the counter with circular strokes, polishing the big shining coffee urns. The cook is Joe or Carl or Al, hot in a white coat and apron, beady sweat on white forehead, below the white cook's cap; moody, rarely speaking, looking up for a moment at each new entry. He repeats Mae's orders gently, scrapes the griddle, wipes it down with burlap. Moody and silent.

Mae is the contact, smiling mechanically -- unless she is serving truck drivers. There's the backbone of the joint. Where the trucks stop, that's where the customers come. Can't fool truck drivers, they know. They bring the custom. They know. Mae really smiles with all her might at truck drivers.

A truck pulls up. Two men in khaki riding trousers, boots, short

JOHN STEINBECK is probably the most famous and least known writer in America today. Shy, publicity-abhorring, he detests public functions and sticks close to his ranch near Los Gatos, Calif. Success has come to him suddenly. For years he traveled about the country getting jobs wherever he could, on cattle ranches, in a sugar refinery, as caretaker for an estate. Once he helped carry bricks for the building of Madison Square Garden. His first three novels were failures, but *Tortilla Flat* (1935) went through eight editions; *Of Mice and Men* (1937) was a best-seller; and *The Grapes of Wrath* has sold more than 450,000 copies and become a motion-picture hit. Steinbeck, now 38, is at present preparing a movie about modern Mexico.

jackets, and shiny-visored military caps. Screen door — slam.

H'ya, Mae?

Well, if it ain't Big Bill the Rat! When'd you get back on this run? Week ago.

Mae smiles. Well, what's it gonna be?

Oh, cup a Java. Kinda pie ya got?

Banana cream, pineapple cream, chocolate cream — an' apple.

Make it apple.

Steam spurts from the valve of the coffee urn. The compressor of the ice machine chugs softly for a time and then stops. The electric fan in the corner waves its head slowly back and forth, sweeping the room with a warm breeze. On the highway, on 66, the cars whiz by.

BIG BILL grasped his cup around the top so that the spoon stuck up between his first and second fingers. He drew in a snort of air with the coffee, to cool it. "You ought to be out on 66. Cars from all over the country. All headin' West."

"We seen a wreck this mornin'," his companion said. "Big Cad, a honey, low, cream-color, special job. Hit a truck. Folded the radiator right back into the driver. Must a been-doin' 90. Steerin' wheel went right on through the guy an' lef' him a-wigglin' like a frog on a hook."

Al looked up from his griddle. "Hurt the truck?"

"Wasn't really a truck. One of

them cut-down cars full a stoves an' pans an' mattresses an' kids an' chickens. Goin' West, you know. This guy come by us doin' 90 — r'ared up on two wheels just to pass us, an' a car's comin' so he cuts in an' whangs this here truck. Drove like he's blin' drunk. Never seen such a mess. The air was full a bed-clothes an' chickens an' kids. Killed one kid. We pulled up. Ol' man that's drivin' the truck, he jus' stan's there lookin' at that dead kid. Can't get a word out of 'em. Jus' rum-dumb. The road is full a them families goin' West. Wonder where the hell they all come from?"

"Wonder where they all go to," said Mae. "Come here for gas sometimes, but they don't hardly never buy nothin' else. People says they steal. We ain't got nothin' layin' around. They never stole nothin' from us."

Big Bill, munching his pie, looked up the road through the screened window. "Better tie your stuff down. I think you got some of 'em comin' now."

A 1926 Nash sedan pulled wearily off the highway. The back seat was piled nearly to the ceiling with sacks, with pots and pans, and on the very top, right up against the ceiling, two boys rode. On the top of the car, a mattress and a folded tent; tent poles tied along the running board. The car pulled up to the gas pumps. A dark-haired, hatchet-faced man got slowly out and the two boys slid down.

Mae walked around the counter and stood in the door. The man was dressed in gray wool trousers and a blue shirt. The boys in ragged overalls and nothing else. Their faces were streaked with dust. They went directly to the mud puddle under the hose and dug their toes into the mud.

The man asked, "Can we git some water, ma'am?"

A look of annoyance crossed Mae's face. "Sure, go ahead." She said softly over her shoulder, "I'll keep my eye on the hose." She watched while the man slowly unscrewed the radiator cap.

A woman in the car said, "See if you can't git it here."

The man turned off the hose and screwed on the cap again. The little boys took the hose from him and they upended it and drank thirstily. The man took off his dark, stained hat and stood with a curious humility in front of the screen. "Could you see your way to sell us a loaf 'of bread, ma'am?"

Mae said, "This ain't a grocery store. We got bread to make san'widges."

"I know, ma'am." His humility was insistent. "We need bread and there ain't nothin' for quite a piece, they say."

"'F we sell bread we gonna run out." Mae's tone was faltering.

"We're hungry," the man said.

"Whyn't you buy a san'widge?"

"We'd sure admire to do that, ma'am. But we can't. We got to

make a dime do all of us." And he said embarrassedly, "We ain't got but a little."

Mae said, "You can't get no loaf a bread for a dime. We only got 15-cent loafs."

From behind her Al growled, "Hell, Mae, give 'em bread."

"We'll run out 'fore the bread truck comes."

"Run out, then, goddamn it," said Al.

Mae shrugged her plump shoulders and looked to the truck drivers to show them what she was up against.

She held the screen door open and the man came in, bringing a smell of sweat with him. The boys edged in behind him and they went immediately to the candy case and stared in — not with craving or with hope or even with desire, but just with a kind of wonder that such things could be.

Mae opened a drawer and took out a long waxpaper-wrapped loaf. "This here is a 15-cent loaf."

The man put his hat back on his head. "Won't you — can't you see your way to cut off ten cents' worth?"

Al said snarlingly, "Goddamn it, Mae. Give 'em the loaf."

The man turned toward Al. "No, we want ta buy ten cents' worth of it."

Mae said resignedly, "You can have this for ten cents."

"That'd be robbin' you, ma'am."

"Go ahead — Al says to take it."

She pushed the waxpapered loaf across the counter. The man took a leather pouch from his rear pocket. He dug in the pouch with a forefinger, located a dime, and pinched in for it. When he put it down on the counter he had a penny with it. He was about to drop the penny back into the pouch when his eye fell on the boys frozen before the candy counter. He moved slowly down to them. He pointed in the case at big long sticks of striped peppermint. "Is them penny candy, ma'am?"

Mae looked in. "Which ones?"
"There, them stripy ones."

The little boys raised their eyes to her face and they stopped breathing; their mouths were partly opened, their half-naked bodies were rigid.

"Oh — them. Well, no — them's two for a penny."

"Well, gimme two then, ma'am." He placed the copper cent carefully on the counter. The boys expelled their held breath softly. Mae held the big sticks out.

"Take 'em," said the man.

They reached timidly, each took a stick, and they held them down at their sides and did not look at them. But they looked at each other, and their mouth corners smiled rigidly with embarrassment.

"Thank you, ma'am." The man picked up the bread and went out the door, and the little boys marched stiffly behind him, the red-striped sticks held tightly. They leaped like

chipmunks over the front seat and onto the top of the load.

The man got in and, with a cloud of blue smoke, the ancient Nash went on its way West.

From inside the restaurant the truck drivers and Mae and Al stared after them.

Big Bill wheeled back. "Them wasn't two-for-a-cent candy," he said.

"What's that to you?" Mae said fiercely.

"Them was nickel-apiece candy," said Bill.

"We got to get goin'," said the other man. "We're droppin' time." They reached in their pockets. Bill put a coin on the counter and the other man looked at it and reached again and put down a coin. They swung around and walked to the door.

"So long," said Bill.

Mae called, "Hey! Wait a minute. You got change."

"Go to hell," said Bill, and the screen door slammed.

Mae watched them get into the great truck, watched it lumber off. "Al —" she said softly.

He looked up from his hamburgers. "What ya want?"

"Look there." She pointed at the coins beside the cups — two half dollars. Al walked near and looked, and then he went back to his work.

"Truck drivers," Mae said reverently.

The cars whizzed viciously by on 66.

¶ President López points the way to a self-sufficient,
politically unified Western Hemisphere

Venezuela's One-Man Revolution

Condensed from *The Living Age*
(With supplementary material by the author)

Michael Scully

WITHOUT a shot being fired, Venezuela is going through a revolution which advances the hopes of a self-sufficient, politically unified Western Hemisphere more than anything that has happened south of our border in a century. In this unique upheaval a ruler is revolting against the lethargic spirit of his people, a dictator is driving his country toward democracy. The ruler is Eleazar López y Contreras, a frail, gray, gentlemanly man who has an idea strange to Latin-American ruling classes: that the people, not the mineral wealth, are the greatest natural resource of the southern countries.

When we in the United States dream of a Latin-American market of 130,000,000 customers, we forget that the peasant, who scrapes a bare living from the earth and buys practically nothing, is 80 percent of that market. When we vision a strong, coöperative union of Western democracies, we forget that a majority of Latins cannot read the elaborate constitutions that govern them, that these illiterate masses are highly susceptible to any "ism," foreign or

domestic. Unless the dark little man in the patchwork pants can be made into a productive, consuming, thinking citizen, a healthy, self-sustaining Pan-America is impossible. President López believes there's nothing wrong with the peasant that good health, a little education and a fair economic opportunity won't cure.

Venezuela is as big as our whole Middle West. Much of its land is rich and lies high enough to be temperate in climate. Yet it has a population of only 3,500,000. The president believes that if its mineral wealth, heretofore exploited by a few privileged politicians, is plowed back — first to reclaim the people, then to develop farms and industries — Venezuela can support 20,000,000 productive citizens.

Venezuela is the world's second largest oil producer. Oil companies, chiefly American, pay the government about \$40,000,000 a year. As fast as this revenue comes in, López is turning it into a mass welfare program.

He has been in office four years, and schools have doubled, pupils trebled, sewers have been put into

every sizable town, and the country has been dotted with hospitals. Highway mileage into new farming areas is being doubled, together with substantial progress in model housing, irrigation and agricultural instruction. Movies teach remote villages the benefits of proper diet and personal hygiene. Sanitary engineers war on mosquitoes and flies.

López can point out that his program has been inspired, as well as made financially possible, by the oil companies. When they pioneered the now fabulous Lake Maracaibo fields, 20 years ago, finding oil was the least of their problems; the real job was to find men to produce it. The natives were illiterate and undernourished. Malaria was universal, tuberculosis, syphilis and tropical diseases rampant. So doctors and sanitary engineers went in abreast of the first drillers. Swamps were drained, miles of sewers laid, screens introduced, hospitals built. Model villages were laid out, their concrete houses equipped with the first baths and plumbing the occupants had ever seen.

Today the oil camp families seem hardly of the same race as their relatives in native villages. Some diseases have been reduced 90 percent; infant mortality has taken a tremendous drop. Substitution of a varied diet for the old one of plantains, beans and occasional goat meat has added inches and pounds to men, women and children.

The mental improvement is even

greater. A field superintendent recalls: "We combed the coast and mountains to find men who could carry out a simple order, and seldom found one to measure up to a minor foreman's job. But today most of our drillers, the highest grade of skilled oil workers, are Venezuelans, and as competent as Americans. The law demands that we employ 75 percent native workers, but we find ourselves with nearer 90 percent. Even the unskilled worker is twice the man he was 15 years ago."

The oil companies' problem, however, has been confined to two small areas. López's effort is nation-wide.

Control of South America's most despotic, socially hopeless dictatorship was thrust into López's hands upon the death of Juan Vicente Gómez in 1936. Gómez, a semiliterate Andean rancher, had ruled for 27 years, jailing, exiling or killing all who challenged his power.* When he died, he owned 20 percent of Venezuela's cultivated land and, by exacting tribute from 100 percent of its business, was one of the wealthiest men in the world.

Soft-spoken General López was that rarest of Latin public phenomena, a nonpolitical soldier. During his 36 years in the army he had never voiced a political ambition. As Minister of War, in a government whose revenues often melted by half before they reached their

* See "Gómez, Tyrant of the Andes," *The Reader's Digest*, May, '37.

destination, he had been honest. He was everything that Gómez was not — pious, temperate, well educated; a source of constant wonder to the cynical old despot. Yet Gómez knew that only the army could guide Venezuela's course after his death, and that only López could control the army. With his last breath, he made López his successor.

Before López could form his government, anti-Gómez elements unleashed a reign of anarchy, killing Gómez's relatives and henchmen and pillaging their properties. They shrieked for communism and death for the aristocrats. The arch-reactionaries of the old regime demanded that this mob be ridden down.

But instead of iron-fisted terrorism or surrender to mob rule, López launched his one-man, middle-ground revolution. The press, he announced, was free. Labor could organize, and a new labor law specifying its rights and goals would be enacted. He invited back the thousands whom Gómez had exiled, many of the country's best minds among them. Gómez's vast estate was divided up to satisfy legitimate claims, the residue operated for the public welfare. The monopolies by which Gómez bled the country were abolished.

Speaking like a schoolmaster, while a quick-triggered army stood ready to emphasize his words, López speedily re-established order. Where it was necessary to his program, he was a dictator. When a group of young radicals tried to swing the

labor movement to communism, he tossed them out of the country as effectively as Gómez himself might have done. On the other hand, he made the dummy congress a truly deliberative legislature, and insisted that his own term of office be cut from seven to five years.

Cynics waited for the joke to end, for López to move into his predecessor's palatial estates and reopen the spigots of graft for his own henchmen. But he continues to live in his unpretentious home, and his two sons have workaday jobs outside the government. Government orders are headed "Without Exception," to make clear that the day of the privileged few has passed. Sons of the rich serve their compulsory period in the army.

There are more doctors' degrees than army titles among cabinet members. Honesty and competence have been made the sole requisites of the officeholder. Among López's critics I could not find one who could point to scandal, pecuniary or otherwise. This, with public money flowing into scores of projects, is an unprecedented achievement in Venezuela, where formerly as little as 10 percent of a highway appropriation actually went into construction.

Latin leaders of the past have invariably built costly palaces and ornate public buildings — false façades of progress for the squalor behind them. López is almost Scotch in his thrifty spending. The government is modestly housed. The 1050 schools

opened under his regime are utilitarian affairs that bring reading, writing and arithmetic to wholly illiterate villages. The 1300 miles of highway being built are a few miles here, another strip there, to open up ranching country, make a port accessible, promote colonization.

López has encouraged two small, experimental colonies of immigrants, one of Danes, another of Spanish Basques and Portuguese. Plans for others are under way. "We need strong, intelligent immigrants who will mix with and improve our native population," he says.

He has hired North American engineers and other specialists for many of his projects, and has introduced a promising plan of collaboration with American investors. Half ownership of a new General Tire Company plant in Caracas has been sold to Venezuelans, with the government providing the land and making tax concessions. This, López expects, will eventually develop Venezuela's wild rubber supply far up the Orinoco. More important, it makes industrial investors of native capitalists who would not go into industry on their own initiative, but have confidence in American skill and management. A company headed by Nelson Rockefeller is making Venezuelan investments in the same way. Others are studying the possibilities.

Today the once hopeless country has a bigger-and-better-Venezuela spirit, much like that of a

boom-town chamber of commerce. It appears everywhere; even match covers distributed by the government bear such slogans as "Cultivate the soil and you cultivate your country." To grip public imagination, López has called his program a "three-year plan," but he has said privately that the country "must carry out a 30-year plan." And he has laid the groundwork by bringing into key posts able, public-spirited disciples, to carry on after his own term expires next year.

López has imbued in the vast majority of Venezuelans an appreciation of their new liberties and a belief that his peasant-reclamation project will work. Where only 150,000 have heretofore been qualified by literacy to vote, he is broadening the true base of democracy by education of the masses. He has pulled the country out of the morass of feudalism and built strong safeguards against the "isms" that have wrecked Europe. Incidentally, his spending program already has made Venezuela — oil company purchases aside — the biggest per capita buyer of U. S. goods in Latin America.

A dozen Latin lands are watching intently, pondering the thought that the people, rather than gold, copper, oil and nitrates, are the real basis of wealth and stability for capitalist as well as peasant. López's one-man revolt may influence the future course of Latin America and be of vital importance to the United States.

Why I Came to America

A SYMPOSIUM

What unique qualities have we in our American way of life which other countries lack? What elements are there for us not only to defend, but to carry forward as a measure of hope in a desperate world? Those of us who were born here know our own country too well, and other countries too little, to make useful comparisons. But those who left other countries to come to ours can throw a revealing light on America's place in civilization. Let these comments, by some of America's adopted sons, speak for themselves.

Ernst Feise (German)

Professor, Johns Hopkins:

"I CAME to America because I was attracted by the wide open spaces, physically, intellectually, socially, economically. I came in the hope of finding an opportunity to develop more fully as a human being, as a teacher, and as a scholar. European society was too closely organized, too strongly bound up in traditions, weighing too heavily upon the individual who looked for independence and a democratic mode of life. I have learned to appreciate the respect for honest work in this country. Even in days of distress I have never regretted my decision."

I. I. Sikorsky (Russian)

Ablation engineer and designer:

"MY DEPARTURE from Russia was caused by my disapproval of Marxism. I chose America because I believed that in this country a man could find true opportunities to work and arrange his life freely. This freedom, and the

progressive pioneering spirit of the country, formed the basis of my decision. I am very happy indeed that I made the choice I did."

Eugene Ormandy (Hungarian)

Conductor, Philadelphia Orchestra:

"I CAME to this country because of my feeling for the democratic principles on which it is based. From boyhood I felt that the United States was the place in which I would like to live and die. I came here as a concert violinist, and through chance I was given an opportunity to become a conductor. Such chances rarely occur in Europe. In the United States ability is more important than influence, and for that reason I have the deepest appreciation for the opportunities provided in the land of my adoption."

Stephen S. Wise (Hungarian)

Rabbi, Free Synagogue, New York:

"I WAS only one year old when my mother brought me to the United States in July 1875.

"The day after Lincoln's assassination, my father, a student in Germany, was talking with a number of other students. One of them said, 'Some day, I am going to live in America.' Another, 'Some day, I am going to live in the land of gold.' My father, moved by the report of Lincoln's death, quietly said, 'Some day I am going to live in the land of Lincoln.' I thank God every day of my life for the choice which my father made, and for the reason that prompted him!"

Benjamin Stolberg (German)

Author, journalist, lecturer:

"I CAME to this country in 1908. I have no feeling of ever having been an alien here. I feel about America as I feel about my son: it's mine, and that's all there is to it.

"Since the rise of totalitarianism, I feel that our democracy — with all its faults — is the hope of civilization. We must preserve it, not merely as Americans but as human beings."

C.M.P. (Latvian)

University professor:

"TO ME America seemed the 'promised land.' I had studied its history and its constitution, and gratefully found refuge here as one of a group of Latvian patriots in danger of arrest abroad. Needless to say, I treasure my American citizenship now more than ever before. Whatever I have achieved

I owe to the opportunities which America offered and still offers. My indebtedness to the land over which float the *Stars and Stripes* can never be repaid; and there is no service that I would not render this country of my adoption."

Arthur D. Gayer (English)

Economist, professor, Columbia University:

"WHEN I came to America to do research, I had no intention of making my stay permanent. But despite offers of positions in England carrying larger salaries than I was earning here, I made up my mind to remain. I found myself increasingly sympathetic with the trend of American affairs, while Europe, in my opinion, has moved backward. There is more hope of the values that I prize — liberty, democracy and social progress — being preserved and furthered in the United States than in any country."

F. D. Murnaghan (Irish)

Professor of applied mathematics, Johns Hopkins:

"I CAME to America at the age of 21, to study at Johns Hopkins. My life here ever since has deepened the conviction that America is, for young men and particularly for young scientists, the Land of the Blest. It has been called by ignorant and unthinking people the Land of the Almighty Dollar; but my own experience

teaches that its more appropriate name is the one earned centuries ago by the island of my birth: The Land of Saints and Scholars."

Max Schling (Austrian)

Horticulturist:

"MY REASON for coming here was plain and simple wanderlust. I happened to arrive the day when Admiral Dewey returned from Manila, and was thrilled by the enthusiastic reception he received. When I inquired if he was a citizen of New York, I was told, 'He is a citizen of America!' I forgot my urge to travel; I marched right down to the old Post Office and got my first 'papers.'

"My success here has depended in large part upon the unlimited possibilities that America offers a young man who is willing to work."

Henry M. Baker (English)

*Asst. Manager, Pacific Branch,
American Red Cross:*

"I WAS FILLED with a hunger for knowledge and a yearning for freedom, when I came to this country 30 years ago. Day and night I had dreamed of breaking through the iron bars of poverty and class distinction. Poverty kept me from college in England, but my room was full of catalogues of American universities. Here was a country in which education was not just for those with means.

"I came here also for freedom: freedom to climb from poverty;

freedom from class and caste; freedom from useless but ever present traditions; freedom to think and grow and really live.

"Did I find what I came for? Yes, a thousand times over. Education was mine for the price of personal toil. Unbelievable it seemed at first that I could pay for classics and sciences by mowing lawns and cleaning furnaces. And to find that I was not inferior to the men whose lawns I was mowing was education indeed.

"I found freedom. It gave one the urge to accomplish. It stimulated to individual enterprise. It developed a deep and abiding affection for the American way of life, and a profound respect for American institutions."

Emil Lengyel (Hungarian)

Author, educator:

"BECAUSE I wanted to get away from the atmosphere of hatred that blanketed Europe, I came to America at the age of 26. Instantly I became an American superpatriot. When someone told me that the New York subways were noisy or that it was a mistake to have judges elected, I felt inclined to shoot him. I am slightly more critical now, but I still whisper to myself in my frequent soliloquies about the merits of men and countries that as there are geniuses among men so there are also among nations, and that the United States is *that* genius."

¶ An amusing character study on which *Life with Father* — this season's dramatic hit — was based

God and My Father

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Clarence Day

THE RELIGIOUS IDEAS of my strong-minded, conservative father were straightforward and simple. From boyhood he accepted churches as a natural part of his surroundings. He would never have invented such things himself. But they were here and he regarded them as unquestioningly as he did banks. They were substantial structures, respectable, decent, and frequented by the right sort of people.

On the other hand he never allowed churches — or banks — to dictate to him. He gave each the respect due it, from his point of view; but he also expected from

each the respect he felt due to him. Above all, the one thing a church should not tamper with was a man's soul. Such intrusion was distinctly ungentlemanly — after all a man's soul was his own personal affair. And when our rector talked of imitating the saints, it seemed drivel to Father. Father regarded himself as a more all-round man than the saints. From his point of view they had neglected nine tenths of their duties — they had no business connections, no families, they hadn't even paid taxes.

WHEN Clarence Day died, in 1935, America lost one of its best-loved writers. Son of a prosperous Wall Street broker, grandson of the founder of the *New York Sun*, Day avoided the business career mapped out for him by his father and joined the Navy. Soon he fell a victim to arthritis, and for his remaining 36 years he was an invalid. His gift for benevolently debunking the human race expressed itself in the self-illustrated books that began with *This Simian World*; but it was not until shortly before his death that he reached and enchanted a national audience with his recollections of his own family life, *God and My Father* and *Life with Father* — the books from which the current Broadway hit, *Life with Father*, was derived.

My mother, who more than made up for the piety Father lacked, once wrote in my plush-covered autograph album, "Fear God and keep His commandments": but the motto that Father wrote was, "Do your duty and fear no one." Father's code was definite and indisputable. It was to be upright, fearless and honorable, and to brush your clothes properly; and in general always to do the right thing in every department of life. The right thing to do for religion was to go to some good church on Sundays.

Father never doubted the existence of God. On the contrary, God and Father had somehow achieved

a strange but harmonious relationship. He seemed to envisage a God in his own image — a God who had small use for emotionalism and who prized strength and dignity, although he could never understand why God had peopled the world with “so many damn fools and Democrats.” God and Father seldom met: their spheres were so different; but they had perfect confidence in each other and, Father thought, saw eye to eye in most things.

For example, God must feel most affectionately toward my mother, just as he did. God knew she had faults, but He saw she was lovely and good — despite some mistaken ideas that she had about money. Naturally God loved Mother, as everyone must. At the gate of Heaven, if there was any misunderstanding about his own ticket, Father counted on Mother to get him in. That was her affair.

Unlike Mother, Father never had any moments of feeling “unworthy.” This was a puzzle to Mother. Other people went to church to be made better, she told him. Why didn’t he? He replied in astonishment that he had no need to be better — he was all right as he was. It wasn’t at all easy for Father to see that he had any faults; and if he did, it didn’t even occur to him to ask God to forgive them. He forgave them himself. In his moments of prayer, when he and God tried to commune with each

other, it wasn’t his own shortcomings that were brought on the carpet, but God’s.

Father expected a good deal of God. Not that he wanted God’s help; far less His guidance. But God — like the rest of us — sometimes spoiled Father’s plans. Father was always trying to bring some good thing to pass, only to meet with obstacles. Wrathfully he would call God’s attention to them. He didn’t actually accuse God of inefficiency, but when he prayed his tone was loud and angry, like that of a dissatisfied guest in a carelessly managed hotel.

I never saw Father kneel in supplication. He usually talked with God lying in bed. On those nights the sound of damns would float up to my room — at first tragic and low, then loud and exasperated. At the peak of these, I would hear him call “Oh, God?” over and over, with a rising inflection, as though he were demanding that God should present himself instantly, and sit in the fat green chair in the corner to be duly admonished. Then when Father felt that God was listening, he would recite his current botheration and begin to expostulate in a discouraged but strong voice, “Oh, God, it’s too much. Amen. . . . I say it’s too damned much. . . . No, no, I can’t stand it. Amen.” After a pause, if he didn’t feel better, he would suspect that God might be trying to sneak back to Heaven without doing anything,

and I would hear him shout warningly, "Oh, God! I *won't* stand it! A-a-men." Sometimes he would ferociously bark a few extra Amens, and then, soothed and satisfied, peacefully go to sleep.

Father's behavior in church was often a source of sorrow to Mother. He usually started at peace with the world, settled contentedly in his end seat. The Episcopal service in general he didn't criticize — it was stately and quiet, but the sermon was always a gamble. If bad, his expression would darken as he struggled to control himself. At such times Mother, who had been anxiously watching him out of the corner of her eye, would say, "Clare, you mustn't." To which Father would reply, "Bah!"

One day a visiting rector went too far. Ending his sermon he drew a fanciful picture of a businessman at the close of his day. He described how this hard-headed man sat surrounded by ledgers, and how after studying them for hours he chanced to look out of his window at the light in God's sky, and then it came to him that money and ledgers were dross. Whereat, as twilight spread over the city, this strange businessman bowed his head, and with streaming eyes resolved to devote his life to Far Higher Things.

"Oh, damn," Father burst out, so explosively that the man across the aisle jumped, and I heard old Mrs. Tillotson, in the second pew behind, titter.

Aside from the untruth of such a picture of business, to Father the whole attitude was pernicious. Anyone dreamy enough to think of money as "dross" was bound to get in hot water.

When hymns were sung Father usually stood as silent as an eagle among doves, leaving others to abase themselves in sentiments that he didn't share.

Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

How could Father sing that? His head was far from defenseless, and he would have scorned to ask shelter. As he stood there, high-spirited, resolute, I could imagine him marching with that same independence through space — a tiny speck masterfully dealing with death and infinity.

It was Father's custom to put one dollar in the contribution plate weekly. It bothered Mother dreadfully to see Father give so little. Father's reply was that a dollar was a good, handsome sum, and that it would be better for Mother if she could learn this. He had a great deal to say on this point. But after a while Mother made him feel that it was beneath his dignity not to give more. Even then he didn't surrender; he compromised instead: before starting for church he put his usual dollar in his right-hand waistcoat pocket, but in the left-hand pocket he put a new five-dollar bill; and he stated that from

now on he would make a handsome offer: let the rector preach a decent sermon and he would give him the five.

When the rector entered the pulpit we boys watched with a thrill, as though he were a racehorse at the barrier. He usually either robbed himself of the prize in the very first lap by getting off on the wrong foot — or after a blameless beginning, he would run clear off the course that Father had in silence marked out for him, and gallop away unconsciously in some other direction. It gave a boy a sobering sense of the grimness of fate.

One day the rector began talking about the need for what he called a New Edifice. Father paid little attention to this until he realized that he, too, would have to subscribe. Then he became roused. He said he might have known it was just a damn scheme to get money.

He was still more upset when Mother said that, since he had a good pew, they would expect him to give a big sum. This was like an earthquake. Father barricaded himself every evening in the library and declared he wouldn't see any callers. Later, however, when he had cooled down a bit, Mother told him he'd at least have to see the committee.

He waited, fretful and uneasy. One night Mother heard sounds in the library. Father was doing all the talking, stating his sentiments in his usual strong, round tones. He got more and more shouty.

Mother began to fear the committee mightn't like being scolded. But when she peeked in, there was no one there but Father, thumping his hand with a hammerlike beat on his newspaper. "In ordinary circumstances," he was saying to the imaginary committeemen, "I should have expected to subscribe to this project. But recently my investments" (thump, thump, on the newspaper) "have shown me heavy losses." Here he thought of the New Haven Railroad and groaned. "*Damned* heavy losses!" he roared. "Who the devil's that? Oh, it's you, Vinnie. Come in, dear Vinnie. I'm lonely."

In the end he gave liberally — as befitted his status in the church. Our pew had cost Father \$5000, and though he hated to invest all that money in a mere place to sit, he could sell out again some day. Pews were like seats on the stock exchange, fluctuating in price as demand rose or fell. Father used to ask Mother periodically for the current quotation. When she came home with the news that the last sale had been for \$3200, Father said she had led him into this against his better judgment, and now the bottom was dropping out of the market. He swore that if that damn pew ever went up again he would unload it on somebody.

When Mother married Father she had naturally supposed him a good churchman. But one day she chanced to find out from Grandpa

that Father had never been baptized. I doubt if I can even imagine what a shock this was to my devout mother. She hurried home with her terrible news, supposing that as soon as Father heard it he would be baptized at once. But he flatly refused.

"If you won't be baptized," Mother wailed, "you aren't a Christian at all."

"Why, confound it, of course I'm a Christian," Father roundly declared. "A damned good Christian, too. A lot better Christian than those psalm-singing donkeys at church!"

Father's general position seemed to be that he didn't object to baptism. It was all right for savages, for instance. But among civilized people it should come only when one was young.

For months Mother waged an unsuccessful campaign to get Father baptized. Then at long last it seemed that she might prevail. She had a bad illness, which worried Father so much that when she kept begging him to do this thing for her he said he would. But when she was well again he said flatly he had no recollection of having agreed to it, that probably her fever had made her misunderstand him.

Mother kept telling him that she simply couldn't believe he would go back on his Sacred Promise — as she began calling it. Father was unperturbed. Downtown, his lightest word to anybody was binding, of

course, but that was in the real world of business. Getting baptized was all poppycock.

Finally, under Mother's constant attacks Father went into the whole matter as thoroughly as a railroad report. He asked just how wet would a man have to get. Exactly what rigmarole would he have to go through? He said if it wasn't too complicated, perhaps he'd consider it, just to please her.

He was startled to learn that he couldn't have an accommodating parson baptize him quietly some morning at the house, after breakfast; no, the performance would have to take place in a church; and, worse, there would have to be others present. Father declared that he certainly wasn't going to be made a fool of in that way.

At last, Mother discovered a distant parish, set in thick, quiet woods. She thought this would suit Father, since he seemed bent on "confessing God before men" only when no one was looking. Mr. Morley, the rector, agreed to make everything as easy for Father as possible.

Father agreed, and the great day arrived. He came down to breakfast in a good temper that morning, and the bacon and eggs suited him for once. Mother gave a happy, tender look at this soul she was saving. The dining room seemed full of sunshine, and the whole world light-hearted. But when Mother said the cab was waiting, Father demanded

what cab. He listened to her answer in horror and sprang up with a roar.

It was as though an elephant which had been tied up with infinite pains had trumpeted and burst every fetter. Mother stood up to him, armed with God's word and also, as she despairingly reminded him, with his own Sacred Promise. When these arguments failed, Mother fell back on her last weapon: the waiting cab. Wasting money on cabs was simply unheard of in our family. When we ordered a cab we did not keep it waiting. This cab, now at the door, reached those depths of Father's spirit which God couldn't.

As we drove out of the city, Father's wrath became increasingly bitter. Apparently he had confidentially believed up to this very moment that Heaven would intervene and spare him this dose.

When we reached the church Father glowered like a bull in the ring, waiting to charge the reverend toreador. He felt hurt, outraged and lonely. His whole private life had been pried into, even his babyhood. He had wished to take his religion aloof, as a gentleman should. Mr. Morley, a shy, earnest man, approached our little group trustingly, to shake Father's hand, but he got such a look that he turned to me instead and patted me on the head several times.

When Mr. Morley came to the

part in the service: "Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world?" Father looked as though he might have been an annoyed Roman general, participating much against his will in a low and barbaric rite.

At last the great moment came for the actual baptism. I remember how Father stood, grim and erect, in his tailed morning coat; but when I saw Mr. Morley dip his hand in the water and make a pass at Father's forehead, I shut my eyes tightly at this frightful sacrilege, and whether he actually landed or not I never knew.

When the service was over, we stood awkwardly for a moment. Then Mr. Morley began piously to urge Father to "mortify all his evil affections," but Father broke in, saying abruptly, "I shall be late at the office," and strode down the aisle.

As we drove off, Mother sank back into her corner of the cab, quite worn out. Father was still seething, as though his very soul was boiling over. He got out at the nearest Elevated station, thrust his red face in the cab window, and with a burning look at Mother said, "I hope you are satisfied." Then this new son of the church took out his watch, gave a start, and Mother and I heard him shout "Hell!" as he raced up the stairs.



A Lesson from Rodin

Condensed from *The Catholic World*

Stefan Zweig

I WAS ABOUT 25 at the time, studying and writing in Paris. Many people had already praised my published literary pieces; some of them I liked myself. But deep down within me I felt that I could do better, though I could not determine where lay the fault.

Then a great man taught me a great lesson. It was one of those seemingly trifling incidents which prove to be a turning point in a life.

One evening at the home of Verhaeren, famous Belgian writer, an elderly painter was deploring the decline in the plastic arts. I, young and pugnacious, vehemently opposed this view. Was there not living, and in this very town, I said, a

sculptor who took rank with Michelangelo? Would not Rodin's *Penseur*, his *Balzac*, endure as long as the marble out of which he had fashioned them?

When my outburst ended, Verhaeren clapped me good-humoredly on the back. "I am going to see Rodin tomorrow," he said. "Come along. Anyone who admires a man as much as you do has a right to meet him."

I was filled with delight, but when Verhaeren presented me to the sculptor, next day, I could not utter a word. While the old friends chatted, I felt as though I were an unwanted intruder.

But the greatest men are the kindest. As we took our leave, Rodin turned to me. "I imagine you'd like to see one or two of my sculptures," he said. "I'm afraid I have hardly anything here. But come and dine with me on Sunday at Meudon."

In Rodin's unpretentious country house, we sat down at a small table to a homely meal. Soon the encouraging gaze of his soft eyes, the simplicity of the man himself, cured my embarrassment.

In his studio, a primitive struc-

STEFAN ZWEIG, one of the most distinguished of living men of letters, was born in Vienna in 1881, and published his first book of poems at the age of 20, his first biography at 24. Since then he has written half a hundred varied works, including novels, dramas and travel books, and has been translated into 22 languages. A noted art and literary critic, he has helped many young writers toward recognition. Now exiled from his native land, Mr. Zweig lives in England. Americans know him best for his biographies of Magellan, Marie Antoinette and Mary, Queen of Scotland.

ture with great windows, were finished statues, and hundreds of little plastic studies — an arm, a hand, sometimes only a finger or a knuckle; statues he had started and then abandoned; tables piled with sketches. The place spoke of a lifetime of restless seeking and labor.

Rodin put on a linen smock and thereby seemed transformed into a workman. He paused before a pedestal.

"This is my latest work," he said, removing wet cloths and revealing a female torso, brilliantly modeled in clay. "It's quite finished, I think."

He took a step backward, this heavily-built, broad-shouldered old man with the faded gray beard, to take a good look. "Yes, I think it's finished."

But after a moment of scrutiny, he murmured, "Just there on the shoulder, the line is still too hard. *Excusez. . .*"

He picked up his scalpel. The wood passed lightly over the soft clay and gave the flesh a more delicate sheen. His strong hands awakened to life; his eyes kindled. "And there . . . and there. . . ." Again he changed something. He stepped back. Then he turned the pedestal, muttering strange throaty noises. Now his eyes lighted with pleasure; now his brows knit in vexation. He kneaded bits of clay, added them to the figure, scraped some away.

This went on for half an hour, an hour. . . . He never once addressed

a word to me. He was oblivious to everything but the vision of the sublimer form he wished to create. He was alone with his work, like God on the first day of the creation.

At last, with a sigh of relief, he threw down his scalpel and wrapped the wet cloths round the torso with the tender solicitude of a man placing a shawl round the shoulders of his beloved. Then he turned to go, once more the heavily-built old man.

Just before he reached the door, he caught sight of me. He stared. Only then did he remember, and he was visibly shocked at his discourtesy. "Pardon, Monsieur, I had quite forgotten you. But you know . . ." I took his hand and pressed it gratefully. Perhaps he had an inkling of what I felt, for he smiled and put his arm round my shoulder as we walked out of the room.

I learned more that afternoon at Meudon than in all my years at school. For ever since then I have known how all human work must be done if it is to be good and worth while.

Nothing has ever so moved me as this realization that a man could so utterly forget time and place and the world. In that hour I grasped the secret of all art and of all earthly achievement — concentration; the rallying of all one's forces for the accomplishment of one's task, large or small; the capacity to direct one's will, so often

dissipated or scattered, upon the one thing.

I realized then what it was I had hitherto lacked in my own work — that fervor which enables a man to

forget all else but the will to perfection. A man must be capable of losing himself utterly in his task. There is — I knew it now — no other magic formula.



Footnote to Current History

THE IDEA of sending Wendell Willkie from Wall Street to Pennsylvania Avenue, a distance regarded by practical politicians as about equivalent to that between King Arthur's Round Table and the Holy Grail, germinated in the mind of Mr. Oren Root, Jr., an effervescent young man of 28, sometime last winter. He talked it over with friends in the law firm of Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner and Reed, where he had worked since graduating from the University of Virginia Law School. Several agreed with him but feared that the ordinary citizen wouldn't have "the perspicacity to see Willkie's greatness." Finally Root in April had 600 petitions printed at his own expense and mailed to alumni of Harvard, Yale and Princeton. At about the same time one of Mr. Root's friends put an advertisement in the Public Notices column of the *Herald Tribune*:

WENDELL WILLKIE FOR PRESIDENT!
Help Oren Root, Jr., organize the people's demand for Willkie. Send Root a contribution to 15 Broad St., New York.

The newspapers printed a story about the one-man campaign, and

within 24 hours the three switchboards at Davis, Polk, etc., were so choked with calls for Root that none of the partners could get a line. "There was nothing to do," Root told us, "but move out." He took leave of absence and set up political headquarters in his apartment.

Up to this time Mr. Root was in the peculiar position of never having met his candidate. After the newspaper stories, however, Mr. Willkie invited him to his office for a talk. Willkie, according to Root, was dubious about the whole enterprise, although admitting he wouldn't mind being President. "He said I could go ahead, but he wouldn't lift a finger to help me."

By June the Root machine had received \$2000 in contributions, and had rented a six-room office, staffed with a paid force of six and 15 part-time volunteers who were kept busy collecting Willkie petitions from every state and territory. "The movement," he said excitedly, two weeks before the convention, "is taking on the force of a decentralized snowball rolling downhill."

— *The New Yorker*

The Speakeasy Does It

Condensed from Future

Robert Littell

LEXINGTON, in the heart of Kentucky's blue-grass district, is famous for its fair women and noble horses. To these must now be added another distinction. For Lexington has more than its share of plain citizens who can make a clear, effective speech before any audience without stammering. These men, self-cured of the humiliating inability to speak in public which afflicts most of their fellow Americans, are the product of Lexington's unique Speakeasy Club.

The voicelessness of the average American is not only a personal handicap but a national loss at a time when democracy needs leadership and self-expression. No matter how competent in his business, no matter how full of things he would like to say, he shrinks from standing before an audience and trying to say them. When caught on the platform, he hesitates, jabs feebly at his subject, and sits down, moping his brow.

More timid than the average was A. B. Guthrie, Jr., city editor of *The Lexington Leader*. But four years ago Guthrie resolved to over-

come this handicap. He found six men who shared his fears and his resolve — another newspaperman, the county agricultural agent, the chief of the county patrol, a student and two farmers. Each knew friends who were tired of being mute in public, and the Speakeasy Club was launched with a dozen eager members — probably the 12 worst speakers ever assembled in one room.

The first meeting was shrewdly devoted to confession. Each man got up and nervously, haltingly told "How Public Speaking Affects Me." Some said they suffered from mental eclipse, some from palpitation or nausea, some from a strong impulse to run away. Each unconsciously exhibited symptoms of what he was trying to describe — unsteady voice, fidgets, shifting feet, homeless hands. But the act of confession cleared the air: after seeing the other fellow's difficulties, each began to worry less about his own.

At the second meeting members talked about another easy subject: their jobs. The ice of inhibition melted, for everyone has something

interesting to say about his life's work. From there on the club's program broadened to include prepared speeches, book reviews, discussions of current and local affairs, debates with other clubs. Occasionally there is a guest speaker, whose poise furnishes a mark for members to shoot at. On some evenings a small public-address system is installed, and the microphone's pitiless exaggerations show up the snorts and gasps of untrained vocal apparatus. Sometimes speeches are recorded, then played back — a depressing but salutary experience. At every meeting one member acts as critic.

The club's first problem was not diction, but how to unlock the dreadful cobweb prison to which so many people are sentenced by shyness. A member learns that the battle is half-won if he can conquer that morbid sense of inadequacy, can make his pounding heart believe what his intelligence already knows — that no one has been shot for standing up and saying, "Mr. Chairman!"

One device to free a man from his tight little self, to give him poise, is acting scenes from plays or reciting old-fashioned spellbinding declamations, with vocal fireworks and Fourth of July gestures. Another, agonizing but effective, is impromptu speeches. A member is called upon to speak for three minutes on some subject he probably never has given much thought

to. It may be "The Desirability of a Tariff on Hides," or "Compulsory Automobile Insurance," or, more often, one bare, slippery word — "dreams," for instance, or "wheels."

By experience, the Lexington Speakeasy Club has found out how to bring its members lasting benefit. Other communities wishing to form a similar club should be guided by the advice of Mr. Guthrie: "Every man must speak at every meeting, the secret of success being practice and more practice. Therefore limit the membership to 30. Members must be in dead earnest; we drop those who miss two out of any four weekly meetings without good excuse. Appreciation of membership is kept alive by knowledge of a long waiting list. Don't enroll too many men of one class, sentiment or occupation. Differences of opinion make for lively meetings.

"Programs must be carefully planned. Some one member must assume responsibility of leadership, must see that the club sticks to its main purpose and doesn't lend itself to propagandizing for any local or national cause.

"As Speakeasy's purpose is to train men to speak before all sorts of audiences, our most important rule is that no member shall refuse an invitation to speak outside the club."

I attended a meeting of the club. Here were 26 men, all of whom a few years before had believed them-

selves doomed to eternal silence in public. One by one they answered the call of their chairman and spoke clearly, without embarrassment. Ward Havely, mayor of Lexington, described a new set-up of county and city relief. A newspaper advertising manager gave a condensation of a magazine article. A postal employe and an investment banker, after four minutes for gathering their thoughts, engaged in hot debate — "Resolved, that the menace of the Fifth Column justifies some disregard of the Bill of Rights." An insurance man rose to the emergency of saying something on the difficult topic, "Let Freedom Ring." After brief warning a utilities employe passionately pleaded with an imaginary governor for the pardon of his convicted son. When each sat down, the critic found fault, praised, told one speaker that he was still making faces unconsciously, told another that his habit of looking at the floor seemed to have been conquered.

These speakers, who once would have turned ashen at mere mention of the word "platform," were not only extraordinary examples of determination triumphant over fear, but were more assured, more interesting, than many a professional speaker.

Members of the Lexington Speakeasy Club are in demand to supply articulate leadership for local clubs and civic organizations. Many of them have secured better jobs, have widened their circle of friends, have been chosen for positions of responsibility in their communities. One member — who used to be unable to finish a speech — is now president of Lexington's Forum. One heads the state dental society, another the state bankers' association. Others, thanks largely to this remarkable training, have become presidents of a farm bureau, a postal employe organization, the board of commerce, the local water-works board.

There is need for a Speakeasy Club in every community. For in every community there is need of spokesmen and leaders. Anyone who has served on juries, attended public hearings or election rallies, has heard professional speakers, slick politicians, leather-lunged fanatics, bend the crowd to their will simply because ordinary citizens present were too timid to get up and utter the common sense that was within them. Speakeasy Clubs all over the country would mean more competition for the rabble rousers, every one of whom has a dictator's baton in his knapsack.



Silence is not always tact, and it is tact that is golden — not silence.

— Samuel Butler

“A small masterpiece of human character,” yet probably typical of the heroic self-sacrifice to be found in a million French homes

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

— XI —

By

Sophie Kerr

HE IS as unlike the high-powered French woman of story, stage and screen as can be imagined. She has a gentle, anxious little face, without color, and big gray eyes. I doubt that she ever weighed more than 100 pounds. Indeed, she looks as if a high wind might blow her away, as the whirlwinds of illness and sorrow have almost done, time and again.

My acquaintance with her began with a letter. In 1916 the old *Life* magazine gave the names of French children whose soldier-fathers had been killed in the war to anyone guaranteeing to maintain an orphan for two years. It was a personal sort of arrangement.

SOPHIE KERR's published writings — a dozen novels and more than 300 short stories — reflect the insight into the feminine viewpoint which she attained as an editor of publications for women. She started her career by running the woman's section of a Pittsburgh newspaper, and later became managing editor of *Woman's Home Companion*. Born in Denton, Md., she now lives in New York City, where she has found that New York rarity, a house with a real garden in which she can indulge her passion for pottering.

In this way one of my friends and I became joint godmother to a baby girl named Andrée and in due course received a letter from her mother, offering her gratitude with simple dignity. We answered, and a friendship began which has continued through the years.

Gradually we learned her story. Marie Louise was born second in a family of five, her father the gardener and caretaker of a modest estate. I have seen the three-room house with its wide hearth, its long table and bench seats of polished fruit wood. I have seen the father, who might have been carved from the gnarled trunk of a Normandy apple tree, and the mother, tall but bent with hard work. The oldest child, a son, went to Paris and found a job with the city gas company, but Marie Louise was needed at home to care for the children. At last she was free to join her brother, and found a job as a clerk. It didn't pay much and the hours would horrify our nine-to-five stenographers. But she managed to save five francs a week to send home.

She must have been pretty in a shy way. It was, I think, the easiest time she has ever known, and romance gave it the magic touch of happiness. André Joseph Maure, who worked with her brother, fell in love with her. Joseph, from his photograph, was the perfect type of *bonhomme*, with guileless face and dashing mustache and kind, steady eyes, and shoulders already a little stooped at 25. He was the kind of man one sees by dozens with their families on Sunday in the Paris parks, part of the sound lower-middle class of France.

It was some years before they could be married. Marie Louise's mother was failing in health, her father had lost his place when his employer died and, being old, could get only odd jobs at poor pay. The older brother had married a termagant who wouldn't let him do anything for his family. One younger brother was married to a sickly wife; the other was doing military service. The younger sister had married a poor and worthless man. So it was Marie Louise who spent her vacations nursing her mother; it was Marie Louise's small savings that provided food when her father had no work.

At last her family's luck brightened slightly and Marie and Joseph were married. This was in 1912. Their baby, Andrée, was born on July 11, 1914.

Throughout this seemingly commonplace story of those early years,

Marie's exceptional influence is evident. If any of her young friends needed comforting in sorrow or in difficulty, it was to Marie Louise they went. "Her heart was always bigger than her body," said her sister-in-law, and a hard-boiled cousin commented: "She is a sister of charity without the costume." Yet if this seems to picture the youthful Marie Louise as an angel of sweetness and light, going about doing good with a complacent smirk, it is all wrong. There was nothing goody-goody about her. She was just a bustling little French housewife, polishing the floor, washing her husband's shirts, cooking the soup, bargaining over half-centimes at the market — but with a character that gave her a hold on the interest and affection of everyone.

And now here she is in the fateful July of 1914, weak and wan from the ordeal of Andrée's birth but happy in the possession of her child, her husband and her home. On the second day of August Germany invaded France. Little Andrée's father was called to his regiment. He saw his child but once again.

It was a hard winter in Paris, that first winter of the war, cold and hard and strange. Marie Louise carried on, but she had a tiny baby to nurse and couldn't seem to get her strength back. Two brothers and her sister's husband were mobilized, her father was crippled with rheumatism, her mother al-

ways half-sick. Living was high, fuel was scarce. Her husband came home for four days' leave in January and she said of it once, "Our little Andrée was never out of his arms." Then Joseph went back to the line, and in the early summer of 1915 he died of bullet wounds. One of the brothers, too, was killed, another gassed.

Now Marie Louise was Madame Maure, widow with a small child, wretched health, no means. France granted her an allowance of about \$7.50 a month, plus a small sum for the child. It was not enough. She worked at any job she could get — cooking, cleaning, washing. Time after time her strength gave out and she fell ill. Never, however, was little Andrée stinted as to food, though the mother almost starved.

When her lungs were seriously affected her name came somehow to the American women doing relief work in France, and through them to us. It was then that we became joint godmother to Andrée. Marie Louise's first letter to us was a statement of need acknowledged but not stressed, of acceptance of our charity only as temporary, of gratitude tempered with self-respect. When I hear people generalize the French as money-grabbing, I think how completely Marie Louise refutes this charge.

In all the years that we have known her and helped with Andrée,

ANDRÉE'S COUNTERPART may be at your door by the time you read this story. Plans are afoot to give British and French children refuge and hospitality in American homes. Leading child welfare and war relief agencies have pooled their resources for this purpose and are now coöperating through the newly organized U. S. Committee for the Care of European Children, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The first shipload of these little exiles may be in New York before August first.

Those desiring details may write to *The Reader's Digest* for a bulletin of information on the subject.

never once has Madame asked for anything, or even hinted at anything we might do for her and her child. In all our "arrangements" — as tactfully made as possible, for she is touchingly independent — she has said, "It is too much, we can do very well." Not until we had met her personally and shown that we were really fond of that engaging child, Andrée, was she reconciled to our small assistance.

The first time I saw Madame was in 1919. Her whole apartment — bedroom, living room and kitchen — could have been put into the living room of an ordinary American bungalow. The living room was half-filled by the one fine piece of furniture, a tall Normandy armoire which had come to Madame from her family. The rest of the furniture wasn't worth two sous. But everything was as clean as scrubbing could make it, and five-year-old Andrée was sweet and

clean, too. A little three-cornered shawl was pinned about her in a quaint old-womanish way, for the day was cold and there was no heat in the flat. The mother's hand stole out to caress the child unconsciously as she talked. On the wall was a photograph of the father, his military medal below it. Madame had on the cheapest, rustiest black dress, black cotton stockings. In all the years I have known her she has never consented to wear anything better.

As we talked it became clear that the child was the center of Madame's life, her sole reason for existence. It became clear, too, that Madame would work till she dropped before she would ask for help. Pride and dignity were behind her reserve. But that poor home, her work-marked hands, her little starved bag-of-bones body told her story. Oh, yes, her lungs were much, much better! Oh, yes, she managed to find work here and there, not always what she liked but at least work! She offered us tea and cakes with as much courtesy as if it had been a feast, but the way Andrée eyed the cakes told what a rare treat they were.

With difficulty the American godmothers arranged that matters might go a bit easier. It had to be done distinctly for Andrée. Madame would take nothing for herself. There were still some tough times, however. Once the lungs went bad again and Madame had

to give up for a while. But she came back to start all over again.

When Andrée made her first communion the American godmothers offered the white dress and shoes, the veil, the silver rosary in a silver case. That marked a turning point in Madame's feelings. From then on we were real godmothers.

Andrée was growing into a sweet, good, intelligent child. She studied hard and made excellent marks in school. She might have been born on a Sunday, for she was "blithe and bonny and good and gay." She didn't have much fun, as American girls think of fun, going to the movies not oftener than once in three months. But she had some young friends and there were picnics in the Bois and once an excursion to Chartres and another to Lourdes.

If Andrée was a Sunday's child by disposition, she was also Saturday's child by necessity, and "Saturday's child must work for a living." So when she had finished school she found a job in a government office. The hours were long and the salary small, but by studying hard and taking the endless competitive examinations of French officialdom, she bettered it.

When Andrée was 21 a great event occurred. She had her first evening dress — white taffeta, costing 100 francs — and went to a dance, a small holiday affair at the home of a school friend in Ver-

sailles. No debutante at the Ritz was ever more thrilled or had a better time.

But this dress, this dance, her office job, her new friends were all moving the girl slowly into a social class above that in which she was born. If Andrée didn't recognize this her mother did, with latent uneasiness. Madame was disappointed when a young man from their own village, whose parents were her friends, wanted to marry Andrée and was refused. Alas, Andrée was in love with a young man who worked in her office, of a family socially and financially much superior to her own. His family had picked for him a bride with a substantial dowry, and for a while it seemed that pressure would prevail.

When the young man finally made his own choice, Andrée was rapturously happy. Her mother, however, foresaw the inevitable cleavage. The in-laws didn't snub Madame, or do anything else openly rude, but they didn't pretend to relish the fact that Andrée's family was of the peasantry. Madame accepted the quasi-estrangement and her utter loneliness as another sacrifice to be made with dignity, her heart breaking, her head held high.

To Andrée's new home Madame contributed her fine old Normandy armoire and her best linen. She

moved into a smaller place, to economize and also to spare herself coming home at night to empty rooms where before there had always been Andrée — Andrée studying, Andrée sewing or knitting, Andrée cooking supper — the chatter of today's happenings and tomorrow's hopes. It was characteristic of her to take an apartment in the same house with her widowed sister-in-law so that she might help with the two little girls whose mother must work.

AND NOW has come this new war. Andrée's young husband was called at once to the front. Andrée has gone back to her government department. Madame is working in a war hospital. She writes that she thinks of 1914 and prays constantly for peace and for her daughter, adding: "I cannot help being sorry that she has not the solace of a child, as I had. In these days of death children alone mean life. Whatever happens, a child makes all the difference."

She has shrunk from no experience. She has met all with simplicity and honesty and courage, asking nothing, giving everything. And in these days of death she still sees children as life! I do not know what the end of her story may be, but the story itself is surely a small masterpiece of human character.



Racketeering Ghouls

Condensed from *The Kiwanis Magazine*

Frank W. Brock and Craig Thompson

IF ANYTHING is more certain than taxes, it is death. Upon this truth, slick promoters work a swindle that year after year takes millions from unwary investors.

Ohioans alone have lost \$25,000,000 this way in the past few years. A score of persons were sentenced in Cincinnati last February for mail fraud in the sale of lots in Arlington Memorial Park. Morton Gilbert, the promoter, got five years. Previously he had been sentenced to 15 years for promoting Hopewell Memorial Park. The government asserted lot purchasers lost \$2,393,375 in these two swindles. Change the names and the figures, and the story of the Ohio memorial parks can be duplicated in almost every state.

The idea of burying the dead in spacious parks, using uniform markers set flush with the grass instead of tombstones of every description,

FOR 25 years Frank W. Brock has made himself a nuisance to racketeers who prey on gullible consumers. The *New York Tribune* engaged him in 1915 to help Samuel Hopkins Adams prepare feature articles exposing fraudulent advertising and merchandising practices. He has worked for many years with Better Business Bureaus.

THERE ARE approximately 60 Better Business Bureaus to give the public, free of charge, information based on years of experience in exposing questionable promotions. If there is no Bureau in your city, consult your Chamber of Commerce or bank. And if any new rackets are abroad in your community, report them. You'll be doing somebody a good turn.

is appealing and comparatively new. A prospectus plays up the few outstandingly successful memorial parks, making the project sound equally exclusive and expensive.

The pattern is standard: The promoter buys a cheap farm on a highway near a city. He cuts each acre into 1000 burial lots and sells them for high prices — sometimes \$150 each, which works out at \$150,000 per acre.

Two corporations are set up, the first being the cemetery company. Substantial citizens innocently agree to serve as trustees, their names lending atmosphere to the set-up. In most states, a cemetery must be a nonprofit organization. The second corporation is an entirely legal sales company of which the promoter keeps control; it contracts with the cemetery company to sell the

lots. But its commission frequently amounts to 90 percent of the money taken in. Not content with that, the promoter may take the remaining 10 percent, theoretically set aside as a "perpetual care" fund, and invest it in the stock of the sales company!

Salesmen persuade victims that they are getting in on the ground floor. "When the general public hears about this beautiful burial place, the demand for lots is going to double prices." There are "unusual profit possibilities" in an investment which "will not be affected by depressions or stock market slumps" because it is "based on the surest thing in the world."

Salesmen offer cemetery lots in exchange for stocks that have ceased to pay dividends, or unprofitable real estate. Persons tired of such sour investments are easily talked into the swap, and realize only too late that they have let go something that had real, if shrunken, value for a worthless piece of ground on a remote hillside.

Legitimate cemetery operators offer lots for the *use* of the purchaser. No one should buy cemetery lots hoping to make money. The racketeering salesman will argue that the lots can always be resold. They seldom can be. The corporation is not interested in resales.

Although Better Business Bureaus and other agencies have issued

many warnings, the racketeers always seem to find plenty of victims. High-pressure sales crews travel from state to state. One promoter tapped 25 states for victims whose average loss was \$3000.

A pathetic aspect of the racket is that thousands of elderly people are bilked of their life savings. Here is a typical story, told in a recent letter to the Portland (Maine) *Press-Herald*:

"I am a widow 66 years old, no children. I have worked as a housekeeper for 35 years. Cemetery promoters came to me and told me if I would invest money in their scheme I could have it back any time I wanted it, and that it would double itself. I gave them \$3000 which I had saved by scrimping and denying myself so that I could care for myself in my last years. This mistake has made me the subject of charity. Please print this letter as a warning to other poor people so that they may guard themselves against any similar misfortune. — Amy Taylor"

For the Amy Taylors scattered over the United States there is a final irony. They own burial plots in what they were told would become carefully tended places in which tired bodies might rest eternally. The probabilities are that they own instead a tiny piece of an abandoned farm, gone back to brush and weeds.



Picturesque Speech and Patter

HER FACE was a map crossed with lines of lassitude and languid-
tude (*Scribner's Commentator*) . . . Prospectors and cattlemen, their faces
filled with weather (*Mary Ellen Chase*) . . . A milky way of freckles
across the bridge of her nose (*Gouverneur Morris*)

THE HOURS crawled by like paralytic centipedes (*Winston Churchill*)

SHE BLEW him a little feather of a smile (*Max Bodenheim*) . . . She
sputtered on, her fuse still burning (*Sinclair Lewis*) . . . She has a nice
sense of rumor (*John H. Cutler*) . . . A laugh, rusty and unpracticed
(*O. Henry*) . . . There they sat, holding eyes across the table
(Contributed)

THE ENORMOUS conflagration of sunset (*Joseph Conrad*) . . . Strange
colorings, wine-dregs red, dawn rose, twilight mauve, stone gray and
distant-mountain blue (*Don Blanding*) . . . The surf broke, a white
collar on the curving shore (*Thomas H. Raddall*)

NAME for quick romance: bliskrieg (*Walter Winchell*) . . . Morologue
(*Carroll L. Sollars*) . . . Cinemaniacs (*Esquire*) . . . Tête-à-tatting (*Walter*
Winchell) . . . A Swiss cheese memory (*Phyllis Seymour Veseley*) . . . No
more maternal than an incubator (*Lloyd C. Douglas*) . . . Dated as a
buttonhook (*Douglas Gilbert*) . . . Approachable as a subway turnstile
(*Percy Waxman*)

WRAPPED in their egos like kittens in a basket (*Sigrid Undset*)

SHE TURNED him down like a bedspread (*P. G. Wodehouse*) . . . She
wore, in addition to her figure (*Winifred Hawkrigge Dixon*) . . . She
wore conviction like a well-cut gown (*Margaret Emerson Bailey*) . . . Two
pear-shaped ladies (*Elizabeth Alexander*) . . . I knew her — fifty pounds
ago (Contributed)

A GOOD LINE is the shortest distance between two dates (Contributed)

HIS HANDSHAKE ought not to be used except as a tourniquet
(*Margaret Halsey*)

ALL CONCERNED are now on glaring terms (*Walter Winchell*)

THERE COMES a period in every man's life, but she's just a semi-
colon in his (*Walter Winchell*)

TRY PRAISING your wife, even if it does frighten her at first
(*Billy Sunday*)

To the first contributor of each accepted item of either Patter or Picturesque Speech, a
payment of \$5 is made upon publication. In all cases the source must be given. Contribu-
tions cannot be acknowledged or returned, but every item is thoroughly considered.

Address contributions to Patter Editor, Box 605, Pleasantville, N. Y.

❧ Stranger than fiction are these well-established instances of children reared by wild animals

Wolf-Girls and Baboon-Boy

Condensed from Science News Letter

Lois Mattox Miller

EVER SINCE Romulus and Remus, mythical founders of Rome, reports of human babies reared by wolves, bears or apes have circulated. Such tales, tracked down, usually turned out to relate to abandoned waifs with subnormal intelligence but with no conclusive evidence of animal foster parentage. Now, for the first time, science has evidence of two instances of humans who may have been reared by wild beasts: the wolf-children of Midnapore and Lucas, the baboon-boy of South Africa.

In October 1920, the Rev. J. L. Singh, a native Christian missionary who conducted an orphanage at Midnapore, India, was besought by his neighbors to rid them of a "man ghost" who inhabited a giant anthill nearby. Singh organized a party to watch over the anthill. At nightfall they saw three full-grown wolves emerge from the tunnel, followed by two cubs; then, close behind, came two hideous-looking little creatures with human bodies.

In daylight the den was excavated. Huddled together in a "monkey-ball" were the two cubs and two children — both girls, one about

eight years old, the other about a year and a half. The children were more ferocious than the cubs.

The task of restoring these strange wolf-children to the ways of human life presented almost insuperable difficulties. Kamala and Amala, as the missionary and his wife named them, would tolerate no clothing. Long matted hair fell below their shoulders, their jaws had a strange wolflike formation, their teeth were sharp and pointed. They would eat no vegetable food, but could scent raw meat at a long distance. They were incapable of standing erect, but could move on all fours with amazing speed. They drowsed all day, but were eager to prowl at night. They disliked human society and sought the company of dogs and goats.

Very slowly the girls began to respond to the kindness and affection of Mrs. Singh, who patiently massaged their muscles and gave them exercises she hoped would teach them to walk erect. They seemed to be making progress. Then, 11 months after coming to the orphanage, Amala died.

At Amala's death, Kamala, the

older one, shed tears — her first sign of human emotion. For weeks she lingered over the places where Amala had sat and slept, sniffing anxiously like a dog, and uttering strange cries. After that she drew closer to Mrs. Singh, and gradually began to show interest in other children. She ceased to wolf her food by putting her head to the plate, and learned to use a cup instead of lapping up liquids. She developed a vocabulary of about 40 words, accepted clothing, and learned to walk upright. Her gait, however, was slow and unsteady; for running she returned to all fours.

After nine years in human environment, Kamala lost most of her animal traits, and showed signs of developing into a lovable, obedient child. Then, on November 14, 1929, she died.

The physician who attended both children writes:

There was great difficulty in feeding the poor wolf-girls anything but meat and milk. If they could have been induced to take a balanced diet, improvement would have been more marked and they could have returned to an ordinary human condition from the stage of animal.

The Rev. Mr. Singh's remarkable record of the wolf-children which he kept in his diary has been studied by a number of distinguished scientists, including Professor R. Ruggles Gates, University of London, and Professor Arnold Gesell, Yale Clinic of Child Development. It is now

being prepared for publication, and the proceeds are to go to the support of the impoverished mission orphanage.

In 1904 Lance Sergeant Charles Holsen and Sergeant J. P. Venter of the Cape Mounted Police in South Africa were riding through a wild region when they came upon a troop of baboons playing in a clearing. For sport, they fired a shot to startle the group, and all but one of the apes fled. The lingerer, when captured, proved to be a native boy who chattered like an ape and jumped about on all fours.

At the Mental Hospital in Grahamstown, the doctors found the baboon-boy harmless but extremely mischievous. He knew no human speech, and refused all food except raw corn and cactus. Even now, he will eat 80 prickly pears in one sitting.

The police could find no one to identify the baboon-boy. So George H. Smith, whose brother was on the hospital staff, took charge of him. Lucas, as Smith named him, became a useful farm worker. He is now nearly 50, but he still has to be called anew to each routine task.

Smith believed that Lucas had been stolen by baboons when very young: "His mannerisms, his constant scratching with his index finger, and his peculiar, frightened-looking grin, all tell of his early association with baboons."

When Lucas had learned a few words of English, he told how he

and the baboons had raided ostrich nests and stolen eggs. He pointed to the scar on his head and said it was caused by the kick he had received from one outraged ostrich.

The tale of the baboon-boy was spread by word of mouth for years before investigation was made by reputable scientists, headed by Professor R. A. Dart, University of Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. "There seems nothing miraculous or improbable in Lucas' story," said one investigator. "Any nursing female ape might find it convenient, or at least instinctive, to steal a suckling animal so closely resembling her own."

Among older, less-documented stories, certain facts are also known. Sir William Sleeman, governor at Lucknow, India, in the 1850's, recorded that many children were carried off by wolves in his time, and that he heard of six reasonably well-established cases in which the children lived with their animal foster parents. He told of a little boy captured in a wolf-den at Sultanpur who lived three years in civilization, but would eat only raw meat and remained savage and filthy

to the end. Another wolf-boy had to be tied to a tent stake for four months before he began to understand and obey signs. Wolves were seen to play with him at night, and he eventually disappeared and never was seen again.

"Wild Peter," said by Linnaeus, the great Swedish scientist, to have been found in 1724 near Hameln, Germany, was taken to England, where King George I turned him over to the Princess of Wales, later Queen Caroline. "Wild Peter" died in 1785, never having learned to speak. The bark of green twigs was his favorite food. He was good-natured, unlike most wild-reared children. "But," remarked a scientist of that day, "laughter, which is the particular gift of mankind, was never heard from him."

Heretofore, stories that children were reared by animals have been dismissed by modern scientific men as the attempts of an unscientific age to explain puzzling phenomena. In the light of the well-established cases of the Midnapore wolf-girls and the living baboon-boy, they are turning back to these old records with renewed interest.

From the Lost and Found column of a Nashville paper:

BIRD OR HAT — Flew in or blew in out of car passing Dannaher's Service Station, Franklin Road. It's sorta round with green and red polka dot quills or feathers in it. If you've lost a hat or a bird, drive by and see it — it's funny.

Let's Listen to Swing!

Condensed from Current History and Forum

Earl Sparling

NOTHING has astonished broadcasting studios more than the spectacular rise of Raymond Gram Swing. Up to February 1939 his commentary on a mad world was carried only once a week by only one American station — as a fill-in at any chance hour. Previous to that he had been fired from another spot, the executive deciding that he had neither a radio personality nor a radio voice.

Today he discourses five times a week, sometimes oftener, over a Mutual network of some 80 stations, to an audience of as many as 9,000,000 persons. He has won that following against such imposing competition as Guy Lombardo, Kay

Kyser, and Toscanini. A survey made recently as his dry, solemn voice was talking against one of the famous bands showed that of all radios in operation in a broad test area in the East, 32 percent were listening to swing music, 39 percent to Swing.

To his audience, Swing seems a miraculous jigsaw-puzzle solver, fitting myriad events and rumors from abroad into a coherent whole. His delivery is gentle, yet forceful; assured, but not pompous. He never raises his voice; he stresses important points simply by increasing his intensity.

Swing has his own explanation of his former failure and present success: "When I began broadcasting in America five years ago, I tried to give attention to what was significant, not to the merely dramatic. Most Americans were not interested. Only when crisis followed crisis and Americans became scared to death did they begin to look for the essentials and implications of the upheaval."

Swing knows what is significant because he learned Europe inside out during 21 years as foreign cor-

EARL SPARLING has written for the radio and done a bit of broadcasting himself. But he has been chiefly a newspaperman — the fourth generation of Sparlings in the business — and a magazine writer. His newspaper activities centered in New Orleans, Washington and New York, and included writing editorials and a daily column. Between assignments he somehow managed to turn out four books on financial and economic subjects. For the past several years he has been contributing to *Scribner's*, *The Nation*, *The New Yorker* and other magazines.

respondent for American newspapers. Moreover, he has studied broadcasting technique since the early 1920's and knows how to reduce the significant things to terms that the listener can understand. In the infancy of broadcasting he bought so many costly receiving sets and sat up with them so late at night that his family coined a reproving phrase: "Papa's electric train."

Swing got his first chance at a microphone in 1930: a radio interview with S. K. Ratcliffe, the English lecturer, for the British Broadcasting Corporation. The next year he broadcast from Geneva for NBC, one of the early experiments in transatlantic radio news coverage. Four years later, back in the United States, he began broadcasting to England, the only American ever invited by the BBC to give transatlantic comment on the American scene. These broadcasts, repeated in recent years to Canada, continued until last June, when he had to abandon them because of the pressure of his American work. Long before America began discovering him in 1939, fully 30 percent of British adults were following him. American radio men knew about this popularity but reasoned that the English had a different attitude toward world affairs, that Americans had neither training nor temperament for such heavy fare.

And, at first glance, Swing hardly seems to possess the qualities of

mass appeal. In appearance he might be any fresh-water college professor. A native Midwesterner, neither his clothes nor his bearing betray that he roamed the capitals of Europe for two decades or that he is currently enjoying an income that makes tax collectors rub their hands. Sensitive, reticent, he lacks ability to dramatize himself. He doesn't grin, as most men might, if you ask why he got kicked out of Oberlin College, where both his parents were faculty members. His face grows pained: "Don't. It was one of the most humiliating experiences of my life. I just didn't study hard enough." Interested in music, he neglected history and economics. Oberlin tried to right things last June 11 by giving him an honorary Litt.D. degree.

After leaving college he entered newspaper work, serving as a church organist and choir conductor on the side. His hobby even now is composing music, and one of his works was recently broadcast.

Music brought him and his wife together. At a concert tea in Berlin in 1920 he met Betty Gram, a militant suffragette. She agreed to marry him but declined to take his name. European hotel clerks, who had never heard of the Lucy Stone League, stared down their noses at a couple who registered as man and wife but who signed different names, Raymond Edward Swing and Betty Gram. After a number of trying situations, Swing said, in that analyt-

ical voice, "Look, if you'll take my name, I'll take yours." That's how he became Raymond Gram Swing.

Swing became a foreign correspondent somewhat by accident. He had worked on various American newspapers, chiefly the Indianapolis *Star*, on which in six years he rose from reporter to managing editor, then suffered a breakdown in 1912. During a long trip through Europe, recovering, he learned that the Chicago *Daily News* needed a Berlin correspondent. He got the job. It was 1913, he was only 26, and he was sitting in the lap of history.

It was he — although he was never able to report a word of it — who carried a German peace offer which might have saved millions of lives by ending the World War in the first months. The great battle for Paris had ended in stalemate. German Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg sent the young American to London as his personal emissary in December 1914. "Tell Sir Edward Grey," he instructed, "that Germany will annex no Belgian territory, but that Germany will want an indemnity for having been forced into the war."

Swing was received, but at mention of an indemnity Sir Edward's face turned livid and Swing was bowed out. "As I look back," mourns Swing, "I admit that I myself may have been partly to blame for the failure of the mission. Why didn't I blurt out that the German Chan-

cellor had perhaps included the indemnity demand only to protect himself in case the German military discovered him talking peace prematurely?"

After the war Swing was in Berlin for the New York *Sun* and New York *Herald*. He became so familiar with the German language that today, when Herr Hitler shouts his bad German into a microphone, Swing can give listeners a running and perfect translation. In 1922 Swing became head of the *Wall Street Journal's* European service and gained the sound economic training which enabled him to predict in 1931 that Britain would be forced off the gold standard. He reached his conclusion by sheer analysis of the British economic position, and his American newspapers (the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and New York *Post*) declined to print the story; neither financial nor political leaders believed such a thing possible. Their objections were mailed to Swing, who received them on a Monday. Britain had deserted gold over the week-end.

Swing cites the episode as an example of what he is attempting to do in radio. "I am not especially interested in prophecy," he says. "I try only to analyze. But it is sometimes possible to prophesy by analysis."

His analyses have, indeed, many times seemed prophetic for they have foretold what later dispatches confirmed. On last April 9, discuss-

ing the "amazingly swift success of the Germans in establishing a puppet government at Oslo," he said: "That, you can be sure, wasn't improvised. Puppet governments can only be established out of political elements in another country after long intrigue." Not until days later did correspondents on the scene get through their stories about Nazi machinations in Norway.

On May 8, discussing the 284-to-200 vote of confidence for Prime Minister Chamberlain, he said: "The real vote was 200 noes, 134 abstentions, a total of 334 against only 284 ayes. Mr. Chamberlain's remarkable part in world history is quite near its end."

May 18, analyzing the removal of Daladier as French Minister of War: "It may even foreshadow a change in the command of the French army. If General Gamelin were to be displaced, Daladier would hardly be able to put it through. He is a Gamelin man."

Swing's schedule is so rigorous that he has to turn down after-dinner speaking engagements which would net him \$500 to \$1000. He is in his office at 10 a.m., is never through before 10:30 at night. Each morning for about two hours he answers his fan mail. Luncheon is usually a professional appointment, with several hours for discussion. Around 4 p.m. he settles down to analyze a world gone crazy. He starts typing about 6:30 p.m., has his 2000 words done some time

after 8. He rehearses, changes a word here and a line there, has a final look at the teletype machine and is on the studio floor 15 minutes before 10 o'clock broadcasting time.

A martyr to analysis, Swing lives three blocks from the microphone five days a week, while Mrs. Swing and three children hold forth in a lovely country retreat at New Weston, Conn. When Swing comes with guests for the week-end, there is a standing rule that no one shall mention the state of the world. Swing refuses even to read newspapers. He prefers a bit of music or ping-pong or poker, about which he has taught some of the world's wildest diplomats a trick or two.

In keeping with his lack of showmanship, Swing uses in his work much less equipment than would be found in a crossroad lawyer's office. In his cubbyhole overlooking New York's Times Square are a few scanty shelves of books, several wall maps and a news ticker, lately acquired. He has no research staff, and only one secretary.

He checks his judgments by comparison with others — economists, shipping officials, officers of the Foreign Policy Association, the State Department. But he does not pretend to have inside sources in Europe. "What would be the use?" he asks. "I don't do inside stuff. I must interpret tonight what happened this morning. If you have Europe as a living map inside your head you can usually figure things out."

❏ Widespread and dangerous is Nazi penetration of the Latin-American countries

Hitler Looks to South America

By

Frederic Sondern, Jr.

THE U. S. CRUISER *Quincy* streaked for Montevideo a few weeks ago. Herr Fuhrmann, Hitler's deputy in Uruguay, was plotting to seize the mouth of the Rio Plata as a base for a revolution of the 2,500,000 Germans in Argentina and southern Brazil. The scheme blew up before the *Quincy* arrived, but it was an ominous portent.

In Washington a high official pointed on a map to Brazil and French West Africa. "The French colony will soon be a German-Italian base. Brazil is a hotbed of Nazi activity. They're eight hours apart by air."

"Do you seriously expect an invasion?" I asked.

The tired-looking official shook his head. "Not now," he answered. "For the present they are just stirring up a war of nerves to keep us running between fires in Uruguay, Mexico, Brazil, Chile."

"Can't those countries take care of themselves?" I suggested.

He smiled. "They're ripe for Hitler's sowing. It's going to take lots of cruisers from now on — and much wisdom."

That conversation reminded me

of a lecture, three years ago, in the *Auslands-Institut* in Berlin, where picked young Nazis are prepared for service abroad as propaganda agents, agitators and undercover men with the diplomatic and Gestapo organizations. Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, chief of the Nazi foreign general staff, was speaking. "South America," he said, "is our most important frontier. It gives us vital supplies for our army. It will give us colonies in the richest part of the world. It will give us a bulwark against the United States, the plutodemocracy with which we will fight the greatest economic struggle of all time. It is your task to prepare that bulwark for the Führer."

German penetration of Latin America began in the last century, with shopkeepers and craftsmen. Unlike their fellow emigrants in North America, they clung to their language and customs, and of 5,000,000 first, second and third generation *Alemanes* today, most are as German as their forefathers. Three whole provinces of Brazil and stretches of Uruguay, Peru, Chile and Colombia are so predominantly German that many of the natives speak the language.

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To counteract this immense German-Italian force, the United States has until now had little ammunition. Our businessmen in Latin America have never been good propagandists for the North American cause. They make no effort to learn the Latin mentality; they mix only with other Americans and spend their spare time playing golf. Cordell Hull's "good neighbor" policy has helped, but the marks of earlier "Yankee imperialism" remain.

To that is added our inability under normal circumstances to give material economic help to Latin America. The Argentine must export meat to live; Brazil must sell hides, cotton and coffee. We have no markets for meat, hides and cotton. Germany and Italy have, and both are willing to barter goods, which we have not been. The British blockade disrupted this business, but German firms in South America are now taking orders for delivery in the autumn and guaranteeing, with stiff penalties, their fulfillment. In a reopened European market Latin businessmen see salvation from the present ruinous depression.

Of all the rulers, Vargas of Brazil has been firmest against the Fifth Column, concentrating reliable units of his army around the German settlements. Ortiz of Argentina took similar precautions after the exposure last year of a German plot whose ramifications reached into the Argentine Ministries of War and

Agriculture, and implicated the German Embassy. The left-wing government of Chile has taken drastic action to stop the Nazification of children in the German schools. But as Hitler's *Blitzkrieg* has swept over Europe, the firmness of even the firmest *Presidentes* has begun to disappear. In Brazil it is common knowledge that Nazi formations patterned after the *Schützstaffel* are being trained by German officers. If the Germans were to revolt against Vargas and set up an independent state, it would be difficult for Washington to take action under the Monroe Doctrine without an appeal from Vargas himself. And the threat of action by Hitler might prevent him from doing that. Northern Uruguay, permeated with Nazi activity, would then be an easy step. And there lies the Rio Plata, an ideal harbor for landing "volunteers" from Europe.

Our plans for a counter-offensive are still in formative stages. Puerto Rico, to be our main base against South America, is becoming a super-Gibraltar. There are projects also for taking over the Dutch West Indies and for a base on the Colombian coast, a "triangle of defense" to the east of the Panama Canal. An economic counter-offensive against Hitler's barter system is also being worked out by the Administration.

"We know what we've got to do," one of our officials told me. "And we're doing it."

The country certainly hopes so.

Take the best of all holidays,
camping afoot in a forest wilderness

Wandering Bed, Board — and Escape!

Condensed from Recreation

Edwin Muller

WE HAD a week's holiday coming, Stuart and I.

It had never seemed so important to make the most of it. If we could only escape, for one week, the welter of headlines, commentators, newsreels — all shrieking war and catastrophe!

Of course you can set forth in a car, but sooner or later you have to stop. Then the same headlines, same commentators, people talking the same things.

But there is a way out. Cut yourself off entirely from the world of people. Go into the wilderness with your bed and board on your back. Take the best of all holidays, camping afoot.

We parked our car at a farm on the eastern slope of the White Mountains in New Hampshire. Dark, ragged clouds clung to the massive, bare peaks above; somehow they seemed to challenge us to climb up among them.

Swinging our rucksacks to our shoulders, we plunged into the forest. In five minutes we had the thing we had come for. We were a million miles from the world in which all your possessions, interests and ac-

tivities are entangled with those of everybody else. In our packs were a tent, blankets, cooking kit, food for five days. We were complete as we stood — the freest men on earth.

The trail wound along the West Branch of the Peabody, then mounted toward the upper levels of the valley. At times the forest was a closed roof overhead, shutting out the sky. Then we came out on higher ground, clear of trees, saw long vistas of the valley, looked up at the dark blue peaks ahead, still half veiled by shifting clouds. Climbing steadily, hour after hour in the thin mountain air, the brain drifts into a pleasant trance. Worries are nonexistent. More than ever one is vividly conscious of being alive.

By noon we began to search for the night's camping place. No need to drive ourselves; we weren't on a schedule. We worked down a steep bank to the edge of a stream, in flood from recent rains, the water tumbling and creaming over big boulders. There was a perfect camp site a hundred yards upstream. An open space among the pines gave a clear view of the valley's steep head-wall towering 2000 feet above. There

was a level stretch for the tent, and in front of it the stream broadened into a crystal-clear pool scooped out of solid rock.

You must have system in making camp. Find a place for every object and keep it there. It's fatal to strew things about. Hang the food bags on limbs away from prowling four-footed pirates. When your tent is up, taut and firm, you'll gloat over it as you would over a new house you've built. Men lived in tents long before houses, and the instinct of the nomad is deeply embedded in all of us. To be a wanderer and yet to have a home — that's what the tent means.

Next the beds. With pocket axe, cut a mass of pine twigs, cram them into the featherweight browse bags, arrange the blankets on them. Then get in the firewood. Unpack the cook kit. Now your chores are done.

In the afternoon I went off alone, exploring. I clambered up the bed of a steep, tributary brook, pulling myself up by roots and branches, crossed a watershed, came down by following another brook. When I got back to the valley the sun was sinking, the line of shadow swiftly climbing the forest-mantled opposite flank. The main stream looked somehow different. Maybe I was on the wrong one. I had a faint chill of panic, the feeling of being lost in the wilderness with night coming on.

I shouted — no answer.

It was nonsense, of course. I

couldn't be lost. I got out the contour map and compass. There was only the one main stream. Clearly I had only to follow it and I'd come to camp. But reason is a poor defense against blind fears. I soon found myself stumbling in haste. The trees seemed thicker, darkness was coming down like a relentless curtain.

Within half a mile I turned the corner of a bluff; there was camp. The little tent stood up stoutly, the pans and dishes were in an orderly row. Stuart was leaning over, preparing to light the fire. Home! Smoldering panic vanished in a puff.

Dinnertime. Our hearth was constructed of flat stones. For this first night we had brought a steak, later we'd have to do with cured meats. In one pot rice, in the other a mishmash of dried fruits. Never did food taste better!

We leaned back and lit our pipes. The forest pressed in upon the open space around the tent. Night was upon us.

This is the moment when the feeling of isolation may seize you. You are irretrievably cut off from the world of men. But your misgiving lasts only for moments. Then peace envelops your soul. The wilderness is no hostile world. Here you are at home. We talked a little, desultorily — of plans for tomorrow, of climbs that we had done together. War seemed far away. Soon we crawled into the tent, hollowed out our beds in the fragrant pine

boughs and drew the blankets around us. The clatter of the stream grew fainter and fainter in our ears.

I woke in the dark to a great rushing sound. The wind was roaring down the valley. The leaves were churning, the boughs groaned. A spatter of rain struck the tent, soon it was drumming steadily on the canvas. We were afraid that the tent might blow down or water flood under it. But it was well set on high ground and the guy ropes held firm. We were safe and dry, and went luxuriously back to sleep.

At dawn we were awakened by a great rattling and banging outside. A dark, furry shape was nosing at the pots and pans. A porcupine is a stolid brute, contemptuous of man. He disregards beatings that would make a mule run. Before this one was put to flight we were wide-awake. A wash in the icy water of the pool made us ready to eat all the bacon we had brought.

That day we planned to mount above the tree line to the bare peaks and set up our traveling home right among the clouds. We climbed slowly, crossing steep ledges. Higher still, the pines were stunted below a man's height, their limbs gnarled like witches' fingers. They all pointed in one direction, straining away desperately from the screaming north wind that rakes them through the long winter. Even in summer this was a bleak and savage region.

A camp site was found at the upper limit of the scrub. Above was

only the naked rock and a tumbled chaos of boulders. This was harder living than last night. Our mattresses weren't as thick, it was too much labor to hack enough branches from the iron-hard scrub. But it was worth the hardship to sit sheltered by the tent after dinner and look out over the world. We were on the upper rim that yesterday had seemed an immeasurable height above. It was the roof top of New England. We looked out upon range after range of blue hills melting at last in the far horizon. Down in the valley below was a little cluster of dolls' houses, curls of smoke rising from them. Other than that there was no sign of man in all our world.

Lonely? No — it was rather a feeling of release, the more complete because we were *living* here in the high places, not merely walking through them from one human habitation to another.

The tingling excitement of it was increased by a trace of danger. This would be no place to linger in stormy weather, for then the wind blows so hard that man cannot stand against it. Hail and snow strike like bullets. Within sight of where we sat half a dozen men had died of exposure. We shivered that night, although we put on every garment that we had and drew the blankets close. And it was well after dawn before we could unknot ourselves from our stiff-limbed huddles.

Then we looked out, startled. Overhead the sky was clear. But be-

low in the valley a great mass of clouds had gathered. It was a billowy ocean that extended as far as we could see. The mountain summits stood up from it like islands.

As we watched, a glow on the horizon brightened into fire. The rim of the sun rose out of the sea of cloud. The great peak above us turned crimson. . . .

ALMOST ANYBODY can go camping afoot. Your equipment packed weighs about 25 pounds, an easy load for a healthy man, if he doesn't go too far the first day. You don't have to be experienced in woodcraft. Like golf, the tyro can enjoy it from the start and the more he learns the more fun he has. Of course the beginner won't plunge into a remote wilderness until he has learned to use compass and contour map.

There are a number of good manuals of woodcraft — and don't let anybody tell you that you can't learn anything about the woods from a book. Naturally book learning must be tested by experience. You won't sleep as comfortably or

dine as well on your first trip as you will later on, but that's not a big price to pay.

It's the cheapest of all vacations, cheaper than staying at home. The equipment costs less than a good set of golf clubs and lasts for years. Once you're in the woods you can't spend a nickel.

The state and national parks offer an enormous area to choose from. Maine woods, the mountains of New England, the Blue Ridge, Great Smokies, Ozarks, Black Hills — and the whole outdoor empire of the Rockies. There's hardly an inhabitant of the United States who isn't within a day's travel of wilderness where he can bury himself from civilization.

You can't get what the forests and the high hills offer by living in hotels or camping just off the highway. You must penetrate to the inner places, sleep in remote and lovely spots that can be reached only on foot. Only the man who has been afoot with all his possessions on his back knows the meaning of the word freedom.



Lynch Winchell

*S*HORTLY BEFORE our son was born, I remarked in the newspaper that if our new baby was a boy he would be named "Reid" Winchell, and if a girl, "Sue" Winchell. To which a reader-heckler telegraphed: "Boy or girl, it should be called *Lynch Winchell*."

— Walter Winchell

Murder, Inc.

Condensed from *The Nation*

Joseph Freeman

ORGANIZED CRIME and racketeering in America today is dominated by "Murder, Inc."—newspaper name for a gigantic criminal network which conducts nation-wide operations involving millions of dollars and calls itself "the Combination." It is almost impossible for any gangster, big or small, to conduct an independent racket. The Combination grants each member racketeer his territory. If a racketeer leaves New York for Chicago, he can set up in business only with the consent of the Chicago leader of Murder, Inc.

The Combination controls gambling, prostitution, narcotics, the policy game, and the loan-shark racket, to cite its outstanding spheres of influence. It also dominates certain trade-union locals. It operates various legitimate enterprises and muscles in on others, where it exacts tribute from honest businessmen by threats or use of violence. Through its connection with corrupt political machines, it plays a sinister role in urban politics.

The fantastic story of the crime syndicate was uncovered by Brook-

lyn's District Attorney, William O'Dwyer, who has already headed two members of the mob, Harry (Happy) Maione and Frank (the Dasher) Abbando, toward the electric chair for killing a fellow gangster named George Rudnick. The state said the defendants strangled Rudnick with a rope, perforated his head and body with 63 jabs of an icepick and, to make sure, bashed in his skull with a meat chopper. The trial was merely the opening gun against Murder, Inc. So far O'Dwyer's investigations have shed light on 56 hitherto unsolved murders in New York, and he has leads which will uncover the bodies of scores of men whose murders were not even recorded on the police blotters.

O'Dwyer has traced links connecting Murder, Inc., in New York to the Purple Gang of Detroit; to Frank Nitti, former Capone aide who now runs the rackets in Chicago and Miami; to Frank Costello, boss of the New Orleans underworld; and to Dutch Goldberg of California, believed to be the biggest shot of them all.

Much of the information which enabled O'Dwyer to piece together

the pattern of Murder, Inc., came from Abe (Kid Twist) Reles, state's witness in the Rudnick case. This gangster has been arrested 43 times on charges ranging from disorderly conduct to murder (five times). During the recent trial he confessed to 18 murders, six of which he calmly described on the witness stand. In all but five arrests Reles went scot free.

"The Combination," Reles boasted to O'Dwyer, "is operated like a chain of banks and spreads all over the country." He stated that there are hundreds of thousands of people in the Combination, which is an outgrowth of the fierce competition in the alcohol racket during Prohibition. "Nobody cared how he moved around," Reles says. "I looked to kill you, and you looked to kill me. Somebody did something out of the way and got shot, and then his friends went gunning for the man who did the killing, and *he* got shot. There was no sense in that. So six or seven of the leaders got together and said, 'Boys, what's the use of fighting each other? Let's put our heads together to make no fighting.'"

When Prohibition ended, the crime trust sought other sources of income. As Reles describes its present structure, the racketeers in each zone throughout the country are governed by an "inner circle" of overlords. Below these big shots are "vice-presidents."

The word "mob" is no longer used to designate the rank and file. They are now "troops" or, less glamorously, "punks." Secondary leaders and punks work for wages — from \$100 to \$250 a week, according to Reles. He denies that Murder, Inc., triggermen have committed murder for as little as \$5. "You don't get paid for that kind of work," he says indignantly. "When you work in a shop, and the boss wants you to do something, he doesn't say, 'I'll give you five dollars.' Any work the triggerman does is part of the routine."

Once a man is in the pay of the gang he can't quit. If he tries to, his widow is not told what happened to him, though she receives his salary as long as his gang is making money. This is Murder, Inc.'s form of life insurance.

Internal justice enforced by Murder, Inc., fantastically mimics our courts. Charged with violating mob law, a gangster may obtain a trial by his peers. The leaders are judges, and various gangsters appear as prosecutors, witnesses, and "lawyers" for the defense. Reles is proud of having appeared as counsel in these trials. He has a flair for legal jargon: "This ain't admissible evidence," or "There ain't no corroboration for this."

Verdicts of Murder, Inc., courts are accepted without question. Loyalty to the group transcends all friendships, all blood ties. The big shots may inform a gangster:

"Your brother was a rat; we had to shoot him." The gangster, knowing what is best for him, accepts his brother's execution in silence.

The crime trust, Reles insists, never commits murders out of passion, personal revenge, or any such usual motives. It kills — and its victims are legion — impersonally, and solely for business considerations. No gangster may kill on his own initiative; every murder must be ordered and must serve the organization's welfare.

An ordinary citizen cannot hire Murder, Inc., to do away with someone he does not like. If one of its triggermen in a private deal pulled such a job, Murder, Inc., would kill him. Such a triggerman, Reles says, is not safe to have around. "Suppose," he continues, "I come to a triggerman on my own hook and give him \$5,000 to rub out someone I don't like. What's to stop him from taking \$10,000 from someone else to rub me out? There's got to be a good business reason, and the top men of the Combination must give their okay."

As an example of a "good business reason" Reles cited the case of Walter Sage. The boys liked Sage. "He was like one of us," Reles explained, "hanging around the street corners making a living this way and that." Pittsburgh Phil staked him to the peanut-machine racket on a percentage basis. But Sage disappointed everybody. He ran away with his pa-

tron's share of the profits. Accordingly two friends were detailed to visit him upstate. They took the unsuspecting Sage for a "pleasure trip," stabbed him to death, tied the corpse to a slot machine, and threw it into a lake. "There's the motive," Reles added, "when you have no respect."

Under syndicate rules it is "illegal" to kill a man outside your own territory. If New York wants a man rubbed out and he escapes to St. Louis, the job must be done through the St. Louis branch. They may call in triggermen from out of town, "so the man who will be killed won't know them," Reles explains. "You go to St. Louis and you don't know a thing about the man you are going to kill or why he is being killed."

Often the killer has to read the newspapers to find out whom he has executed. Then he goes into hiding, usually in Detroit. There is a special fund to cover his living expenses in hiding, to defend him if he is caught. Every branch of Murder, Inc., contributes to it.

Reles insists that any murder committed in the United States which has not been solved within a reasonable length of time has been committed by the Combination. He claims a private killing is broken sooner or later by the police, usually within six months or a year. If a killing remains unsolved for longer, you may be sure it was the work of Murder, Inc.

City folks have no realization of what electrification means to the farmer

More Power to the Farmer!

Condensed from Free America

Charles Rumford Walker

HUNDREDS OF farmers with their families were gathered near Nicholasville, Kentucky. A funeral sermon was being preached at the edge of an open grave. Solemnly four pallbearers approached and lowered into the grave a white casket containing a kerosene lamp. The chorus sang, "Brighten the Corner Where You Are." And the spectators cheered vigorously.

This ceremony of the Bluegrass Electric Coöperative was not unique. Farm people in many rural regions have held similar celebrations recently to mark their emancipation from drudgery.

To town folks electricity is as commonplace as air and water. But until 1935 electric lines had reached only one farm in ten. Since then

more farms have been electrified than in all the preceding years put together. The Rural Electrification Administration, which was set up by Congress five years ago, has already built 200,000 miles of line, serving 400,000 farms and other rural users. Public utilities climbed aboard the bandwagon and built lines to serve 600,000 more.

Power has pushed into the corn and wheat belts of the West, reached into lonely Rocky Mountain valleys, marched with the cactus across the desert. Below Mason and Dixon's line, consumption of home-grown beef and pork is rising, thanks to electric refrigeration which has also opened new markets for fresh meat and vegetables. Scandinavians in Wisconsin, French-speaking Cajuns in Louisiana, are proudly running their first electric milk coolers, feed grinders, chick brooders.

One of our economic sore spots has been the low-income farmer — millions of him. Now electricity is bringing him more money to spend. In northern Georgia I talked to two farmers whose forebears had farmed the same wide acres with slave labor. But now instead of cotton

CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER got out of Yale just in time to get into the A.E.F. After the war he was a furnace worker in steel mills for a time; then he switched to the cooler job of writing and editing. He has been on the editorial staffs of *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Independent* and *The Bookman*, and has written novels, short stories and plays. For the past several years he has contributed articles on economics and literature to various magazines.

the farm produces oats, barley, rye, alfalfa, and Guernsey cows. "We run it ourselves," the owners said, "with *one* nephew, *one* hired hand, and a seven-horsepower 'totable.'" I saw this "totable" — or portable electric motor — run a hay lifter whose enormous claws emptied the ricks in two grabs; I saw it move about to power tool grinder, ensilage cutter, feed grinder, buzz saw. It costs five cents an hour for current.

Said a farmer near Dayton, Tennessee: "This power is the greatest thing that ever came into our valley. Farms were run down; there were foreclosures everywhere. But now we've got power, we're making out." Another, about licked by a long struggle with eroded land, built up an \$1800-a-year business on an initial investment of 12 chickens — plus electricity. A truck farmer has pulled up his annual income a thousand dollars by growing young tomato plants and cabbages with soil-heating cables.

Bill Harrison's farm with its well sweep and old oaken bucket was a romantic place — for city tourists to look at. Just before he put in an electric pump, Bill figured that his family had been "hoisting and toting" 60 tons of water a year, the walk adding up to 400 miles annually. And every summer, during hot spells, the creamery would ship back milk that had turned. In the first six months Harrison's electric milk cooler paid its cost out of spoilage

savings. Other electric equipment saves him an hour and a quarter every day at his winter chores.

With an electric washing machine, Mrs. Harrison can get the family laundry done, cook dinner, and even enjoy a little rest before Monday noon. With the 26 days a year that electricity saves her, she can raise chickens, tend a garden and have leisure besides. She has an electric refrigerator, hopes for an electric range next year.

The rise of big industries, powered by giant dynamos, meant the death of countless little ones powered only by dam and millrace. But thanks to the REA, rural industries are starting to life again all over the country: gristmills, feed mixing plants, sawmills, sugar cane presses, sausage factories. In the fertile Brazos Valley in Texas, where alfalfa flourishes, a dehydrating and grinding plant is the biggest user of power. In Wisconsin and Minnesota most of the cheese factories are now on rural lines. In North Dakota, one woman has founded a new rural industry by opening a "Farmette Beauty Shop."

Farm people appreciate what the rest of us have forgotten — that electricity is magic. Why didn't the farm have electricity long ago? For one thing, utility expansion practically stopped when depression came, because of the high cost of erecting power lines to serve isolated consumers. An engineering revolution had to occur before the

farmers got power. If you drive through a county where farm electrification is on the march, you'll see something closely resembling the assembly line in a Ford factory. A line construction crew moves along the road in waves. While one man attaches a cross bracket, another is putting on an insulator. Specialized crews string wires. Piles of hardware appear at just the moment they are needed. This "belt technique" has increased the speed of line building from a mile or two a day to as high as 20 — and greatly reduced cost.

The cost of connecting just one or two isolated farms with a city power station still is prohibitive. But if two or three counties are electrified on the "area coverage" principle advocated by the REA, costs tumble. The typical "project" is a farmers' electrical coöperative which has borrowed money from the REA to build its lines. It has 800 members, including farmers, churches, schools, stores and rural factories. It is run by a board of directors, more than half of them farmers, and employs a paid manager and bookkeeper. The average co-op serves 300 square miles and buys its power wholesale from the nearest utility.

Before the REA showed the way, private utility companies didn't see how they could cash in on mar-

kets like one power district in Arkansas where the average farmer wasn't making over \$300 a year on his cash crop. But three years ago Harvey Couch, president of the Arkansas Power & Light Company, talked over the problem with his engineering staff. Between them they developed a new type of electric line that cut construction costs, and by applying "area coverage" wired 97 percent of the \$300-a-year income group — at a profit to the company.

The REA has lent a quarter of a billion dollars to rural communities that wanted electricity. Farm use of electricity has more than doubled in four years, and utilities have built as many rural lines in that time as they had built in the previous 40.

Rural electrification, by raising the farmer's income, by cutting costs, is loosening the shackles of one-crop farming and creating a more balanced agriculture. The experts have found 300 separate uses for electricity on the farm. But the farmer thinks in more human terms. He hopes for better opportunities for his sons and daughters in a community which no one can call the backwoods. He has caught the vision of power. Give him another five years and he will have domesticated the kilowatt as thoroughly as his ancestors did the pack horse.

Meow!

Condensed from You

Elsa Maxwell, America's queen of hostesses, dislikes: "The friend who says, 'My dear, there is *something* you *ought* to know' — and then relates some revolting story in circulation about you — adding, 'Of course I tell you only for your own good.' The woman who, feeling she has arrived socially, becomes so affected that you don't know what language she is speaking. The woman who confides in you, after swearing you to secrecy, and then tells everyone else. The woman who imagines every man who escorts her home wants to seduce her but whose escorts are usually so bored they could scream. The woman who assures you that she never is jealous of her husband, but always is. The woman who tells you at such length about her own operation that you haven't time to tell her about yours. The woman who thinks she has the most wonderful bust in the world and intrudes it even into political discussions. And the woman who gets up after boring you for hours and says brightly, 'Well, I *must* go' — and then takes years to depart."

Lois Long, fashion reporter of *The New Yorker*: "At a cocktail party a pretty young matron sat whimpering because her husband had told her he couldn't afford a

silver-fox cape. 'I think it is horrid of him,' she said. 'All I want is to be perfectly happy.' I was the only woman present who snickered, because I was the only one who worked for a living. The rest thought her remark perfectly natural. If there is anything that irritates me, it is the idle New York matron — the idlest woman in all history."

Sophie Tucker, veteran of the theater: "I dislike women who promise to help but never do. I dislike untidy women. Women gossipers bore me to tears. I despise women who groom their daughters to catch a rich man so that Mother can be taken care of."

Grace Moore, Metropolitan Opera soprano: "I dislike most women because they jump to the conclusion that every other woman is dangerous, and this prevents naturalness among them. I dislike celebrity snobs who cash in on casual contacts with artists. I dislike women who try to worm out intimate details of your personal life by telling you some of theirs."

Rosalind Russell, M.G.M. star: "I can't stand a phoney — a woman who plays a part 24 hours a day. Every woman worth her salt has a

couple of acts to put on if things get dull; that's legitimate, it keeps things lively. But a phoney has a completely false set of values. You can spot her anywhere, partly by her affected voice and mannerisms. She depends on chic to take the place of personality. Most women would wear an old pair of shoes if their feet hurt, but the phoney is afraid to. She doesn't dare be herself. I love the cats, the clowns, the career women. They're fun, they're interesting. But deliver me from the phoney."

Ilka Chase, eminent actress: "I can't stand gushing flattery or women who feign helplessness to get something out of somebody. I've not much use for anyone who deludes herself about herself. Snob-bishness is stupid rather than hateful. And I hate inefficiency. If a woman has a job to do, whether she has an exalted position or is a housemaid, I like to see her do it well."

Ethel M. Kremer, executive director of The Fashion Group, Inc.: "Lack of mental repose is too

often a feminine failing. I dislike the way some women simply fail to concentrate on what the other person is saying. And I dislike the bad manners of some successful businesswomen; their reluctance to give credit where credit is due; their brusqueness and lack of courtesy to younger women who work under them. Why not engender in these young women a spirit of working 'with' rather than 'for'?"

Marge, creator of lovable Little Lulu who appears weekly in *The Saturday Evening Post*: "I don't like women who borrow my lipstick, call me 'honey,' talk too fast, and tell tales on their husbands. And I hate women who scramble to get in or out of crowded trolleys, elevators, etc. Many's the crumpled fender I've received at the rush hour when some determined female jammed her way through with a series of umph motions of elbows and hips. Also, I wish women wouldn't fib so much, and complain so much. But the thing I like least about women is the way they talk about other women."



The Feminine Touch

BY REQUIRING her postmen to carry tidbits for dogs — bones, meat scraps or candy — the postmaster of Los Angeles, Mrs. Mary D. Briggs, has reduced bites and torn pant-legs among her carriers from 121 during the first four months of 1939 to only 15 for this year.

— *Business Week*

☛ They fight, too, with ideas. Are we prepared for the moral defense of democracy in America?

Facing the Nazi World Revolution

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

Allan Nevins

AS HITLER'S ARMIES have advanced from conquest to conquest, the German press has hailed the triumphs as a "World Revolution." By that the Nazis mean not merely that, if Germany wins, the territories and resources of the globe will be re-distributed in wholesale fashion but that German and Italian victory will extirpate democracy, plant dictatorships where free nations have existed, and throw the liberal system of the 19th century upon the rubbish heap. The entire world will adopt a new system in politics and economics. Those upon whom it is not imposed by force will have

to accept it in order to defend themselves.

The historic analogy these prophets of upheaval have in mind as they utter their boasts is the French Revolution. Napoleon, like Hitler, was an upstart tyrant who waded to his goals through oceans of blood. But the ideas of France no less than her guns fought his battles. The French Revolutionary wars lasted a whole generation and finally drew in half the globe — because men were ready to fight to the end, against terrible odds, to protect themselves from tyrannous ideas.

Do the Nazi prophets of a new "World Revolution" dare face the prospect of a series of wars lasting for 25 years? Do they doubt that the end would be another Waterloo?

Doubtless most Nazis look forward to a quick end of the drama. Actually, it will be merely the end of the first act. No peace between totalitarianism and democracy now could be more than a precarious truce. And never in all American history have our people made up their minds to a grim task more

ALLAN NEVINS views history-in-the-making with a professional eye. Professor of History at Columbia University since 1931, he is the author of a dozen historical works which include two Pulitzer Prize biographies: *Grover Cleveland: A Study in Courage* and *Hamilton Fish: The Inner History of the Grant Administration*. Critics have sometimes expressed surprise that an "entombed academician" could write so eloquently. They apparently forgot that Mr. Nevins had put in 15 years as a New York newspaperman, editorial writer and literary editor. His most recent book, published this year, is *The Life of John D. Rockefeller*.

rapidly than in the past months. The march of the German armies from Holland to Paris brought a tidal upheaval of sentiment from San Francisco to Boston. No thought of debt and taxes deterred the vast majority of Americans from demanding the fullest possible means of defending democracy.

We are arming with unprecedented speed, but what of our preparation in the sphere of ideas? Americans have always held that behind armies and navies stood a greater force — an intangible power rooted in principle. Do we possess that power now? If we do, can we mobilize it? Hitler remarked: "Mental confusion, contradiction of feeling, indecisiveness, panic — these are our opportunities." Time has proved him right in more than one land. Has America a firm moral conviction about what it should defend, and why and how it should defend it?

It is of prime importance, in arming ourselves in the field of ideas, that we do not underestimate our opponent. The fanaticism with which German youth have died in tens of thousands, showing a spirit which the French have compared with that of mad dervishes, proves the effectiveness of Nazi ideals and of their shrewd and unrelenting propaganda. We must not underrate their power — both destructive and constructive.

The Nazis indict democratic institutions as anachronistic and

corrupt. They declare that equal suffrage is a sham; that parliamentary government is mere gabble; that democratic agencies fall into paralysis and helplessness; that tolerance allows alien elements to take control of the State.

But the totalitarian leaders also have in theory a positive program. They tell the world that they aim to set up a firm social, economic and political structure where all had previously been uncertainty and change. They declare they wish to establish a powerful loyalty to the nation. They assert that they furnish work to everyone on fair terms — though actually their regime is full of "invisible unemployment" and their workers are industrial serfs. They boast that they give talented youth a chance to rise in the party hierarchy; that they establish a new and better élite in place of the old economic aristocracy and political machine. They even flaunt vague but gaudy cultural ideals before the rising generation and pretend to revive the glories of the distant past.

Suppose Germany wins in Europe. Suppose Italy becomes the dominant power in the Mediterranean and North Africa. Their ideological weapons will become more powerful. Nothing succeeds like success. The totalitarian chiefs will boast that their overthrow of democracy in Europe proves that democracy is feeble, slack and disorganized. They will find echoes

from leaders like Brazil's president, Getulio Vargas, in the New World. The age-old contest between liberty and tyranny will become more desperate. America will be the last strong rallying ground of believers in a free society, and even America will have dangerous elements of dissent within her borders.

The first consequence of totalitarian victory in the Old World will be an immense worsening of the economic position of the New, with resultant social and political discontent. Hitler and Mussolini demand self-sufficient empires which will enable them to snap their fingers at a free exchange of goods. They will demand hegemony over Europe, Africa and perhaps a great part of Asia. Once they attain it, America will trade with much of the world only on harsh totalitarian terms. Our exports will be rationed. Our profits will be limited by onerous conditions of exchange.

What will be the social problems of a nation which, already full of unemployed, has at the same time to tax itself heavily for armaments, write off half its foreign markets, and direct masses of its people into new channels of labor? These social problems will be so severe that they will breed widespread discontent. Only the staunchest national resolution will enable us, if England collapses, to play the role of champion of democracy as it should be played.

We shall have to gird up our own

loins morally and intellectually; we shall have to strengthen the resolution of our Latin-American neighbors. The moral defense of democracy will have to be offered on two fronts. We shall have to show, first, that the so-called constructive principles of the totalitarian states are not constructive at all. This revolution is, as Thomas Mann says, "a revolution of absolute cynicism without relationship to any kind of faith, and filled with lust for degradation of men and of ideas."

It aims at the destruction of those elements which constitute the foundation of civilization: Christianity, the dignity of the individual, tolerance. Justice and truth are equally imperiled; the use of reason is marked for obliteration. Founded upon a philosophy of violence, the movement glorifies war as the highest activity of mankind. It openly undertakes the corruption of the entire youth of a nation.

The savage violence which is the essence of the Nazi revolution began within Germany; it has widened its torrential flow to cover all western Europe. Give it scope, and it will fill the entire world with destruction. The use of arms may temporarily cease, but ideas will be used to prepare the way for fresh incursions. The first task in the moral defense of democracy is to drive home to everyone the fact that this world revolution would be a revolution of brute force,

guided by the cynical impulse of a set of opportunist despots.

The other duty is more positive. Democracy must vindicate itself — show its strength to meet every test. Totalitarian propaganda tries to make the most of the failures attending democracy; of the insecurity, the lack of discipline, the frequent corruption. It asserts that these are inherent in the democratic system. Democracy will have to employ propaganda in word and act. It can prove that it gives far more to the average man than the great slave States can ever give. It can show that it furnishes employments, dignities, satisfactions and enthusiasms which no totalitarian nation can furnish.

At its best democracy yields the plain man a security that is painfully lacking in countries filled with Gestapo squads and concentration camps. It offers a social justice that simply does not exist behind the Labor Front of Germany, where the rights of collective bargaining are gone, and workers are alternately propagandized and terrorized. It presents an opportunity for the self-respecting man to rise which the hierarchy of totalitarianism,

divorced from intellect or culture, cannot match.

It enables men to feel their own worth. It gives them scope for the use of their talents in the family, the church, the political party, the professional group, not shutting them within the prison of an iron-bound party. It nourishes the arts, while totalitarianism has driven writers, painters and musicians into foreign lands, making Germany a cultural desert. It glorifies peace, not war; morality, not amorality; kindness, not brutality.

If mankind has a future, that future rests with democracy. This is the positive fact which must ever be kept before those who accept all too unthinkingly the immeasurable benefits of democracy.

Between the democratic world and the totalitarian world there can be no real peace. If the cannon stop roaring, it will be but an intermission. The struggle will be renewed until this issue of world revolution is settled for once and all. In advance of the armed men, with them, and behind them, will march the faiths to which they cling — and it will not be the democratic faith which is finally vanquished.

“How wonderful that he did it all alone,” said Mrs. Charles F. Kettering, upon hearing of Lindbergh’s flight to Paris.

“It would have been still more wonderful,” replied her husband, “if he had done it with a committee.”

— June Provinces in *Chicago Daily Tribune*

NATIONAL *Drive-In Girl Show*

Condensed from Life

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¶ ABOUT A YEAR ago energetic, 21-year-old Mrs. J. D. Sivils induced her husband to abandon his restaurant in downtown Houston for a drive-in eating place on a three-acre prairie tract. Opening day, customers were amazed to find in attendance five curly-haired cuties dressed in considerably less than knee-length satin costumes, plumed hats and snappy boots. Looking like a musical-comedy quintet, they rhythmically patrolled the lot as a loudspeaker connected with a record-playing machine blared forth the latest music.

News of "car-hops" in abbreviated uniforms spread fast. Within a month the five were increased to 50; now it takes almost 100 to provide adequate service.

Applicants for membership in this engaging troupe must be between 18 and 25, have good figures, a high school education, health cards and "come hither" personalities. Car-hops must smile, stand erect, laugh at customers' jokes. Trays should be balanced on one hand and carried at ear level. Rules forbid the girls to touch a customer or his car, or to leave the lot while on duty. They may stand and "visit" with a favorite caller for 10 minutes — but no longer. Departing guests are urged, "Come back and see us and ask for me."

¶ IMPRESSED BY the success of Sivils' service, competing hamburger stands quickly adopted the same showmanship. Houstonites strongly approved. An anti-scanty campaign launched by Mr. J. M. B. Malsch foundered almost at once. "It hit snags," explained Mr. Malsch. "The drive-in patrons said they liked 'em that way, and the girls themselves preferred the costumes for comfort and looks."

A local paper capitalized on the fever-heat interest of the citizenry by conducting an election for "Most Popular Car-Hop." All the girls wore "Vote For Me" badges with their names in large print, and for a month the various sections of the city vied vigorously for the honor of being represented by the winner. Viola Shearer of Hazard's, a Sivils competitor, won the title after a hot fight in which 37,593 ballots were cast — 700 more than were cast in the last mayoralty election.

The paper also put on a "Most Beautiful Car-Hop" contest, and a sellout audience in the big Majestic Theater, after watching a "Car-Hop Revue," cheered Rose Marie Strobaneck of Sivils' to victory.

— Nolan Sanford

He Who Laughs, Lasts

Contributed by
Margaret Culkin Banning

WHEN Mrs. Calvin Coolidge went abroad after her husband's death, she feared there would be unnecessary fuss made over the wife of an ex-President. But the friend with whom she was traveling said, "Don't worry. In the little places where we'll be stopping they don't know one President of the United States from another. People won't bother you." And no one did — until in a small Italian town they received word that reservations for them were made in the next town. This sounded ominous. When they reached the hotel in question they were received pompously by the manager. Bowing profoundly, he said, "We are proud to welcome the wife of the great President of the United States. Will you register, Mrs. Lincoln?"

Contributed by
Jack Dempsey

JEMIMA JOHNSON had haled her ex-prize-fighter husband to court, charging him with constant wife-beating. Displaying a couple of cauliflower ears, a broken nose, lacerated mouth and blackened eyes, she demanded that Rastus be punished.

"Rastus," said the judge, "you've heard what your wife testified. Have you anything to say?"

"Aw, Judge, don't pay no 'tenshun t' ber," replied Rastus. "She's punch drunk!"

Contributed by
Ray Vir Den

MR. GINSBURG had been complaining of insomnia. "Even counting sheep is no good," he sighed to his partner in the clothing business.

"It's only good if you count up to 10,000," replied Mr. Levy. "Try that tonight."

But the next morning Mr. Ginsburg was still complaining. "I didn't sleep a vink," he said. "I counted the whole 10,000 sheep; I sheared 'em; combed the wool; had it spun into cloth . . . made into suits . . . took 'em to Boston . . . and lost \$21 on the deal! I didn't sleep a vink!"

Contributed by
Corey Ford

A SALESMAN, seeking to register at a small-town hotel, was told there were no rooms left. "But can't you manage to put me up somewhere?" he pleaded. "I'm leaving first thing in the morning."

The night clerk scratched his head. "Well, there's an extra cot in

THE LEADER'S DIGEST *in Spanish*

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COUNTRY

Colonel Twitchell's room," he relented. "He's an old customer, and probably wouldn't mind if you tiptoed out and didn't disturb him."

"That's fine," the traveler said. "Just call me at seven. . . ."

The following morning, bright and early, he crept out of the room and hurried down to pay his bill. To his surprise, the elevator man nodded to him politely: "Good morning, Colonel Twitchell." At the desk, the clerk smiled: "Good morning, Colonel Twitchell." Bewildered, he hurried across the lobby, past a scrub-woman who looked up and wished him "Good morning, Colonel Twitchell." Taking a grip on his sanity, he hailed a cab. "To the station!" The driver nodded, "O. K., Colonel Twitchell."

At the station the ticket agent said, "Leaving for the city, Colonel Twitchell?" With a groan he staggered back from the window and, for the first time, he saw his reflection in the mirror of a slot machine.

"My God," he gasped, "they woke up the wrong man!"

Contributed by *JONES* was waiting for a bus when a stranger approached and asked the time. Jones ignored him. The stranger repeated the request. Jones continued to ignore him. When the stranger finally walked away, another waiting passenger said curiously:

"That was a perfectly reasonable question. Why didn't you tell him what time it was?"

"Why?" said Jones. "Listen. I'm standing here minding my own business and this guy wants to know what time it is. So maybe I tell him what time it is. Then what? We get to talking, and this guy says, 'How about a drink?' So we have a drink. Then we have some more drinks. So after a while I say, 'How about coming up to my house for a bite to eat?' So we go up to my house, and we're eating ham and cheese in the kitchen when my daughter comes in, and my daughter's a very good-looking girl. So she falls for this guy and he falls for her. Then they get married, and any guy that can't afford a watch I don't want him in my family."

Contributed by *AN AUSTRALIAN*, returning to his London club after many years, found only an elderly and grim-looking man in the lounge. Said the Australian, "Excuse me, sir, I know I'm a stranger but I'm feeling lonely and I wonder would you have a drink with me."

Old Boy: "Don't drink; tried it once, didn't like it."

The Australian mooned around a bit, and thought he'd try again. "Sorry to barge in, sir, but I wonder if you'd smoke a cigar with me."

Old Boy: "No, thanks, don't smoke; tried it once, didn't like it."

The Australian, wandering off once more, noticed the billiard room, and decided to make a final approach. "Pardon me, sir, but perhaps you'll have a game of billiards with me."

Old Boy: "Sorry, don't play. Tried it once, didn't like it. . . . But look here — my son will be along soon. He will enjoy a game with you, I know."

Australian: "Your *only* child, I'm sure, sir!"



¶ He who reads should also
write — between the lines

How to Mark a Book

Condensed from The Saturday Review of Literature

Mortimer J. Adler

YOU KNOW you have to "read between the lines" to get the most out of many situations. I want to persuade you to do something equally important in your reading: write between the lines. Otherwise, you are not likely to do the most efficient kind of reading.

IN educational circles Mortimer J. Adler had been a shining star for some time before his recent best-seller, *How to Read a Book*, catapulted him to popular fame. An honor student at Columbia University, he stayed on there to teach psychology, and in 1930 went to the University of Chicago to help institute a "return to the classics" theory of education. Then only 28, his lectures and writings soon marked him as an outstanding philosophical thinker. Among his books are *What Man Has Made of Man* and *Art and Prudence*.

Purchasing a book is only the prelude to possession. You really own it when you have made it a part of yourself, and the best way to do this is by writing in it. If your respect for magnificent binding or typography gets in the way, buy a cheap edition and pay your respects to the author. Most of the world's great books are available today, in reprint editions, at less than a dollar.

Many people have a false reverence for paper, binding and type; they cannot differentiate between these physical attributes and the genius of the author. A book is like a musical score; Arturo Toscanini reveres Brahms, but Toscanini's score of the C-minor Symphony is

so thoroughly marked up that no one but the maestro himself can read it.

Why is marking up a book indispensable to reading? First, it keeps you awake. (And I don't mean merely conscious; I mean wide-awake.) Second, reading, if it is active, is *thinking*, and thinking tends to express itself in words, spoken or written. The marked book is usually the thought-through book. Third, the physical act of writing, with your own hand, brings words and sentences more sharply before your mind and preserves them better in your memory.

Ordinary books, light fiction and such, can be read in a state of relaxation and nothing is lost. But a great book, rich in ideas and beauty, a book that raises and tries to answer great fundamental questions, demands the most active reading of which you are capable. You don't really absorb ideas the way you absorb the crooning of Rudy Vallee. You have to grapple with them. That you cannot do while you're asleep.

Even if you write on a scratch pad, and throw the paper away when you have finished writing, your grasp of the book will be surer. But you don't have to throw the paper away. The margins of the page (top, bottom and side), the end-papers, the very space between the lines, are all available. They aren't sacred. And, best of all, your marks and notes become an

integral part of the book. You can pick up the book the following week or year, and there are all your points of agreement, disagreement, doubt and inquiry. It's like resuming an interrupted conversation with the advantage of being able to pick up where you left off.

And that is exactly what reading a book should be: a conversation between you and the author. Presumably he knows more about the subject than you do, but don't let anybody tell you that a reader is supposed to be solely on the receiving end. Understanding is a two-way operation. The learner has to question himself and the teacher. Marking a book is literally an expression of your differences or agreements with the author.

There are all kinds of devices for marking a book intelligently and fruitfully. Here's the way I do it:

1. *Underlining*: of major points, of important or forceful statements.

2. *Vertical lines at the margin*: to emphasize a statement already underlined.

3. *Star, asterisk, or other doodad at the margin*: to be used sparingly, to emphasize the 10 or 20 most important statements in the book. (Fold the bottom corner of each page on which you use such marks. It will make it easy for you, later on, to refresh your recollection of the book.)

4. *Numbers in the margin*: to indicate the sequence of points the

author makes in developing a single argument.

5. *Numbers of other pages in the margin:* to indicate where else in the book the author makes points relevant to the point marked.

6. *Circling of key words or phrases.*

7. *Writing in the margin, or at the top or bottom of the page:* to record questions (and perhaps answers) which a passage raises in your mind; to reduce a complicated discussion to a simple statement; to record the sequence of major points right through the book.

I use the end-papers at the back of the book to make an index of the author's points in the order of their appearance. The front end-papers, which some people reserve for a fancy bookplate, I reserve for fancy thinking. Here I outline the book, not page by page, but as an integrated structure, with a basic unity and an order of parts. This outline is, to me, the measure of my understanding of the work.

If the margins and end-papers don't give you room enough, use a scratch pad slightly smaller than the page size of the book, so that the edges of the sheets won't protrude. Make your index, outlines, and even your notes on the pad, and then insert these sheets per-

manently inside the covers of the book.

This business of marking books will probably slow up your reading. That's one of the reasons for doing it. Most of us have been taken in by the false notion that speed of reading is a measure of our intelligence. Some books should be read quickly, others slowly, even laboriously. Intelligence in reading is the ability to read different things differently according to their worth. With good books, the point is not to see how many you can get through, but rather how many can get through you!

You may have one final objection to marking books. You can't lend them to your friends because nobody else can read them without being distracted by your notes. But you won't want to lend them anyway, because a marked copy is a kind of intellectual diary, and lending it is almost like giving your mind away. If a friend wishes to read your *Plutarch's Lives* or *The Federalist Papers*, tell him gently but firmly to buy a copy. You will lend him your car or your coat — but your books, containing your notations and personal comments, are as much a part of you as your head or your heart.



The only thing worse than being talked about is not being talked about.

— Oscar Wilde

¶ Pare Lorentz, dynamic producer of *The River* and *The Fight for Life*, breaks all the rules — and records

Young Man with a Camera

Condensed from Scribner's Commentator

J. P. McEvoy

PARE LORENTZ has been excited about the United States — its vastness, its incredible richness, its drama — ever since as a restless West Virginia boy he left college to seek a career in New York. When millions of acres burned up and blew away in the Great Drought, he was profoundly stirred. Here was a drama for Hollywood, a tremendous tragedy ready to be screened, but Hollywood, oblivious, still ground out miles of *Boy Meets Girl*.

Lorentz never had written a line of theatrical entertainment and knew nothing about movie-making. But as a crusading movie critic on magazines and newspapers he had spoken out loud and often about

the pictures that Hollywood was making. Why should this great organization of creative talent and technical equipment devote itself to the making of sentimental sausage? Why didn't Hollywood make pictures that said something?

Obsessed with his idea that the Great Drought should be filmed, Lorentz went to Hollywood.

"What's the plot?" countered the movie people. "Can we use Joan Crawford?" "Is there a part for Shirley Temple?"

Lorentz was still fuming when, on his way back, he stopped off to visit in Des Moines. His earnestness made such an impression that influential citizens took him to Washington to meet their fellow Iowan, Henry Wallace. The Secretary of Agriculture saw the point at once. The government was spending millions on soil conservation. It wanted the public to understand the problem and support the attempted solution. If this young man could get some small part of his personal emotion into a movie, it would be enormously helpful. Lorentz was given \$30,000 and told to go to it.

So Pare Lorentz wrote, directed

J. P. McEvoy is one of America's most versatile writers. Starting off 30 years ago on the sports page of a South Bend, Ind., newspaper, he has written plays, revues, movies, radio programs, novels, short stories, and both serious and humorous magazine articles. His hobby, he says, is making five-year plans for self-improvement, and then trying to find where he mislaid them. He confesses that he hates writing, but consoles himself with the thought that if he knew of any other way to make a living, he would hate that, too.

and produced *The Plow That Broke the Plains*. It was a Western in which the only hero was the West itself; dust and drought were the villains; the actors were anonymous homesteaders, stock raisers and wheat farmers. There were no stars, no sets, no costumes, no lighting and no dialogue.

Shown first in the spring of 1936, all kinds of audiences clamored for the picture — Vassar College and Minsky's Burlesque on the same day. An "educational," a "documentary" film became a Broadway attraction. It was shown in 3000 theaters; 10,000,000 people paid to see it.

Lorentz's next project was even more ambitious. He would dramatize a watershed. His hero would be a river; his villain, soil erosion. Now he had several camera crews working; one was nosing around the sources of the Mississippi. Lorentz, with another crew, was working up river from New Orleans when the great floods of 1936 started. He had expected to use newsreel clips of previous floods, but here was the Ohio carrying away farms and villages and pouring them into the Mississippi practically before his eyes. Here were army engineers making plans to evacuate half a million people from the Mississippi Valley. Lorentz had to cut through yards of red tape to get on the only boat going up the river but he did it and got his pictures of the biggest of all Mississippi floods.

The Plow was good, but *The River* was better. The commentary, a prose poem written by Lorentz, was hailed as a literary masterpiece. An excerpt gives the flavor:

Black spruce and Norway pine;
Douglas fir and red cedar;
Scarlet oak and shagbark hickory;
We built a hundred cities and a thousand towns but at what a cost.
We cut the top off the Alleghenies and sent it down the river.
We cut the top off Minnesota and sent it down the river.
We cut the top off Wisconsin and sent it down the river.
We left the mountains and the hills slashed and burned, and moved on.
The water comes downhill,
Spring and fall; down from the cutover mountains — down from the plowed-off slopes . . .

Working hours for Lorentz are from now until exhausted. He spends most of his time in the field, or commuting to Washington from his home near New York. Sometimes he works 36 hours at a stretch, and he expects his staff to do the same.

Lorentz is 34 years old. Temperamentally he is a study in controlled violence. Socially he is a charming nonlistener. When he asks you a question he has already made up the answer. This has not made him a conspicuous success as a backslapper in Washington.

When Paul de Kruif, who wrote *Microbe Hunters*, saw *The River*, he wired Lorentz, "You and I are going to make a picture." Lorentz, busy doing research for *Ecce Homo*,¹ a study of technological unemploy-

ment, didn't answer. De Kruif bombarded him unsuccessfully with wires and telephone calls. Finally, hearing that Lorentz was in Key West, de Kruif rushed there to see him. "Lorentz, we're going to do the picture this country needs," he said.

"All right," Lorentz capitulated, "what do you think it is?"

"Well, it isn't just one picture," de Kruif confessed. "It's a whole series on public health and the first one is on syphilis."

"No," said Lorentz, "we'll begin where life begins. We'll do the story of the needless butchery of hundreds of thousands of mothers and children."

Paul de Kruif had written that story, *The Fight for Life* — based on the work of Dr. Joseph B. De Lee, who founded the Maternity Center in Chicago. He had been offered \$50,000 by Hollywood for picture rights, but he turned this down and gave the rights free to the government, on condition that Lorentz would make the film.

The Fight for Life is 68 minutes of stirring, elemental drama that begins with death and ends with life. It was filmed in the Chicago Maternity Center, deep down in the slums, and in the tenement homes of expectant mothers. Most of the characters are real doctors and internes; the few professional actors went to school for weeks to learn the complicated manual techniques of sterilization, anesthesia,

and delivery until even doctors who witness the film cannot pick out the actors.

The picture brings home with stunning force the fact that in the past 25 years more than 375,000 women in this country have died to bring the world new life — more than the number of men killed in all our wars since the Declaration of Independence. And to quote from the film: "Thirty-five out of every hundred of these women died from infection — and most of them could have been saved."

The pictorial possibilities of a dust storm were obvious, but it took a Lorentz to recognize the drama of a heartbeat. Every foot of film was shot to the tick of a metronome set to the slow heartbeat of a mother or to the swifter heartbeat of a baby. A specially written musical score underlines every move in every scene. So powerful is its impact that when the drumming of the heartbeats of a mother fades out as she approaches death from hemorrhage, women in the audience have fainted. But when treatment brings the dying mother back to life and the faltering heartbeat in the music steadies and builds up to a triumphant tempo, blasé moviegoers cheer.

The Fight for Life cost \$150,000, about half the cost of a second-rate Hollywood picture. *The Plow* had to bludgeon its way against the opposition of Hollywood, and *The River* was grudgingly granted

national distribution only after demonstrated public demand. But every major company bid for distribution rights to *The Fight for Life*.

To Lorentz the film is the most powerful device ever developed for educating or deluding a people, and democracy can survive only if the

people can learn the truth. He says: "Dig out the facts, present them truthfully and graphically, then let the people decide for themselves if they want to save the forests, conserve the soil, feed the hungry." He has demonstrated that such truths can be "entertainment," and people will pay to learn them.



The Year without a Summer

By Fairfax Downey

SUMMER was skipped entirely in 1816 — "Eighteen-Hundred-and-Froze-to-Death," shivering Yankees dubbed it. There was frost or snow every month of the year as far south as the Ohio and Potomac Rivers; even in Norfolk, Virginia, ice was reported on the 16th of May.

Farmers wore overcoats, mittens and ear muffs to do their spring planting. A freeze in June, with six inches of snow blanketing New England, killed many lambs, all the vegetables and thousands of birds; there were five inches of snow in Pennsylvania.

Yet on June 23, Massachusetts sweltered in a three-day torrid spell, with temperatures to 101. By July 4 New Englanders again wore overcoats. Cold in August killed the New England corn. Dearth of corn meant a pork shortage, so salt mackerel became standard diet and 1816 acquired another name, "Mackerel Year." A

brief spell of good weather in September, and it was winter again — or still. October brought 12 inches of snow in Massachusetts.

It was probably cold everywhere that year. The London *Times* recorded a "baneful year . . . a visitation from Heaven." In Sweden there were prayers all summer for warmth enough to save the crops. Groping for an explanation of such weather, people blamed sunspots, which were visible without telescopes for several days. Scientists have since surmised that dust from the great volcanic explosions of 1815 in the Dutch East Indies had cut off the sun's rays.

But weather may make history. Discouragement and destitution caused by the "Year without a Summer" contributed materially to the great migration from New England in 1817 that established the Middle West.

— Baltimore Sun

☞ You can afford to own a home. Prefabrication, now beyond the experimental stage, is starting a housing revolution.

Houses off the Assembly Line

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Karl Detzer

CARPENTER, plasterer and plumber, each with his little bag of hand tools, each hacking, fitting and hammering small parts together, or slapping up wet material a trowelful at a time to build a house — all ride to work in assembly-line cars. They wear mass-production pants, sleep in mass-production beds, eat mass-production breakfast foods, smoke mass-production cigarettes. Only in the house in which he lives does the American workman combat the machine age and demand stone age methods. One result is that millions of families cannot afford to own their homes, and pay rent out of all proportion to the shelter and comfort they receive. Six millions of them have no running water, ten millions no bathroom.

For forty years, engineers and architects have tried to bring house-building into step with modern industry. Probably 150 companies at one time or another have tried to build houses on the assembly line. A few have survived. They are now ready to build your house.

If you want a new house that combines economy, comfort, beauty,

staunch construction and the latest plumbing, heating and electric fixtures, you may have it, delivered next week to your building lot. It will be a new kind of house: no bricks in it, no nails. There will not be a scrap of waste. Workmen will erect it in one to four days without chisel, hammer or saw.

It comes in a package, complete to the last gadget, just as your car comes off the salesroom floor. With this difference: the house will not be identical with a thousand others in your town. It will be built to your plan or with exterior architectural treatment to express your taste.

Even on a small income you can afford to own this house — unless you happen to live where selfish interests keep it from you. You don't need much cash. One company offers four rooms and bath for \$300 down and \$15.80 a month on a 4½-percent 20-year FHA mortgage. Total price \$2700. Nor need you wait long. Sign the order today and move in two weeks from now.

Newest of factory-built homes was put on the market last month

by a New York City concern, called, cryptically, "PHC." It is turning out a dozen houses a week in its factory at Jackson, Miss., is about to open a second plant, and expects next year to have ten factories in ten states.

Harvey Wiley Corbett, senior architect of Rockefeller Center, is chief of staff. Engineers from three Detroit automobile plants are associated with him, bringing their invaluable experience in assembly-line methods. PHC spent ten years and hundreds of thousands of dollars before launching its product.

The PHC house permits any floor plan the buyer desires, provided it fits into multiples of 20 x 20 inches. It has old-style lap siding — but the siding isn't nailed on. It is tightly fitted to the frame, the pieces interlocked by steel rails and fastened by metal wedges at the top. Two men can side a four-room house in two hours, the same two hours in which two plumbers make pipe connections for bathroom and kitchen sink, and two other workers put on the copper roof.

In many PHC houses, kitchen and bath adjoin and a single thick wall panel conceals all the copper tubing and drain pipes for both. It is put together by machinery on an assembly line in the factory. It is bolted into place at the building site and the plumber quickly makes the few necessary connections.

Sink, built-in tub, washbowl and kitchen cabinets, are stamped out of sheet steel by a Detroit automobile body maker just as he stamps out car fenders. The tub weighs 250 pounds less than the familiar type, saves freight costs, is handled by one man.

The PHC four-room model, designed within limits to the owner's plan, complete with built-in kitchen cabinets and streamlined bath, sells for about \$2400 and competes with a \$4000 house built in the usual way.

For \$1000, PHC offers the young couple with small income one large room, fully insulated, with hardwood floors, choice of several wall and ceiling treatments, copper or wood shingle roof, weather-stripped windows, electric lights and a circulating heater fireplace.

This is really the living room of a future larger dwelling. As family and budget grow, 30 minutes' work will remove the wedges and lift out a section of wall. In four more hours two men can fasten on an additional room, replace the siding, at a cost of only \$250 to \$300. From the one-room beginning the house can grow to six or seven rooms.

Advance orders have jammed PHC assembly lines, first shipments going to government agencies and large corporations.

PHC put into limited production recently what is probably the cheapest prefabricated house ever made. From the outside, it looks like

more expensive models. Four rooms, two closets, space for a future bath. No plumbing is included, no furnace, no wiring, no interior trim. It is merely first-class shelter, what Corbett calls "enclosure of space." Designed primarily to replace disgraceful tenant houses in the South it will sell for about \$750 erected and eight men can put up three a day.

PHC houses have a framework skeleton. Another type of prefabrication is panel construction — your house delivered in finished insulated sections, usually 4 x 8 feet. These are wallboard or plywood, welded to wooden frames by phenol waterproof glue or plastics, built by precision machinery on assembly lines, and stained or painted at the factory. On the building lot these are bolted together on a concrete foundation. This house also assures a stronger, more waterproof, weatherproof house than can be put up by conventional methods and at greatly reduced cost.

Gunnison Housing Corporation of New Albany, Ind., in three years has manufactured 1000 such houses, three to eight rooms, erecting them in 26 states. Fifty men on its assembly lines turn out a dozen houses a week.

At Lafayette, Ind., where Gunnison is erecting four \$2700 four-room houses a week, three trucks haul the parts for two complete houses from the factory. The superintendent starts the first house

at 7 a.m., the second at 8:30. By two o'clock the first is under roof, by four o'clock the second is enclosed. You purchase from Gunnison a "house complete in a package," and the package includes not only gas or oil furnace, electric wiring, bathroom, built-in kitchen, but the grading of the lot, and sewer, light, gas and water connections, shutters, sidewalk, and window boxes with growing flowers. If the first truck rolls up to your lot (on which a three-day-old foundation waits) at seven o'clock Tuesday morning, you can move in Friday night.

PHC and Gunnison are not, of course, the only concerns making progress in the direction of efficient house manufacture. Precision Built Housing Corporation of Trenton, N. J., and Hodgson Houses of Boston, Mass., prefabricate houses in sections, not panels, and allow a wide variety of floor plans. Norman Bel Geddes has evolved a prefabricated house sheathed in brass over a honeycomb core, but it is not yet in production.

Assembly-line housebuilding is a revolution, and like all revolutions it is being fought by the interests it threatens to upset. The unions shortsightedly oppose prefabrication because it reduces man-hours of labor. Building codes were written before prefabrication was perfected, and the unions, contractors and materials dealers in many communities use these codes

to prevent erection of assembly-line houses. Workmen fail to see that they thus cheat themselves out of good new homes they can afford to live in, and that they are blocking the expansion of a major industry which could employ as many men as the automobile industry.

It will take 525,000 new houses a year for 20 years to move Americans out of shacks and provide shelter for the natural increase in number of families. In the past ten years we have averaged only 195,000 new houses a year. Remove restraints against prefabrication

and you will get a new house you can afford to own, and America will get a new industry with room for twice as many men as are now employed in building houses.

If forces in your town try to prevent you from owning a new prefabricated home, there are two things you can do. Organize your neighbors who need houses as much as you do, and change the local building code. Or move to the country, just beyond the city limits. Either way, you can afford a new house, and can get it quickly, wrapped up in a package and delivered to your door.

Appeasement

IN 1875, a fleet of Chinese war junks set out to attack California. News had reached the Emperor in Peking that thousands of Chinese who had gone to California to work on the new railroads were being cruelly mistreated, and the outraged Emperor resolved to teach the United States a lesson it wouldn't soon forget. Eastward bound for Monterey sailed seven war junks armed with brass cannon. The Emperor, however, not realizing the size of the Pacific, had not sufficiently provisioned the fleet and before the voyage was half over the sailors faced death from thirst. Just in time a rainstorm came; quickly the sails were lowered and used as troughs to catch the rain.

At last the doughty fleet reached Monterey; 50 gunners stood by the cannon ready to blast the city to pieces if it put up a fight. But far from resisting, the people of Monterey were so delighted with this unexpected visit of Chinese war junks that the whole town came down to the shore to welcome the invaders. The pigtailed warriors, overwhelmed with hospitality, liked California so much that they refused to go home. The older men got jobs on the railroads, and the younger ones stayed on in Monterey as fishermen. The seven junks were ultimately broken up and burned.

—Richard Halliburton, *Richard Halliburton, The Story of His Life's Adventure* (Bobbs-Merrill)

Personal Glimpses



Arturo Toscanini A LADY once wrote me that she had just had a baby — stillborn, and her heart was broken; she had no desire to go on living. Then, one evening her husband had turned on the radio and she heard my concert. It made her want to live again because there was beautiful music in the world. She did not sign her name, because she did not want me to think she wanted a reply — she only wanted to tell me.

The letter haunted me; I felt I must express my thanks. So my secretary called up every hospital in New York. We had nothing to go on but the date of the letter, but after hours of phoning we found her. The same day I sent her a photograph which I inscribed to her: "From Arturo Toscanini, Detective!"

— Bernardine Szold Fritz in *Rob Wagner's Script*



Theodore Roosevelt TOWARD the close of the 1900 campaign, Theodore Roosevelt arrived in Denver. Colorado stood almost unanimously for free silver, and the governor had challenged him to defend the Republican party's position, thinking to embarrass him before an audience that would resent the opinions of an Eastern "gold-bug," however mildly he might put them.

The Opera House was packed, and Roosevelt was late. Senator Lodge held their attention for a time, but the crowd was restless, inimical, impatient to hear "Teddy." Finally, in a crash of music from the band, he strode down to the footlights and faced the shouting audience. Without waiting for silence, with his head down as if about to charge, he bared his teeth and uttered something unintelligible. The audience roared. He took a long breath and then, with a gesture that compelled silence, he screamed at them: "We stand on a gold platform!" And before they could find voice he added, pounding out the words with his fist, "We stand for the same thing in Colorado that we stand for in New York!"

He got no further. There was a shout of applause, a roar of delight as if he had said the one thing the crowd was waiting to hear. They cheered his courage, his honesty, his defiance of political hedging. It was a cheer of pride, of love, of admiration.

— Ben B. Lindsey, *The Beast and the Jungle* (Doubleday, Doran)

H. G. Wells H. G. WELLS has such a big head that he has trouble getting hats to fit. Once when he found one that balanced nicely on his head he just walked off with it, and blandly penned a note to its owner, E. S. Peck, mayor of Cambridge, Mass.

"I stole your hat," wrote the author. "I like your hat; I shall keep your hat. Whenever I look inside it, I shall think of you and your excellent sherry and of the town of Cambridge. I take off your hat to you."

— Helen Morgan in *The Family Circle*



Winston Churchill "MURDERER! Coward! Liar!" a stranger once wrote Winston Churchill, enclosing savagely sarcastic verses.

"I am very sorry to receive your letter with the evidence it gives of your distress of mind," replied Mr. Churchill. "The fact that you do me the greatest injustice does not deprive you of my sympathy, since you have obviously suffered so much."

— Howard Philp in *The Psychologist*



Condemning the Innocent

By Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy

I RECENTLY investigated the possibilities of lamps for electrocuting insects — an invention installed by countless summer cottagers, which, according to the manufacturers, "enables one to enjoy the garden or porch at night in comfort, while mosquitoes or bugs 'get the chair.'" Yet analysis of the catch of a number of these electric grids showed *not a single mosquito* and few "pestiferous insects." The roll of victims, on the contrary, included many such indispensable insects as devourers of plant lice, parasites of plant eaters, and pollinators of blossoms. It is common knowledge among economic entomologists that though the majority of nocturnal insects are drawn to such light traps, most of the undeniable pests are not.

As a matter of fact, of about 600,000 species of insects known to science, not more than 200 can fairly be called enemies of man, and not more than one half of one percent of all kinds in the United States are seriously injurious.

— *The Scientific Monthly*

"We Have Our Orders"

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Carl Crow

THE JAPANESE lied about Nanking.* The carnival of bestiality staged within its ancient walls was not, as the Japanese officially explained, a mad debauch of troops temporarily out of hand. These outrages have never stopped. They are calculated and deliberate. Precisely the same horrors occur in precisely the same sequence whenever the Japanese army marches into a town.

The first step is to terrorize unoccupied areas from the air. Open towns are systematically bombed

and civilians mowed down by machine guns. The object is to drive the population to demand that the Chinese government make peace.

Though it has failed in its purpose, this program is still being pursued. The list of cities bombed for no military reason would fill a page. In undefended places, low-flying aviators pour machine-gun bullets into every moving object — domestic animals and human beings alike. The planes often time their visits to coincide with market days when the villages will be crowded with farmers and livestock.

After the raids, the troops move in and promptly stage a mass execution, the idea being to make a convincing show of force.

Next the soldiers are given a three-day holiday from all but essential routine duties. Householders are ordered to leave their doors unlocked to facilitate the search for guerillas. This means that the soldiers can enter any house without warning, before there is opportunity to hide girls or valuables.

Japanese prostitutes are provided for the officers at all garrisons, but the soldiers are encour-

To CARL CROW the events now taking place in the Far East hit home: he has spent a quarter of a century in China and Japan. Born in Missouri in 1883, he went to work at 16 as a printer's apprentice. Later he founded a weekly newspaper, which he sold in order to get a college education at the University of Missouri. He went to China in 1911 as city editor of the first American daily paper there, the Shanghai *China Press*. His wide experience since then as an editor and businessman in both China and Japan has enabled him in recent years to write numerous authoritative articles and several books, including *400 Million Customers* and *I Speak for the Chinese*.

* See "The Sack of Nanking," *The Reader's Digest*, July '38, p. 28.

aged to forage for women as for food. They range the streets and the countryside like packs of libidinous hounds, openly demanding women from the elders of the villages and even from American women missionaries who are trying to shelter their converts. At Chungking I saw many diaries of Japanese soldiers killed in battle, and had some of them translated. They reveal that the ordinary Japanese soldier believes all Chinese women are lascivious and that they welcome the embraces of the manly Japanese.

A foreign doctor in Canton told me he knew of 68 Chinese women raped within the first few days of Japanese occupation. Victims include girls of ten and women of more than 60. One girl treated at a mission hospital had been defiled by 30 soldiers in a single night.

The Japanese have preserved evidence of their depravity. With their ubiquitous cameras, they took snapshots of women stripped naked and made to stand beside Japanese soldiers. I have such a picture before me: the weeping woman, the grinning man. There are other pictures of women violated, murdered, their naked bodies decorated obscenely. There are scores of pictures of executions — piles of headless bodies, ditches full of bullet-riddled villagers. The soldiers took these nauseating films to Chinese shops for developing.

The three-day holiday gives the troops time for thorough looting.

Every Chinese town under Japanese control has been cleaned out of everything from rare works of art to chickens. Plunder is divided according to a well-defined system. The officers, commanding the use of army trucks, get the bulky objects such as furniture and rugs. The noncommissioned officers and men help themselves to such articles as they can carry away. But that is not a serious limitation. They work in squads, headed by a corporal or sergeant, or compel the owner himself to deliver the property. Japanese barracks everywhere are packed with stolen goods.

Looting of private homes usually is accompanied by torture, rape and murder. The customary procedure is to string up the man of the house by his arms, so that his feet do not quite touch the floor. Then his place is ransacked and his wife and daughters abused before his eyes. Special refinements of torture are reserved for fathers who hide their daughters.

After the mass executions, the raping and the looting, a military government is established in the occupied Chinese town. But this is not the end of barbarity. The killings never cease. Some of them are utterly cold-blooded and wanton; some are reprisals for the guerilla sniping of sentries and the raiding of railways.

From hundreds of authenticated cases of cold-blooded murder, in every part of the occupied zone, I

will cite three samples. In Taichow, a Japanese sentry called a farmer over to him and stabbed him through with a bayonet. A countryman bringing produce into the city passed soldiers engaged in machine-gun practice. They turned the gun on him and killed him. A farmer chased his runaway donkey past a sentry. The sentry shot him, presumably because he did not stop and kneel.

There is a studied routine of brutality at every city entrance where farmers bring their produce to market. A farmer's wind is knocked out of him with a rifle butt. Groups of farmers are trussed up like pigs and left by the roadside all day. A popular game is to cut off the ears of countrymen. Sentries delight in stripping young Chinese women under pretense of searching for revolvers. Sometimes the naked women are tied to posts for the day. Old women are knocked down with a rifle butt or smashed in the face by a Samurai fist.

Executions in reprisal for guerilla attacks are carefully staged to impress as many Chinese as possible. In Hankow the execution place was the Bund skirting the river, the city's busiest thoroughfare. Day after day the officers of foreign merchant vessels and gunboats had to sit helpless and watch hundreds of civilians being murdered. Some of the captives were allowed to escape into the river, where Japanese riflemen picked them off as they swam.

If guerillas are captured in the mountains, they are marched long distances to be executed in the presence of villagers rounded up to watch. I have the diary of a Japanese soldier in which he tells of escorting a group of captives all day long, two or three being executed at each village reached on the march. The first lot was shot, the second beheaded, the third burned to death.

Along the railways of North China, able-bodied men are conscripted to guard the lines and are held responsible for any damage. If the railway is sabotaged, the unfortunate guarantors are massacred and replaced by others. If a conscript runs away, his father, brother or son is executed. The Japanese army is proud of this arrangement and calls it the system of "railway-loving villages."

In April 1939 the army published notices in Shantung newspapers that all males between the ages of 12 and 40 living in villages from which guerilla attacks were made would be shot. This was no idle threat; whole villages have been utterly destroyed and every inhabitant killed.

It would not have surprised any of us who have lived in Japan if the navy had adhered to the Sâmurai tradition of honorable conduct. But navy planes have vied with army planes in showering death and destruction on open towns. And the navy has sunk hundreds of

wooden fishing junks. Rolls of the Fishermen's Guild in Hongkong alone show 8000 men, women and children thus drowned in six months.

The white shoes of mourning are seen everywhere. A survey among 1500 people on relief in Huchow showed that nine out of ten had lost a father, mother, sister, brother, son or daughter at the hands of the Japanese.

Foreign protests against this program of barbarity have merely caused a certain amount of concealment. Soldiers were cautioned to avoid places where foreigners congregate. Yet refugee camps established by missionaries and other foreign residents are raided at night

for girls and in the day for able-bodied men to do forced labor. All relief work has been persistently hampered and blocked.

The cruelty of the Japanese army in China is one of the blackest pages in history. Barbarian invasions of ancient days furnish no parallel. An army under tight discipline, literate, civilized in all the superficial, using the most modern technical developments, is resorting to the bestial methods of savages. There can be only one explanation. It was blurted out by a high officer who listened to an American's protest against the conduct of his troops. He could not interfere, he said. "We have our orders."



Homecoming

"*TO GO AWAY*," the French say shrewdly, "is to die a little." But why has nobody ever made the parallel observation: "To return is to know what it is to be a ghost"? For when you first come home you are always something of a ghost. They were sorry when you went away, and they welcome you back with affection: but in the meanwhile they have adjusted their lives a little to your absence.

They ask, "Where did you go? What was it like?" But you cannot tell them. For you cannot make them understand the essential point, which is that when you went away you took the center of the universe with you, so that the whole thing went on revolving, just as usual, round your own head. How could they, indeed, be expected to understand this, when they know quite well that all the time the center of everything stayed at home with them? It is a day or two, as a rule, before your universe and theirs merge and become concentric, and when that happens you know you are really home.

— Jan Struther, *Mrs. Minister* (Harcourt, Brace)

They Call It Allergy

Condensed from Hygeia

Lois Mattox Miller

MRS. SMITH gets asthma every time she goes to the movies. Will Jones has migraine headaches whenever he visits his fiancée. A waitress breaks out with hives regularly on Tuesdays and Fridays. A ship's captain suffers from hay fever at sea and finds relief ashore.

These are a few of the 13 million American victims of that mysterious backfiring of the body's protective system which we call allergy. In each instance, the "allergen" which caused their suffering proved to be some commonplace thing — harmless in itself yet having the effect of poison on them.

Mrs. Smith reacted violently to pyrethrum, a disinfectant sprayed in theaters. Will Jones was sensi-

tive to his fiancée's face powder and his headaches ceased when she switched to another talc. The waitress was allergic to shrimps, served on Tuesdays and Fridays in the restaurant where she worked, though she never touched or ate them; their kitchen fumes produced her skin eruptions. The captain, who slept on feather bedding at home, was allergic to the kapok in his mattress aboard ship.

Allergy isn't a disease. It is a physical condition, inherited in three cases out of four. Authorities say that over 10 percent of the population are *major allergics*, with symptoms persistent and severe; another 50 percent suffer in less degree.

Only recently have doctors been able to give us a clear picture of what happens when we are allergic. Essentially it is a drama of chemical warfare waged amid the cells of the human body.

The body is endowed with a protective mechanism by which things harmful to the system are excluded or repelled by the skin and respiratory tract, or chemically changed in the digestive system. In the allergic individual, some particle in the food he eats, the air he breathes, the things he touches,

LOIS MATTOX MILLER discovered a few years ago that she was, as she puts it, "an average reader, with interests and curiosities shared by millions of other readers." Thereupon, with more than average initiative, she made a business of investigating and reporting the subjects which interested her. Under the pseudonym "Kitty Sharp" she aired the ordinary woman's "pet peeves" through a national newspaper syndicate. Then she turned to writing magazine articles, dealing with such common perplexities as the wisdom of taking sleeping pills and the value of vitamin preparations. Georgia-born, Mrs. Miller now lives in New York.

slips past these first lines of defense. Seemingly nothing happens. He experiences no unpleasant symptoms. But actually, as soon as this foreign substance enters the body, the microscopic cells go to work, creating antibodies for a single purpose: to destroy the invader. The initial battle between allergen and antibodies takes place in the blood stream and the invader is destroyed. But it is a Pyrrhic victory. For the remaining antibodies, having now no foe to combat, retire to the side lines and attach themselves to other body cells. There they remain, live and potent fighters. At that point the allergic individual becomes *sensitized*.

When he inhales, ingests, or absorbs a second dose of the allergen, the veteran antibodies go into action again, not this time in the blood stream, but attached to what doctors call *shock tissues*: the smooth muscles in the nose, the air tubes of the lungs, the stomach, intestines, blood vessels. The allergen may be destroyed, but the battle scars are the allergic symptoms, the diseases we call hay fever, some types of asthma, stomach disorders, diarrhea, hives and other skin eruptions.

The doctor, recognizing a disease of allergic origin, is faced with a herculean task of detection. Out of thousands of possible substances, he must find the one or the group to which his patient is allergic. Every type of matter — animal,

vegetable, mineral — and such physical agents as heat and cold are suspect.

He begins with a checkup on the patient's family history, environment, living habits, occupational exposures. Any pets in the house will be removed to note the possibility of animal danders. The patient may have to live away from home for a while so that the effect of changed environment can be observed. A basic diet may be prescribed, to which foods are added or eliminated, with the patient recording his reactions.

The doctor may seek to reproduce the allergen-antibody conflict in miniature, by introducing extracts of foods, tobacco, chemicals, pollens, etc. — one at a time — into a skin puncture. A hive or wheal developing on the patient's skin indicates the guilty substance, since the antibody reacts only to the allergen for which it was created.

The experienced allergist, aware that these skin tests are not 100 percent reliable, has to watch for false reactions. Certain types of allergies, such as those relating to the pollen group, are comparatively easy to test and define. Others require time and patience.

A young man who had suffered from asthma for 14 years joined the Army in 1917 and was free from asthma during the war. When he came home his asthma returned, only to disappear whenever he took

prolonged trips. He was tested with every known substance from his home environment, even to extracts from the horsehair in his mattress, the feathers in his pillow, the rug on his floor. Finally, an extract made from sterilized vacuum sweepings from his room showed that he was allergic to house dust, since then recognized as one of the most common allergens.

The doctor may be able to *desensitize* a patient by administering small and increasing doses of an extract made from the allergen; or the patient may have to eliminate the offender from his environment or diet. Allergy specialists say it is now possible to desensitize with practically all allergens that are inhaled — pollens, dusts, danders, etc. — with the exception of chemicals. "Contact allergens" such as poison oak or ivy also respond to injections of extract.

For many a victim of food allergy strict avoidance of the allergen often proves a difficult or impossible feat. Persons allergic to fish have had violent symptoms without eating fish, because their food had been prepared in a utensil in which fish had been cooked. A patient allergic to pork experienced a recurrence of eczema when he ate ice cream, the gelatine in which had been made from animal scraps, including pork.

But for the majority of allergics the doctors hold out promise of relief. Says one authority:

Eight or nine out of every ten persons with seasonal pollinosis, properly treated, will obtain satisfactory relief. This does not mean that they will never sneeze or wheeze again. But in cases normally lasting six weeks, for example, the period in which symptoms occur will be reduced to as little as six days.

The same allergist says that seven out of ten hay fever or asthma cases that persist throughout the year can be given satisfactory relief. And 75 percent of those suffering from food or inhalant allergies that produce hives and eczema can be wholly or partially relieved.

Most allergy victims, the doctors say, are probably suffering unnecessarily. In recent years allergy specialists have increased, and general practitioners have studied methods of testing and treating. Every large hospital now maintains an expertly staffed allergy clinic. For hay fever victims the Department of Agriculture has made a study of pollens in all parts of the country and provides specimens of all types for skin tests and extract treatments.

If this means much to the allergic adult, it means more to his children. The allergic parent, forewarned that his child is likely to be susceptible, may, with the doctor's vigilance, nip in the bud serious and lasting ailments. "The time to treat an allergic condition is when it is discovered, not when it becomes serious," says Dr. Albert Vander Veer, an outstanding allergist. "I know of no disease where an ounce of prevention is of more value."

Far-reaching methods of treatment may be available in the near future. Many doctors engaged in allergy research believe that the immediate cause of the allergic symptoms is the release of histamine from the body cells during the antibody-allergen conflict. They know that this chemical is present in the cells, and they can also show experimentally that its effect on the shock tissues is to produce spasms and that it causes a softening of the

smaller blood vessels and capillaries. They feel that science is on the brink of an important discovery. The American Chemical Society heard this year of a combination of Vitamin C and calcium which is said to have the effect of "neutralizing histamine and blocking its further action." This treatment is still in the experimental stage. Yet it, or something like it, may mean the final conquest of allergic disease.



Quotable Quotes

Clarence Budington Kelland: "It takes a man 25 years to learn to be married. It's a wonder women have the patience to wait for it."

— *American Magazine*

Don Marquis: "The typical successful American businessman was born in the country, where he worked like hell so he could live in the city, where he worked like hell so he could live in the country."

J. B. S. Haldane: "I have never yet met a healthy person who worried very much about his health, or a really good person who worried much about his own soul." — *Adventures of a Biologist* (Harper)

Professor Helen White: "A man can be a great scholar and look like something the cat should not have dragged in — but a woman has to be pretty good to be recognized for intel-

lectual achievement if she lets her petticoat hang."

— *Minneapolis Journal*

Robert M. Hutchins, President of University of Chicago: "The college graduate is presented with a sheepskin to cover his intellectual nakedness."

Fred Douglas, Negro orator: "A gentleman will not insult me, and no man not a gentleman can insult me."

Bertrand Russell: "In all affairs — love, religion, politics, or business — it's a healthy idea, now and then, to hang a question mark on the things you have long taken for granted."

William Hazlitt: "Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps; for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what they ought to be."

Guide to Modern English Usage

Condensed from "The Owl in the Attic & Other Perplexities"

James Thurber

"The Owl in the Attic" is a collection of Mr. Thurber's humorous sketches (both verbal and pictorial) which first appeared in *The New Yorker*. It includes some extraordinary advice on the care of even more extraordinary pets, as well as "The Ladies' and Gentlemen's Guide to Modern English Usage."

Which. The relative pronoun "which" can cause more trouble than any other word. Foolhardy persons sometimes get lost in which-clauses and are never heard of again. My distinguished contemporary, H. W. Fowler, in his *Dictionary of Modern English Usage*, cites a tragic case of an adventurer who became involved in a remarkable which-mire. Fowler has followed his devious course as far as he safely could on foot: "Surely what applies to games should also apply to racing, the leaders of which being the very people from whom an example might well be looked for . . ." Not even Henry James could have successfully emerged from a sentence with "which," "whom," and "being" in it. The safest way to avoid such things is to follow Ernest Hemingway. In his youth he barely escaped with his mind when trapped in the following which-clause: "It was the one thing of which, being very much afraid — for whom has not been warned to fear such things — he . . ." Being young and powerfully built, Hemingway was able to fight his way back and begin again. This time he skirted the morass this way:

"He was afraid of one thing. This was the one thing. He had been warned to fear such things." Today many happy writers are following in the trail Hemingway blazed.

Trying to cross a paragraph by leaping from "which" to "which" is like Eliza crossing the ice. The danger is missing a "which" and falling in. A case in point is: "He went up to a pew which was in the gallery, which brought him under a colored window which he loved and always quieted his spirit." The writer, worn out, missed the last "which" — the one that should have come before "always." But supposing he had got it in! We would have: "He went up to a pew which was in the gallery, which brought him under a colored window which he loved and which always quieted his spirit." Your inveterate whicher in this way gives the effect of tweeting like a bird or walking with a crutch, and is not welcome in the best company.

It is well to remember that "whiches" multiply like rabbits. Take a sentence like: "It imposes a problem which we either solve, or perish." The writer of a monstrosity like that tries to reconstruct the

sentence, and gets: "It imposes a problem which we either solve, or which, failing to solve, we must perish on account of." He gets a drink, sharpens his pencil, and grimly tries again: "It imposes a problem which we either solve, or which we do not solve, and from which . . ." The more times he does it, the more "whiches" he gets. The way out is simple: "We must either solve this problem, or perish." Never monkey with "which."

II. The Split Infinitive. Word has somehow got around that the split infinitive is always wrong. This is of a piece with the outworn notion that it is always wrong to strike a lady. Fowler contends that it is better to say, "Our object is to further cement trade relations," than to say, "Our object is further to cement trade relations," because the use of "further" before "to cement" might lead the reader to think that it had the weight of "moreover." My way out would be simply to say, "Our object is to let trade relations ride." Some people would regard the abandonment of trade relations, merely to avoid grammatical confusion, as unpatriotic. That, it seems to me, is a matter for each person to decide for himself. A man who, like myself, has no knowledge at all of trade relations cannot be expected to take the same interest in cementing them as, say, the statesman or the politician. This is no reflection on trade relations.

III. The Perfect Infinitive. It is

easy to say that a person should avoid the perfect infinitive after the past conditional, but it is another matter to do it. Take a typical case. A gentleman and his wife, calling on friends, find them not at home. The gentleman decides to leave a note of regret, and the first thing he knows he is involved in: "We would have liked to have found you in." Reading it over, the gentleman is assailed by the suspicion that he has too many "haves." So he changes the sentence to: "We would have liked to find you in." Now as a matter of fact, this is correct (barring the use of "would" instead of "should"), but alas, the gentleman does not realize it. He makes a list of all possible combinations: "We would like to find," "We would have liked to find," "We would have liked to have found," "We had hoped to have been able to have found. . . ." The right kind of woman will at this point hastily drag her husband away. Otherwise he will sink rapidly into a serious mental state.

IV. Exclamations. For exclamation marks, one general "don't" could well cover the whole thing, for the exclamation is never actually necessary. Some excellent books have been written without a single exclamation mark, among them *The Art of Rodin*, a collection of photographs of the sculptor's statues. A colon, which is typed by striking only one key, could almost always be used in place of an excla-

mation point, which is composed by striking the period, back-spacer, and apostrophe. This is frequently complicated by accidentally striking the shift-lock, setting the machine so that it writes solely in capitals. In this way a person will sometimes write six or eight sentences in capitals without realizing it. By following his exclamation with several lines of capitalized sentences, screaming and bawling across the page, he has made the exclamation mark ridiculous.

Take the sentence: "You are wonderful!" That's trite, but if one writes it, "You are: wonderful," it's certainly not trite and it has a richness that the other hadn't, giving an effect of tense endearment, which is certainly what the writer is after. Of course whether he should be after that effect is a separate problem. Sentences of that kind when written from a gentleman to a lady are never altogether safe.

V. The Indefinite One. The chief objection to a consistent, or "cross-country," use of the indefinite "one" is that it tends to make a

sentence sound like a trombone solo, as: "One knows one's friends will help one if one is in trouble, or at least one hopes one's friends will help one." Even though this is correct, to the point of being impeccable, there is no excuse for it. The "one" enthusiast should actually take up the trombone and let it go at that.

"One" is, as a matter of fact, too often used for the personal pronoun. What could be sillier than to write to a lady, "One loves you and one wonders if you love one"? Such a person is going to get nowhere. Some persons use neither the indefinite nor the definite pronoun, but substitute a pet name, as, "Mopsy loves Flopsy and wonders if Flopsy loves Mopsy." This usage frequently gets into the newspapers and becomes famous, particularly if Flopsy is an ambitious blonde and Mopsy a wealthy mop-handle manufacturer. The fault here, however, is not so much with nouns or pronouns as with the verb "to love." Nothing can be done about the verb "to love."



Patient: Doctor, are you sure this is pneumonia? Sometimes doctors prescribe for pneumonia, and the patients die of something else.

M. D. (with dignity): When I prescribe for pneumonia, you die of pneumonia.

— *Wauchecord*

❑ Women convicts leave this "campus" proudly,
with new skills, new ambition

Can This Be a Women's Prison?

Condensed from This Week Magazine

Karl Detzer

ACROSS the sunny campus girls were strolling in chattering groups of two and three. They wore gay frocks; a few had pulled on sweaters against the morning sharpness of the mountain air. Most of them carried school-books.

This might have been an expensive finishing school for daughters of the rich. But the State of California calls it Tehachapi Prison. Within the tall screen fence around these dozen acres, California confines 180 of its worst women felons. Forty of them have been convicted of murder; others are in for crimes ranging from habitual shoplifting to highway robbery. More than half the inmates are under 30. At Tehachapi there are no cells, no bars, no guards or guns. No drab uniforms, no marching formations, no pallor, no rule of silence. The red roofs of Norman cottages form a pleasing contrast against the green of distant mountains.

The roots of this new kind of prison go back 10 years, to the day Mrs. Rose B. Wallace happened to go through the women's division at San Quentin state penitentiary.

What she saw shocked her. She aroused the clubwomen of California. After a long battle they persuaded the legislature that women ought to be removed from the old prison, with its bad physical and moral conditions. So Tehachapi was built — and Mrs. Wallace is now chairman of its board of trustees.

Here California thinks it has a rational solution to the problem of crime among women. At Tehachapi the effort to salvage lives costs \$500 per inmate a year — no more than it costs to run old-style women's prisons.

Tehachapi's superintendent is Florence Monahan, a tall, humorous, understanding woman, who assumed the post in 1937 after many years' experience as a school-teacher, probation officer and reformatory head. No man or woman, Miss Monahan contends, can come out of jail a useful citizen after years of shuffling in lockstep, eating in silence, living in bare stone cells. Therefore at Tehachapi, after six weeks of observation, each girl is assigned to her own room in one of the cottages. Here she finds cheer-

ful living rooms and dining halls with small tables where foods women like to eat are served. Each bedroom looks out upon flower beds and the mountains, and the prisoner may decorate it to suit herself, with pictures and knickknacks bought with money earned in the prison shop. Between classes and jobs and meals the girls use their rooms as freely as in any dormitory.

Every girl is called by her first name or nickname. Her visitors talk not through a screen, but in a big living room with fireplace and comfortable chairs. The only topic taboo is "What are you here for?"

Work starts at 7:30, in gardens, laundry, dairy barns, and the small shop which supplies state offices with flags. In this shop every girl must do three months' duty, learning to sew; she must spend a similar period in the laundry, another in the kitchen. Except in the kitchen, it is a seven-hour day. These apprenticeships done, a girl earns by good behavior the kind of job she desires.

Some girls work at technical jobs in the hospital, others in the offices, newcomers learning from veterans ready for "graduation." Thus Tehachapi produces skilled X-ray technicians, dentists' assistants, telephone operators, bookkeepers, photographers.

If they wish — and 68 percent do — girls may attend classes of their own choosing. Writing, painting, and music are popular subjects;

also, more practically, home economics, English, dress designing, stenography. It has never been difficult to recruit a competent teaching staff. A number of inmates are college graduates, including school-teachers and lawyers.

Saturday afternoons the girls may see a motion picture. Saturday evenings there are dances, girls dancing with girls, music from radio or phonograph. Wednesday is card-party night. Mondays the Tehachapi little-theater company presents dramas, often written by the girls themselves, or the campus choir of 24 voices puts on a Bee-thoven evening or leads an old-fashioned community sing.

The girls may tune the cottage radio to quizzes, round-table discussions, good music, good comedians. In the library are the newest books and magazines. Tehachapi insists that girls must keep up with the times, must know what people outside are talking about, what men and issues are important. On the day when, wearing a smart new hat, a new dress and coat, a girl walks hopefully out of the gate, she must be prepared to face the world.

"We give every girl as many kinds of experience as possible, as much self-government as we can," Miss Monahan states, "because only by learning to manage her own affairs here can she manage them successfully outside."

Each cottage is supervised by a

committee of three inmates. These meet the superintendent weekly to talk over particular problems of particular girls, to offer suggestions, to discuss proposed new rules.

Punishments are rare. Occasionally two women will fight over some grievance. Other prisoners separate them, read the riot act, make them ashamed of themselves. The girls discipline each other, by silence or ostracism. The authorities sometimes take away for several weeks such privileges as buying cigarettes or going to a movie. There is no corporal punishment of any kind. The one confinement cell, in the hospital, is used only for hysteria cases. "We don't try to make these girls more saintly," says Miss Monahan, "than the people who sent them here."

Average term of a "lifer" is 12 years, for other prisoners less than five. That's long enough, usually, to effect a cure. Since Miss Monahan's regime got under way no girl has tried to escape, although an agile girl could scale the wire enclosures easily. The girls have found that the surest way to freedom is to earn it — through self-discipline and learning to live as a useful member of a community. The California parole board tries to secure

for each woman a job outside for which she prepared while serving her time.

To persons who object to "coddling," Miss Monahan replies that in the past two years only 6.1 percent of her graduates were returned to Tehachapi for parole violations or new crimes. In some states such repeaters run to 25 percent.

Most of the girls make good in the outer world. One ex-shoplifter learned in prison to become an expert dressmaker. After her release she set up a successful business. A girl with a long record learned stenography at Tehachapi, discovered also a talent for water colors; now, a year and a half out, she has a regular office job but spends her spare time painting and selling greeting cards. Another, once involved in a robbery, now works hard running a filling station. One "graduate" clerks in a law office; one is a dentist's receptionist; one is paid companion to a wealthy woman, partly because she learned how to read aloud in prison.

The women controlling Tehachapi want each girl to leave the "campus" proudly, with new skills, new ambition, new hope. With these, she'll give the police no more trouble.



*I*T is all very well to think of America as a melting pot, but one must remember that some things won't melt unless we make it very hot for them.

— New Orleans States

You Don't Have to Be Rich

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

Corinne Updegraff Wells

MANY PEOPLE have a puritanical feeling that they are not giving unless they are sacrificing, which is akin to the old idea that unless medicine tastes bad it can have no virtue. Men and women whose hearts are bigger than their pocketbooks know better. By exercising their ingenuity, they find unusual methods of bringing happiness to others, and incidentally, pleasure to themselves.

Consider time, for example. A little time, given away, may be riches to someone. Last year my friend Mrs. B. presented a neighbor, an overburdened mother, with a gift of 48 Tuesday afternoons. Once a week she took the place of this mother, who could not afford help and had little opportunity for recreation. She darned stockings,

told stories, played games with the youngsters, while the mother had a gloriously free afternoon.

A retired storekeeper bemoaned the fact that he could give no money for the local playground. His practical wife suggested that he spend his mornings there teaching small boys to make kites and sailboats. He contributes as much to the success of that playground as the cash donors.

Skill is another welcome gift. Almost every one of us has some special talent which we can multiply by giving. A middle-aged woman, expert with her needle, lives in a boardinghouse catering to young men. Last Christmas she presented each man with a note stating that during the year she would mend his clothes, darn socks and sew on buttons. Her motherly gesture — a use of the talent she had — turned that boardinghouse into a home.

A department head in a technical laboratory discovered that some younger associates were handicapped by their lack of higher mathematics. He volunteered to give an evening course if half a dozen were interested. Thirty turned out — eagerly!

CORINNE UPDEGRAFF WELLS sold her first short story when she was 18 — she still has a photograph of the \$20 check. Since then she has contributed many stories and articles to women's magazines, and at one time was on the editorial staff of *McCall's*. But life, she says, really began for her after 50, when "just for fun" she started her one-woman advertising business in Passaic, N. J. To her, every business day has been a fresh adventure.

The most commonplace giving may take on real significance. Old Mrs. Smalley has one humble talent.—breadmaking. Every Saturday this poor woman selects the crustiest, most buttery-looking loaf out of her oven and leaves it at some home where there is sickness, trouble or need. She makes this lonely world a happier place.

For years the trainmen on an isolated run in my state have tossed magazines and newspapers to people who regularly, summer and winter, rain or shine, flash lights along the track. The practice started when a passenger suggested to the conductor that leftover newspapers would give an old man, 82, who lived alone, a great deal of pleasure.

What is junk to us may be a bonanza to someone else. It occurred to a dentist that his discarded dental unit, with its drills and gadgets, would delight a bunch of mechanically minded high school boys he knew. Now ten of them use it—and how!—for shop and metal work.

Our automobiles present another form of unshared wealth. We have so much surplus seat room that we cease to know its value to people who have no cars or cannot drive. One wealthy young man and his

wife woke up to this opportunity. They stop at the local hospital Saturday afternoons and take some convalescent patient with them on their rides in the country. "Wealthy people have things besides money to give," she says, "if they would only open their eyes."

Many people make the mistake of assuming that the well-to-do do not appreciate modest gifts. Yet simple gifts, prompted by sincere affection and with no thought of return, make an even greater impression upon the prosperous than upon the poor, for sharing from the heart is one commodity that money cannot buy.

A rich old codger once admitted to me that no gift had brought him quite such pleasure as a mess of fresh perch presented by his chauffeur's freckle-faced son. My friend Sue, who could buy out a greenhouse, cherishes the single perfect rose left now and then in an empty milk bottle on her back porch by the retired family coachman of her girlhood days.

No, you don't have to be rich to be generous, but most of us are rich in the possessions which make generosity possible. If he has the spirit of true generosity, a pauper can give like a prince.

WE DIDN'T CATCH the name of the commentator, but his suggestion for Mussolini's slogan in this war deserves a line: "Don't shoot, men, until you see the whites of their flags!"

—George Ross in N. Y. *World-Telegram*

Of Course You Remember — or Do You ?

*Here's The Reader's Digest Quiz —
Challenging Your Recollection of Articles in Last Month's Issue*

IF YOU test yourself with these questions you may discover: (a) how attentively or inattentively you read the July Reader's Digest; and (b) whether you overlooked last month some interesting material, well worth returning to now.

Taking this quiz in competition with family or friends is good entertainment for a rainy evening.

Count 5 points for each question answered correctly. You ought to score over 80, but 65 is passing.

Correct answers on page 136.

1. *Four wits recently held a conversation by mail. Which of these thoughts did they toss off?*

(a) The way to fight a woman is with your hat. Grab it and run. ☐ (b) Americans eat too fast and think too little. ☐ (c) Success is largely due to a sense of timing. ☐ (d) Few girls are as well shaped as a good horse. ☐ (e) An idea, like a pearl, must be warmed on a human bosom to keep from fading. ☐ (f) Occasional silence is golden — in wives or conversation. ☐

2. *Courtney Ryley Cooper, once a one-man furnace himself, says the best way to stop smoking is to:*

(a) Smoke less each day till zero is reached. ☐ (b) Cut out smoking abruptly. ☐ (c) Take up drinking instead. ☐ (d) Smoke incessantly until you're sick. ☐ (e) Resolve to save the money to buy a new car. ☐

3. *When seven prominent men were asked "what they noticed first about women," their answers revealed:*

(a) That no two dumb males can agree. ☐ (b) That the majority size up a woman's figure first. ☐ (c) That the Eyes have it,

by a plurality vote. ☐ (d) That nobody notices a girl's complexion first, or cares whether it's artificial. ☐ (e) Legs get first attention. ☐

4. *Confidentially, there's just one false statement here about the Mayo brothers, hidden among the true:*

(a) When still boys they knew all the bones. ☐ (b) As young doctors they divided their patients geographically; later on, anatomically. ☐ (c) As successful surgeons they seldom wrote for medical journals, letting deeds speak for themselves. ☐ (d) They made the "better-mousetrap" theory work. ☐

5. *In a little fantasy about women's hats, Frank Sullivan told bow:*

Rosalind Russell made a hat of old tin trays. ☐ Gloria Swanson wore one that smoked. ☐ The latest hats serve as ash-trays afterward. ☐ A man got a divorce on the "mental cruelty" of his wife's head-gear. ☐

6. *Hitler's right-hand man once blew the foam off his Munich beer and said, "Now take my secretary, our gentle*

Heinrich here. He'll never go far. —
Ten years later gentle Heinrich had this
man shot to death. His name was:

Ernst Roehm. ☐ Gregor Strasser. ☐
 Werner von Fritsch. ☐ Kurt von Schleicher. ☐

7. Please check all the misstatements:

(a) Glass textiles have proved impractical. ☐ (b) Corning Glass blew Edison's first bulb. ☐ (c) Use of new machines in the glass industry has reduced employment 25 percent in ten years. ☐ (d) A glass boot now helps cure gangrenous legs. ☐ (e) A bulb can be blown as small as a grain of wheat. ☐

8. *He died just 25 years ago, a brave soldier in the World War, but these lines he wrote will live forever:*

"These I have loved . . .

Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust

Of friendly bread: and many-tasting food;

Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood . . ."

He was Joyce Kilmer. ☐ John McCrae. ☐
 Rupert Brooke. ☐ Alan Seeger. ☐

9. *If you saw a Columbia Ph.D. tying up a "project book" in reams of red tape, would you say he was associated with:*

(a) The American Youth Congress? ☐
 (b) Education in Oregon? ☐ (c) Rural resettlement? ☐ (d) Building codes collision? ☐

10. *Bulletins from the Dust Bowl war (Check any that are false):*

Young people are quitting the farms and fleeing to the cities by thousands. ☐ Lack of initiative, courage and self-reliance among the farmers has left the whole problem in the government's lap. ☐ Conserva-

tion experts say the very worst part of the Dust Bowl will be green again within five years. ☐

11. *Which one of these audiences has Cornelia Otis Skinner found it most fun to play to? Which least?*

Women's culture clubs. ☐ Convicts. ☐
 Candid camera fans. ☐ Co-educational universities. ☐ Businessmen on a "bust." ☐

12. *If the almost-forgotten Matthew Maury served as lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, check which of the following statements are true:*

(a) He devised a torpedo for the Confederacy which wrought havoc with Northern shipping. ☐ (b) Refused help by Congress for establishing international weather observations, he received it in Europe. ☐ (c) When the first Atlantic cable was opened his contributions toward its laying were tragically ignored. ☐ (d) Nobody follows his "paths of the sea" any more. ☐

13. *Have you ever seen something you didn't believe? Well, explorer William LaVarre did, in the shadowy jungles of Dutch Guiana. It was:*

(a) Witch doctors bringing dead men to life. ☐ (b) A race of supernatives with Irish names and faces. ☐ (c) The straightening of human bones. ☐ (d) A white man ruling the Djukas like a god. ☐

14. *Junior Executive X is earning over \$100 a week; his subordinate Y has never earned more than \$35. In which of the following traits is X likely to excel Y?*

General intelligence. ☐ Command of information. ☐ Imagination. ☐ Aggressiveness. ☐

15. *Who was it remarked, "Pop used to say about Presbyterians, it don't pre-*

vent them from committing all the sins there are but it keeps them from getting any fun out of it."

Bill McSorley. ☐ Neal O'Hara. ☐
Kitty Foyle. ☐ O. O. McIntyre. ☐

16. "I know why you Minnesotans like your successful young Governor," you, as a Digest reader, might confidently say to a cousin from St. Paul, adding:

(a) — "He crooned his way to the top." ☐
☐ (b) "Farmers find his new highway network useful." ☐ (c) "He cut state bills ten million a year." ☐ (d) "He kisses all babies, regardless of color or creed." ☐
(c) "He surrounded himself with able young men." ☐

17. Regarding summer swimming, many doctors believe that anyone suffering from repeated sinus, middle ear or mastoid infection should:

Take a dose of Scotch after every dip. ☐
Hang his clothes on a hick'ry limb but not go in the water. ☐ Put stoppers or plugs in the ears. ☐ Wear a nose-guard while diving. ☐

18. Dorothy Thompson says that Germany plans to reduce the United States to a second-rate power by:

(a) Conquering Canada, then us. ☐
(b) Destroying our economic position. ☐
(c) Attacking us on the Atlantic while Japan stabs us in the back. ☐ (d) Fifth-column treachery. ☐

19. As a rewrite man, you'd doubt one of these things a breathless cub reporter telephones you after interviewing Maude Adams at:

Leland Stanford. ☐ Stephens College. ☐
☐ Notre Dame. ☐ Northwestern. ☐
(a) "She's given the theater five new stars." ☐ (b) "She's found a new career for herself." ☐ (c) "She spends more on equipment than she earns." ☐ (d) "She believes acting prepares girls for emotional crises in real life." ☐ (e) "She plans to help Walt Disney do Peter Pan." ☐

20. Please select the one untruth, from Winston Churchill's memoirs of his youthful days:

(a) His mother was an American, Jennie Jerome. ☐ (b) He was a mediocre student at Harrow. ☐ (c) In India he played polo, read avidly. ☐ (d) The walls of a Boer prison couldn't hold him. ☐ (e) He spent three years with the army of the Czar. ☐ (f) Everything he was taught to believe impossible — has happened. ☐

Last Rally

BE rootfast. Never yield
What rightly is your own:
Your altar, home and field,
Your fruit of blood and bone.

Ever the vandal crew
Lurks, avid to despoil
Your founded dream, your due,
The tribute of your toil.

Nor have the Caesars died;
Their brutal lictor-rods
Menace on every side
Your equity and God's.

Thus freedom's final claim
Can only be appealed
To those who guard her flame
And die — but never yield.

— Clifford J. Laube, *Craggs* (Monastine Press)

☞ A new joy in life, a new source of income, is found by rural families in the Granite State

Old Crafts for New Hampshire

Condensed from The Commonwealth

Fairfax Downey

SKILLED CARVERS are busy, potter's wheels whirl, looms click, and once-idle forges glow again in New Hampshire. A thousand artisans are at work, knowing that what they make has a good chance of being sold. The cash they receive will supplement meager incomes from stony farms, will go to meet taxes, help educate children, shingle leaky roofs.

Responsible for the new birth of interest in handwork is the League of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts. This is no sporadic "arty" movement. Its products sell because it applies the pragmatic test of usefulness to everything it accepts. The League has been a going concern for nine years.

A flock of sheep started it all.

FAIRFAX DOWNEY graduated from Yale in 1916 and went into the coal business, which he left — "with vast relief," he says — to go to war as a field artilleryman. He has worked on newspapers in Kansas City and New York, and written numerous articles and eight books, including *Disaster Fighters*; *Burton, Arabian Nights Adventurer*; and *Richard Harding Davis: His Day*. When not out digging up stories, he likes to compose songs; he sings with the University Glee Club of New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Randolph Coolidge decided that the sheep on their summer place at Sandwich could be put to better use than merely supplying raw wool and mutton, so they made home industries out of them. They brought in teachers of spinning and weaving; the townspeople became interested. Down from attics came old spinning wheels and looms, and the Sandwich women and girls relearned the arts of their great-grandmothers. Basketmaking, wood carving, and ironwork followed. A popular tearoom was stocked with attractive handicraft work and manned by volunteers. The idea took hold and sales mounted.

Governor John G. Winant persuaded the New Hampshire legislature that a scheme so successful in Sandwich ought to work elsewhere, and in 1931 an appropriation of \$10,000, since continued, was voted to organize the League.

A governing council, unpaid, was set up under the presidency of Mrs. Coolidge. A full-time director and teachers were hired. Shops were established in strategic locations; the League's sign now marks 18 of them.

A jury passes on all products. That is why you will find no gim-cracks, no trashy novelties. The League studies the market, prevents overproduction. From group discussions come new ideas, suggested by volunteer scouts who visit other sections or range through museums and colonial records. How about a revival of the half-lost art of netting, such as is required in making a four-poster canopy? Would carved walking sticks appeal to the hiker through New Hampshire hills and to the collector? Thus the shops are stocked with articles for which a demand has been anticipated or proved.

The scheme has worked so well that the League's \$8000 sales in 1932 have more than quadrupled. The articles the craftsmen make have distinction and individuality.

One woman who bought a summer place discovered an abandoned forge on her property and learned that her hired man was a former smith. Following designs of colonial ironwork obtained from a museum, he has become a master craftsman whose products find ready sale. Those neat soapstone tiles to hold hot dishes are turned out by a victim of infantile paralysis. A former stair-builder whose hand-hewn balusters and newel posts are no longer in demand produces gumwood bowls and applewood knife and fork handles. Millworkers who returned to farming when plants closed down are making metalware, providing

support which farms alone did not give.

Nine years ago few of these clever people were creatively at work. The talent was there and the will, but the potential craftsmen were scattered, isolated. Many did not know what was salable and they lacked training in design and color. It was the organization of the League that tapped the wellsprings.

The annual midsummer Fair — this year it's at Plymouth, August 12-17 — is a gala occasion. Here is no church-bazaar atmosphere, no idea that it is a charity worthy of support. There is no pressure to buy. The craftsmen talk shop and practice it. They bring their tools and let people "watch the wheels go round." Lumps of clay become jars and jugs and bowls under the potter's touch. The clang of the blacksmith's hammer alternates with the tap of the silversmith's. Amid shavings are chairs, tables, banjo stools, trays, bread and cheese boards, baskets for gardening and laundry. All manner of things for the fireplace are there — tongs, hearth brushes, driftwood blaze. Even the ancient crafts of the bowyer and fletcher provide material for archery enthusiasts. Visitors, from many states, come to see and admire and ask questions. More than 10,000 attended the fair at Durham last year.

No, the League is not big business, but its human value is immeasurable. It has given new in-

terest in life to many, new pride in fine workmanship. The joy of creation languishes without appreciation. And it thrives more easily when it fills a material as well as a

spiritual need. That is why the arts and crafts flourish in New Hampshire today, why homes in increasing numbers are being furnished with native handicraft.



Contact

Excerpt from The New Yorker

WHEN WALTER HAMPDEN was summoned to play the part of an Indian chief in *Northwest Mounted Police*, a technicolor picture with many closeups, he was found, to the horror of all concerned, to have bright-blue eyes. Confronted by this seeming impasse, Mr. Hampden asked for leave of absence, and turned up in less than a month with a fine, brown, Indianlike pair of eyes.

He accomplished this by consulting Theodore Obrig, an optician who specializes in making contact lenses — the invisible eyeglasses that fit over the eyeball. By inserting liquid caramel in the “liquid lens” between Mr. Hampden’s eyeballs and lenses, he simulated brown eyes, harmless to Mr. Hampden and realistic enough for technicolor.

Some 8000 people in the country today wear contact lenses, made either of glass or of Plexiglas, an unbreakable plastic. Fitting lenses to the eyes is a delicate, lengthy process. First an impression is taken in a jellylike substance called negocoll; then a cast is made, a

lens molded from this, and the actual visual properties of the lens fashioned by hand grinding. The finished lens rests on the whites of the eyes; the corneas are too tender to support any weight. Between the cornea and the lens is a “liquid lens”: a solution having the same properties as the wearer’s tears, which contributes to the correction of visionary defects.

The idea of contact lenses goes back to 1827, when an English astronomer suggested that a glass shell might protect healthy eyes from diseased eyelids; as sight correctives they have been used since 1888. They’re not hard to put on and can be worn in some cases for more than 20 hours, though most people remove them every four hours. They are popular among women, who don’t like to wear regular glasses, and among athletes, who don’t dare to, and who wear their lenses while engaged in very strenuous activities. Among these folk are a prizefighter, football players, a basketball player, a couple of Olympic skiers, and an astigmatic deep-sea diver.

- ❑ We have been in every war involving control of the seas.
Can we now summon courage and vision like that of the
founding fathers, which kept this country free?

America's Hour of Destiny

Condensed from Life

Walter Lippmann

THE HOUR of our destiny has come. We are living in the most fateful time since colonists first settled in America. To our unready and unwilling hands there has been confided the task of establishing a citadel of freedom so strong that by our example the world can eventually be redeemed and made whole again. This is the American destiny. If we do not fulfill it, the world we have lived in will perish beyond hope of early resurrection.

As we contemplate our heavy task, we must pray to be given in our hour of need the foresight and courage of the men who founded the American Republic. With infinitely smaller resources than we possess, but with a clearer vision than we have kept, they made the Republic independent. We have now to preserve what they achieved. But this we shall be able to do only if we understand again what mis-education has concealed from us.

Our generation has been taught to think that by remembering the injunctions of Washington's Farewell Address, and doing nothing else, American independence was

secure. Nothing could be more utterly misleading than the notion that the American people enjoyed a century of isolation from the wars of Europe because Washington advised them against foreign entanglements. Isolation did not begin until nearly 25 years after the death of George Washington. Words, even the words of the Father of his Country, do not govern events. Within two years of the delivery of the Farewell Address the American people were mobilized for war with Napoleon Bonaparte, and Washington himself was called from retirement to take command. Within 16 years of the delivery of that address the American people were so deeply involved in the Napoleonic wars that a foreign army not only invaded the United States but burned the Capitol in Washington.

What gave this country the isolation it enjoyed in the 19th century was the statesmanship of Jefferson, Adams, Madison and Monroe on this side of the Atlantic and of men like Canning on the other side. American independence of the European system did not exist in the two centuries before the Mon-

roe Doctrine of 1823, and it has not existed in the century which began in 1914.

Our own history is so badly taught that most of us are astonished to learn that what we call King William's War (1689-1697) was the European War of the League of Augsburg; that Queen Anne's War (1701-1713) was the War of the Spanish Succession; that King George's War (1744-1748) was the War of the Austrian Succession; that the French and Indian War (1755-1763) was the Seven Years' War; that the War of American Independence was also an Anglo-French war.

The founding fathers never entertained the idea that this hemisphere is isolated from Europe by the Atlantic Ocean. European fleets and armies had crossed it too often within their own experience for them to indulge in such complacency. They well knew that if the destiny of America was to be separated from Europe, they would have to make sure that both sides of the ocean were controlled by nations too weak to disturb us, or by nations with a vital interest in not disturbing us. The kind of isolation which we enjoyed until 1914, and which we rightly cherish today as an ideal, was the product not of geography but of statesmanship. There were great men in America over a century ago who knew how to seize a historic opportunity.

The effort began with the insist-

ence of Jefferson that Louisiana, then a possession of Spain, must not be ceded to Napoleon. For, as he put it, while "Spain might have retained it quietly for years," owing to "her pacific disposition" and "her feeble state," Napoleonic France would by "the impetuosity of her temper, the energy and restlessness of her character" be a source of "eternal friction." Napoleon, because he had his hands full in Europe, was persuaded to sell Louisiana. By this purchase, Jefferson excluded from this hemisphere any base for the conquering revolutionary imperialism of Bonaparte.

The next decisive phase arrived when Napoleon in 1808 overthrew the government of Spain and placed his brother Joseph on the throne. The Spanish colonies of South America thereupon revolted and declared their independence. That was all very well while Europe was at war. But once the war was over, a strong movement began on the continent to help Spain reconquer her American colonies. At the same time Russia began to extend her power down from Alaska along the Pacific Coast, and the United States was threatened on both sides by the imperialism of the victorious European powers.

In these circumstances Britain began to negotiate with the United States. Each had a vital interest in not having as a near neighbor in the Americas any other power which

could compel it to maintain large armies and a great fleet.

The question presented by Canning, the British Foreign Secretary, to President Monroe was whether in coöperating with Britain he was entangling himself in the politics of Europe. Monroe consulted Jefferson. It was a grave decision to make. The Americans were then a small nation, and acceptance of the proposal to resist the Holy Alliance might well have meant a war against the continent of Europe. Jefferson advised Monroe to accept the proposition because, he said, "I am clearly of Mr. Canning's opinion that it will prevent instead of provoking war. With Great Britain withdrawn from their scale and shifted into that of our two continents, all Europe combined could not undertake such a war, for how would they propose to get at either enemy without superior fleets?"

This was the origin of the Monroe Doctrine. It depended, as Jefferson and Monroe and Madison saw so clearly, upon the supremacy of the combined fleets of Britain and America. The Doctrine, though not an alliance with Great Britain, was in its beginning a joint and parallel policy in this hemisphere. By adoption of this policy, the United States maintained successfully for nearly 100 years a splendid and very inexpensive isolation.

The policy worked so well that generations of Americans forgot its historical origins and lost sight of

its practical foundations — coming to believe that they owed their isolation to geography alone. They forgot that since the first settlers came to Virginia and Massachusetts there have been seven great wars, not counting the present war; that Americans have fought in all these wars; that all these wars have been fought in this as well as in the other hemisphere. They forgot that the only period of isolation and noninvolvement which Americans have enjoyed, if we allow ourselves to ignore the affair of the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico, was in the 90 years which ended in 1914.

During those 90 years there was no great European war in which we could have become involved, for control of the seas was never challenged. Since 1914, as before 1814, there have been wars for the mastery of the world. We were involved in all the wars before 1814, and in the war which began in 1914. And, obviously, we are involved in the present war.

This is our history. It is manifest that in seeking to separate ourselves from the great wars of Europe we cannot rely upon the Atlantic Ocean. An ocean is not a barrier. It is a highway for those who control it. Across oceans all modern empires have gone forth and conquered. Across the oceans we ourselves have gone, establishing ourselves in Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines.

Our ocean frontiers can be de-

fended only on two conditions: first, that no combination of European and Asiatic navies will outmatch the American Navy; second, that the whole hemisphere is prepared to suppress an uprising and invasion of the Norwegian type. Otherwise foreign conquerors can establish themselves in the Americas by treacherous revolution and then with their naval and air power prevent us, as they prevented the British in Norway, from putting down the revolutionary invasion.

We enjoyed isolation as long as Britannia, friendly to the Americas, ruled the waves. Since 1914 British command of the seas has been gravely challenged, and the period

of our splendid isolation has ended. We now face the prospect of living alone in a hemisphere of weak states amid a world of gigantic conquering military states. Within the orbit of our influence and interests, from Alaska to the Netherlands Indies and from Canada to Brazil, lie lands whose natural wealth is surpassed only by their small populations and feeble defenses. Overseas in Europe and Asia are strong military peoples living on crowded lands, governed by conquerors, armed to the teeth, and within sight of victory.

This, then, is the hour of our destiny, when it will be decided how much of our inheritance we are able and willing to defend.



Table Talk

¶ A CONCERN which makes marmalade now uses for containers the candied shell of oranges or grapefruit: the customer eats not only the marmalade but the jar.
— N. Y. Post

¶ IN COÖPERATION with California fruit and vegetable packers, Goodyear has developed a transparent rubber material (Plioform) to be used to line and cover pasteboard containers. Food so "canned" will cost considerably less than that packed in tin or glass. — *Newsweek*

¶ BY GRAFTING potato and tomato plants, a New York horticulturist has developed for dieters the "topato" — a vegetable balancing the starch of the spud against the slimming effects of the tomato.
— N. Y. Times

¶ ICE CREAM made from cottonseed meal and lint extract will probably be marketed nationally this year. Light brown in color, and combining the flavors of maple nut and malted milk, the cream was approved recently by the National Restaurant Association.

— *Pathfinder*

❏ Despite encouraging gains, the battle has just begun

Progress in the War against Syphilis

Condensed from Scribner's Commentator

Thomas Parran, M.D.

Surgeon General, U. S. Public Health Service

FOUR YEARS AGO an extensive magazine campaign* revealed to the public the facts about syphilis, No. 1 killer and crippler among preventable diseases. Six months later, leaders of medicine and public health gathered in Washington to decide what steps must be taken to stamp out the plague.

Delegates to this conference learned that approximately 500,000 new cases occurred in the United States each year; that estimated deaths from syphilitic heart disease alone totaled 40,000 annually; that

\$31,000,000 was spent each year for the support of the syphilitic insane.

The conference deplored the vast public expenditure for dependents from homes broken by syphilis; it demanded an end to the economic and human waste caused by the disease. The experience of Sweden, Denmark and Great Britain made it possible for the doctors to promise that, given public support — which means money enough to do the whole job, and an unremitting program — *syphilis can be stamped out in the United States within a single generation!*

Since that momentous conference of 1936 what progress has been made by the three-horse team of private physician, public health officer and citizen? Encouragingly, public enthusiasm which went up like a rocket during the first year of the drive has *not* come down. The gigantic task is far from finished, but progress during the past year has been greater than ever before.

Lifting the shadow of syphilis costs money! To provide needed millions, the National Venereal Disease Control Act was passed by Congress in May 1938. It author-

DR. THOMAS PARRAN, in the four years he has served as Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service, has accomplished a remarkable feat: into the mouth of polite society he has put two distasteful, tabooed words, syphilis and gonorrhea. He reasoned correctly that familiarity would breed respect instead of contempt for the twin scourges. Back of his drive for education and action was 11 years' experience in the state health departments of Missouri, Illinois and New York, and four years of work as Assistant Surgeon General in charge of Venereal Diseases. A vigorous, determined man of 47, Dr. Parran springs from a line of fighting men well known in Maryland since 1655.

* Initiated by *The Reader's Digest*.

ized \$3,000,000 for federal assistance to the states for the first year, \$5,000,000 for the second, \$7,000,000 for the third, with "thereafter such amounts as may be necessary." This sum has been augmented by state appropriations, amounting in 1939 to \$7,000,000 — more than twice what was legally required, though still less than half of what is necessary to do a thorough job.

The actual work of stamping out the disease rests with individual states, and they have nobly done their part. Departments for venereal disease work have been set up in 32 states. These have established effective treatment centers, discovered thousands of cases of the disease in its early stages, and persuaded such patients to keep up the treatment for the necessary 18 months.

Free and part-pay clinics for underprivileged groups, the most grievous sufferers, have increased from 800 in 1936 to more than 2500 in 1939. Almost a quarter of a million patients sought treatment last year — a gain of 67 percent over 1938 — and 103,000 persons were discharged from the publicly-assisted clinics with their disease cured or safely arrested. At least an equal number walked out of private physicians' offices with a clean bill of health. In 43 states every doctor is supplied with drugs for syphilis without cost to him or his patient.

To find syphilis early enough to cure it, reliable tests are essential.

Today good laboratory service can be had in all but two states. The number of blood tests performed in 1823 state-controlled laboratories increased from 2,064,000 in 1936 to 5,600,000 in 1939.

During the past four years the attitude of industry toward infected employes has changed radically. Last year approved laboratories performed more than a million blood tests in industry. Many firms now make certain that their employes receive treatment either at the company clinic or from private doctors.

The sale of arsenical drugs for syphilis by both clinics and private physicians has doubled in five years. The Public Health Service has lent to the states well-equipped trailer clinics, each manned by a doctor and nurse. The Negroes call them "bad-blood wagons" and flock to their weekly stops in remote rural communities of the South.

An example of achievement is the work done in Macon County, Alabama, one of the South's most underprivileged sections, which showed the near-saturation rate of 38 percent infection among the Negro population ten years ago. Continuous effort has cut its syphilis rate to 18 percent.

Twenty states have already passed laws which require tests for syphilis before marriage; 14 states require physicians or midwives to obtain from each pregnant woman specimens of blood for testing. If

the result is "positive" the expectant mother is treated to prevent infection of her child.

It will take ten years for the results of such preventive measures to show up concretely. But Connecticut, whose pioneer blood-test-before-marriage law was passed in 1935, claims a reduction of 50 percent in reported cases of congenital syphilis. New cases of paresis show a steadily declining rate in Massachusetts, New York, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. Tests made under premarital examination laws in Wisconsin indicate that prevalence of syphilis there is 50 percent lower than the rate in other states which until recently had done little to control the disease.

Lifting the shadow of syphilis from more than 200,000 Americans in a single year — 1939 — is a considerable achievement. But the job is still far from complete, for last year first reports on 478,732 cases were made to state health departments. Like an iceberg, the greater proportion of the menace remains submerged in states where the control program is new.

Many millions of dollars now needed for the treatment of syphilis and gonorrhea would be unnecessary if we could teach our youth to avoid infection, and if we cleaned up the sources of corruption. Law enforcement agencies must attack organized vice rings which exploit young, ignorant or feeble-minded girls; they must clean

out the sinkholes which pollute the smaller communities.

While social prophylaxis lags, progress along the medical front is distinctly encouraging. Since 1933, Doctors Hyman, Leifer, and Chargin of Mount Sinai Hospital in New York have been experimenting with the continuous intravenous-drip technique by which arsenical drugs are injected into the veins, drop by drop, ten hours a day for five consecutive days. Treatment of 350 patients with early syphilis brought results *equal to the best previously attained in 18 months of standard treatment*. The treatment is not yet generally available, because, employing very delicate techniques, it still is dangerous without expert supervision.

We have yet to determine the results of this new treatment upon advanced syphilis and syphilis in pregnancy, and to find out whether the early cases so treated will develop the fatal complications which normally appear ten years or more after the onset of the disease. Whatever these findings, this method is important because it sterilizes the infection swiftly. Patients return to their homes and businesses, no longer a source of infection to others.

Progress has also been made in the heat treatment of late syphilis, used to arrest brain and nerve complications. Improved techniques have cut down the risks formerly attending it.

When the national campaign against venereal disease was launched, we did not have adequate means to deal with infectious gonorrhea, which is several times as prevalent as syphilis. During the past two years new chemical remedies, sulfa-pyridine especially, have proved swiftly effective. A recent study by the Public Health Service shows that more than 80 percent of all cases of gonorrhea can be cured in a week of intensive hospital treatment.

It now seems possible that, through these chemicals, gonorrhea can be brought under control more readily than syphilis. When sufficient funds become available, the state machinery now geared to control syphilis will attack gonorrhea with equal vigor.

While the biggest part of the job

remains to be done, the operation of the National Venereal Disease Act is ahead of schedule. There is only one bar to its increased effectiveness: the states' fear that Washington will not continue the fight. These last few months, I have observed a hesitation in the states to take important new steps lest Congress decide not to support the work next year.

I have no feeling of hesitation about continuing national support. I believe Congressional leaders agree with me that it is not safe to retard the campaign when the job of controlling syphilis is *not yet one fifteenth over*, and the control of gonorrhea barely begun! Once it is clearly understood that the whole people have not only started the job, but will finish it, the last stumbling block to success is gone.



Democracies Don't Get Things Done?

If this appeared in a dispatch from Berlin — "Adolf Hitler has, in six years, built 44,000 bridges in Germany. His labor battalions have constructed more than 110,000 miles of truck roads and country roads. Under command of the Labor Front, 2,000,000,000 trees have been planted, and 5,200,000 dams have been built to control erosion" — the reaction would be: dictatorship certainly gets things done. A democracy can't match it. Imagine — 5,200,000 dams!

Yet this work has been done, not in Germany, but in the U. S. A., by CCC boys, all enlisted on a voluntary basis, with nobody shoved around by a Führer.

— Samuel Grafton in N. Y. Post

¶ Stirring creative energy is bringing new appreciation of beauty and order to our people

American Culture: Open to the Public

Condensed from The Saturday Review of Literature

Frederick Lewis Allen

UNDER PRESSURE of more dramatic affairs, we Americans are, I believe, failing to notice a salient — and cheerful — fact about our country: the flowering, or at least the budding, of an American culture of which we may well be proud.

To most people "culture" may suggest a gentleman sitting in his library with a volume of Montaigne in his hand, a glass of old port at his elbow, and a quotation from the original Greek on his lips -- familiarity with, and appreciation of, old and tested things. But culture may also mean the natural feeling for beauty that made the builders of old New England houses and Pennsylvania barns build superbly — a sense of order and gra-

ciousness, whether cultivated or instinctive, and whether accompanied by wide learning or not. And any culture is sterile which is not animated by the creative impulse — the devouring curiosity of the discoverer and the fierce energy of the experimenter.

In these latter aspects American culture is showing special progress. Whereas no other cultural flowering in history has involved more than a small fraction of the population, today millions of Americans are becoming more sensitive to beauty, and in them creative energy is stirring.

Look, for example, at music — from the same radio that brings us so much shoddy entertainment. Toscanini's weekly symphony concert is enjoyed by an audience of four and a half million. It would take 60 Yale Bowls to seat this astronomical number of listeners. Walter Damrosch's NBC music-appreciation hour is heard each week by several million. Have any such opportunities for the masses to hear good music ever before existed — and been taken advantage of? And it has all come about

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN has kept a keen eye on American culture for the past two decades. In 1931 he recorded the frenzied '20's in the best-seller *Only Yesterday*, and this year he put the serious '30's between the covers of a sequel, *Since Yesterday*. The reader of both books will notice that, despite many quirks and foibles, the American people seem to be swiftly growing up. Mr. Allen, born in Boston in 1890 and graduated from Harvard in 1912, has been an editor of *Harper's Magazine* since 1925.

in the past 15 years. Incidentally, the highly intelligent "Information Please" is said to be heard by 12,000,000 members of that radio public which we used to be told had 13-year-old minds!

Participation in the *making* of music has sharply increased, too, even though the piano is no longer a standard household ornament. Note some 35,000 school orchestras. Note how many of our school and college glee clubs have become choruses singing fine music. Recently I heard the madrigal club of a small West Virginia college lead off, not with *The Bullfrog on the Bank*, standard fare 30 years ago, but with the classic chants of Pales-trina.

Consider reading. Book sales have shown little increase during the past generation, but the books which now sell most widely represent a higher level of quality. There is a world of difference between the solid fiber of John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* and the sentimental gush of Florence Barclay's *The Rosary* (which topped the lists in 1910 and 1911, against stiff competition from Harold Bell Wright's *The Winning of Barbara Worth*).

Fifty years ago there was not a magazine in the United States with a circulation of a million. Now there are 26. Many of the most popular periodicals are full of literary marshmallows, yet as a group they offer a creditable exhibit of mass reading. European magazines

of quality have tiny audiences by American standards.

Turn to the fine arts. Popular magazines like *Life* are now reproducing paintings by old masters and contemporary Americans. *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces* (price \$10) is a recent best-seller. There has been a notable increase in the sale of good color reproductions of masterpieces for home decoration. Our museums are becoming active agencies for adult education, and their turnstiles are clicking. The recent Picasso exhibit at New York's Museum of Modern Art was attended by 99,503 people during its 51 days; the Italian masters, at the same museum, were seen in 73 days by 277,794 people — an astonishing record.

Remarkable, too, is the tenfold increase in college students since 1900, because millions of Americans have wanted a higher education for their children. And those new patrons of education and science, the great foundations, are contributing millions to lift the standards of teaching and research and to give young talent the chance it deserves. There is now small chance that any needy young man of authentic scientific genius will go unnoticed and unassisted.

Do not forget what the WPA has done for men who had not sold a picture for years, and were given post-office murals to paint; for half-starved musicians who found themselves playing to big audiences in

WPA orchestras. Call this boondoggling if you will; but does it not represent a new conception of the responsibility of the public to see that potential artists have a chance to be artists, no matter what their circumstances?

Yes, the democratic base of our culture has been widened.

Consider how many new arts have sprung up beside the seven arts of tradition — new vehicles which offer a means of expressing the impulse to create and enjoy beauty.

The movies, after a long period of evading reality, are showing signs of growing up: witness that documentary masterpiece *The River*, and such recent pictures as *Rebecca* and *Wuthering Heights*. In Disney's animated cartoon drama we have an artist using a medium which hardly existed 20 years ago.

Note the remarkable increase in interest in photography: hundreds of thousands of people, old and young, are taking pictures — and developing them in their own dark-rooms — in the true spirit of the amateur in the arts.

Drive over the magnificent parkways in the outskirts of our cities, and see how engineer and landscape architect have joined hands to create majestic avenues in peculiarly 20th-century style. Look at our new bridges and dams — works of art as well as of utility. To consider the extraordinary beauty of the George Washington Bridge or

the efficient simplicity of a new Texaco gas station is to feel that this is the sort of thing our peculiar American genius does best.

Do not the incredible effects achieved in lighting the New York World's Fair demonstrate the exciting possibilities of another virtually new art — that of lighting with color?

Think of the strides made in applying the principles of functional design. No automobile manufacturer decides upon his new model nowadays without anxious consideration of the way purchasers will react to the grace and sweep of its lines. And I wonder if until the past decade a designer ever planned a railroad train as a harmonious unit, as some new streamliners were planned.

Note the gay use of color in the equipment of a modern kitchen. Even factories and their machinery — or the best of Woolworth's glassware — are being built as if intended to be looked at. The packaging of goods has been revolutionized. Little by little we are relearning that useful things can be beautiful, learning that millions of people like them to be beautiful.

We see, too, the beginnings of an art essentially new to America in town and regional planning. The overall design in New York's Rockefeller Center and our beginning attempts — as at Radburn, New Jersey — to lay out villages on new patterns for the motor age are

steps toward the development of new techniques for harmonizing and rationalizing the work of architects, landscape architects, engineers, and what we might call social engineers. Contrast the ramshackle hodgepodge of old-style amusement parks with the efficient beauty of Jones Beach, Long Island, where 100,000 people may park their cars and bathe and picnic without traffic jams or crowding and, miraculously, without littering the oceanside!

I live in New York near an avenue of department stores whose windows provide an ever changing spectacle of bold patterns in color and light and ingenious, imaginative compositions; and as I stroll up this avenue at night, I notice how many other strollers are en-

joying the show as one might enjoy a visit to a gay museum. A generation ago nobody dreamed of arranging the round-eyed manikins in shopwindows with an eye to color harmonies and compositional effects.

It never occurs to most people who revel in the shopwindow effects of 1940 that they are rendering art judgments. They think they are outside the sacred enclosure of the arts. But they are inside it all the time. For the fences have been moved.

We Americans are building for ourselves a culture adapted to our own land. And we are a more integrated nation for the participation of the millions in cultural things that were once considered the affair of the few.



Fair-Sex Paradoxes

¶ It's the homely women who are dangerous, not the beauties, declares Louis Schurr, purveyor of charm to Sam Harris, Ziegfeld and others. A man is armed against a beautiful woman, and is constantly alert. But with a woman who has no special claim to beauty, he *feels safe*, the poor boob. And that's his undoing. My guess is, Delilah was a homely girl with a lot of charm.

—Mildred Harrington in *The American Magazine*

¶ A MARRIED WOMAN who likes her husband is much more attractive to men than one who doesn't. The reason is obvious. It's much easier to like a woman who confidently expects the best of you than one who has been soured by unpleasant experiences. And the married woman who instinctively likes men because she likes her husband not only makes friends for herself but performs the interesting miracle of making all her men friends like each other. Socially she is humanity's highest achievement.

—Chester T. Crowell

How the U. S. Helped the Blitzkrieg

Condensed from The United States News

AMERICAN GENIUS has made significant contributions to the success of the German blitzkrieg. U. S. War and Navy Departments are loath to admit that they have laughed aside or buried in their files weapons found valuable by another nation. But the record speaks for itself.

The whole blitzkrieg concept is simply a modern adaptation of Confederate cavalry tactics in the Civil War. The idea of substituting mechanized divisions and airplanes for the cavalry was also American.

Major General J. K. Parsons, then a Colonel, submitted a report to the War Department in April 1930, recommending that our Army organize six divisions of 486 tanks each. The report was pigeonholed and our Army has only one mechanized brigade. But the devastating Panzer divisions of the Germans follow the Parsons plan, even in organizational detail.

Brigadier General William Mitchell was one of the first military strategists to realize the war uses of the airplane. He was court-martialed for his efforts and he did not live to see the German armies follow his advice and use planes as a major offensive force.

It was Americans in France in 1918 who first began to place armor around airplane pilots, gunners, observers, and gasoline tanks. In

1939, the Germans had so perfected this technique that the Allies were amazed and every U. S. fighting plane became obsolete.

Industrial mobilization, a third major element in German strategy, is likewise modeled from a plan of the U. S. War Department which visiting German military experts studied in detail several years ago.

Use of parachute troops was first practiced in the U. S. Army. Master Sergeant E. H. Nichols of the Air Corps in 1929 developed the technique of supplying parachutists with arms and ammunition by means of an "article carrier." In a demonstration at Brooks Field, Texas, three soldiers dropped from planes and in 20 seconds flat began firing machine guns dropped in three carriers.

The tank was a British invention, but the new high speeds of German tanks are made possible by the Christy tread, invention of an American, reputedly turned down in Washington.

Copies of American patents up to the present have been easily obtainable by any foreign power at our Patent Office. Only in time of war, and then only by Presidential proclamation, may patents be kept secret. But now, at last, we are changing the law, so that patents which aid national defense may be withheld from publication.

The Common People's Banker

Condensed from Saturday Night, The Canadian Weekly

Frank J. Taylor

THIRTY-SIX years ago a young produce merchant rented an abandoned saloon in San Francisco's Italian quarter and founded a common people's bank. Today his bank has more than two million depositors, 150,000 stockholders. All of them swear by Amadeo Peter Giannini, whose success has been built on a maxim his stepfather told him years ago: "Always treat the poor man as well as you treat the rich."

Amadeo has battled state banking authorities, Treasury officials, the Securities and Exchange Commission, and Wall Street. His bank of America is the country's fourth largest, with 495 branches, a billion and a half in deposits. He is a financial colossus, but he still treats the poor man well. He still works in a big open room at the head office, where anyone can talk with him. He still lives in the house he built when at 34 he retired from the produce business, having accumulated \$100,000, all the wealth he thought — and still thinks — one man should have. Twice he has refused a million-dollar bonus voted him by the bank's directors.

Nobody calls him Mr. Giannini.

He is either "A.P." or just plain "Giannini." Burly and tall, with a broad forehead, eyes that almost close when he is in good humor but glow like coals in anger, so lithe at 70 that he bounds out of his chair like a youngster, Giannini still spends his waking moments conjuring ways to make money out of business that other bankers don't want.

Shortly after he retired as a commission merchant, a small bank made him a director. When other directors amiably cut him in on a rake-off resulting from inside information on business loans, he denounced it as graft. He induced 11 other men to match the \$10,000 he put up for capital stock of "an honest bank." In those days no California banker was so unethical as to ask for accounts. But Giannini landed thousands of accounts by going to see merchants, workmen and farmers. Many depositors bought a share or two of stock. After that, it was their bank, too, and they helped get more business.

Bankers ignored Giannini until the San Francisco fire and earthquake of 1906. Before the flames reached his building, he loaded the

bank's cash and securities into a wagon, piled vegetables on top, and drove to his home at San Mateo 20 miles away. There he hid the bank's money in the fireplace. While competitors were waiting to get at their cash, "A.P." daily counted \$10,000 from his half million dollar reserve, and in an improvised bank on the waterfront cashed checks for all. Contrary to the action of the other bankers, he was making building loans before the embers cooled.

Giannini foresaw the depression of 1907. When other San Francisco banks were cashing depositors' drafts with scrip, he was paying out gold. Noting that the chain banking system in Canada had survived bank runs without failures, Giannini began to buy banks, or to found new branches, throughout northern California.

Competitors failed to induce the legislature to restrict branch banking, and in 1913 "A.P.'s" operations reached Los Angeles. Southern California financial powers, alarmed, had one of their group made state banking commissioner, and Giannini could get no certificates of convenience to open further branches. He bided his time. When, in the postwar depression, other Los Angeles banks called their loans, Giannini advertised that his little bank had money. Patrons came with a rush. Public opinion forced the banking commissioner to let his chain expand.

"The time to get business is when the other fellow isn't giving service," is a Giannini maxim. Early in his career he opened dime accounts for school children. Other bankers scorned this nuisance business, but today many thousands of those school children are Giannini customers.

When he opened in Los Angeles, banks there, refusing to finance motion pictures, usually told producers, "You can get the money upstairs." Going "upstairs" meant going to a usurer, who took a 20-percent cut on the picture's earnings. Giannini smashed this racket in 1918 with a straight loan of a quarter of a million to produce Charlie Chaplin's classic, *The Kid*. Altogether Giannini has loaned more than \$150,000,000 for movie productions, including a million to help Walt Disney produce *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*.

When the bonds for San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge were voted after 17 years of bickering over engineering, military and legal hurdles, banks and bond houses found it inexpedient to handle the securities. The chief engineer appealed to Giannini. "We'll take six million dollars' worth of bridge bonds now and the rest when you need the money," he said, and work started.

Giannini believes that every officer in the bank should be financially independent after 20 years' service. Any employe can buy

stock on easy terms. In addition 40 percent of the bank's profits is distributed to employees in stock which must be held at least three years.

Two other ideas of his — that no man should be president of the bank longer than five years and that no man should work after 60 — lured "A.P." into the great mistake of his career: in 1930, after he had acquired four New York banks, he relinquished management to Elisha Walker of that city, who was his choice to carry out the dream of a nation-wide Bank of America system.

"A.P." went abroad to rest. Suddenly he heard that the new management had sold the New York units and proposed to dispose of southern California branches. "A.P." caught the next boat home, to launch the bitterest battle of the century for control of a financial institution.

The stock of the bank had dropped from \$70 to \$2, virtually wiping out his fortune. He borrowed \$90,000 on his life insurance and for three months stumped the state, rallying old friends everywhere. Employees sent him proxies postdating those they had assigned the management. When "A.P." arrived at Wilmington, Delaware, for the corporation's annual meeting, no one took him seriously. But a count of proxies gave him 63 percent.

During his retirement, the New York regime had erected partitions at the head office, providing private

quarters for each officer. Upon leaving the annual meeting "A.P." telegraphed San Francisco: "Tear down the spite fences so that we can see each other and our friends."

Last June brought to an end another battle, with the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury. In the campaign against holding companies, the federal government had cracked down upon Giannini's. The SEC threatened to bar his bank's securities from the Stock Exchange unless the capital structure were revised and accounting methods changed. Giannini took his case to the people via the press in a series of statements, one of which disposed of the SEC charge that Giannini had cut himself in on handsome secret profits. His public statement showed that he had drawn an average yearly salary of \$11,853. His total wealth was slightly over \$500,000 and the value of his bank stock holdings less than \$50,000.

After a year of acrimony Giannini agreed to change his accounting methods and increase the bank's capital by \$30,000,000, which he still claimed it did not need. The RFC offered a loan to provide this new capital until the stock could be sold to the bank's stockholders. And the government agreed to let Giannini continue to run his bank in his own unorthodox way. He is still the common people's banker, because the people trust him.

☛ Lawrence and his cyclotron, smashing deep
into the secrets of the atom, open up
new vistas for science and mankind

Maestro of the Atom

Condensed from Scientific American

Loring A. Schuler

ONE NIGHT 11 years ago, a young associate professor named Ernest Lawrence sat in the University of California library plowing through reports of experiments in physics. Mostly they were routine, but one caught his eye.

The experimenter had hitched together two long vacuum tubes, and the speed of the electrified particles had been measurably stepped up as they jumped from one tube to the other. Why, Lawrence thought to himself, only two tubes? If the fellow had hitched up ten, wouldn't he have got the force of a million volts — enough, perhaps, to smash atoms?

THIS ARTICLE is the result of Loring Schuler's curiosity about the strange activities of one of his neighbors. Mr. Schuler lives just half a mile from the radiation laboratory in Berkeley, Cal., where Ernest Lawrence is blasting away at atoms with his cyclotron. No native Californian, Mr. Schuler hails from New Bedford, Mass. He has been a newspaperman in Boston and New York, and the editor of both *Country Gentleman* and *Ladies' Home Journal*. For the past five years he has edited magazines and written articles for and about the West Coast.

But ten tubes in a straight line would be impossibly long. Why not, instead, a circular vacuum chamber? By using two D-shaped copper boxes as electrodes, oscillating electric current would shift rapidly from one box to the other; a magnet would straddle the chamber, at right angles. The same small voltage, used over and over again in the center of the chamber, would give charged particles a series of electric pushes, while the magnet would keep them going round and round in a compact expanding spiral, something like the spiral on a phonograph record. The particles would go faster and faster, until, by the time they reached the outer edge of the boxes, they would perhaps pile up the speed needed to crack atoms.

That was the birth of the cyclotron, for which the same Ernest Orlando Lawrence in 1939 was awarded the Nobel Prize in physics as the world's Number One atom smasher.

Today, with two huge cyclotrons — vastly bigger and more complicated than what he dreamed of in the library — he is helping to

solve some of the most mysterious problems of science. And what began as abstract research has turned out to be of great practical value to doctors, chemists, biologists, botanists. Now Lawrence is getting ready to build an atom smasher, 20 times as big as his biggest, with which he confidently expects to reveal nature's secret source of energy and tap enormous new supplies of power for industry.

For 25 centuries men of science believed the atom to be the basic indivisible particle of matter. Then, only a generation ago, evidence piled up to prove that each atom is like a tiny solar system, with a nucleus at the center and electrons whirling round it much as planets whirl round the sun. Later researchers discovered that even the nucleus was composed of smaller parts, and named those parts protons and neutrons. These are the elemental building blocks of the universe; all substances are made of the same protons, neutrons and electrons, arranged in different patterns.

More than two million atoms could lie in a straight line across the dot over the letter *i*. And each nucleus occupies no more space in its atom universe than a fly in a cathedral. Yet protons and neutrons are held together in that small nucleus by enormous forces, and can be separated only by prodigious power. That is why Ernest Lawrence, back in 1929,

was yearning for a million volts with which he hoped to be able to crack atoms by firing other atoms at them.

His first cyclotron was only a model six inches in diameter. But when the air was pumped out and a magnet was held at right angles to it and the current was turned on, particles actually did spiral round and round at increasing speed. The thing worked. Later he built a bigger one, and that worked too, with even higher velocities. Still he wasn't smashing any atoms.

For this he needed a magnet of tremendous size. He was lucky enough to find one weighing 74 tons, part of a radio broadcasting outfit that had been junked in California when the Chinese government failed to pay for it.

There were exciting days and nights in the dusty old radiation laboratory at Berkeley while the first big cyclotron was being built. Discouragements when it wouldn't perform; cheers when difficulties were overcome. Lawrence was everywhere, driving his small crew of helpers, working like a madman.

But this cyclotron really did smash atoms. At a speed of 18,000 miles a second — 35,000 times as fast as a rifle bullet — it shot nuclei of atoms of one element against a target smeared with some other element. As the speeding particles smashed into the quiet atoms, patterns of protons and neutrons were rearranged. Weird,

unexpected transmutations resulted.

Sodium, which has 11 electrons round each nucleus, became magnesium, with 12, by capturing an electrified particle of heavy hydrogen shot at it. Aluminum became phosphorus, nitrogen became boron. And all the lighter elements, after bombardment, became temporarily radioactive—that is, they developed the power of throwing off rays, something which only radium and its immediate family can do in nature.

The cyclotron makes these radioactive substances easily, so doctors pounced upon it. Radium is rare and costly. But bombardment of a common salt produces radioactive salt which for a day or two will do the work of several hundred thousand dollars' worth of radium. And artificial radioactive substances have a shorter life than radium; therefore can be used internally with less danger.

Beryllium atoms bombarded in the cyclotron give up neutrons in such quantities that a healing ray, something like the X ray, has become known. Doctors have already used this neutron ray to halt the wild growth of cancer cells in animals; and some of them believe it the most powerful weapon against human cancer yet found.

Twenty departments of the University of California are now demanding radioactive products from the cyclotron. Biologists are using them to study growth and metabo-

lism. With radioactive carbon botanists are learning how plants combine carbon dioxide, water and sunshine to make starch and sugar. In industry, radioactive hydrogen is helping to perfect petroleum refining, and radioactive salt can be used instead of radium and X rays to find defects in battle-ship armor. Already 37 cyclotrons are in use in various parts of the world.

Lawrence's next cyclotron is tagged for research into the secrets of atomic power and transmutation. Its construction will take three years, and will cost \$1,400,000. Its magnet will weigh 4900 tons; it will generate 100,000,000 electron volts, perhaps more. It will be built high in the Berkeley hills, and when the machine is running its operators will huddle in an underground control room 150 feet away.

So powerful an engine of atomic disintegration is dangerous as well as useful. If you should stick your hand into the deuteron beam sometimes released—a spectacular stream of bluish lavender light—you would be burned as if by a blowtorch. Even the present cyclotron—one twentieth the size of the one to come—is surrounded by five-foot-thick walls of lead and water to protect scientists from flying neutrons.

Will industry eventually be able to harness atomic power? On paper, the splitting of an atom of

uranium, heaviest of all the elements, produces 50,000,000 times the energy derived from the burning of an atom of carbon in coal. But coal isn't likely soon to be supplanted by uranium. Only one rare type of uranium (Uranium 235) will split; and uranium has a disconcerting high-explosive quality — because of which the Nazis are trying to lay hands on all of it they can find.

Another theoretical method of squeezing power from the atom is by annihilation. Two electrons will disintegrate into a wave of energy when they collide. Physicists reason that far greater energy would result if they could make the heavier protons and neutrons kill themselves off in the same way. A glass of water, if completely destroyed and converted into useful energy, would yield more than a billion kilowatt hours.

Lawrence says: "When we can produce atomic projectiles of 100 to 200 million volts, we shall be able to unloose new energy, in light and heat. We shall have new riches perhaps more important than those we have already found. Discovery of ways to release the vast store of energy in the nucleus of the commoner substances is more than a hope; it is already a possibility."

Laboratory co-workers call Lawrence "the Maestro." He is tall and broad of shoulder, with eyes always busy behind his low-set spectacles, and a big, wide, tooth-filled laugh. Generous and honest, he shares each triumph of achievement with his associates.

At 38, he is in the top flight of great physicists. As one friend wired him the day the Nobel award was announced: "Dear Ernest, your career is showing promise."



The Apt Response

❧ DR. ABERNATHY, a famous London diagnostician, was once approached at a social function by a dowager who tried to wangle free medical advice. "Oh, Dr. Abernathy," she said, "if a patient came to you with such and such a symptom, what would you recommend?"

"Why, I would recommend Dr. Abernathy," he replied.

— Havilah Babcock in *Field & Stream*

❧ "How CAN I ever show my appreciation?" gushed a woman to Clarence Darrow, after he had solved her legal troubles.

"My dear woman," replied Darrow, "ever since the Phoenicians invented money there has been only one answer to that question."

— Walter Winchell



CANADA: AMERICA'S PROBLEM

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

JOHN MACCORMAC

"CANADA," says Walter Millis (author of *Road to War*), "is so colossal a fact that most Americans have never seen it. At this crucial moment in world affairs this book deals with one of our most urgent and overwhelming issues."

John MacCormac is a Canadian, and was for five years Canadian correspondent of *The New York Times*.



CANADA: AMERICA'S PROBLEM

CANADA, for the United States, has become the most important country in the world — yet there are few countries about which Americans know less. They have taken Canada for granted as a country half British, half American, lighted by the aurora borealis and the midnight sun, populated chiefly by Indians, the Northwest Mounted, and the Dionne quintuplets.

They forget — or never knew — that Canada is greater in area than the United States itself, that it is a vast reservoir of natural and mineral wealth, that Canada and the United States do the greatest two-country business in the world, and — most challenging fact of all — that its existence makes a fiction of American neutrality. Any day while the present struggle lasts, Americans may be forced to choose between a war over Canada and abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine.

For all these reasons, Americans must now give serious thought to the great Dominion to the north; for Canada is America's problem.

CANADA is the third largest country in the world; only Russia and China are larger. She is more

than a quarter of the whole British Empire. Her boundaries are the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the United States — and the North Pole. She has no trouble in obeying that ancient recipe of health: Keep your head cool and your feet warm.

But she has trouble in growing up. In all the world there are few territories so thinly held. Though larger in area than the United States, she has less than one tenth the population. One of the reasons for this sparse settlement is a strictly Canadian phenomenon known as the Laurentian Shield, a deeply eroded, agriculturally useless plateau that includes most of northern Canada and interposes a thousand-mile gap between her industrial east and the agricultural west. In this great area, two or three lakes gem every square mile and a succession of low, rocky hills stands blue against every horizon. Its southern part is covered by coniferous forests, but has only pockets of tillable land. Both timber and land are generally hard to get at.

Twenty-five years ago the Laurentian Shield was considered a barren loss, Canada's hard fate. But in the words of the late Lord

Tweedsmuir, "what was once regarded as a desert, useless to man, is now seen to be the lid of an amazing treasure house." It was the gold and silver, nickel and copper, zinc and platinum of the Laurentian plateau that rescued Canada from the Great Depression; and they are now pushing her frontiers forward. Though a world preparing for war did not want wheat — the sole product of her western prairies and her export mainstay in the past — it did want minerals. Little could grow in the thin layer of soil that covers the Pre-Cambrian rock, but the world's fourth largest gold deposits lay there for the mining. Oil has been found on the Mackenzie River. The pitchblende deposits of Great Bear Lake, discovered only ten years ago, have already cut the world price of radium by half. Gold has been found in the Great Slave Lake area, nickel on the coast of Hudson Bay. In 1885, the spending of half a million dollars a mile to blast the Canadian Pacific Railway through that rock was called "madness." But that madness has become the sanity of today; the ore in a single great mine would pay for the road which taps it.

Inhabited Canada is a thin and interrupted band paralleling the American border. North of it, the visiting American could find what he has lost in his own country — the frontier. Here again is the Never-Never country, the land of the second chance, the place where all

will be put right. It is fringed in the northwest with wheat and in the northeast with gold. There is still more land beyond, a sub-Arctic wilderness where the ground birch gives way to tundra and the Indian yields place to the Eskimo. It is inhabited, besides its two races of aborigines, by missionaries, fur-traders, wireless operators, mounted policemen, and, of late years, prospectors.

Those who would visit Canada's sub-Arctic in winter must travel either by one of the oldest means of transportation or by the newest — the dogsled or the airplane. By air, almost any part of northern Canada or its Arctic islands can be reached in two or three days from the end of steel. Why go so far to see Canada's "barren lands"? Those who know them say they are not barren, but Arctic prairies, where heather blooms on the hilltops, and upland valleys supply the caribou with summer feed. Lord Tweedsmuir wrote enthusiastically of the "antiseptic air" that blows above them. Ten years ago, less than a thousand white men were breathing it. No one knows how many there are now, but their number has been increasing.

Canada takes her Arctic seriously, and annually sends an Eastern Arctic Patrol ship on a tour of inspection and exploration. Sometimes she sends another up from her western coast, and the two

ships meet to perpetuate the tradition of the Northwest Passage. The Arctic interests Canada not only as a source of her weather and a potential source of coal and minerals, but because it will some day be the great aerial short cut between Asia and Europe. By that path, Shanghai is 4000 miles nearer London than by the route now being flown from New York across the Pacific. It would avoid the long water hop, and allow profitable pay loads to be borne in machines of moderate cost. Already it is being flown as far as Whitehorse in the Yukon, and its extension awaits only the coming of peace. Meanwhile Canadians are learning much about northern flying. There is an Arctic air mail; flying in of prospectors, miners, and even machinery is an old story. Canada carries more freight by air than any other country in the world.

On the western Canadian prairies, "Number One Hard," the finest wheat in the world, is grown. Of late years, however, growing it has become a gamble against which nature and man have stacked the cards. A succession of droughts and dust storms has devastated the prairie provinces. But Canada has another valuable crop — her forests. Canada's forest zone stretches across the continent; it has been estimated at 1,225,000 square miles, or a third of its land area. This great woodland is not only the

basis for an industry — in 1929 Canada exported as much newsprint as all other countries combined — but it provides an immense habitat for game and birds. Caribou, the Rocky Mountain sheep and goat, almost extinct in the United States, flourish still in Canada. Years ago the Dominion and provincial governments converted into national parks and forests thousands of square miles of the finest game territory in Canada. These tremendous territories are closed to the hunter but open to the camper and fisher and holiday-maker.

JACQUES CARTIER, who discovered the St. Lawrence, fittingly called it the "River of Canada." Canada is the result of the St. Lawrence as Egypt is the result of the Nile. Up its mighty stream passed in turn the Indians, the French explorers, missionaries and traders, and the British. Now the ships of all the world breast its current on their way to Montreal, the world's largest inland seaport. If the St. Lawrence Seaway project is realized — and its execution is only a matter of time — they will dock at Fort William and Port Arthur, in the very heart of Canada.

The St. Lawrence drains a territory of 500,000 square miles which contains half the fresh water in the world. The Mississippi and the Hudson together pour no such tribute into the sea. On its 2000-mile course from fresh water to salt, it

takes one gigantic leap, Niagara, which moves the dynamos and the soul of man, then pauses to play among the emerald-tipped Thousand Islands, and bathes the feet of the Laurentians before galloping white-maned into the gulf that bears its name.

In Europe, nature has come to be the natural and immemorial setting of man. In Canada she is scarcely yet aware of him. Canada is a vast and lonely land, gigantically framed and wildly clad. There are awing distances in Canada, vast freedoms, immense silences. There are rushing rivers and lonely, loon-haunted lakes where no angler ever yet cast a lure, silent forests where the moose abounds in Gothic majesty and the bear has not learned to fear the crack of a rifle.

Our Neighbors to the North

CANADIANS and Americans are more alike than any two separate peoples in the world. An average couple married 50 years ago in Canada would, it has been calculated, have half their descendants living in the United States today. Families have flowed across the border and back again. There was a Canadian-born member of President Wilson's cabinet, and there is an American-born member of Prime Minister Mackenzie King's cabinet.

Differences between Canadians and Americans are differences of

tempo rather than of character; the gap that divides the Canadian from the Englishman is far wider. Visiting Britishers, noting this, are likely to go home and view with alarm the "Americanization" of the senior Dominion. But Canadians are like Americans because they have lived for almost two centuries on the North American continent; in dress, manner, and social customs it is natural that they resemble each other.

Take the important matter of pants. An Englishman calls them trousers, has them cut halfway up his back, and supports them with what he calls braces. The Canadian, like the American, calls them pants and, as often as not, belts them tightly just above the hips.

Given almost any provocation he will discard his waistcoat, which he knows as a vest. He drinks more rye than Scotch, more hard liquor than wine, likes two crusts on his pies and dislikes Brussels sprouts and boiled puddings. If you prick him he will not only bleed like an American but swear like one. He prefers baseball to cricket, likes his football rough, shoots golf at par instead of bogey. He spends little time in clubs, but is a great joiner of fraternal societies. He leaves his lot unfenced, builds verandas on his houses and sits on them in warm weather. He says "Say" instead of "I say," "Lookit" instead of "Look here," pronounces "aunt" as though it were a small, creep-

ing creature, and says "thought" like "thawt" instead of — oh, well, the way the English pronounce it. He shows the same strange tolerance of calflike crooners and turgid after-dinner orators, the same belief in laws rather than law.

He has the same individualist philosophy as his American cousin, is like him a great driver of automobiles, owner of telephones and Frigidaires, and a gadget-user generally. He organizes his business on American lines, is almost as fond of stock gambling, much less given to having "five bob on the favorite in the 2:30" than his English equivalent.

Canadians listen to more American radio programs than to Canadian and English combined. Hollywood supplies their films. Canadian churchgoers have close affiliations across the border and most Canadian trade unions are international. So are hockey and baseball. Canadians have the same faith as Americans in education for all, and see nothing degrading in a boy's working his way through college. In Britain, only in London University has anything of the kind been known.

Despite these many similarities, there are subtle differences between Canadians and Americans. Canadians take their work more calmly and their pleasures more sadly. High-pressure salesmanship never threatened to blow off the cylinder heads in Canada. Canadian theater

audiences are among the world's coldest. A political convention in the United States bears the same relation to its Canadian counterpart as bedlam bears to a cemetery. Canada, although she abolished titles some years ago, is less thoroughly democratic. There is more reverence for authority and for the great.

Canadians are less impulsive than Americans and far less given to violence. The gun on the hip has never been part of their tradition. Canada has hanged rebels but no "radicals." Nobody has ever tried to assassinate a Canadian Prime Minister. Organized racketeering is unknown, and no hooded figures have ever dominated the night scene. The law tolerates fewer technicalities and is far swifter. Relatively fewer Canadians murder each other and many more are hanged when they do.

Justice, if more efficient in Canada, is also more dignified and aloof. Trial by newspaper is not tolerated, and he would be a bold man who took a camera and a flashlight bulb into a courtroom. The law of slander is more strictly enforced, as one politician discovered when he referred to opponents as "bankers' toadies" and went to jail for it. The uses of publicity are more restricted. Canadian Prime Ministers do not find it necessary to be photographed in cowboy hats, or in bucolic surroundings, or even in the bosom of their families. Although Canada has

had many stars in Hollywood, none of them went there as "Miss Canada," for the female form, though admired, is not apotheosized.

Canada, though puritanical at heart, is more tolerant than the United States. She has had two Roman Catholic Prime Ministers: Sir John Thompson, who was an English Catholic, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a French Catholic. Canadians do not change their leaders merely for the sake of change. The second term of a Canadian Prime Minister makes his third term more likely, not less. Mr. King is at present embarked on a fourth term to add to his 14 years of office.

In matters of form, Canada is a kingdom. The Governor-General represents the King and not the British Parliament. He drives like a King to the Parliament Buildings, preceded by an escort and hailed by a royal salute, sits upon a throne and declares in ancient Norman French that "*le roy y veut*" (the King wills it). Canada's lower legislative chamber is called a House of Commons, as in England; the upper, like the English House of Lords, represents conservatism, not to say reaction. Senators are appointed for life, and a property qualification is demanded of them. Those of its members who are not full of years are full of dollars.

Canada's two great political parties are Liberal and Conservative, though the Liberals have never been very liberal nor the Conservatives very

conservative. During most of their half-century of ins and outs, their original differences over tariffs and provincial rights have almost disappeared.

The Canadian is happier in his judicial and police systems; his civic politics have been marred by far fewer scandals than those which were proclaimed in the United States "the shame of the cities." The fact that criminal law is exclusively within federal jurisdiction has been an advantage that Mr. Edgar Hoover would be quick to admit. The whole judiciary has been divorced from politics. Canada's banking system, too, under the guidance of the government-owned Bank of Canada, is far sounder than that of the United States. During the depression, no Canadian bank failed.

One factor in preventing that easy friendliness which makes a man or a nation a good neighbor has been that Canadians, knowing so much about America, cannot understand Americans knowing so little about Canada. They are surprised and offended, when their newspapers are full of news about the United States, to find so little about Canada in American newspapers. Their sense of humor fails when the inevitable American tourist appears at the border in July with skis lashed to the back of his car. Every Canadian carries in his mind a picture of this continent, with his country occupying a slightly larger half. He resents the sublime indifference to this fact

he sometimes encounters across the border. Then, too, Americans have often been unfriendly to Great Britain, and that has irritated Canada — for in Canada, Britannicism is a religion.

Loyalty to Britain: A Bit of History

IN CANADA, to be “disloyal” means to be disloyal to Great Britain. A Canadian may with utter safety impugn the motives of a Canadian government; he may deplore his country’s past, doubt her future. But let him assail the motives of any British government and he will bring a hornet’s nest about his ears. It is so in peacetime, and is even more so in war. One could mount a soapbox in Hyde Park today and say things about the war and the British government for which one would be promptly jailed if one said them in Canada.

Though Canada is in some ways more pro-British than Britain herself, in others she is less English than the United States. The original 13 United States were mostly settled by the English. Canada was settled by the French, and was still predominantly French at the time of the American Revolution. More than half of Canada’s population today is of other than British origin, and there are two official languages, French and English.

To understand Canada’s devotion to England, and its lurking suspi-

cion of the United States, we must consider Canada’s history. If Canada is an American product, as is sometimes argued, it is in the same sense as Protestantism was a product of Catholicism. The first English-speaking Canadians were protestants against the American Revolution. They fled in fear and resentment; slowly the fear has passed but the resentment remains.

Modern Americans who, when they think of Canada at all, think of her only with the kindest feelings, find it difficult to realize this. They point to the famous undefended border, and to America’s highly benevolent neutrality, as unmistakable evidence of their good intentions. But these things must be set against a long past in which America was a menace to Canada, and Britain her only source of safety. For nearly a generation it has been different, but a generation is not long in the history of even so young a country as Canada.

Canada was conquered by Great Britain in 1760. In 1776 came the Revolutionary War and the exodus of Loyalists from the American colonies. Loyalists were tarred and feathered, sometimes even murdered by Whig mobs. Their property was confiscated. By the Treaty of 1783, Congress recommended that the States provide for the restoration of these properties. But the treaty was not fulfilled, a fact which the 100,000 who had fled into the lonely North never forgot or forgave.

As time went on, this distrust of the United States was intensified rather than allayed. In the 157 years of their separate existence, Canada has twice been invaded by the United States — once during the American Revolution, and once during the War of 1812. Within the last 70 years the territory of each country has been used as a base for guerrilla attacks against the other. During the Civil War, Canadian territory was used by Confederate agents with raiding designs against the North; and just after it, abortive Fenian invasions of Canada were launched from the American side.

As late as 1895 Canadians had almost resigned themselves to hostilities over the Venezuela boundary dispute between America and England. The history of Canadian-American relations until very recent times is largely, in fact, the story of their quarrels.

Fortunately, a younger generation of Canadians not only can but does forget these grievances of the past. The Canadian-American "will to peace" is established. Canadian-American coöperation was closest of all in the World War, when American cruisers patrolled Canada's Atlantic coast, and American seaplanes were based in Nova Scotia. Americans admired Canada's war achievements, and Canadians were gratified that their great neighbor had made common cause with them. Later, President Franklin D. Roosevelt's deliberate cultivation of good

relations, and his promise of protection against the menace in Europe, further strengthened the bond. The undefended frontier has become unique — a world's wonder that time could only make more wonderful. Both nations have grown too proud of it to wish to see it sacrificed.

One Third of a Nation

ONE of the most striking things about Canada is that its population is one third French. Montreal is the third largest French city in the world. Paradoxically, French-Canadians are neither English nor French in their political sympathies or emotional attachments, but purely Canadian.

Long before the English Conquest, the French of Canada and of Old France had begun to be two separate peoples. In the first French settlements in Canada, authority was divided between governor and bishop. To this day the Church has scarcely relaxed her hold on Quebec, where education is entirely under its control. Little in French Canada is done without the Church, and nothing can flourish against it.

A tight hand is also kept by the Catholic clergy on the morals of their flock. This, like so much in Quebec, derives from early usage. The famous Bishop Laval, who in the early days of the colony named its governors, was America's first prohibitionist. His successor enjoined

the civil governor not to countenance balls or dances, warned the governor's daughter against the wearing of "immodest curls so expressly forbidden in the epistles of St. Peter and St. Paul." The youth of French Canada allows itself more latitude now, but country curés even in recent times have been known to break up dances with a horsewhip.

The French Canadian is vivacious but solid, lighthearted but religious, thrifty but not accumulative. He has an acute sense of family, respect for law, and reverence for tradition. Of late years his simple philosophy of fearing God and living on the land has been threatened by modernism, and the simple peasant life has been giving way to industrialization and urbanization. As a people French Canadians have proved to be good farmers, magnificent pioneers, gifted politicians, doctors and lawyers. They have supplied artisans and craftsmen to industry rather than executives, owners or entrepreneurs.

The chief instrument of French Canada's persistence is its high survival rate — the excess of births over deaths. The 65,000 French Canadians who became British in 1763 have grown to at least 3,500,000. Their priests have encouraged early marriage and anathematized birth control. But even without priestly prescription the French Canadian would probably be fruitful, since large families were encouraged by subsidy in the 17th century, from which he derives his traditions. In

another 50 years, unless English-speaking Canada receives accessions through immigration, it will be outnumbered by French Canada.

French Canada today represents one of history's miracles. The handful left to the mercies of an alien conqueror almost 200 years ago have survived with numbers so increased that they threaten to swamp their conquerors. They have shown themselves more persistent even than those other Normans who conquered England in 1066. For the descendants of William the Conqueror were themselves conquered by time, leaving behind them only a leaven of Latin in the English language, and a trace of blue in the English blood. But the French in Canada have kept their race, religion and manner of living intact. When they marry their English-speaking compatriots it is to absorb them. Many a traveler in the country of the St. Lawrence has been disconcerted on challenging an O'Flaherty or a McTavish in English to find that he spoke only French.

Canada and the Future

THE DREAM of those who have predicted that Canada would one day become the heart of the British Empire seems less fantastic now. Canada's position, with one coast lashed by the Atlantic and the other by the Pacific, makes her a far more logical shipping center than the United Kingdom. More-

over, Britain's three best customers are the United States, Canada and Australia, in that order, and even Australia is much closer to Vancouver than to London.

If Britain's foreign investments are considered, it is quickly obvious that their center of gravity is not in Europe. All Europe, including Turkey, accounted for only 7.9 percent of Britain's total investment, according to 1931 figures. Canada accounted for 14.1 percent, the United States for 5.4 percent, Central and South America and Mexico for 22.4 percent.

Canada has most of the natural essentials except cheap coal and she has the world's cheapest water power to replace that. She is next door to the world's principal supplier of cotton, and far nearer Australia's wool. She has food in abundance and room and to spare for the whole of England's population. In Britain industry is more vulnerable to air attack than anywhere else in the world. In Canada it cannot be bombed. These considerations have already led to Canada's selection as a new Empire air center and the basing of a substantial British fleet in Halifax Harbor.

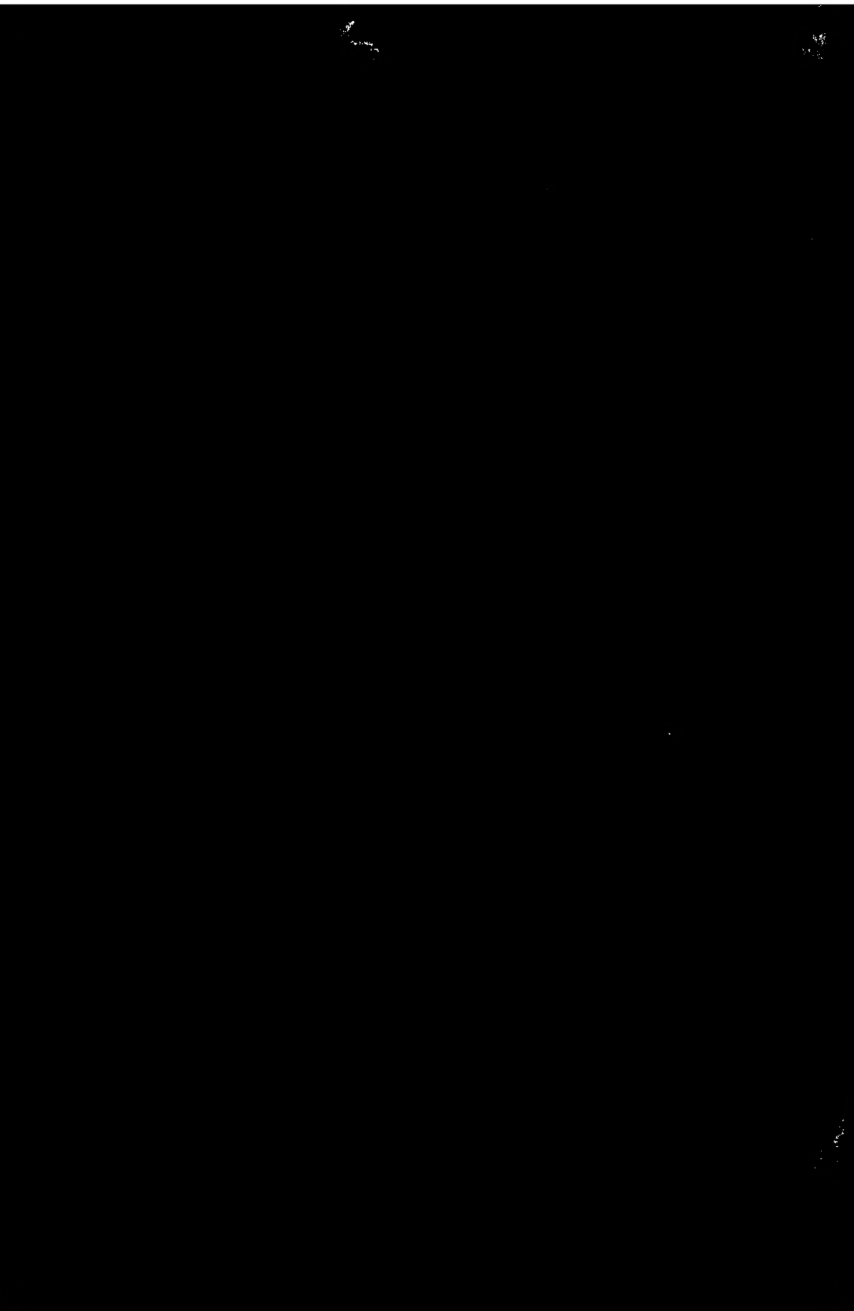
Complete British retreat to Canada would be welcomed by many Englishmen. The aftermath of a long war in which industry and civilian populations had suffered from intensive air attack, and the prospect of a quarter-century of crushing taxation to pay for it,

would probably convince the average Englishman that he had had about enough of it. Knowing a better 'ole, he would go to it. He alone of Europeans has the chance.

If this were to happen, if another great world power were to arise north of the border, the effects on the United States would be permanent and profound. But one need not look so far into the future to see Canada exercising a vast influence over the destiny of the United States. The possibilities of American involvement in the war, through Canada, exist now, and may at any moment demand immediate and far-reaching decisions on the part of Americans.

The war makes Canada the British Empire's second line of defense, an event which changes the whole meaning of that pillar of American foreign policy, the Monroe Doctrine. Canada's participation in a foreign war invites retaliation; retaliation would violate the Monroe Doctrine, which in turn would mean action by the United States — or abandonment of the Doctrine.

This result, from a declaration originally designed to prevent the establishment in the Western Hemisphere of new European colonies, could never have been foreseen by its framers. It means that America must protect Canada at home while she wages war abroad. Americans have always taken Canada for granted; now they must take sides with her, for better or worse.



The Reader's Digest

An article a day—of enduring significance, in condensed, permanent booklet form

NINETEENTH YEAR



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¶ By lighting successive small candles
of will power we at last generate a
beam that illuminates our entire life

Work in the Laboratory of Your Private Life

By

Alexis Carrel, M.D.

EVERYTHING has been too easy for most of us. All life has aspired to the condition of an English week-end — a Thursday-to-Monday holiday of minimum effort and maximum pleasure. Amusement has been our national cry; "a good time" our chief concern. The perfect life, as viewed by the average youth or adult is a round of ease or entertainment, of motion pictures, radio programs, parties, alcoholic and sexual excesses.

This indolent and undisciplined way of life has sapped our individual vigor, imperiled our democratic form of government. Our race pitifully needs new supplies of discipline, morality and intelligence. Strange to say, democracies have made no consistent effort to

inculcate these qualities in their citizens. Although vast social betterment schemes have been projected, we have forgotten that these ultimately depend for their vitality upon the individual citizen. "You cannot carve rotten wood," says the Chinese proverb. Nor can you carve decayed character into the durable underpinnings of a better race.

We have scientifically perfected flowers, fruits and animals, yet have neglected to apply simple, scientific principles to the full flowering of ourselves. Vast potentialities in our tissues and brain lie dormant, merely awaiting development through disciplined use.

To combat dangers from within and without, the race must enormously strengthen itself. This

cannot be achieved by huge governmental expenditures, or by committees and organizations. If there is to be any regeneration of our people, it must take place in the small laboratories of our private lives. We must realize, with all the intensity we can command, that refashioning our own character is not only the most satisfying and rewarding preoccupation of man, but is also the most important contribution we can make to society.

This renewal of ourselves is a three-dimensional undertaking. Our wondrous human organism is a *trinity* of functions: physical, mental and moral. If we are to experience the joy of being fully alive, and of making our own individual contribution to civilization, we must discipline ourselves on all three planes of life. Unless we achieve a powerful fusion of body, mind and spirit, our human salt loses its finest savor.

The instrument that man *must* employ in the reconstruction of himself is discipline. Discipline summons from our deepest cells unsuspected stores of energy. It is essential to man's harmonious functioning.

By constantly applying discipline in the performance of irksome tasks or in conquering our slothful habits, we generate high voltages of power. Daily drill and years of discipline in matters both large and small can make a man over in

most of his conduct. Demanding definite quotas and quality of performance from ourselves; observing ironclad rules of forbearance and consideration in human relations; restraining our appetites for indulgence and indolence, for food, alcohol and tobacco—all these are priceless disciplines, firm molders of character and will. The man who has daily drilled himself in little gratuitous exercises of will, who has been systematically ascetic or heroic in small matters, will find that he is supported by strong inner buttresses when winds of adversity rage around him. He will feel the joyous spark of divinity within himself.

Discipline alone will confer physical fitness upon most of us. A multiplicity of ease-making inventions tempt us to muscular flabbiness. Appalled by our bodily degeneration, we periodically resolve to play golf, tennis, or at least walk home from the office. After a few days our resolution flags; the underbrush of laziness grows up around us again. Only by repeated spurtings of will can we maintain physical hardihood.

I know a man who hands over his car keys every week-end to his doctor, a next-door neighbor. During that period, he does all his errands on foot, avoiding highways as much as possible, tramping across fields and over rough terrain. He conditions himself by staying outdoors in all weathers.

We all need more sun, wind and weather as tonic for the body. Exposure whips up effort in sweat glands, lungs, circulatory system. This effort is quickly translated into health and energy.

Man's intellect must be kept supple by discipline. In Plato's Academy, young men debated political and moral problems with each other and their elders. During the 12th century, students walked a hundred miles to hear Abelard deliver a single lecture. Today our young people slump into a silly cinema, or seek the jittery stimulation of a radio band. This flagrant waste of life's formative years arouses no protest from parents. It is shocking. The intellectual teeth of a whole generation are rotting from disuse while tough social and political problems beg for vigorous mastication. There is not one of us who cannot become a well-informed expert on at least one problem, and exert an influence toward its proper solution.

Active participation in some phase of civic life is the ideal outlet for the unused energies of our young people. Quite generally, children fail to learn in school the nature of their relation to the community. In every community there are specific problems to which they can address themselves. Today, no one, young or old, can remain a passive observer of the stupendous events going on about us. Our national destiny is inseparably bound up with our individual resourcefulness and initiative.

ably bound up with our individual resourcefulness and initiative.

Morality, too, demands discipline. Moral beauty is a rare but very striking phenomenon. It confers upon those who possess it an inexplicable energy, a conspicuous charm, a commanding power.

How is this power attained? Let me tell you of a student friend of mine. Idealistic, ambitious, and believing the Christian saints were the most highly vitalized sources of moral energy, he chose as his pattern St. Aloysius, patron saint of students. Emulating Aloysius, he practiced self-dedication, arduous study and ascetic control. Rigorously he exercised his moral faculties, strengthening them by daily use. Small consistent gains were hammered into lasting virtues, until at last something of the spiritual grandeur of St. Aloysius entered this young man, shines through him, influences his life and those about him.

Self-conquest is not easy. Yet once acquired it brings to the individual the true joy of living. Those who have experienced the magnificence of this feeling are no longer content with a continuous round of puerile and vapid pleasures.

Dwight Moody, the evangelist, once said: "I have never met a man who has given me as much trouble as myself." Adults find it difficult to reorient their habits. The great hope of the race are the young children, and those still unborn. On the

quality and number of these our future depends.

In the disciplining of children, the first responsibility falls on the parent. This responsibility has not been discharged. The spoiled child is America's heaviest crop. Nowhere else in the world are the young so systematically pampered and fatally handicapped by parents who have failed to teach them to work, earn and learn. The outstanding characteristic of young people today is a lack of gratitude for the advantages bestowed upon them.

In making the better race there must be a general overhauling of child education. Any program that pampers a child's rapacious ego does a disservice to the individual and society. "Self-expressionistic" theories of pedagogy are doomed because they scatter a child's energies during the period of habit formation. "When should I begin to train my child?" a young mother asked Sir William Osler. "How old is your child?" asked Osler. "Two years." "You are already too late," replied Osler. From the earliest days of its existence, discipline must be impressed upon a child. On the first day of spoon-feeding, he should be taught to eat everything on his plate without fuss or coaxing. Here the first disciplinary conquest is made.

The child should be obliged to keep his belongings in order. At the age of four, he should be able to dress himself and perform all essentials of his own toilet. If the

child cannot approximate these duties, the parents are not properly disciplining him for his place in society.

As children grow older, they must be taught to accept heavier responsibilities. Do not hire a glazier to set the pane of glass broken by your 10-year-old son. Require him to buy the glass and set it himself. Teach him to make his own kite instead of buying one for him. Your 12-year-old daughter will feel a glow of achievement after being entrusted with the preparation of an entire meal. No home is so wealthy that it can afford to exempt the girls from helping with the housework and cooking. If Thoreau did not disdain to mow his neighbors' lawns for 15 cents an hour, there is no reason why a high school boy should be affronted by such labor.

The habit of passing out nickels and dimes for candy, soft drinks and ice cream is a harmful one. A wise father I know said to his four children, "You can have all the ice cream you want if you make it yourselves." Later he bought a bottle capper and taught his children how to make root beer. Thrift and self-reliance developed in children will serve them admirably in later life.

Unless we emulate certain worthwhile features of fascist education — notably their discipline and utilization of every waking hour — we shall be no match for the tougher products that result from such an education. Democracy may have

to be defended on the battlefield. Can it be adequately defended by those who spent their adolescence listening to radio romances, or expressing their pitiful little personalities in water colors and tantrums? As Will Rogers once remarked: "What the younger generation needs is to chop more kindling wood and to cultivate a few inhibitions."

Of itself, discipline is likely to seem harsh, uninviting. It must be powered by aspiration, by a motivating philosophy. What is the purpose of one's life? Does every human being realize that he has a circle of influence within his home, among his friends and in his community — that he contributes, constructively or destructively, to the upbuilding of the race? The foremost task of educators and parents is to bring about a renaissance of idealism. Unashamedly, we must release anew the potent instrumentality of our affections. By methods that each man will discover for himself, we must become more acutely aware of personal justice, fair play, consideration for others. Finding these things again, our emotions will blossom in acts of simple neighborliness; our integrity of character will make itself known by deeds of courage and love. These are truly

"the things men live by." Without them we shall not prevail.

Until lately, we have been unwilling to have our precious individualism curbed. But now we realize that a larger Freedom, with all that it implies of democratic opportunity and personal fruition, is at stake. Tardily, we have discovered that the less discipline there is outside a man, the more there must be within. If we do not impose discipline upon ourselves and upon our children, there are others — crueler and more tyrannical — who some day will!

IN 1939 Dr. Alexis Carrel concluded 33 years of brilliant biological research at the Rockefeller Institute. He had reached the Institute's retirement age, 65. But the man who had perfected the surgical technique which made blood transfusion easy; who had kept a section of chicken heart alive for a quarter-century; who had developed, with Colonel Lindbergh, an amazing artificial heart; who had won the Nordhoff-Jung medal for cancer research and the Nobel Prize for success in suturing blood vessels — this man could not retire. He went to his native France to volunteer his surgical experience to the government; and he has returned with firsthand knowledge of what can happen to an easygoing people lacking in self-discipline.

Dr. Carrel is continuing his biological research and is also working on a book. His *Man the Unknown* was published in 1935.



ONE of the many things nobody ever tells you about middle age is that it's such a nice change from being young.

— Dorothy Canfield Fisher

Rush All Possible Aid to Britain!

By

Robert E. Sherwood

Playwright; author of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" and the current war play, "There Shall Be No Night"

THE NARROW WATERS of the English Channel are all that stands between Hitler and domination of the globe. "Today we own Germany," his Nazi legions sing, "tomorrow the whole world!" A world in which Americans must realize they also have to live, and are faced with the same struggle for survival as the British.

At the outbreak of this war we insulated ourselves against every form of propaganda except the propaganda to Keep Us Out of War. Thinking in terms of the past we rolled ourselves up with mothballs in a rug which we called "neutrality." And so far we have been successful in keeping out of a European war. But now we are in deadly peril of being conquered by Hitler's world revolution.

Our people are now fully awake to this peril. Swiftly and with overwhelming public approval we are changing over to a war economy; appropriating ten billions for defense; levying terrific taxes; gearing industry at top speed for military needs; talking of conscription; feverishly discussing the strategy of defense.

Why? Every one of us knows why. We know that our turn comes next. In desperate haste we are

undertaking draconian measures to defend ourselves against Hitler.

This spontaneous and universal determination to prepare for national defense should lead us to one inevitable conclusion:

We must rush all possible aid to Britain *now*. For Britain is a vital first line in our defense. While Britain holds out, there is, at the best, some hope that Hitler may be stopped; and there is, at worst, the chance of stalling him off and weakening him while our own defenses are being strengthened. If we successfully help now to defend Britain we may save ourselves part of the appalling costs of our program, already adopted, for defending America later.

Instead of being paralyzed by the fear of "getting into war," we should act, and act positively, upon the plain, unescapable fact that Hitler is at war with our civilization, our hemisphere, just as surely as he is at war with Britain. The dictatorships have always been at war with everything we believe in, and always will be. Their strength has been a continuous offensive. The weakness of the democracies has been to accept the defensive and beat a continuous retreat.

History shows a succession of empires built by conquest. Every one of them would have been impossible if the victims had united to give one another effective aid. Fearing to fight while they still had allies, they were annihilated one by one.

The chief bulwark between us and the world revolution is Britain's navy. As a matter of cold, calculating self-preservation we must keep that navy fighting on our side by providing Britain with every needed ship, gun, plane, implement of war, pound of food and shred of hope that we can give.

The question may be asked whether we can possibly give enough help to the British to enable them to hold out, whether it isn't too late. Isn't it foolish to wait until we are sure nothing can save her?

The objection may be raised: "Why should we pull British chestnuts from the fire?" This sounds shrewdly hardboiled. But how shrewd is it to let the fire burn our chestnuts merely because there are British chestnuts in the same fire? There is an even better answer to this objection. President Roosevelt, with the full support of American opinion, warned Hitler off this hemisphere. So if Hitler attacks Brazil, we shall try to pull Brazil's chestnuts from the fire. We are sworn to defend Rio de Janeiro, 5500 miles from New York. But we won't defend London, which is only 3300 miles from New York.

Yet those who would gladly have us rush to the aid of Brazil would abandon, to the greatest potential enemy our country has had in a century and a half, the immense industries of Great Britain — who is our best trade customer, our closest cultural associate, and at present the only active defender of our kind of civilization.

If this last bulwark of the world's system of peace and order is destroyed, we shall be left to defend ourselves in a world in which there will be only three other powers of importance — Germany, Soviet Russia and Japan, all unscrupulous, all aggressive, all cooperating with each other, all hostile to us.

For the first time since 1783 we face the prospect of an overwhelming force aimed at our existence. Do we have to wait until the dictatorships have shut us off from most of the world's commerce and are moving against us before we admit that here is an extraordinary emergency, and that it is better to fight in support of Britain than to fight alone?

We cannot soothe ourselves with the belief that if Britain falls the British navy — or what would by then be left of it — will continue to defend us. With brutal clarity we must consider the possible sequels of that catastrophe. If the German invasion should succeed, the British fleet might take refuge in Canada. But will Hitler, who stops at no crucifixion of human

flesh or soul, stop at holding the British people as ransom for their fleet?

Let us make another grim assumption, that as Britain falls her fleet is scuttled or destroyed. Then there will stand arrayed against us the combined German and Italian navies, plus units of the French; and furthermore Hitler will then have a shipbuilding capacity six times greater than our own. He will use it. The finest of those shipyards are British. He will use them.

Remember Czechoslovakia. At Munich, Czechoslovakia was handed over to Hitler, and with it Britain and France lost a great bastion in the first line of their defense. In May 1940, French soldiers were beaten back by new 70-ton tanks. Those huge tanks were made in Czechoslovakia by once free men who now work under the revolvers of the Gestapo.

And having been thus defeated by weapons made by their erstwhile friends the Czechs, the French in turn are forced to make weapons to be used against their erstwhile friends the British. If we refuse to help the British now, with every moral and material aid at our command, we may be the last victims in this tragic chain. If we do not act with fullest energy, we may find ourselves in time attacked and overwhelmed by warships built in British shipyards by British shipwrights who were once our friends. And a treachery which neither of us

ever intended will have become simply one more of the ghastly patterns with which hell is paved.

Nor let us chloroform ourselves with the pretty notion that Hitler, once he had swallowed continental Europe and Britain, would lie down quietly and digest his conquests. If he did not attack us immediately, while we were still weak, he might come forward with peace promises and nonaggression treaties and trade proposals and a whole forest of olive branches. We would be gullible indeed to forget that these fair words would be just as worthless as the solemn assurances and reassurances given one after another to Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg.

There are those who say that we can afford to do nothing because empires like Hitler's are short-lived. But Hitler's system is drilled into old and young by the world's most thorough propaganda; the conquered are held down by efficient, ruthless force; every independent leader is quickly eliminated by the most competent and cruelly ingenious secret police the world has ever known. Hitler, though mortal, is surrounded by men abler than himself. And even if his empire should survive only ten years, that might well be time enough in which to destroy the United States.

After a Hitler victory we could lose our skins even without invasion but by remote control. The

combination of Germany, Italy and Japan could strike us in vital spots many thousands of miles from our actual mainland. They could quickly shut off the supply of vital strategic materials. From bases in West Africa they could cripple our commerce with half of South America. They could . . . but here is what a report of the Naval Affairs Committee of the Senate, dated last May 15, said they could do:

From all the evidence available it appears that the United States can be conquered without military conquest of continental United States. An effective blockade against our foreign commerce can be maintained at points thousands of miles from our coasts and well beyond aircraft range. Our outlying possessions will be captured and used against us as advance bases. There will be nothing to prevent the establishment of bases, by force if necessary, in this hemisphere, from which as well as from aircraft carriers, repeated bombing raids can be dispatched against our highly industrialized areas. . . .

Under the foregoing conditions, enemy ships, except in the form of raiders, need not approach anywhere near our shores. With the loss of our outlying possessions, our foreign commerce, and subject to continual raids upon our coastal areas, our ultimate defeat is inevitable. It will be only a question of time, depending on how long our national will to further resist will hold out. Without the power to carry the fight to the enemy, there can be no alternative other than subjugation to his wishes.

The constant threat and merciless pressure of Hitler and his partners would inevitably produce a tragic reversal in our own ways of

thought and living. Inevitably we would be driven into militarism; we should be forced to copy Hitler's own methods in our struggle to survive. The Nazis have established the world's most thorough despotism, trampling over the decayed body of liberty to achieve authority; we still strive to perfect the world's finest democracy. The systems are so completely opposed and theirs is so aggressive and intolerant that, as Mussolini said, "The struggle between two worlds can permit no compromise . . . either we or they!" What Lincoln said of this country would be true of the world: "This government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." In the desperate effort to remain free we should be forced to sacrifice a large part of that freedom.

And even if we could escape war with Hitler in a military sense, the differences between his totalitarian economy and ours would produce on ours profound and dreadful changes. As Walter Lippmann has pointed out, our free, individual economy would have to compete for world trade with a gigantic and ruthless state monopoly.

As we are bound to lose many, if not all, of the things we need and cherish should Hitler win, it is clear that our vital interest demands full support of Great Britain.

What little help we are giving her now is limited by a shortsighted pretense of technical neutrality. Thus we are doing just what the

lost democracies of Europe did. In their desire to avoid the short-term risk of war they allowed Hitler to overcome their outer defenses one by one. The policy of avoiding risks has brought them face to face with the supreme risk of all — that of annihilation.

Let us allay one reason for the fear which has paralyzed American action in this crisis — the fear of our people that once again we shall send an army to Europe. There is no question of this in anybody's mind. Britain has men — her needs lie elsewhere. We do not have the men to send; if we had them to send there is nowhere on the continent of Europe for them to make a landing.

But short of that there is very little we ought not to be prepared to do, and do at once. We cannot afford to continue giving to Hitler — as the isolationists insist we should — the two advantages by which all previous conquerors have won their empires: that of fighting their adversaries one by one and that of choosing the time, place and method of the attack.

The isolationists cry that we would be in danger if we took the initiative. It would give Hitler the excuse to attack us. As if he needed any excuse to attack when he is so minded! Certainly, the action we must take would be an undeclared war. But it could not add to our danger. Hitler, by every kind of propaganda, trade control and Fifth Column activity,

has long been at war against us. We are already deeply involved in the conflict — on the defensive. Our most practical course is to take the offensive, and prevent his victory, or at least make it as costly to him as we can. Above all, if Hitler wins on land, we must insure ourselves against surrender of the British fleet. Here is the one risk, war or no war, declared or undeclared, we cannot afford to take.

And we should act at once, if only because the Japanese are still bogged down in China. Their hands are full now; but if we wait till they consolidate their hold on China we shall have to fight the Nazis and the Japanese at the same time.

Are the historians to say of us: "Because the Americans were aware of the inferiority of their armament, they would not send their ships, planes and guns to prevent Hitler's acquiring Europe's largest fleet and Europe's largest shipyards. Because they were weak in airplanes, tanks and artillery, they made no serious attempt to keep Hitler from acquiring by his victories on land a preponderance of naval and industrial power."

The armament of the United States is woefully inadequate to fight Germany alone, but it might nevertheless be adequate to turn the tide in the defense of Britain.

The moral force of our aid, if prompt and unstinting — or even the effect of the knowledge that we were trying to give that aid — would

be incalculable. It would work both ways — bringing a surge of hope to the British, and, to the German people, memories of the role we played in 1917. —

In practical terms, what should our aid consist of? First and foremost, support for Britain's navy. At the tempo of the clock's hands rather than the calendar's days, we should consider sending to Britain's assistance units of our own navy, taking all risks up to the point of not risking the loss of any vital part of it. As long as our fleet is largely intact, we can hold off Hitler for time enough to replace, many times over, the planes and guns we send to Britain. We should consider taking some of the burden of convoying British ships off the shoulders of the British navy, send our warships to chase Nazi surface raiders in our half of the Atlantic, open new ports and navy yards to British warships for fueling and repairs.

The greatest need of Britain at this moment is one which we are able to supply physically, but not legally. The law still prevents our letting the British navy defend itself, and us, with destroyers which we have, and can spare. There are about 140 of these "overage" destroyers. We should amend the law so that Britain can have half of them at least. Her losses in de-

stroyers have been heavy. These vessels are her best insurance against invasion by sea and the inroads of the submarine.

We should send planes, Britain's next most urgent need. All the planes we can spare. And redefine the word "spare" so that we shall redouble our efforts to turn them out, and produce them as if our lives depended upon it. Which is not far from being the case.

We should repeal the cash and carry provisions of the Neutrality Act — and as much else of that act and other laws as will leave us free to help the belligerent who is fighting our battle without helping the belligerents whose next victims we may become.

And of course we should be ready to receive, and call for and bring over in American ships, under American convoy if necessary, all of Britain's children whom her government may decide to send us.

We must act so that the dreadful dirge of Europe, Too Little — and Too Late, does not ring in our ears. We must take serious risks in the hope of avoiding even more serious ones. I say "hope," not "certainty." There is only one certainty: that if Britain is defeated, no matter how safe we play, no matter how hard we try to hide behind the tattered rags of our neutrality, our turn will come next.



Discovery of sulfanilamide has been called the greatest event in medicine since Pasteur discovered the germ

Sulfa-Miracles

Condensed from Hygeia

Lois Mattox Miller

AVAILABLE to every physician today is a group of drugs whose wonder-working, during the past few years, has miraculously slashed the death rates of many infectious diseases. Last year, in the United States alone, these little chalk-white tablets saved from certain death 50,000 sufferers from pneumonia, puerperal infection, meningitis, gas gangrene and a score of other dangerous maladies. This year the record should be even more impressive. Sulfanilamide and its allied compound, sulfapyridine, are out of the experimental stage, experience with sulfathiazol is accumulating rapidly, and a really great era of "sulfa-miracles" is dawning.

For generations medical scientists have dreamed of chemicals which would destroy bacteria within the body without harming the body itself—just as Dr. Ehrlich's "magic bullet" salvarsan destroys the spirochete of syphilis. In 1935, the German Dr. Gerhard Domagk developed prontosil, a brick-red powder which he used experimentally to cure bacterial infections in rabbits and mice. One day his daughter

pricked herself with a needle and blood poisoning developed. When doctors pronounced the infection fatal, Domagk tried prontosil. The infection disappeared and the girl recovered.

Variations of prontosil appeared in quick succession in Germany and France, each claiming greater control over diseases caused by the dreaded pneumococcus, streptococcus, staphylococcus, and gonococcus. But American and British medical scientists, not wholly satisfied, took prontosil apart and assembled it in different forms. They found that, of its several ingredients, only a substance called sulfonamide really was effective. With new compounds they made further tests on animals and human beings, with conspicuous success.

Sulfanilamide—official name of the "mother drug"—surpasses the most ambitious dreams of the medical pioneers. It is not just the specific cure for one infection, but works on more than 30 different bacterial diseases.

When long-range experiments in sulfanilamide therapy were started here in 1937, about 450,000 Ameri-

cans were stricken with pneumonia each year, and about 120,000 died — a 25-percent death rate. At the Western Pennsylvania Hospital the doctors selected for their tests victims of Type III, deadliest of all 32 types of pneumonia. One group of patients received the tablets; another group only conventional care. Four out of five patients on sulfanilamide recovered; four out of five of the other patients died. The new drug had reversed the odds! With sulfanilamide the crisis came quickly, breathing became easy, pulse and temperature returned to normal. Sulfanilamide was then applied to all types of pneumonia.

With the development of sulfapyridine the average of recoveries further increased. Seeking the most difficult cases, the doctors in a New York hospital chose a group of patients between 60 and 90 years old, an age-range in which pneumonia had been fatal in 75 percent of all cases. Sulfapyridine cut this death rate to 23.5 percent! And the "fever period" was reduced from 12 days to about 72 hours.

Serum treatments for pneumonia are costly and require properly equipped laboratories for "typing." The new sulfonamide drugs are available to pneumonia victims everywhere, rich and poor alike, in remote villages as well as big city medical centers, and can be given by any physician. During 1938 and 1939 their wider use showed that the pneumonia death rate could be

cut from 25 percent to something like 5 percent.

"People just won't die of pneumonia any more," one distinguished professor proclaimed to a medical convention.

The conquest of pneumonia is only one dramatic chapter in the brief, incredible story of the "sulfa-miracles." Each of certain germs — pneumococcus, streptococcus, staphylococcus, gonococcus, etc. — may produce a wide variety of diseases, giving the sulfanilamide pioneers the whole vast range of bacterial infections as their field of battle.

In England one group of doctors attacked puerperal infection — the "childbed fever" that has long been the scourge of maternity. Administering sulfanilamide to 238 stricken mothers, they lowered deaths from 23 percent to 4 percent. In a Paris hospital the drug was given as a preventive to 2100 expectant mothers. There previously had been at least one serious case of puerperal infection in the maternity ward at all times; but not a death occurred during the year of the experiment.

Other investigators tackled streptococcal meningitis, an infection of the lining of the brain and spinal cord, which had a death rate close to 100 percent. Medical records for half a century had listed only 65 known recoveries. Yet in a single year 40 cases treated with sulfanilamide recovered, and the death rate has dropped to 35 percent.

Erysipelas kills about 15 percent of its victims; among young children and old people the death rate runs to 75 percent. Doctors in the United States, using sulfanilamide, reduced erysipelas deaths to about 4 percent; in Glasgow, Scotland, among 261 patients the record was lowered to 2.3 percent.

Formerly the infection of wounds known as gas gangrene often meant death or amputation. "But now," states Dr. Perrin H. Long, Johns Hopkins' pioneer in sulfanilamide therapy, "the rapidity with which gas bacillus infections are brought under control by sulfanilamide is often amazing." Scarlet fever, gonorrheal arthritis, and otitis media—an infection of the middle ear which frequently results in mastoiditis—are a few of the other diseases which have been treated with spectacular effects. The list grows ever longer.

Recently two St. Louis doctors used the latest of the compounds, sulfathiazol, to fight impetigo in a nursery. This skin disease produces large "weeping" sores, and is often fatal to young children. The doctors put sulfathiazol in the bath soap. The impetigo disappeared rapidly, only to reappear when the supply of soap was exhausted.

How these drugs accomplish their "sulfa-miracles" is a mystery. They seem to require the cooperation of the body to combat germs. For instance, investigators poured sulfa-pyridine into a test tube seething

with pneumococci. The germs continued to live and multiply. The same dose fed to a patient suffering from pneumococcal pneumonia checked the disease.

This has given rise to a theory that the sulfonamides don't kill germs, but merely slow up their action and give the body's germ-fighting cells a chance to finish the job.

Such wonder-drugs can be taken with safety only under a doctor's supervision. They are not without "toxic effects"—nausea, dizziness, fever or skin rash. Dr. Long told the assembly of the American Medical Association last June that "physicians have been oversold on the dangers connected with the use of sulfanilamide and its derivatives," and that "no physician should hesitate to administer these drugs in adequate amounts, providing he sees his patient at least once a day."

The Nobel prize for physiology and medicine was awarded to Professor Gerhard Domagk in November 1939, in recognition of his discovery of prontosil. As a citizen of the Reich he was unable to accept it. Simultaneously came the announcement that sulfanilamide compounds would be administered to all wounded British soldiers, to reduce the death rate from infection. Thus the wonder-drugs cut across the barriers between nations, to work their "sulfa-miracles" in war as in peace.

Animal Sports Notes

Penguin Regatta

SPENT whole days watching penguin bathing parties while I was with the British Antarctic Expedition. The birds would wait on the edge of the sea-ice until a little party had gathered, then set off in the greatest spirits, chattering, frolicking and chasing one another about. The object of each penguin was to get one of the others to jump in first. They would crowd up to the very edge, then when those behind had nearly succeeded in pushing the front rank in, the latter would suddenly recover, rush around to the rear and try to turn the tables. Finally one penguin would run full tilt over the ice, take a clean header into the water, and one after another the rest followed, all taking off from the same spot. As they bobbed to the surface, rolling and splashing about, they made sounds like a lot of boys.

Whenever a small ice-floe drifted by, a crowd of penguins would board it for a ride and as they passed close to shore the passengers would shout at the penguins gathered there, who in turn would shout back. At the farther end of the ice, some half-mile away, the excursionists would plunge into the water and swim back to board a fresh floe. All day long those floes floated past the rookery,

often crowded to their utmost capacity. It was almost impossible to realize that these little creatures, whose antics

I watched, were birds and not human beings.

— Dr. G. Murray Levick,
The Social Habits of Antarctic Penguins

Bre'r Rabbit Frolic

ONE moonlight night, in a clearing above our tent, I witnessed a rabbit dance. The first arrival entered the ring with a flying leap over a log and went whirling around and around with grotesque jumps like a kitten after its tail, varying his performance now by a high leap, now by two or three awkward hops on his hind legs like a dancing bear.

In a moment he was joined by several companions and the fun grew more lively; every few moments a new arrival came gyrating in like a brown fur pinwheel. They leaped over everything in the ring and over each other; they vied in the high jump; sometimes they rose on their hind legs and hopped slowly in all the dignity of a minuet. One curious performance looked like a boxing match. Two rabbits were standing on their hind legs face to face, apparently cuffing each other soundly while they hopped slowly around in a circle. I could not see the blows, only the boxing attitude,

but I heard them as they landed on furry ribs. The other rabbits stopped occasionally to watch, then went on with their fun.

— William J. Long, *Beasts of the Field*

The Otters' Coasting Party

EXPLORING a lonely backwater in my canoe one day, I was puzzled by what looked like a miniature toboggan-track near an otter's hole in the riverbank, slanting steeply from a seven-foot hillock to the water. Who would make such a thing in this remote spot? Determined to solve the mystery, I returned at sunset and climbed into a willow tree hanging over the hole. Nothing happened until the moon was well up. Then a black-nosed, long-whiskered face suddenly appeared below me, and I saw a brownish-gray beast a couple of feet long with a long, broad tail—a dog otter. He gave a low, husky whistle, and three or four cubs and their mother tumbled out of the hole.

They played and dived and ducked one another. Then with an excited cry, a wet figure dashed for the bank just beyond the mysterious hillock, the rest following at his heels, pushing and shoving to the top. Father won by a good length and, folding back his forepaws, threw himself flat on his chest and went headfirst down the slide. His mate followed. Then came the children, patting and scratching each other in their eagerness. One missed his course and rolled ignominiously over the bank, landing with an unorthodox plop in the water. Again and again was that ridiculous performance repeated. The youngsters got into their stride and shot down the 20-foot toboggan as neatly as the old dog himself, their glistening bodies skimming along as if oiled. The slide was never without an occupant, and the show went on until my descent from the tree brought it to an abrupt end.

— H. W. Shephard-Walwyn, F.N.B.A.,
F.Z.S., *The Spirit of the Wild*



Tip to Teachers

By JOHN ERSKINE

AT THE END of my university studies, when I was leaving for my first professorial job, I went to say good-bye to my old teacher, William Peterfield Trent.

"I can give you no theoretical advice in pedagogy," he said, "but I'll tell you one thing from experience. It will frequently happen when you are holding forth that some boy in the class will disagree. He will probably shake his head violently. You will be tempted to go after him and convert him then and there. Don't do it. He is probably the only one who is listening."

❧ The fantastic incongruities experienced by an American jailed for two months in Tokyo

"You Are National Guest"

Condensed from The American Mercury

J. P. McEvoy

JAMES RUSSELL YOUNG, known throughout the Far East as "Jimmy," has come home with a rare experience entitled: "Sixty-One Days in a Japanese Jail, or One Hundred and Eight Meals with Chopsticks."

For ten years Jimmy has been Far Eastern manager of a news service and feature syndicate, and has worn out countless pairs of striped trousers and morning coats calling on Japanese editors, for morning coats are the business sack-suits of Nippon. Last fall he took a flying look-see around China, and cabled his American papers that the Chinese were holding their own and Japan, sick of the whole business, would be glad to quit if it could find a face-saving formula. He later repeated all this at a private dinner party. Next morning the clerk at the Imperial Hotel called his room and said there was a gentleman downstairs to see him.

"Do I know him?" inquired Jimmy.

"You've seen him," said the clerk. "He sits around in the lobby."

"Oho," said Jimmy, "get me the American Embassy, right away."

A secretary from the Embassy and the little man from downstairs arrived at Jimmy's door simultaneously. The little man, whom we will call Togo, was five feet two, had stiff black hair that stood out all around his head, like a Japanese doll's, and was dressed Western style, which means his pants were not pressed. Would Mr. Young come with him to the Marunouchi police station for a small talk? Mr. Young would if Mr. Turner of the Embassy went along. Togo was properly indignant that Mr. Young didn't trust him. Besides, how could they go in the Embassy car? That would be an international complication. Mr. Young appreciated the honorable Togo's embarrassment, but also felt he would be plenty embarrassed himself if he ever delivered himself to the police without letting the Embassy know where he was going. Such things have happened before to foreigners, and the Oriental disregard for time has found expression in the complete disappearance of such people for months.

At the station, six police sat behind a long table piled high with

stacks of papers, the contents of Jimmy's wastebasket for years back. While he was trying to explain that there was no political significance in such sentences as "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party," more detectives visited his hotel apartment. They gathered up all of Jimmy's papers, including canceled checks, receipted bills, and carbons of 4000 sales letters extolling the virtues of comic strips and Walter Winchell. During the next 30 days of questioning he had plenty of opportunity to explain every scrap of paper, as well as a great many other things.

For example, the following suspicious entry in his memo book: "ΦΓΔ—noon Shanghai, Friday 27." Was that code? "No," said Jimmy, "that's Phi Gamma Delta, a Greek letter fraternity meeting."

"So! You are Greek?" Jimmy explained that he was an American, that he had nothing to do with Greeks, that as far as he knew the Greeks were not organizing to overthrow the Japanese Empire. Two interrogators were now organized into a Greek Letter Quiz Department, and for three days Jimmy was questioned on fraternities and the Greek alphabet (which he made up by reciting the names of the Greek letter societies).

"Is this Secret Society?"

"Yes," said Jimmy.

"So! How many members?"

"Forty-two thousand, including

the late Calvin Coolidge." The examiner made a note to investigate Calvin Coolidge later.

"And," added Jimmy, "three Japanese members, one the president of the Tokyo Gas Company, Yale graduate, 1879. Why not ask him about it?"

"*Baka!*" barked the examiner, meaning "Fool!"

The notation "alumni dues," on a check stub, started five days of questioning on education conducted by the Thought Police. To what college did he go? Who were his teachers? What did he learn? Jimmy had often asked himself this question, but never in such detail.

"Arden Farms, La Jolla, California, \$14.65 — milk," required three days to clear up. Why did he go there? How long did he stay and why was it called Arden? What does La Jolla mean? Who did he know there? How could he explain such an expenditure for milk? No family could drink that much milk in a year.

"That's for a month," said Jimmy. Now the police knew he was lying. The Japanese quota is two tablespoons daily, per family.

"There were eggs, too," said Jimmy wearily, which was a mistake. Where would a milkman get eggs?

"And what this please — 'Likker, \$10.00?'" There were three dictionaries on the table and *likker* was not in any of them.

"Hah!" said the examiner triumphantly. "Code! So!"

A radio script came next. A copy of a broadcast, sponsored by Purina, that Jimmy had made a year previously in Chicago, with Al Jolson and Mrs. Walrath, of the famous Cradle in Evanston. After three days of exhaustive questioning Jimmy utterly failed to explain who Al Jolson is, what the Cradle was all about, and who, where, or why is Purina.

Each evening Jimmy would go back to his bare cell, in which the light was kept burning day and night, and sit cross-legged on his straw mat until time to lie down for sleep. The unheated cell was in the basement, and Tokyo in January is as cold as Albany. His wife borrowed clothes all over town and Jimmy put on everything she brought him and never took it off, even for questioning. What the well-dressed man should wear in Japanese jails is suggested by Jimmy's outfit, consisting of three suits of woolen underwear, worn in layers, a sweat-shirt, a suit, a sweater, two pairs of golf stockings, and Ambassador Grew's fur-lined overcoat. The last arrived in the Embassy car, properly impressing the jailers. The Ambassador is a huge man, some six feet three. Jimmy isn't. The overcoat covered him like a tent. It also saved his life, for he lived and slept in it. That and a beret, worn tight over his head to keep his brains from congealing. No shoes — "You're not going anywhere."

As for food, he was allowed any-

thing he could pay for, so Imperial Hotel bellboys in green uniforms would appear at mealtime with a black lacquer box containing minute steak, strawberry shortcake, and lobster thermidor. This box was always reverently inspected by the Thought Police, who would sit and watch him eat, fascinated by the variety and amount of food this foreigner could put away. Breakfast — costing a dollar or more, with ham and eggs, cereal, toast, coffee, and fruit — was a special source of wonder, for the typical Japanese breakfast is four tablespoonfuls of barley and rice, black bean soup, and pickled horse-radish. Cost: two cents. "This is what make Japanese soldier so victorious in China," he was told, but remained unimpressed.

No knives or forks! "Because," explained the jailer, courteously, "we know you are guilty and you will soon be so ashamed you will commit hara-kiri." Which means, literally, "belly cutting," a rather untidy way of committing suicide for so tidy a people as the Japanese. Result: chopsticks, for 108 meals, and wonderful opportunities for developing dexterity, what with manipulating oatmeal and peas, not to mention fried eggs. Fresh chopsticks were served every meal, and Jimmy would break them up into small pieces and use them for match tricks to while away the hours. These he would secrete in Ambassador Grew's overcoat, to-

gether with lumps of sugar, which he would mark up as dice. Special Japanese patented sugar, this, for inside each lump was a small amount of coffee. You drop the lump into hot water, and presto!

No visitors were allowed. Between meals, Jimmy made tea outside the cell for his jailers and himself. This special privilege enabled him to stretch his legs, and was his only recreation except when he was allowed to step outside and groom Ambassador Grew's overcoat. Sometimes Jimmy would spend an hour on one sleeve, for he could stay out of his cell only so long as he appeared busy.

After a month Jimmy was transferred to another prison, and he will always remember the ride, because his guards got lost and couldn't find the penitentiary, and spent an hour wandering around inquiring of the neighbors. Here the routine was different. He was bugled out of bed, or rather off the floor, at 5:30, and after dusting his room with a pygmy-sized broom, he made a ceremonial bow in the direction of the Emperor's palace and had breakfast, cooked by prisoners who, he was proudly told, had been chefs in luxury hotels. At last he was allowed a knife and fork. When Jimmy wanted a manicure, a nail clipper attached to a dustpan by a chain was offered him. The doctors in the hospital liked to practice English, in exchange for sun-lamp treatments. Any ruse to spend time out

of his cell was welcome to Jimmy, but you can take only so much sun lamp, so he worked out a system of broiling himself front and back on alternate days.

The Benzedrine inhaler presented a different problem. No prisoner could possess such a potential instrument of destruction, so twice a day Jimmy's inhaler, wrapped in a silk handkerchief, was formally carried in by a guard. Jimmy was permitted one sniff at exactly seven a.m., and another at exactly five p.m. Jimmy then signed a receipt for this medical attention, with his thumbprint.

Meanwhile questioning continued. Three typists accumulated 1500 pages of answers, and dozens of investigators scoured the town for everyone Jimmy had ever been seen with in ten years. Of 204 members of the Tokyo Rotary Club, all Japanese but five, Jimmy knew 110. "If you question each one separately," he said, thinking to frighten them with the enormity of the task, "it will take six months."

"Oh, yes," said the chief interrogator. "Sometimes it takes two years. Sometimes three." Jimmy was sure that Ambassador Grew's overcoat wouldn't last that long. Neither would Jimmy, for it is a rule that no suspect is allowed a bath while under questioning.

Mrs. Young had difficulty arranging her first visit. Wives are discouraged because they cry so much. But Jimmy looked so comi-

cal in his prison rig that his wife burst out laughing, which made a hit with the warden. After that she came often.

The police never booked Jimmy, never admitted he was under arrest. They were "examining his thoughts." He was "national guest." But outside the door of his cell hung a regulation prisoner's head-basket which he was supposed to slip over his head to hide his shame when taken out for questioning. Jimmy, being shameless, skipped along, swinging it in his hand, to the great embarrassment of his guards, one of whom had acquired as his entire English vocabulary the phrase "What of it?" which he would mutter darkly at irregular intervals.

Daily *Undo*, or sport, consisted of running around for an hour in your own private little pen. If you stopped, even to catch breath, you didn't need exercise, and were sent back to your cell. It took some ingenuity to beat this, but Jimmy did it by practicing swings with an imaginary golf club. This gave him "big face," for an important government official once interned there had done the same thing.

Five weeks of questioning over, Jimmy was allowed a bath and a bed. He was to have a trial, too, with three lawyers to defend him, one of whom was a present from a wealthy Japanese sympathizer. Meanwhile he carried on *Undo*, and bought caramels, flowers, and

a small potted orchid costing three yen (70 cents) from the commissary pushcart which was wheeled through the corridors every afternoon, with the vendor crying his wares, including also bean paste, gumdrops, seaweed, and postcards entitled "Peaceful Scenes in China."

The trial lasted three mornings. Spectators were excluded because the case was "liable to impair public peace and order." The prosecuting attorney sat on the bench with the judge, and Jimmy was not allowed to communicate with counsel for defense. The charge was "fabrication and spreading of false rumors." Jimmy was found guilty and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with a stay of execution of three years.

Jimmy was released that evening. His wife and some friends drove out in a car to greet him. As they waited, they heard loud cheering. The gate opened and Jimmy appeared, surrounded by his jailers and the chefs, who waved him affectionate farewell and shouted "*Banzai!*" (may you live 10,000 years). They were genuinely sorry to lose their prize prisoner.

Obviously an episode so crowded with incongruous incidents could scarcely end on a commonplace note. It didn't. In Jimmy's lapel as he came out of jail was a jaunty green carnation, and in his hand he carried a present for his wife — a delicate orchid.

U. S. Ambassador of Song

Condensed from Recreation

Fairfax Downey

AROUND A TABLE at the State Department last spring, representatives of our foremost musical organizations met with Latin-American delegates to plan an exchange of student singing groups. At the conference was Marshall Bartholomew, who has served as United States ambassador of song in a score of countries. He has led singing from Sweden to Siberia, has brought together student choruses from all over Europe in musical good fellowship. He trained the song leaders who in 1917-1919 helped regiments through long hikes here and abroad. He pioneered in organizing factory choruses and community singing.

A Yale man, with experience in teaching music and composing, he volunteered in 1914 for Y.M.C.A. war relief work, drawing the tough assignment of Siberia. In Russian camps, he found hopeless misery among German and Austro-Hungarian prisoners. Homesickness and monotony, more than brutality, were wearing men down and suicides occurred daily.

Music might help, Bartholomew thought, so he organized glee clubs and orchestras. Skilled craftsmen among the Hungarian prisoners carved instruments. Bartholomew

had strings. There might have been no bows had not a provision-laden *troika* drawn by three horses reached the camp. When the *troika* left, the horses were minus most of their tails, and fiddlers were tuning up.

"Then," Bartholomew says, "I witnessed the miracle of music: its power to lift men out of despair, physical suffering, homesickness and hatred." Suicides almost ceased.

One prison commandant, a retired Russian general, attended a celebration that Christmas Eve in one of the crowded, 800-men barracks, sunk half-underground for protection against the fierce Siberian cold. A small Christmas tree had been stuck in a barrel in the midst of the densely packed prisoners. Bartholomew stepped in front of his singers — Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, and their Russian guards.

"There is one song all can sing tonight," he declared, raising eloquent hands to lead them in *Silent Night, Holy Night*.

They sang, each in his own tongue, but all united in the beloved melody. When its last note died away, tears were streaming from the Russian commandant's eyes. In halting, broken German he said:

"Tonight is the first time in more

than a year of war that I have been able to forget you and I are supposed to be enemies."

From then on the prison camp was a changed place. Between prisoners and captors were understanding and friendliness.

When the United States entered the war, Bartholomew was called home to direct the music department of the National War Work Council. He organized the schools which trained 30,000 song leaders for the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps. Again and again in camps at home and with the A.E.F. in France and England, Bartholomew saw what singing can do for morale, fatigue and war nerves.

One night in New York in 1919, Bartholomew was talking over the success of war singing with a fellow song leader, Robert Lawrence.

"Call 'Fire,'" said Lawrence, "and take the first thousand people who run out to see where the trouble is, and we could found a choral society on the spot. Any bunch of people anywhere."

Bartholomew laughed and suggested:

"Why not try it right here in New York?"

They chose for the experiment the Hell's Kitchen slum district. If people would sing there, they'd sing anywhere. They moved a piano into the street. Bartholomew played it, and Lawrence climbed on top of his car to launch a song as a curious crowd gathered.

Hesitantly a few voices joined. More chimed in. Soon police reserves roped off the street, for 5000 had jammed into it. It was a long time before the two exhausted experimenters could break away.

Something had been started. Two small trucks, called sing wagons, were put into operation, each carrying a piano and a screen on which were flashed the words of songs. They made the rounds of 15 centers in congested districts, and by mid-summer 20,000 people a week were lifting voices in *America, My Old Kentucky Home, Mother Machree*, anything they felt like singing. Police and welfare workers attested the improved morale of their neighborhoods.

Community singing spread into rural districts — to county fairs and Grange meetings — and finally reached industry, where the triumph of the machine age over handicraft had almost killed the singing spirit. The miller's song had vanished in the depths of the modern grain elevator; chugging engines raising ships' anchors had drowned the seaman's chantey; spinning songs had no chance amid the din of textile factories.

Bartholomew's experience in a Connecticut brass factory is typical. When he asked for a 15-minute recreation period for singing, officials told him that shutting down the machinery would cost hundreds of dollars; but they let him have his way. He put a leader on a barrel in

the yard, and soon the singing was in full swing. Workers were noticeably freshened, and accidents were considerably cut down, for 85 to 90 percent of them had been attributable to afternoon fatigue and carelessness. Such demonstrations induced scores of companies to include the expense in their budgets. Bartholomew proved repeatedly that music is an oil that lubricates industrial relations, bringing together executives, clerks and workers. He has learned, too, by conducting choruses regularly in New York hospitals, that music brings peace of mind to the discouraged, and even to the mentally deranged.

As director of the University Glee Club of New York City, Bartholomew championed the Intercollegiate Musical Council, a national association founded by University Glee Club men, and its membership grew to 170 college glee clubs, with more than 6000

students taking part annually in regional contests or festivals. Next, along with other leaders from Germany, Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Poland, Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland, he organized the International Student Musical Council which arranged international tours and festivals for university choruses. Bartholomew made four 10,000-mile European trips with the Yale Glee Club which sang before royalty, diplomatic corps and groups of students. To receive American hospitality in return came student choruses from Hungary, Finland and Norway.

Bartholomew is firmly convinced that "there is too much talking in the world today, too little singing." Prevented by the war from continuing his work in Europe, he sailed southward this summer to blaze a trail for future generations of student singers in all the Americas.



EPITAPHS



Inscription on a monument in France marking the grave of an army mule: In memory of Maggie, who in her time kicked two colonels, four majors, ten captains, 24 lieutenants, 42 sergeants, 432 other ranks and one Mill bomb.

— *Sunday Chronicle*

Suggested epitaph for Adolf Hitler's tombstone: This is definitely my last territorial demand.

— *Punch*

PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN . . .

SHE WORE a bathing suit that fitted like a sunburn (*Vogue*) . . . A young couple with softening of the hearteries. (Dorothy Kilgallen)

ONE OF those spring nights when even the smallest stars are allowed out (Lee Pape) . . . A ballet of fireflies (Leslie Ford) . . . Rain tap-dancing on the skylight (Howard Spring) . . . The rising sun laboriously chinning itself over the horizon. (Bruce and Sheridan Fahnestock)

A DUCK'S-BACK sort of conscience (Frank R. Adams) . . . An orator without terminal facilities (Francis Clement Kelley) . . . One of those persons whose I's are too close together. (Jimmie Fidler)

YACHTS at anchor, curtsying gently (G. U. Ellis) . . . Umbrellas mushrooming on the sidewalk. (George Ryan)

THEIR EYES met like swords (Margaret Ayer Barnes) . . . He took in the room with a glance like a lasso (Carson McCullers) . . . A comfortable humor that tickles without scratching. (Alice Roosevelt Longworth)

HE SHUCKED and winnowed the morning mail. (*Business Week*)

HIS DINNER CLOTHES fitted him much too frequently (Octavius Roy Cohen) . . . A matron with an authoritative bosom. (M. M. Mackay)

HE HAD an uncanny ability for picking the lock of people's secrecy (Alice Tisdale Hobart) . . . Men fall for her the way coal goes into basements. (Kathleen Norris)

Hostess' prayer: Leave and let live. (Contributed)

A WOMAN never knows what kind of dress she doesn't want until she buys it. (Olin Miller)

Righteous indignation: Your own wrath as opposed to the shocking bad temper of others. (Elbert Hubbard)

"HE HASN'T proposed yet, but his voice has an engagement ring in it." (Contributed)

IN NATIONAL affairs a million is only a drop in the budget. (Burton Rascoe)

SHE LEADS her private life in public. (Contributed)

HOW LUCKY I am! Whenever I make a mistake people are sure to discover it. (Confucius)

NEW YORKERS are nice about giving you street directions — in fact they seem quite proud of knowing where they are, themselves. (Katharine Brush)

TO THE FIRST CONTRIBUTOR OF EACH ACCEPTED ITEM of either Pattern or Picturesque Speech a payment of \$5 is made upon publication. In all cases the source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned, but every item is thoroughly considered.

ADDRESS CONTRIBUTIONS TO PATTERN EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

¶ After Salom Rizk addressed an audience in an Ohio town, one citizen said: "He makes one feel that we should go home, gather our families about us, and offer a prayer of thanksgiving for the blessings we have."

The Americanization of an American

Condensed from
Scribner's Commentator

Salom Rizk

"SALOM," said my teacher in our little Syrian school-house, "I have something astonishing to tell you. You are an American citizen!"

Here was I, a ragged orphan, homeless and half starved, in a miserable mountain village of Syria, and my teacher was telling me that I was an American! All I knew of myself was that I had been born in Syria, that my mother had died at my birth.

"I have discovered that after your father and mother went from here to America they became American citizens," my teacher said. "They had two sons in America. Then your homesick mother returned here, to give birth to you and die. But since your parents were American citizens, you are one, too!"

I had known nothing of that,

nothing! I stared at my teacher in a daze.

"Salom," he said, "America is Heaven. There everybody can think, speak, worship as he wishes. You can go there, Salom. You must go. I'll help you." But the more he told of America, the more unreal it seemed.

When my mother died in giving me birth, everybody expected me to die, too. But my grandmother, who lived 12 miles away, came donkey-back for me, saying, "No, he shall live and I shall be his mother. His name shall be Salom,

SALOM RIZK stepped upon the platform in a tent full of noisy youngsters at a summer camp in northern New York. It was not only his strange story that won attention from that unruly crowd, but his dark intense face, his passionate sincerity. As he swayed his audience to laughter, to breathlessness, almost to tears, it was difficult to believe that he had been a ragged waif in a Syrian village and had only a few weeks' schooling in the English language. When he spoke of *our* Pilgrim Fathers, the words didn't sound absurd. They had a new and thrilling emphasis. Salom Rizk has won the right to fervent patriotism.

Father Flanagan, of Boys Town, Nebraska, said that Salom Rizk had made his homeless boys proud of being Americans. The Rotary Club of New York City arose spontaneously, cheering, at the close of his speech. There you have a measure of its appeal.

In his story Salom Rizk asks: "Could this happen anywhere in the world but America?" What he does not say is that nowhere but in America could Salom Rizk happen.

— Webb Waldron

'the Rescued One.' " But how was she to feed a motherless child? In Syria it is not considered safe to feed animal's milk to a baby. My grandmother would sit in the doorway of her hut; when she saw a woman with a baby in her arms, she would run into the road and beg her to nurse me for a few minutes. For six years she cared for me, until one sad day she fell off her donkey and became a helpless cripple. A year later she died.

Then I set out afoot for my native village, to see if I could find any kin. On the way, I stumbled into a battlefield of a few days before. Turks, Arabs and British had been fighting across Syria — this was the first World War. Mutilated corpses strewed the road and fields, all rotting in the hot sun. Can you imagine anything more frightful for a boy of seven? I ran, fell, picked myself up and ran on, sick and sobbing. When I reached my village, I found the houses robbed and empty.

I took to the hills, and for years lived like an animal. In summer I ate plants and roots, stole bird-eggs or little birds and ate them raw. Sometimes I grabbed a goat and milked its milk into my mouth. I slept in the fields. In winter I crawled into earthen bake-ovens for warmth. I would hold my shirt in front of the coals and burn out the vermin before I slept.

When the war was over, the people partly rebuilt the village, and

started school again in one room. I couldn't go, because the tuition was ten cents a month and I didn't have even one cent. But I used to hang around the school, listening to the children, hoping to pick up a bit of learning. One morning the schoolmaster called to me. I looked like a wild animal — thin as a skeleton and sun-scorched to the color of earth, my only clothes a ragged pair of pants, my hair long. When the teacher saw how eager I was to learn, he let me come free. I had no money for books or pencils, so I learned by listening, and practiced writing with my finger in the dust.

One day the teacher gave me a stubby pencil and a sheet of white paper, the first clean paper that I, 13 years old, had ever held in my hand. "Now you can write," he said. So I wrote a letter to him, trying to say gratitude for what he had done for me. The letter made the teacher think that I really had promise. It was then that he told me the amazing thing — that I was an American citizen.

"You *must* go to America," he repeated as I stood, still dazed, before him. "I have found the address of your brothers there. Write them a letter. I'll send it."

Ten months later an answer came from my brother. He sent money, told me to go to the American consul in Beirut, explain who I was, that the consul would give me a passport and arrange for me to come to America. Can you imagine

my joy? Barefoot and in rags, I ran for three days and part of the nights, but when I got to Beirut and poured out my story to the interpreter at the consulate, he demanded my birth certificate. I had never heard of a birth certificate.

Day after day I went back to the consulate, but nobody would believe a wild ragged boy who couldn't speak a word of English. This went on for four years. I lived by odd jobs, and spent every spare moment on the consulate steps. Finally, one day I was called in. The consul had received a letter with documents. He said: "Congratulations! I am now convinced that you are Salom Rizk and an American citizen." He gave me a passport.

My teacher had tried to picture America for me in glowing words, but when I saw the Statue of Liberty and the tall shining buildings, I was choked with astonishment. I had a million questions, but I couldn't ask one, for I still didn't know one word of English.

I was put on a train for Iowa. It was early summer, the country was bursting with green abundance. Syria is barren, with scanty rain, and I hadn't dreamed any land could be so amazingly rich. Every farm looked to be a kingdom. At Sioux City my brother met me and led me to his Model T Ford. I was astonished. In Syria automobiles were for the rich. That I should ever ride in one hadn't entered my head.

I got a job in a packing house. I thought that on the job I would learn English, but I didn't. And at home we all spoke Syrian. So I quit my job, and started out on the road.

After a few days, I came to a beautiful college town, Ames, Iowa. Perhaps I could get an education there. I landed a job in a Greek restaurant washing dishes, and was allowed to study English one hour a day at the public school. I was given a registration blank to fill out, with "name," "age," "address," "race." Race? What was that? In the dictionary I found *racetrack*, *racehorse*, *race* — *human*. I wrote down "human." When the teacher saw my card he said, "I am glad to have one human being in my class." I was in school only a few weeks, because I got a full-time job in a shoe-repair shop. But I learned much, the teachers were so eager to help me.

After a time, I started a shop of my own with \$7 and some borrowed money. I called my shop "Collegiate Shoe Service — the Harbor of Lost Soles." One of my ads in the college paper ran: "This is the most modern shoe clinic in town. Our patients are returned in excellent health, those dyed included." In each dormitory I appointed a student-agent to solicit shoes for repair. Soon I had a booming business. Not only students but almost everyone in the community came in to help and encourage me.

One of my shoe-repairers was a Syrian student at the college, and I paid him to read to me an hour a day while I cobbled. For every book, I gave him a quarter; for every new word he taught me, a cent. Sometimes I learned 50 new words a week. Here was a fine illustration of American democracy — two Syrian orphans, each making it possible for the other to become a more useful, independent American, one by teaching the language, the other by giving a job.

When I really began to understand America I had new astonishments. My first astonishment had been at outside facts — high buildings, well-dressed crowds, rich farms, magnificent schools. My bigger astonishments were at the inside truths about America.

One of these astonishments came with the presidential election. Roosevelt was running against President Hoover. It seemed unbelievable to me that the head of this vast country had to appeal to me and my shoemakers and the grocer next door in order to stay in the White House. As the campaign got hotter I was always imagining that President Hoover would call out the army to crush those who were hurling accusations at him. One of my neighbors would say hard things against the President right before the corner cop. I was astonished he wasn't arrested for criticizing the head of the government. Gradually I realized that in America you can't

arrest anybody for being dissatisfied with the government, because the government belongs to the people.

On election day, I met the personnel director of the college at the polling place. I thought he would challenge my right to vote. What right had I to match my ignorance against a scholar's knowledge? But he gave me only a glance. It seemed perfectly natural to him that I, Salom Rizk, Syrian shoemaker, should be helping choose the President of the United States.

I remember during that campaign how the newspaper cartoons by "Ding" — J. N. Darling — ridiculed Roosevelt. When Roosevelt won, I thought he would purge Ding as Hitler would have done, but instead he appointed him chairman of a commission to conserve wild life!

My next astonishment came with the depression. There was no plague, no drought, only rich cornfields, and everybody in Iowa seemed to have enough to eat. This twisted my reason, just as hunger in Syria had twisted my stomach. I said to a group of Iowa farmers: "In Syria we don't have depressions. We just have eternal poverty with drought, locusts, the tax-gatherer, all against us." If the Syrian farmer had the help from the government that the American farmer gets, he would think he was in Heaven.

But my greatest astonishment was that Americans — especially

young Americans — took their blessings so for granted. That everybody could write and worship as he pleased seemed nothing strange to anybody. I felt that I ought to wake my fellow Americans to these many blessings.

When in school, those brief weeks, the teachers had me talk to the students about my experiences as a newcomer. Later, I repeated the talk to the Rotary Club in Ames. Now I made it the contrast of the Old World as I knew it with the New World as I found it. One of the college students helped me by straightening out my English. Then he drove all over Iowa and Illinois, persuading schools and civic clubs to hear my message.

I was happier than I had ever been. At first I spoke for nothing, then I began to get small fees. I sold my shoe shop to devote all my time to carrying the message of America to Americans. I bought a car and used to sleep in it, wash, shave and change my clothes at gas stations, and eat at lunch counters. But I couldn't keep up the payments and lost the car. I thought how crazy I had been to sell my shoe shop. How presumptuous I, a Syrian shoemaker, was to think I could tell Americans how to appreciate their country. But the response of my next audience gave me fresh

determination. I thumbed rides or hiked from engagement to engagement. Finally the tide turned. I have told my story in almost every state of the Union.

Not long ago I went abroad as interpreter to a group of students. In the countries where dictators had ended unemployment, all I saw was poverty — people who couldn't buy salt for their daily fare of potatoes and cabbage, and, for many, fear and persecution with no escape but death. I came home with the strengthened conviction that this country, even with its economic problems not all solved, its democracy not fully won, is a precious place.

Don't let anyone tell you that America is no longer the land of opportunity. Even the immigrant and refugee who knows hardly a word of English still finds it full of opportunity. But young people born here should do more than use their education to make something *for* themselves. They should make something *of* themselves, use their education not to get rich but to enrich America. Today we are talking defense, but America is too vital to be merely on the defensive. Our greatest strength is that we are still building our country. Our problems are our biggest opportunity.



"Don't Look at Your Feet"

Condensed from *Liberty*

Lowell Thomas

Explorer and lecturer; author of "With Lawrence in Arabia," etc.

WHEN we look up at the spidery steel framework of a new skyscraper rearing itself into the sky and see tiny ant-like men walking along the top-most girders, hopping from one to another, we think what daredevils they are — what foolhardy chances they are taking. But they aren't.

"If you're on one of them scaffolds up there," said an iron-worker, standing outside one of the units of Radio City, "you're just as safe as you are here. It don't matter how high up it is."

"How about walking across one of those girders?" I asked, pointing to one which was silhouetted against the sky about 30 stories up.

"That beam there? It's 12 inches wide. That's plenty wide. If it was laying here on the sidewalk you'd walk from here to Sixth Avenue on it and think nothing of it. Well, it's just as wide up there. Nothing to it!"

But that isn't true. Not quite. I know because I tried it — only once, but since then, on nights when I haven't been sleeping very well, I've done it again and again.

"Stuff like that ain't where the danger is. It's what you don't and can't expect. There was Sam Lowman —" He hesitated. "Well, he

was standing on the end of a beam like that one up there." He pointed high up to a beam which protruded about ten feet from the side of the structure. "And a plate of steel about four feet by six slipped out of the derrick sling above him. It didn't quite hit him, but it came close. It sliced his coat — he had on a leather one like mine — sliced it like a knife, right through his sweater underneath, but didn't even scratch him. Damnedest thing I ever saw."

"What did he do?" I asked.

"Do? He looked up and bawled hell out of the guys that let the plate slip!"

They're a curious guild of workers. They'd have to be.

"I been in this business since I was 14," said Slim Cooper. "It gets into your blood. When I was working on the Grand Central Building one day I swore I was through for good. I was standing on a plank outside the 36th story. I'd just finished driving the rivet when I heard the plank under me pop. Next thing I knew I was going down. But just a second later, I'd stopped fallin' and was bobbin' up and down. I'd fallen square between two planks on the outside of the 35th floor! They'd caught me right under the armpits and there I was. My feet

were danglin' with nothin' to get hold of. Those planks weren't made fast at the ends. They'd just been laid on the needle beams that stick out. I was shaking so hard I was afraid I'd jiggle the outside plank loose. It seemed to me that I hung there, just bobbin' up and down that way, for an hour. But I guess it wasn't so long before the boys got a rope under my arms.

"That's when I swore I was through. But after a little while I went back to work. In the blood, I guess."

In spite of the enormous and incalculable risks the serious casualties are surprisingly few. There were only two ironworkers killed in all the time the Empire State Building was being erected. The popular belief that a great skyscraper costs "a man a floor" is far from the truth.

It is the connectors who perch on the tips of the upright columns, guide the beams into place, and slip in the temporary bolts, who, I suppose, have the most dangerous jobs of all. On a building in the Bronx I saw a sight I won't soon forget. A connector was perched on the top of a column, his legs wrapped around it, his arms outstretched to catch and steady the approaching beam. As it swung nearer him, the beam gave a lurch. Relentlessly it was swinging straight for him.

Keeping his arms outspread to preserve his balance, this man rose to his feet. He was standing on the

top of the column, a space perhaps 18 inches square. He let the beam catch him amidships. Then he put his arms over it, resting on his chest. It didn't tip. That was the desperate chance he took. Slowly it swung back, began to settle. He got off, back on the column, and went on with his job.

It was the only thing that could have saved him. Only a brain calm, cool, and unafraid could have thought of it.

Another time, I saw a man start across a beam not more than six inches wide. It was up about 25 stories. I was watching him, fascinated. I saw him stop. I gasped. He knelt down on that narrow strip of steel with nothing on either side of him, nothing below him — and calmly tied his shoe string! Then he straightened up and went on across. It was the thing to do. There was real danger of his being tripped by the string.

I had said that I wanted to go aloft myself, and that I was sure I'd have the nerve to go up the ladders, sit on the beams, and even walk across from one column to another. And now I was on my way — up. The iron ladder, which was resting on the girder of the floor above, swayed a little under our weight and it seemed that the breeze grew stronger with every floor. I looked through the black columns. My throat caught. In the distance and far down I saw a little ribbon which was the East River. Be-

yond were the roofs of Brooklyn.

We were up now at last on the top of the building. It was planked over. Then we went over to the far corner. There a girder extended diagonally away from the corner and fitted into a column.

"All right!" yelled Mike. "Still O. K.?"

I nodded.

"This here's a good one to walk. Wide as a sidewalk."

It must have been a 12-inch beam. It looked about four to me.

"I'll go first," shouted Mike, and he walked across to the column. He leaned against the upright and lit his pipe, then came back.

"Still O. K.?"

I shut my lips tight and nodded. I walked to where the beam was riveted to the column of the floor on which we were.

"Just a second," came Mike's voice from behind me. "Pull your sweater down. You might hit it with your arms. I'll fix it." I felt him adjust the sweater snugly around my hips. "O. K.!" he bawled. "*An' remember — don't look at your feet!*"

I glued my eyes to that column.

I had been afraid my knees would shake, but they didn't. I felt amazingly calm — still — inside, I stepped out on the beam. It wasn't so narrow, after all. Eyes on that column, I thought. And, keeping my feet flat and almost sliding along the beam, I found myself moving ahead.

At about the halfway point the trivial but paralyzing thought crossed my mind: "Suppose my hat should blow off!" The only other sensation I can remember was one of incredible loneliness.

Then I had my hand on that precious haven, the column opposite. I had done it! I looked back at Mike. He was grinning. He pointed at my waist. To my astonishment I saw that it was encircled by a tough rope. Mike had kept hold of the other end, and had taken a turn with it around the column beside him. I hadn't taken any real chance, after all.

I laughed, and walked back across with no sense of fear at all. But when I finally got back on the street, nothing ever felt so glorious as the touch of that wide, flat, solid sidewalk under my feet.



A TRIM YOUNG WOMAN went up to an Army recruiting officer in New Orleans, said she wanted to volunteer. "I'm sorry," said Captain A. P. Miceli, "but we don't enlist women. Did you mean you want to be an Army nurse?"

"No!" said she. "And I don't want to be an infantrywoman and carry a rifle either. I want to be a hostess on an Army bomber." — TIME

The Most Unforgettable Character I Ever Met . . . [XII]

By KAY BOYLE

I KNEW HER in England, just one summer in Devon, and only for a little while. She wasn't English, but there she was sitting on the edge of England's coast above the lime cliffs with a kerosene stove before her in the English mists and the sea nothing more than a handful of water lying far below. She was big-shouldered, heavy, with strong, bare, freckled arms, and she wasn't young any longer. She was 50, or nearer 60, maybe, and because she came from the Middle West she said "dhat'er" and "whatter" and talked of food with a flat, sure intimacy, calling pies and breads and shortcakes by their first names as though she had known them a long time. And even if this isn't America's war, I'll see Mrs. Corey forever as the flesh and blood

of that incalculable tenderness and that flawless courage which must save us all from destruction in the end.

She had come to the crowded trailer camp on a Bank Holiday, with that army of caravans which moves out of Anglo-Saxon cities in warm weather and seeks lakesides and seashores and pitches its tents and hangs out its washing shamelessly on the air. Two days before, the downs had been bare of everything except thistles and gorse and wandering sheep, but as I came up that morning there were the tents, rows on rows of them, and the cars, and the cookstoves set neatly out. All that was left of savagery was the deep, brief glimpses of the sea below, and the sound of the gulls curving avidly above the tidy bivouacs of man.

In spite of all the others, she might have been anywhere: perhaps high on the driver's seat of a covered wagon with the horses' reins riding in her strong, broad hand. She had clear eyes, light in color, with wrinkles from the weather or humor marked quick and fine around them, and her lips were laid softly but firmly together as if puckered by the drawing of a string. She wasn't making tea or boiling potatoes the way the English were; she was making buckwheat cakes in the midst of this

KAY BOYLE, one of the most sensitive and moving writers of our time, is a transplanted Midwesterner. Born in St. Paul in 1903, she married a French engineer in 1921 and has lived in France ever since. In addition to half a dozen novels, she has written hundreds of poems and short stories, many of which have appeared in *Scribner's*, *Harper's* and *The New Yorker*. She was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship in 1934, and the O. Henry Memorial short story prize in 1936. She married Laurence Vail, the American author, in 1932 and has four children: Sharon Walsh, Apple-Joan, Kathe and Clover. Among her novels are *Death of a Man* and *Monday Night*. Her latest book is *The Crazy Hunter*.

alien island as naturally as if she were camping on the untamed stretches of her native land.

"Anybody feeling hungry better make it snappy," she was saying as I came past. I knew the accent. I had heard it as a child, and now as a woman I said to her: "I'm feeling hungry," as if her words had been meant for me. I could smell the buckwheat cakes — hot, scorched a little — queer as her middle-western accent to the damp, green coast of Devon. She looked up at me for a moment, peacefully and without curiosity, and flipped the pancake over on its other side.

"Then just set down," she said. "There's 25 kids inside there," she went on while she worked. "Last year I had only 12 of 'em, but this summer I had a streak of luck. We're traveling with six tents beside the trailer." She said it with pride, and without further explanation as she slipped the pancake onto the heap of others. "You take that one while it's hot," she said, and gave me the plate and fork and I sat down below her on the grass.

The brief history of the children came later, bit by bit, between mouthfuls; not so much told as stated by the bare legs hanging thin out of the child skirts and trousers; repeated by the faces' sharp wary silence, by the eyes asking unceasingly for more. They had come out of the nearest tents, emerging like wraiths out of the

mist toward the sight of food and fire. Their bare feet stepped gingerly on the unaccustomed country grass and they did not speak as they came, one by one or two by two, and took their places on the ground. I poured the tinned milk into cups for them; she served the pancakes, and as they ate, the butter and syrup ran down their chins.

"About 20 years ago," I said to her, "I was sitting like this in a farmhouse in Loveland, Ohio, and my aunt was making buckwheat cakes like this. . . ."

And she said quietly: "That's where I come from — Ohio. I married an Englishman, but that didn't change anything. We came over 25 years ago, and now he's dead there don't seem to be any good reason for going back. The work I was doing goes on here just the same." She stood up again and turned the batter in the bowl and put the frying-iron back on the fire. "Doing for children," she said. "Just doing for children whose folks can't do for them."

That wasn't the time she told me about her own children. That came later, in one of those long, golden evenings which cannot seem to bring themselves to wane, and perish sweetly into night. It was after nine o'clock; the birds were insisting still that the time had not come for silence; the campers were stretched out before their tents, their legs and arms fiery with the

recent sunburn. It was light enough still for her to sit down on the backsteps of the trailer with her big knees spread and look at the advertisements in the magazines I had brought her, and relish the colors of pineapple crush and tomato jelly, and compare her recipe for marshmallow layer cake with the one the baking-powder people gave.

The 20-odd children were asleep in their tents and trailer, and the English were beginning to yawn and fold their newspapers. And then the little boy came out of the nearest tent and hesitantly crossed the grass. He was a little boy with reddish hair, and there were freckles scattered across his nose. He was small and thin and barefooted, and his pajamas were too short, with the jacket buttoned wrong across the front. A little boy she had picked up off the London streets, now coming shy and wide-eyed to her, as if across the streets of home. There was the camp in the just-gathering dusk behind him, and the big cliffs crumbling white mile after mile down to the sea. Although she did not turn her head, she must have felt his coming, for she shifted over on the trailer step, making room for him, still turning the colored pages of the magazine, still seeming not to see. He sat down there, as close to her as he could get, the pointed hip in the pajamas pressing against the skirt's folds and the seemingly unrespon-

sive flesh. He did not speak, but his feet were twisted tighter and tighter around each other, and he sat hard on his hands as if to keep them still.

"I'm afraid," he said through his teeth. "I'm afraid like last night, Mrs. Corey." But still she did not put the magazine aside. She turned the pages almost idly, and said: "I know how it is. Not much noise around. No subway shaking the bed to make you sleep easier at night."

Nobody quite knew when she brought the mouth organ out, or what tune it was she started playing. But in a minute things had altered, and the green sward of the downs wasn't England any more because of the notes that went warbling and crying across it. She was playing: "I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps, They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps," and "Weep No More," and "Yankee Doodle," and "Dixie," as if the fife and drums were coming yodeling up the hill. The boy wasn't sitting on the trailer step beside her any longer; he was lost somewhere in the sag of the skirt between her knees, asleep, and beyond us the English campers were listening in something like reverence to the sound of a country that was not theirs.

It was dark now, and because he was asleep she let the music ripple lingeringly into silence. Then she

put the mouth organ in her pocket again and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. And then, holding him like this, she said the few things about her own children, not looking at me or at anything across the darkness.

"What they don't like too much of is quiet. It makes 'em feel too much alone. My two boys, they were always up to something like anybody's children. It was 'round the Fourth of July, better'n 20 years ago, and we'd come East to visit folks in Pine Hill, New York, and we were going up as far as the Water Gap by boat. There was storms often enough in the hills there, and this storm came pretty fast." She said the ferry was struck by lightning, but it wasn't until the rain started that anything really happened — saying it quietly, like the words of a lullaby, over the thin small body of the sleeping boy she held. "One of the boys we never saw again," she said, "but the other, he went right past me in the water. I got hold of his hand, and for ten minutes maybe I held onto him like that, and then I couldn't hold onto him any more. I let him go," she said, and she was silent for a moment. "That's what I gave my own kids," she went on saying. "I gave 'em quiet, an eternity of quiet. The thing kids can't stand, that's what I gave 'em."

In a minute she got to her feet, holding the boy who wasn't hers

carefully in her arms. She crossed the little stretch of grass to the tent, and there she kneeled down and laid him on the blankets where the others lay.

That might have been all that I was to know about her, only it wasn't, because people who carry greatness in their flesh like that do not fade from life or memory. I was to learn one last thing of her, coming across it in an English newspaper a few days ago: There had been a fire in a theater in a small Devon town while 250 evacuated London children were attending the performance. It had been an American woman in the audience, a Mrs. Corey, who had succeeded in leading all but ten of them out of the burning building to safety. Whatever words the newspaper used, I could see it only one way: I could see her standing up in the place, perhaps playing the mouth organ loud and high and sure against the ripping and coughing of the flames, or perhaps only her voice singing: "He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat! He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat! Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet!" and the big, strong, freckled arms beckoning them calmly to come.

Only when they were in the street had she learned the truth — that there were ten children left behind. So she went back into it, straight through it as if it were nothing

more than the mists of England standing in her way. She went back and found them, but it was too late to lead them out now so she stayed there, perhaps singing the words out loud to them in some

kind of explanation for the buckwheat cakes, and the sea, and the music she had given other people's children in compensation for that eternity of quiet in which her own would not lie still.



¶ No. 8 in a series

The Turning Point of My Life

By Mark Twain

TO ME the most important feature of my life is its literary feature. I have been professionally literary something more than 40 years, and there have been many turning points in my life, but my real crossing of the Rubicon occurred when I was twelve-and-a-half years old.

My father died that spring. Summer came, and brought with it an epidemic of measles. For a time, a child died almost every day. The village was paralyzed with fright, distress, despair. Children not smitten with the disease were imprisoned in their homes where there were no cheerful faces, no singing except solemn hymns, no voice but of prayer; no romping was allowed; the family moved spectrally in a ghostly hush. My soul was steeped in this awful dreariness — and in fear. At some time every day and night a sudden shiver shook me, and I said to myself, "There, I've got it! And I shall die."

Life on these miserable terms was not worth living, and at last I made up my mind to get the disease and have it over, one way or the other. I escaped from the house and went to the house of a playmate who was very ill with the malady. When chance offered, I crept to his room and got into bed with him. I was discovered and sent back to captivity. But I had the disease and came near to dying. Everybody believed I would die, but on the 14th day a change came for the worse and they were disappointed.

This was the turning point of my life. For when I got well, my mother, tired of trying to keep me out of mischief, decided to put me into more masterful hands than hers. She closed my school career and apprenticed me to a printer. It was a long road, but I can say with truth that the reason I am in the literary profession is because I had the measles when I was 12 years old.

— *The Family Mark Twain* (Harper)

Catholic Converts

Condensed from Current History and Forum

Stanley High

IN 1939 there were more converts to Catholicism than ever before in America. They numbered 73,677 — one third of the Church's membership gains for the year.

As a Protestant I am interested to learn, further, that Catholic converts in the United States have increased every year for the last ten. Since 1930 the total has nearly doubled. These facts — and the story back of them — are of significance for Catholic and Protestant alike.

A colorful chapter in this story concerns the famous "trailer mission" conducted by the Paulist Fathers at Winchester, Tennessee, in a mountain region traditionally fundamentalist and anti-Catholic. Today the Paulist Fathers have six personable young priests working there, in 13 counties, seven days and nights a week. With showmanship, salesmanship and an abundance of good will, they have made themselves and Catholicism popular.

They make few converts in the revival-meeting sense, for there is no short cut into the Catholic Church. Some of these mountaineer families have been under instruction, preparatory to baptism, for nearly two years. Sufficient others have been

baptized to maintain two attractive new churches.

I made a 150-mile pastoral tour with Father James F. Cunningham, head of the mission. Father Cunningham is robust, energetic and filled with good cheer. At the farms where we stopped he said little about Catholicism. He seemed to remember some special problem each family had and inquired about it. At one home he left helpful information secured from the Department of Agriculture. At another he promised to do some shopping in Winchester. At a third he reported on two girls whom he had helped to send to school in Nashville.

That evening, in a country school yard 30 miles from Winchester, I attended a trailer meeting that had been widely announced by posters. Two hundred people, most of them Methodist or Baptist, sat around on camp chairs, on the ground, in wagons and weather-beaten automobiles. The first feature in the two-hour service was a Mickey Mouse talking picture for the children. Then there were familiar hymns, mountain songs and spirituals, followed by the "Question Box."

Questions ran the gamut of curiosity, prejudice and serious inquiry.

"How old is Father Cunningham and if he were to fall in love with a girl what would he do?" "If the devil was once an angel in the spiritual kingdom, where was hell during that time?" "How long will it take me to become a Catholic?"

Father Cunningham answered in a mood that varied with the seriousness of each. His audience laughed often, applauded occasionally, listened intently. The men lit their pipes. Then the assisting priest preached a homely sermon which drew heavily on familiar stories from the Bible and only now and then turned into an exposition of the Catholic faith.

After the sermon a wind-leathered mountaineer arose and inquired: "Ain't you goin' to give a call? We're used to calls with our revival meetin's."

Father Cunningham assured him that there would be no call but that, for those interested, another priest would come the next day to organize a Bible class.

The priests at Winchester are not disappointed at the statistical slowness of their work. "Fifty years from now these hills," said Father Cunningham, "may be largely peopled by Catholics. That's why we work hardest with the children. For the present we are content if we can break down prejudice among the oldsters. The Church has learned to wait."

In the matter of good will, they are making progress—larger crowds

come to trailer meetings, a growing number of non-Catholics attend their churches, more non-Catholic children attend their summer schools. Priests are now invited for chicken and yams into mountain homes "the doors of which never before were darkened by a Catholic priest."

The Paulist Fathers do not hail the conversions as harbingers of a mass movement into Catholicism but as indications of a desire among religiously unanchored people to find something to tie to in a world adrift.

The Paulists—an exclusively American order—were organized in 1858 by Isaac Hecker, a friend of Hawthorne and Emerson. Converted to Catholicism, he became a priest and established the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle to preach Catholicism to non-Catholic Americans. Today the Paulist Fathers have 15 houses throughout the United States and from these more than 150 priests carry on nation-wide evangelism.

Their most famous evangelist is the Rev. Bertrand L. Conway who in 44 years has brought 7000 converts into the Catholic Church. He travels 50,000 miles every year. In sparsely settled regions of the West he spends weeks in the saddle. No Catholic is admitted to his meetings unless he brings at least one non-Catholic with him.

The meetings are chiefly open forums at which Father Conway

conducts a Question Box. No question bearing on religion or the Catholic Church is barred. The meeting is generally concluded with a brief but rousing sermon. As a result of his work Father Conway last year maintained correspondence with 16,000 people.

"If a correspondent carries on for six months," Father Conway told me, "I know I have the making of a convert." His book of questions and answers — *The Question Box* — has sold 2,500,000 copies. He finds his most enthusiastic reception in the so-called Bible Belt — "where religion means something." The hardest hearts he encounters are in New England.

In the last five years, trailer mission work has been organized in 20 dioceses or archdioceses of the United States — not all of it by the Paulists. Several missions work exclusively among Indians and Negroes.

The best-known exponent of Catholicism to non-Catholic Americans is Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen. It was he who instructed the late Heywood Broun, famous newspaper columnist, in the Catholic faith and, more recently, Henry Ford II.

Every winter Mgr. Sheen conducts the Sunday afternoon Catholic Hour on the radio. No other strictly religious program has a comparable following. From it Mgr. Sheen receives perhaps 4000 letters every day, more than 30 percent from non-Catholics. In one broadcast last winter he announced that

he had prepared a book of daily prayers for his audience. Within a few weeks requests for that book had passed 500,000.

Officially, Mgr. Sheen is professor of the philosophy of religion at the Catholic University in Washington, but he has been largely freed from academic responsibility in order to carry on this wider ministry. At 45 he talks like a scholar and looks like an ascetic. He is both. For those who prefer demagoguery, he has nothing to offer. His sense of humor is lively. Two weeks after Heywood Broun's conversion, Sheen called him on the telephone.

"Heywood," he said, "you've run about a thousand miles now. You'd better come in and let me service you." Broun came.

The stirring interest in religion and the increased friendliness toward Catholicism which Mgr. Sheen sees in America, he ascribes in part to "the startling discovery that the devil and his work in the world are real" and to "the crisis-born desire to find an internal world of authority in substitute for the external world that is collapsing."

In the mass revival sense, Mgr. Sheen makes few converts. His present class in New York City numbers about 40 — Protestants, Jews, unbelievers, debutantes, working women, businessmen. Each class is given from 80 to 100 hours of instruction before the final examinations leading to baptism.

"The Catholic Church," he told

me, "has no sawdust trails. We view the prospective convert with suspicion. We make it hard for him to become a Catholic."

Statistics bear this out. Throughout the United States the average priest baptizes about two converts each year.

The effort of the Catholic Church to reach non-Catholics is not always carried on by priests. In fact, the Catholic street-preaching program originated with David Goldstein, a converted Boston Jew. There are regular, lay-led street campaigns in many cities. Those carried on in Columbus Circle, New York City, five nights a week throughout six months of the year draw larger crowds than any other attraction in that American Hyde Park. The 35 lay members of this street-preaching class spend four hours a week in night work to fit themselves. No one can appear publicly until after a year's probationary work. Every prospective speaker is given tryouts before the class and subjected to its unrestricted heckling. After that there is a searching examination by priests.

Another lay undertaking of national proportions is the Narberth Movement, which was originated in 1929 by Karl H. Rogers, a Philadelphia advertising executive. Rogers was astonished to discover the ignorance about Catholicism among

his non-Catholic neighbors in the suburban town of Narberth, Pa. For their enlightenment he began a modest program of pamphleteering.

His pamphlets—in the best, streamlined advertising tradition—caught on. As a result he gave up his business to devote his full time, without pay, to this work. Today his Catholic Information Societies are organized in 66 centers in the United States and Canada. His weekly articles are published by 152 secular papers. His special mailings reach 14,000 non-Catholics every month.

Rogers' pamphlets have the salesman's touch: "But Catholics Go to Church Because They Have To!" "Do Catholic Medals Keep Off Lightning?" "Father Adam or Papa Protoplasm?" In 11 years, 2,000,000 of these pamphlets have been distributed.

Influential Catholics who are directing this missionary work do not anticipate that the United States will soon become predominantly Catholic. But there is conviction among them that all religion, Protestant and Jewish as well as Catholic, is due to benefit from the displacement of the times. The Catholic Church believes that its harvest will be more plentiful than others'. And in growing numbers its laborers are already afield.



Behind the Scenes in Poland

Condensed from *The New Yorker*

Virgilia Sapieha

AFTER the conquest last September, Poland fell silent. But now, through Hungary, Rumania and Lithuania, there have drifted to New York a few refugees from Poland who bring fragments of information about life in a vanquished country.

The population of western Poland, which has been incorporated into the German state, is almost 100-percent Polish, but Hitler calls the land historically his. He is blasting out the Poles—to make way for his own people. All the factories, shops, hotels, restaurants, and privately owned estates have been appropriated by Germans. Early in the winter they shot a long list of the outstanding business and professional men. Later the invaders forcibly emptied whole villages to make room for a mass resettlement of Germans from the Baltic States.

The Nazis have also forced many German families in Germany itself to migrate to the conquered cities. By seizing homes from their Polish owners and making the incoming Germans pay for them, the Reich added to its war chest. The wife of a Polish professor, to whom the

Gestapo had given half an hour's notice to leave her apartment, went back the next morning to pick up her children's clothing. Timidly, she explained to the German woman who opened the door what she wanted. "Everything here belongs to me," the woman told her. "We paid for it in Berlin."

"I did not get any money," the professor's wife said quietly.

The German woman started to cry. "We didn't know," she said. "Come in. Take what you need."

Poles still living in this newly grafted limb of the Reich are forbidden to speak their own language. There are no more Polish schools for their children. The priests are allowed to preach only in German. Hitler, the Poles feel sure, wants to shift them all into the semi-independent part of Poland, now called the General Government. (This is the area supposed to be a sort of buffer state between German Poland and the part taken by Russia.)

In the General Government the Polish people are left in comparative peace. Those landlords who have not fled may manage their

estates as long as they yield the required percentage of their produce to the Germans. If the authorities are not pleased with the running of an estate, they install a German manager, who pays the Polish owner a tiny wage.

Aware of the danger of famine, the Germans gave the peasants in the General Government enough seed to insure crops of beets and grains. Stores in the cities are stocked with food, but Poles are not allowed to buy until every German has been served. Poles live mostly on vegetables and flour. Not long ago someone from the country brought sausages to a family in Cracow. The whole family fell ill; none of them had eaten meat since Christmas. It is almost impossible to buy sugar. Medicines are extremely scarce. It is hard to keep clean, since soap costs \$2 a cake. Mending has become a luxury, because a spool of thread costs \$1. Shoes cost over \$60 a pair and people are beginning to wear wooden ones.

Poles who still have bank accounts can draw out \$10 a week; but an hour or two after the bank opens, the door is shut and those in line must try another day. Most of the business between Poles is carried on by means of advertisements in the back pages of German newspapers published in Poland. In these anyone can read what family heirlooms will be bartered for a sack of meal or potatoes.

The Nazis have looted Poland of its paintings, tapestries, church ornaments, old manuscripts and new laboratory equipment. They have, besides, drained the country of its most vital resource — labor. Men have been seized in their homes or pulled out of food queues, packed into lorries and sent into Germany to do forced labor. Any laboring man not shipped off must work for the Germans newly transplanted into Poland or in the forests, which the Germans are exploiting to the limit.

The whole territory occupied by the Germans is controlled by the Gestapo, assisted by the old Polish police force, which has adapted itself to the new regime in order to survive. If the Poles harm a Polish policeman, the Gestapo, grateful for a chance to use force, metes out the same revenge as if the policeman had belonged to the Gestapo. Gestapo officials are likely to strut into any home and say, "Show me your linen" or "I'll take this rug and that picture" or "How much silver have you got?"

Officially second-class citizens, the Poles must raise their hats to the German authorities. They must enter public buildings by back doors. Curfew, enforced by the Gestapo, is at eight.

Jews, too, are second-class citizens. In Lublin an area of 300 or 400 square miles was enclosed with barbed wire. There the Jews, banished from their own districts, built

crude barracks. But most of those who survived the winter now live in fenced-off city ghettos, where not even a German soldier is allowed to go. No mail is delivered there. A Jew must wear a sign on his sleeve to distinguish him, but he is usually not molested so long as he does not try to mingle with Germans. Poles have to do six months' compulsory labor for the Reich, the Jews two years.

Poles cannot marry without consent of the German marriage bureau. Baptism and extreme unction are forbidden. Only one Mass is allowed on Sunday, except in Warsaw, where there are two. One priest was arrested for having exhorted his congregation to be brave, so now few sermons are preached. On weekdays the churches may stay open for only three hours, before 7 a.m.

Owing to death and emigration, there are now 4,000,000 fewer Poles than when the Germans moved in. Hitler claims that, with 18,000,000 remaining, there are still 15,000,000 too many. Poles who want to leave must haunt the offices of the Gestapo and submit

to much investigation, but permission is usually not withheld. Once they leave German Poland they can never return. They can take with them as much property as will fit into a small suitcase, but no jewelry. Even wedding rings and the gold rims of spectacles are confiscated.

The two army divisions which the Nazis keep in Poland have been placed along the new Russian frontier. Here the Poles have more chance of just treatment, since the army rules, not the Gestapo. The German army does not hide its contempt for the Gestapo. "We control the Party now," an officer told some Polish people. "They can't do anything without us. And when we get rid of them, things will be different."

Since France has fallen, the Germans have speeded up the obliteration of Poland, evidently assuming that they no longer have anything to fear from Poland's allies. Meanwhile the Polish people, searching in ashcans for food to keep themselves alive, still believe that, by some final triumph of justice, they will be free again.



"*As* MAINE GOES, so goes the nation," is literally just an old saw. No less than 30 states top Maine when it comes to indicating correctly the outcome of national elections; Kansas, North Dakota, Ohio and Wyoming haven't been wrong in 40 years.

—AP

☞ Through one man's persistence, Manchuria's export becomes American agriculture's latest boom crop

Soybean Pioneer

Condensed from Forbes

Don Wharton

EUGENE STALEY hated farming as only a boy could who had whacked at stingy red clay hillsides ever since he could lift a hoe. So at 17 he left his family's North Carolina farm to be a traveling salesman. Curiously, this man who hated farming has done more for the American farmer than almost any other man alive, and the salesman who spent weary years on the road made his most stupendous sale after he was 50 years old and had put away his sample cases forever. For Eugene Staley became the great salesman of the soybean.

When he began preaching soybeans to skeptical farmers, there was no place in the United States where a farmer could sell a bushel of them except as seed. Now, 18 years after Staley built America's first processing mill, the soybean is a \$100,000,000 annual crop. We grow a third of the world's supply, as much as Manchuria, which long was the only important grower. Soy is the one new crop our farmers have tried in many years that has become of major importance.

Staley learned about soybeans

as a child. A missionary home from China gave a few seeds to his father as a curiosity. The 7-year-old boy planted them and the Staley family learned to eat soybeans to eke out a scanty diet.

Then he forgot them for years. He was busy. As a boy he peddled vegetables. Later, on the road, he sold books, flavoring extracts, baking powder and finally starch, which he bought in bulk and packaged for home use. By 1912 he was making his own starch from corn in a plant at Decatur, Illinois. The more corn he could buy nearby, the more money he could save on freight. Trying to think of some means of improving the yield of cornfields, he remembered that soybeans, in addition to being food for man and beast, enrich the soil by adding nitrogen to it. So now every Sunday afternoon found Staley stopping at Illinois farmhouses to put in a word for the bean. The war caused Illinois land to be "corned to death," the chinch bug arrived to ruin crops, and farmers began to listen to him. Soybean acreage climbed slowly, a few thousand acres a year.

But still there was no market; farmers raised soy plants for hay, for forage and fertilizer, but the beans themselves could be sold only as seed. No crop of any consequence was possible until someone would buy and process beans. Meanwhile, we were importing 15,000 tons a year of soybean oil, cake and meal.

Staley then sold his starch associates the idea of a soybean mill and in 1921 he really went to work on Illinois farmers. He had salesmen talk to them in the fields, in schoolrooms, in courthouses. He bombarded them with letters, pamphlets, newspaper and farm journal articles. Most important, he guaranteed to buy all the beans they grew. In the fall of 1922, his mill began crushing soybeans to make oil and meal, and by March had handled more than twice as many beans as the state had harvested the year before.

At first the domestic oil and meal merely replaced imports. The oil was used mostly in paints and lacquers, the cake and meal for feed. But Staley built a wider market as he went along. The soybean, at first a sideline incidental to helping his starch factory, became the more important end of the business. Staley worked with seed firms to get better seed, with machinery makers to get cheaper cultivating and harvesting implements, got the Illinois Central Railroad to run a special soybean demonstration

train which traveled 2500 miles and was visited by 34,000 persons.

By 1924, other processors were operating, and Illinois soybean acreage was ten times that of 1921. Staley and the other crushers gradually persuaded manufacturers of livestock feed to use soybean meal in their formulas. The oil was discovered to be excellent for making oleomargarine and salad dressings. Soon the domestic production had not only replaced imports but had grown to a volume far in excess of our former total consumption.

Uses still are broadening. The soybean is remarkably versatile because essentially it is 40 percent highly digestible protein and 20 percent fat, which crushes out as oil. Of the oil produced, 85 percent now goes into human food products, the rest into paints, lacquers and soaps. About 95 percent of the meal goes into livestock feed. New products ranging from cocktail crackers to plastic articles, such as the knobs and buttons Henry Ford makes for his cars, appear constantly, but the bulk of the crop is used for food, feed and paint.

There is no sign that the soybean's potential market in the United States is near saturation. The government estimates a 17 percent acreage increase this year, which means a 100,000,000-bushel harvest. Even without new uses, Staley believes present markets can absorb 150,000,000 to 200,000,000 bushels annually.

In any event, soybeans will probably be one agricultural crop without a surplus for some time to come. When Staley opened his mill he bought beans by the wagonload; in 60 days last fall, five railroads brought 9400 cars of beans to the four processors in Decatur, which has become the soybean capital of America. Staley, now 73 and the largest processor in the industry, couldn't get enough beans to make all the meal and oil he could sell.

Science and salesmanship have developed in our Midwestern states an American soybean belt comparable to the one in Manchuria which Japan took with arms, and the chief credit goes to Eugene Staley. But almost the only public recognition he has had is an honorary degree from a North Carolina col-

lege a dozen miles from the garden in which a boy who hated farming grew soybeans two thirds of a century ago.

A RECENT Bucharest dispatch reveals that the huge crop of soybeans being grown for Germany in Bessarabia was destined for the manufacture of explosives. Other nations have developed a great variety of uses for the soybean, but it remained for the Germans to extract its essential oils for conversion into explosives. German firms had contracted for the crop of about a million acres, on which \$10,000,000 had already been advanced. But now Russia, not too far from famine, gets all of the Bessarabian crop.

— N. Y. Times



Fields' Day at the Kahns'

ONCE, in the "good old days," when W. C. Fields went for a week-end at the palatial estate of the late Otto Kahn, he was met at the train with a Rolls Royce for himself, a station car for his luggage. On arriving at the house he was shown to his room by the butler, and there introduced to a valet. Downstairs he was met by a secretary who informed him that there was a golf course, with an instructor to play with him if he wished; a gymnasium with a trainer to give him a workout; tennis courts and two swimming pools, each with a coach to assist him in every way.

Finally at cocktail time, Fields met his host. "Glad you're here," beamed Mr. Kahn. "Hope you have everything to make you comfortable; if there's anything else you want, just let me know."

"What!" demanded the comedian. "No spending money?"

Peggy McEvoy

America's Kindliest Race

By

Archibald Rutledge

IN DOWNRIGHT kindness and mercy to one another, Negroes surely surpass all other races in America. I am thinking of them as I have always known them in their joyous primitive state in the deep rural South of today. My observations of their ready compassion toward members of their own race have extended over a period of nearly 50 years, since boyhood days in the lonely hinterlands beyond Charleston.

On the borders of my plantation is a village of some 60 Negroes. But for the little medicine I dole out, these humble people, from birth until death, have no care from a physician. If one is injured or taken sick, he immediately becomes the care and the concern of the whole community. That the assistance is rarely effective in no way impairs the beauty of the compassion. Sympathy is the great prescription all of them use. And I can testify that any trouble which comes to any member of a Negro community never fails to produce an outpouring of sympathy and help that is the very flowering of the human spirit.

Sue, my cook, came late to breakfast. "You see, Cap'n," she explained, "I was sittin' up all night with Sister Anne." Sister Anne had typhoid.

Negroes make it a point never to

leave a sick friend solitary. Perhaps no other people realise so clearly that life, with its varied joys and griefs, is distinctly a *mutual* thing. In the more remote rural districts, smallpox is not uncommon among them. While none of them are ever vaccinated against this plague, they are fully aware of its dread character. Yet I have never known an afflicted patient to lack volunteer nurses, both men and women. Their disregard of danger is not due to ignorance, but rather to the noble positive virtue of self-sacrifice.

While it is not my purpose to draw any invidious comparisons between the relations of whites among themselves and Negroes among themselves, I believe the Negro's philosophy of life makes "the milk of human kindness" a more natural product of his heart than it is of ours. For example, among the Negroes of whom I write, rivalry is practically unknown. On the contrary there is a sense of mutual dependence, of fellowship, that directs them not so much to share their worldly possessions — of which they have pitifully few — as to share their hearts, and to spend their spirits for one another. Their constant use of the words "brother" and "sister" connotes a conscious racial rather than family relationship.

Negroes are ready in defence of members of their own race. This defence may be unscrupulous, but its motive is generous.

One day I saw a white man approach a group of Negroes to whom he was a stranger.

"Is Moses Jones here?" he asked.

"No, sah! No, sah!" came the ready chorus, dreading in the presence of the unknown visitor the personification of the ever-dreaded Law.

"I am sorry he isn't here," the stranger said; "I have some money for him."

"Here is Moses! Here is Moses!" came the equally ready chorus.

And their initial deception did not embarrass or trouble them. They had been shielding a friend. They chuckled like children over their kindly dissimulation.

One day my Negro comrade, Prince Alston, and I were being ferried across a river by old William Legree. "I had a heavy trouble last night," William announced. He told us his house had been burned, and all his possessions. Prince fumbled in his ragged clothes. At last he produced a nickel — the sum of his capital. "Here, Cousin William," he said gravely, "is a little help for you to build a new house."

I remember saying to Flora Colleton: "Here are some extra apples and bags of candy, Flora, left over from last night's party. Take them home so that your children can have a plenty."

And she said:

"I will take them; but there are some little motherless children who could not be here last night. I will take these presents to them."

Decisions of this kind seem always to be made, not with any show of conscious self-righteousness, but naturally and spontaneously.

Not long ago, Sue Alston, the wife of Prince, was telling me about a patient she had nursed. The patient was old, her trouble incurable. There were sleepless nights; toilsome hours of weary watching. I asked Sue how she managed to keep on. "At first I was weary," she said; "but I saw her suffer. Then I took her into my heart. After that, I minded nothing."

In all discussions of the character and the history of the American Negro, much has been said of his racial inferiority, much of his possibilities, especially in art, and little about his differentness. Yet it is this very differentness that makes him an original and vital human being.

The more I know the Negro, the more am I impressed with his spiritual sagacity. We who are supposed to be thrifty and industrious are wont to lament his love of ease, his readiness to relax, his manner of taking nothing too seriously. But these are evidences of his philosophy. To the Negro the end of existence is not the accumulation of wealth but the enjoyment of life. The Epicurean said, "Eat, drink, and be merry; for tomorrow we die." The

Negro says, "Eat, drink, and be merry." As for dying, his faith in an after-life is so complete that it illumines for him even the Valley of the Shadow. His religion is effective, not because it keeps him from what we term *sin*, but because it reconciles him to the twin enigmas of life and death. He takes the shocks of existence as he takes the storm, the rain, the cold. Gentle acceptance of the myriad chances of life, a rich spiritual background, a cheerful facing of the future — these are parts of the Negro's philosophy.

Whether by choice or accident, the Negro has more closely followed than have many of us the Master's injunction about caring little for the accumulation of things material. I should not attribute his failure to be enamoured of money-getting to laziness, but rather to a doubt as to the worth of it all. He prefers to *be* rather than to achieve. He knows that life is all we have; and that there are other ways of enjoying it than by incessant toil and pursuing the mirage of wealth. I have known many a Negro who was a superb success merely in manifesting the triumph of the spirit by good manners, kind words and thoughts, patience, fortitude.

The tourist driving through the rural South is always amazed to see at crossroads, at railway stations, or beside stores groups of Negroes who are apparently doing nothing. But those Negroes are just living; they are talking, laughing, teasing

one another, getting enjoyment out of life.

After years of ceaseless labor and self-denial, some business men retire and begin to look about at life and wonder what it is for. They are fortunate if they have not lost capacity for enjoyment. They complain that their friends have little time for them. But the Negro, never actually having been in business, is always retired from it. Consequently he never lacks abundant company among his kind. He keeps in the full current of life.

Accepting it from childhood as fruit to be enjoyed, he does not hoard, has no plans for the future, accepts each new day as a thing in itself rather than as a preliminary of something greater. Despite the material hardships of his situation, he gets out of life more satisfaction than the white man. He drifts amiably; he "loafs and invites his soul."

For, to his credit, the Negro has somehow solved the rather arduous problem of living without working. One day I saw a Negro boy of 18 sitting on a woodpile. "James," I asked, "what do you do for a living?"

"Nothin'," he answered calmly.

"Who supports you?"

"Pa. He takes care of me and my four brudders and three sisters."

"And what does your father do?"

"Nothin'."

There appears to be genius in such an achievement.

The untutored Negro has a just

pride — the subdued pride of the humble — the pride of one who has come to a certain mastery of life. His calm pride is that of one who is not in endless agitation of spirit — a condition that he sees among many not of his own race, who are supposed to be superior to him.

I once overheard a remark that goes to the heart of this. Two Negroes were overheard talking about a white man who had just left them.

"He was so nice," one said, "that he might have been *one of us*."

If such an observation casts any

reflection on the white race, the effect is the effect of truth.

Negroes have delicate perceptions; they know the virtue of reticence; their feet may trudge, but their souls are winged. While educators are concerning themselves with the mental advancement of the Negro, and while I too am interested in this achievement, it impresses me less than the Negro's spiritual value as manifested in his kindliness. It breathes in his songs; it touches with tender radiance the shadows of his lowly life.



Scoop

ONE OF the saddest stories we know deals with a young American reporter who went to Moscow during the early days of the Russian revolution. Before leaving New York he said to his chief: "While I'm in Russia, Lenin may die. The news will certainly be suppressed by the censors. But I'll tip you off by sending the following cable: 'Need more expense money. Rush \$100.'" The editor agreed.

Months later, Lenin died and the reporter sent the cable. But all he got in reply was an angry message from his editor calling him down for being so extravagant. The home office had forgotten all about the original arrangement. Several weeks later the news leaked out of Russia, and the newspaper realized that a scoop had slipped through its fingers.

— *This Week Magazine*

Walden, or Life in the Woods

Condensed from the book of the same title

Henry David Thoreau

I PROPOSE to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, if only to wake my neighbors up. . . .

The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. Their incessant anxiety and strain is a well-nigh incurable form of disease. They have no time to be anything but machines. It is a fool's life.

It appears that they honestly think there is no choice left; but no way of thinking or doing, however ancient, can be trusted without proof. What people say you cannot do, you try and find that you can.

I am convinced from experience that to maintain oneself on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely. For two years I lived alone, in the woods, a mile from any neighbor, in a house which I built myself on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts.

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartanlike as to put to rout all that was not life, to reduce life to its lowest terms,

and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience.

Near the end of March 1845, I cut down some tall, arrowy white pines by the shore of Walden Pond, and hewed timbers, studs and rafters with my axe. An old shanty provided me with boards. I dug my cellar in the side of a hill, where a woodchuck had formerly dug his burrow, down through sumac and blackberry roots. In May, with the help of acquaintances, I set up the frame of my house, and as soon as it was boarded and roofed, I began to occupy it. The exact cost of the materials in my house was \$28.12. My dwelling was small, and I could hardly entertain an echo in it, but it seemed larger for being a single apartment and remote from neighbors.

I spaded up all the land which I required for my beans, potatoes, corn and turnips. I learned that if one would live simply and eat only the crops he raised, and raise no more than he ate, he would need to cultivate only a few rods of ground. He could do all his necessary farm work as it were with his left hand at odd hours in the summer. It is not necessary that a man should earn

his living by the sweat of his brow, unless he sweats easier than I do.

My food alone cost me in money an average of only 27 cents a week. By working as a day laborer about six weeks a year, I could meet all my expenses. I found that this occupation was most independent; the laborer's day ends with the going down of the sun, and he is then free to devote himself to his chosen profession. The whole of my winters, as well as most of my summers, I had free and clear for study.

It is some advantage to live a primitive life, though in the midst of civilization, if only to learn what are the gross necessities of life. Most of the luxuries, and many of the so-called comforts of life, are not only not indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind. Our life is frittered away by detail. Most men live mean and sneaking lives: always on the limits, trying to get out of debt; making themselves sick, that they may lay up something against a sick day.

Spending the best part of one's life earning money in order to enjoy a questionable liberty during the least valuable part of it reminds me of the Englishman who went to India to make a fortune, in order that he might return to England and live the life of a poet. He should have gone up garret at once.

The nation itself, with all its so-called internal improvements, is an

unwieldy and overgrown establishment, ruined by luxury and heedless expense, by want of calculation and a worthy aim, as are a million households in the land; and the only cure for it, as for them, is in a rigid economy, a stern simplicity of life and elevation of purpose. With respect to luxuries and comforts, the wisest have ever lived a simple life.

Most men are so occupied with the factitious cares of life that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them. To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts, but so to love wisdom as to live a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity and trust. It is to solve some of the problems of life, not only theoretically, but practically. What is the nature of the luxury which enervates and destroys nations? Are we sure that there is none of it in our own lives?

Nations are possessed with an insane ambition to perpetuate the memory of themselves by the amount of hammered stone they leave. What if equal pains were taken to smooth and polish their manners? It should not be by their architecture, but by their power of thought, that nations should seek to commemorate themselves. To what end, pray, is so much stone hammered? One piece of good sense would be more memorable than a monument as high as the moon.

There is nothing to wonder at in the Pyramids so much as the fact

that so many men could be found degraded enough to spend their lives constructing a tomb for some ambitious booby, whom it would have been manlier to have drowned in the Nile. Many are concerned about these monuments — to know who built them. For my part, I should like to know who in those days did not build them — who were above such trifling.

I learned from my two years' experience that it would cost incredibly little trouble to obtain one's necessary food; that a man may use as simple a diet as the animals, and yet retain health and strength. Pray what more can a reasonable man desire, in ordinary noons, than a sufficient number of ears of green sweet corn boiled, with the addition of salt?

As for clothing, perhaps we are led oftener by the love of novelty and a regard for the opinion of men than by utility. I am sure that there is greater anxiety, commonly, to have fashionable clothes, than to have a sound conscience; yet no man ever stood the lower in my estimation for having a patch on his clothes. A man who has important work to do will not need a new suit to do it in.

I will not deny that shelter is a necessary of life. Yet most men are needlessly poor all their lives because they think they must have such a house as their neighbors have. Consider how slight a shelter is absolutely necessary. When a

man is warmed, what does he want next? Surely not more warmth of the same kind, larger and more splendid houses, more numerous, incessant, and hotter fires, and the like. When he has obtained those things which are necessary to life, there is another alternative than to obtain the superfluities; and that is, to adventure on life now, his vacation from humbler toil having commenced.

WHEN I took up my abode in the woods, every morning was a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity with Nature herself. I got up as the sun arose, and bathed in the pond, while the mists, like ghosts, were stealthily withdrawing in every direction into the woods. It was a religious exercise, and one of the best things which I did.

The morning is the most memorable season of the day. However, to him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning. Sometimes I sat in my sunny doorway from sunrise till noon, rapt in a revery, amidst the pines and hickories and sumacs, in undisturbed solitude and stillness, while the birds sang around or flitted noiseless through the house. I grew in those seasons like corn in the night, yet this was sheer idleness to my fellow townsmen, no doubt. I realized what the Orientals mean by contemplation. My days were not

of the week, nor were they minced into hours and fretted by the ticking of a clock.

I had this advantage, in my mode of life, over those who were obliged to look abroad for amusement, that my life itself was become my amusement and never ceased to be novel. It was a drama of many scenes and without an end. Housework was a pleasant pastime. When my floor was dirty, I rose early and, setting all my furniture out of doors, dashed water on the floor, and sprinkled white sand from the pond on it, and then with a broom scrubbed it clean and white.

Meanwhile my beans were impatient to be hoed. Before the sun had got above the shrub oaks, I began to level the ranks of haughty weeds, working barefooted in the dewy sand. Making the yellow soil express its summer thought in bean leaves and blossoms, making the earth say beans instead of grass — this was my daily work.

When my hoe tinkled against the stones, that music echoed to the woods and the sky, and was an accompaniment to my labor. The nighthawk circled overhead like a mote in heaven's eye, falling from time to time with a swoop and a sound as if the heavens were rent. Or sometimes I watched a pair of hen hawks circling high in the sky, alternately soaring and descending, approaching and leaving one another, as if they were the embodiment of my own thoughts. Or

from under a rotten stump my hoe turned up a sluggish and outlandish spotted salamander. When I paused to lean on my hoe, these sounds and sights were a part of the inexhaustible entertainment which the country offers.

THERE CAN BE no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of nature and has his senses still. While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons nothing can make life a burden to me. The rain which waters my beans and keeps me in the house today is not drear and melancholy, but good for me too.

Some of my pleasantest hours were during the long rainstorms in the spring or fall, which confined me to the house, soothed by their ceaseless roar and pelting; when an early twilight ushered in a long evening in which many thoughts had time to take root and unfold themselves. On warm evenings I frequently sat in the boat playing the flute, and saw the perch, which I seem to have charmed, hovering around me.

Men frequently say to me, "I should think you would feel lonesome down there, and want to be nearer to folks." I am tempted to reply: Why should I feel lonely? What sort of space is that which separates a man from his fellows and makes him solitary? I have found that no exertion of the legs can bring two minds much nearer to one another. What do we want

most to dwell near to? Not to many men, surely, but to the perennial source of our life.

Society is commonly too cheap. We meet at very short intervals, not having had time to acquire any new value for each other. We meet at meals three times a day, and give each other a new taste of that old musty cheese that we are. We meet at the post office, and at the sociable, and about the fireside every night; we live thick and are in each other's way, and stumble over one another, and I think that we thus lose some respect for one another.

I am naturally no hermit. I think that I love society as much as most, and am ready enough to fasten myself like a bloodsucker to any full-blooded man that comes in my way. I had only three chairs in my house; one for solitude, two for friendship, three for society. There were men of business among my visitors, but they thought only of employment, and of the great distance at which I dwelt from something or other; and though they said that they loved a ramble in the woods, it was obvious that they did not.

But I had more cheering visitors than they. Children come a-berrying, railroad men taking a Sunday morning walk in clean shirts, fishermen and hunters, poets and philosophers; in short, honest pilgrims, who came out to the woods for freedom's sake.

By SEPTEMBER, two or three small maples had turned scarlet across the pond. Gradually from week to week the character of each tree came out, and it admired itself reflected in the smooth mirror of the lake. When chestnuts were ripe I laid up half a bushel for winter, roaming the woods with a bag on my shoulder. It was in November that I first began to inhabit my house, when I began to use it for warmth as well as shelter. It did me good to see the soot form on the back of the chimney which I had built, and I poked the fire with more satisfaction than usual.

When freezing weather came I plastered the walls. At length the winter set in in good earnest, just as I had finished, and the terrestrial music of the wind began to howl around the house as if it had not had permission to do so till then. Night after night the geese came lumbering in with a clangor and a whistling of wings, even after the ground was covered with snow.

My employment out of doors now was to collect the dead wood in the forest, sometimes trailing a dead pine tree under each arm to my shed. Every man looks at his woodpile with a kind of affection. I loved to have mine before my window, and the more chips the better to remind me of my pleasing work. And how much more interesting an event is that man's supper who has just been forth in the snow to hunt fuel to cook it with!

At this season I seldom had a visitor. When the snow lay deepest no wanderer ventured near my house for a fortnight at a time, but there I lived as snug as a meadow mouse. In the morning I would take an axe and pail and go to the pond in search of water. Cutting my way through snow and ice, I open a window under my feet, where, kneeling to drink, I look down into the quiet parlor of the fishes, pervaded by a softened light as through a window of ground glass. There a perennial waveless serenity reigns as in the twilight sky.

Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads.

ONE ATTRACTION in coming to the woods to live was that I should have opportunity to see the spring come in. Fogs and rains and warmer suns are gradually melting the snow; the days have grown sensibly longer. I am on the alert to hear the chance note of some arriving bird, or the striped squirrel's chirp, or see the woodchuck venture out of his winter quarters.

The first sounds of spring! The year beginning with younger hope than ever! The faint silvery warblings heard over the bare, moist fields, from the bluebird and the redwing, as if the last flakes of winter tinkled as they fell! What at such a time are histories, chronologies, and all written revelations? The brooks sing carols and glees to

the spring. The sinking sound of melting snow is heard in all dells, and the ice dissolves apace in the ponds. The grass flames up on the hillsides like a spring fire, as if the earth sent forth an inward heat to greet the returning sun.

The change from storm and winter to serene and mild weather is a memorable crisis which all things proclaim. It is seemingly instantaneous. Suddenly an influx of light filled my house, though the evening was at hand, and the clouds of winter still overhung it, and the eaves were dripping with sleety rain. I looked out the window, and lo! where yesterday was cold gray ice there lay the transparent pond already calm and full of hope. I heard a robin in the distance, the first I had heard for many a thousand years, methought, whose note I shall not forget for many a thousand more — the same sweet and powerful song as of yore.

We need the tonic of wildness — to wade sometimes in marshes where the bittern and the meadow hen lurk, and hear the booming of the snipe; to smell the whispering sedge where only some wilder and more solitary fowl builds her nest, and the mink crawls with its belly close to the ground. We can never have enough of nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast and titanic features, the seacoast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and its decaying trees, the thundercloud, the rain.

AFTER TWO YEARS I left the woods, perhaps because it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one. It is remarkable how easily we fall into a particular route, and make a beaten track for ourselves. The surface of the earth is soft and impressible by the feet of men; and so with the paths which the mind travels. How worn and dusty, then, how deep the ruts of tradition and conformity!

But if a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. I learned this, at least, by my exper-

iment: that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he had imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind; and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness.

If you have built your castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.



Horse Sense

ALTHOUGH the heels of a wild horse seem limited weapons compared to the powerful jaws and teeth of many other beasts, Frederick I of Prussia once demonstrated their effectiveness in battle. Seating himself, the Duke of Marlborough and some other guests safely behind metal gratings, he had the doors of several pens surrounding a small arena opened simultaneously. Out raced a lion, a bear, a bull, a tiger, a wolf — and a horse. The first five at once charged one another, ripping at one another's throats, snorting and clawing, while the horse stood quietly watching. Eventually the bear, battle-scarred and furious, emerged victorious from the gory heap. Still the horse stood quietly, and the frenzied bear charged. The heels of the horse caught him a fearful blow, knocking him back. Again the bear attacked, and took a thunderous blow in the face. His mouth hung limply open: his jaw was broken, and the battle was over.

— Arthur Vernon, *The History and Romance of the Horse*

Illustrative Anecdotes

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❧ "YOUR FRIEND Rogers is a good fellow," someone said to Mark Twain of H. H. Rogers of Standard Oil fame. "It's a pity his money is tainted."

"It's twice tainted," drawled Mark. "T'aint yours and t'aint mine."

— *Francis Wilson's Life of Himself*, quoted by W. Orton Tewson in *An Attic Salt Shaker*

❧ REPRESENTATIVE Joe Martin of Massachusetts, minority leader of the House of Representatives, was taking a ribbing from friends over the turn of the tide which had flowed so strongly Republicanward before the crisis in the European war. What, Joe was asked, would the Republicans do now?

"Two rabbits," Martin answered, "were chased by two foxes into a hole in a tree. The foxes laid siege. Time went by, but the foxes remained, waiting for their prey to come out.

"What shall we do?" asked the more timid of the rabbits, a lady.

"It looks," said the bolder rabbit, a gentleman, "like we'll just have to stay here until we outnumber them."

— C. P. Trussell

❧ *Today's Children*: "Tell me, boy, what do you want to be when you grow up?" a man asked his small nephew recently.

"Alive."

— Walter Winchell

❧ SHE WAS a college graduate, trained in thoroughness, accuracy and efficiency. When she applied for a job to a wholesale grocer, he was impressed and engaged her. As her first task, she was told to make a complete inventory of his stock, beginning with the goods in the cellar.

Three days passed. The merchant saw her come and go each day, and finally, wondering what she was doing all that time down in the cellar, he went to find out. She was working at his stock of peanuts, pretty, flushed and energetic. Asked how she was getting along, she wiped her dewy forehead and said, "I've had time to count only a few sacks, but I'm sure my figures are exact. So far, there are precisely 26,657,871 peanuts."

— Gelett Burgess

❧ ONE summer evening, when Thomas A. Edison returned home from his work, his wife said, "You have worked long enough without a rest. You must go on a vacation."

"But where will I go?" he asked.

"Decide where you would rather be than anywhere else on earth, and go there," was the answer.

"Very well," promised Mr. Edison, "I will go tomorrow."

The next morning he returned to his laboratory.

— *The Christian Science Monitor*

❏ Before spending billions for rearming, the U. S. should determine what they plan to defend and what weapons they need

Wanted: A Plan for Defense

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Hanson W. Baldwin

CONGRESS and the public, stirred by the implications of Germany's recent victories, have become acutely conscious of our defense problem. In the past ten months they have seen the Allies come tumbling out of a world of dreams and military mistakes. They have realized the cold truth that Germany prepared for *this* war; France prepared for the *last* war; and that too many of our preparations have been for *no* war of reality.

Not that our defense funds in the past seven years have been "poured down a rathole," whatever may be said in this campaign season. Army, Navy and air forces have been considerably strengthened. But neither the results

achieved nor the programs planned meet our present defense needs. Red tape and inefficiency have caused delay and waste. At least 40 of 107 vessels commissioned in those seven years had defects which cost millions to rectify. We have had to buy from Germany the basic design for our antitank gun, still unavailable in quantity. We have but recently begun the manufacture of more powerful anti-aircraft guns, such as have been in service in Europe for years; we still have no aircraft cannon. Jealousy between infantry and cavalry hampered the development of mechanized forces and led to such absurd extremes that the cavalry had to call its tanks "combat cars," leaving the word "tank" to the infantry. Congress has appropriated substantial sums for defense without manifesting intelligent interest in the all-important task of transmuting dollars into guns.

Now the nation has swung to the other extreme. The danger now is not indifference, but hysteria. Wall Street fears a German invasion of the United States this year, and

HANSON W. BALDWIN is no arm-chair strategist. After being graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1924 he spent three years aboard cruisers and battleships in Caribbean and European waters. He then left the service to become naval and military correspondent for the *Sun* in his native city of Baltimore. Since 1929 he has held the same position on the *New York Times*. He is author of two books: *The Caissons Roll—A Military Survey of Europe* and *Admiral Death*.

the President talks about 50,000 planes — more than all the combat air forces of all the belligerents put together. Organizations called Sixth Columns, little more than thinly-veiled vigilantes, are sprouting.

The times call for sane judgment and the floodlight of fact. We must recognize that the Germans owe much of their success to complete coördination of ground and air. Our own defense forces suffer from lack of such coördinated effort. We have no unity of command, no planning commission, no war college where strategic planning by all arms is possible. The influence of air power upon sea power is evident; in narrow waters, operations of fleets will be hampered. But, all in all, the struggle at sea has shown that for *our* purposes the fighting ship is more important than ever, since we are separated from potential enemies by 3000 to 7000 miles of ocean that can be dominated by ships alone.

IF WE ARE to have a defense program that is more than the blind appropriation of dollars we must first know what we are prepared to defend, and against whom we are to defend it. There is virtual unanimity of opinion on hemisphere defense. There is no need to defend every bit of the Western Hemisphere — all that is required is sufficient control of strategic points to enable our planes and ships to guard vital areas and to

prevent any enemy from establishing "bridgeheads."

This means supervision over an area from Alaska to and beyond Hawaii, thence eastward to the Galápagos; thence around that part of South America that includes the "bulge" of Brazil, and northward to Greenland on a line running roughly through the Brazilian island of St. Paul in mid-Atlantic and the Azores. This seems like a large order — but relatively few bases, properly situated, with the proper forces operating from them or ready to be sent to them, can insure control of this hemisphere.

Air, naval and military bases within the United States and in Alaska and Hawaii are being provided, though red tape still needs to be cut. Near the Canal Zone, agreements similar to the one with Nicaragua which allows us to use the Gulf of Fonseca, should be reached with Ecuador and Costa Rica, permitting our use of the Galápagos and Cocos Islands in case of war. Agreements should definitely be reached with Brazil (tacit ones probably already exist) to permit our use of its airports and harbors. Air bases in Venezuela would be valuable in extending our hold upon the approaches to the Canal. We have stated that we will tolerate no European nation taking over Dutch, British, or French possessions in this hemisphere. We should also declare that any change

in the status of the Azores would concern us. Definite talks with Canada and Newfoundland should be started, looking toward the use by us of their air bases and harbors in case of war.

Accompanying any such program must be political, economic and cultural *rapprochement* with all Latin America, leading to General Staff understandings.

IT IS CLEAR that without a victorious Germany no combination of powers could challenge us. This writer cannot accept the contention that German conquest will be complete and overwhelming. Nevertheless we must gauge our defenses against the forces of the combined totalitarian powers — Germany, Italy, Russia and Japan. They have tremendous strength, but none of it can be put into the Western Hemisphere except by sea or air. While mass bombardment and aerial transportation of troops have proved effective in Europe, we have little to fear from them unless an enemy can establish bases within this hemisphere. And planes cannot transport overseas the vast matériel required for such bases. Supplies for a serious attack can be brought to this hemisphere only by ship. Therefore, in considering the strength of our defenses, it is obvious that ships come first and planes second.

Our fleet, in being and authorized, will be by far the world's

greatest. The combined tonnage of all four potential enemy navies is now somewhat superior to ours, but in so small a ratio as to offer no danger. Russia is negligible as a sea power. Italy's fleet is composed of high-speed, short-range ships for Mediterranean service. Some of Germany's ships have small cruising range, for duty in the North Sea. Japan's navy has been built primarily for service in the Far East. Of the five, then, ours is really the only blue-water navy. The totalitarian powers could muster tenuous superiority only if their own waters were stripped of all naval protection, and even then, our own fleet, a tactical, unified whole, fighting in close proximity to its own bases, aided by shore-based aircraft and submarines, would have an insuperable advantage over a conglomeration of ill-adjusted ships operating thousands of miles from bases. Even our small Atlantic squadron, contrary to general belief, would *not* be a push-over for any power; nevertheless, it ought to be strengthened.

But the Navy has certain weaknesses. It is deficient in specialized ships — mine layers and net layers, for instance. It has a lot to learn about combined operations — naval, land and air — which require the highest coordination of all arms and are the very type of operations most likely to occur in any defense of this hemisphere. We must maintain our present ratio of naval strength to that



of the totalitarian powers; we must be able to build good ships as rapidly as they, and this our Navy has not proved it can do.

OUR strategical problem involves bases and long-range bombers to cover all approaches to those bases. But the operations of these bombers should be closely integrated with the operations of our fleet, for the first line of defense of the Western Hemisphere is primarily a water line.

The Navy's long-range patrol bombers are ideally suited for this job, but we must have more of them. For close coöperation with the fleet we have the scout-bombers, fighters, and torpedo planes of the aircraft carriers, and the catapulted seaplanes of the cruisers and battleships. There is no need to increase this strength; we already have the largest ship-based air force in the world; we must merely add sufficient planes to provide air equipment for new ships as those ships are built.

THE ARMY has no such integrated air forces to support its ground forces. Observation planes are the only type closely attached to individual ground units. The Army has no dive bombers; these, with attack planes, medium bom-

Major George Fielding Eliot, author of "The Ramparts We Watch," in Life:

For centuries sea power has been England's bulwark against all would-be European conquerors before Hitler. The Western Hemisphere, given a sound defense plan, is still well beyond the range of effective air power and in this respect the United States is now placed in the position England held for so long.

By all the logic of this position we are a sea power. More than that, as a free people sea power is our natural sword and shield, for it can be maintained, and it can be employed in war, without the rigid regimentation of all resources that continental war demands. Freedom from the burden of great armies was the secret of Britain's unexampled prosperity and liberty through two centuries and more. It is a secret which we will do well to study.



bardment and pursuit types, should be developed and merged into an instrument devoted to one end — support of the ground forces. There must also be a group of long-range planes under GHQ command for operations against objectives far beyond the reach of ground troops.

But since we have nothing to fear in the air from Japan, a weak air power, and since only a handful of Germany's planes have range enough to cross even the southern Atlantic — from Africa to Brazil — it can be said with some confidence that we do not need an air

force of 50,000 planes. The total combat plane strengths of both Army and Navy need not be more than 7000 to 10,000 planes, plus reserves and training planes.

THE HUGE ARMIES of Europe or Asia cannot easily be transported to this hemisphere, can never be transported if we retain control of the sea and maintain proper air defense. Probably the maximum initial force that could be transported, even if sea control were wrested from us, would be 50,000 men. The transportation of such a force would require 375,000 tons of shipping; once they landed, half of the tonnage of the German merchant marine would be needed to supply them. To supply an army of 1,000,000 men in this hemisphere would require at the very least 13,000,000 tons of shipping. Economically and commercially the problem seems impossible; not even a combination of Britain and Germany could divert so much shipping to the purpose. We do not therefore have to fear the employment of mass armies in this hemisphere; the most we have to guard against is the transportation of a small expeditionary force.

Then why all this talk about conscripting a huge army? The induction of huge masses of men into the service may actually hamper the development of a small, highly trained field force, which is our primary problem to-

day in so far as land forces are concerned in hemisphere defense.

Our Regular Army must provide garrisons for Army, Navy and air bases; this may require 150,000 men. The Regular Army must provide the nucleus for coast defense and anti-aircraft troops; it must provide officers to train the National Guard and to form the skeletal structure upon which a large mass army may be built up after "M-Day." And, under our broadened responsibilities of hemisphere defense, it must provide a field force highly trained, fully equipped, instantly ready for transportation anywhere within the Western Hemisphere — to quell, with the help of the Navy and air force, alien-inspired revolutions, to seize an advanced base, to hold any area against attack until larger forces are concentrated. Such a force need be no larger than 150,000 men — perhaps half that number — about the number with which Germany seized Norway. And considering its other functions, the Regular Army need be no larger than 400,000 to 500,000 men.

Hemisphere defense is primarily a problem for sea power, secondarily for air power. But it is not a problem which can be solved by any one service, or by the defense forces alone. Political and economic planning within the hemisphere must precede strategical planning. And in an integrated de-

fense each element of the fighting services and the other branches of government must be nicely articulated, each working not on "its own" but as part of a machine.

There seems to be no such unity of concept in Washington. Our

defense forces are, like Topsy, "jest growin'." Wanted above all is a plan for defense, a military policy, a definition of what we must defend and against whom, and the organization to carry out the plan.



Moments of Humiliation

¶ IN MY high school football days, I was a lowly and undersized substitute on the first team; never had I played in a game, nor ever expected to.

It was the big game of the season. Came a shrill whistle, the game stopped, our team gathered in an ominous huddle. The captain was down. The quarterback ran to the sidelines, yelled, "Look in Rose," and raced back again.

With wobbling knees, but determined to do or die, I galloped onto the field. The situation must be desperate or the quarterback would not call for me.

"Take off those pants," snarled the quarterback. "Somebody's ripped the seat out of his." In the seemly shelter of a huddle we swapped pants. I left the field holding my rear elevation like a man with a misplaced attack of lumbago. The game went on. — Don Rose

¶ WHEN Dr. Robert M. Hutchins was made president of the University of Chicago, educators from all over the country assembled at a dinner in honor of the youngest university president in the United States. When Dr. Hutchins was escorted in, a visitor who was not acquainted with him remarked to the lady at his side: "So *that* is the new president!"

The lady flushed and replied stiffly, "I beg your pardon, but do you know who I am?" The visiting dean admitted that he did not. "Well," she replied icily, "I am Mrs. Hutchins."

The stranger was stricken dumb for a moment, then said, "I'm sorry. Do you know who I am?" The lady admitted that she did not. "Thank God," he responded weakly.

— Milton Bacon, *Thirty Years with Dotted Lines*

Cracking Down on Forest Fires

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Stewart Holbrook

EARLY one morning last June, a column of white smoke curled up from Salmon Meadows, a remote spot in the Chelan National Forest, high in mountainous Washington. Eighteen minutes later a plane droned over the Meadows, flying at 3000 feet. Presently it dropped a package, then another, and another. After a moment's wild dive, they steadied under opened parachutes and descended gracefully, trailing long yellow streamers.

While these parcels of food and equipment were still in the air, the plane banked and circled again. This time a man—but what a man!—leaped from it, his chute opened, and he sailed down toward the smoke. A second, then a third man dropped. In a few moments men and packages had grounded

within 200 feet of the budding forest fire.

The three men were fearful to behold. Their heads were encased in steel masks. Their overall suits bulged with sponge rubber padding. They wore huge gloves. In the vast pockets of each suit was a rope, just in case the 'chutist happened to land in the top of a 300-foot Douglas fir. They looked not unlike deep-sea divers out of their element.

They were, however, very much in their element. They tore open the bundles, easily traced by the streamers, took out shovels and axes and began a lively fight on a young fire which, an hour or so later, couldn't have been licked as effectively by a hundred men.

Parachute fire fighters are only one of many new ideas in fire fighting developed by federal, state and private foresters.

For example, the Fire Danger Rating Board, new this year, takes all the guesswork out of "fireweather." Round slots stare at the forest supervisor in his headquarters like eyes of many colors. Each slot represents a ranger station, each color the fire hazard, which is a complex of humidity, wind, and moisture content of the forest floor. From white (safe) the colors grade

EXCEPT FOR two years during the World War, which he spent with the A.E.F. field artillery in France, Stewart Holbrook has divided his time between logging and writing. Born in Vermont in 1893, he got a job in a lumber camp and took part in river drives while still a schoolboy. After the war he worked as a logger in every important camp in the United States and Canada. From 1923 until 1934 he edited *The Lumber News* in Portland, Ore. Now living in Boston, Mr. Holbrook is a regular contributor to the magazines. He is the author of *Holy Old Mackinaw*, *Iron Brew* and *Ethan Allen*.

through green, blue, yellow and orange to red, which means fire. They keep changing as rangers' reports are telephoned. It is the scientific way to know what to expect.

Then there's the Bosworth Trencher, with which one man can dig a mile of fire trench an hour, which is as good as 300 sweating men can do with shovels. It looks something like a combined cultivator and rotary snowplow and it throws brush, dirt, stones and pine needles high in the air like a mechanical cyclone. It has proved itself invaluable where fires are traveling on the ground.

Even more sensational is the apparatus which throws hose streams 150 feet without motor, pump, or other machinery. Basically, the unit is a water tank and a small converter into which dry ice is placed. The ice — solidified carbon dioxide — instantly changes to vapor, creating a high pressure. The great advantage, of course, is portability — neither a heavy pump nor gasoline to drive it has to be taken to the fire. A filling of dry ice, which weighs little, will empty the water tank ten times.

Then, there's the new portable well-digger used in Michigan. A pump, a tank of water and a small derrick are mounted on a truck. At the fire, up goes the derrick in three minutes. A hydraulic device drives a steel casing into the ground until water is struck. In many parts of the Lake States this may be only eight or ten feet. When they hit

water, the boys push a hose end down through the steel casing and start the pump. Now in its third season, the Stewart well-digger has never failed to produce a stream within 12 minutes.

The lumbermen themselves are well in the van of the new era of forest fire prevention. Today, in every sizable western logging camp is a hygrothermograph, continuously measuring and charting the moisture content in the air. There is a danger point at which all woods operations cease. In the Douglas fir region of the West Coast, for instance, a reading of 35 calls for extreme caution, one of 30 for complete shutdown. Old-time lumberjacks may snort at such fancy rigging, but that's all they can do about it. A "30" means logging is at an end that day.

During fire weather, too, most logging camps on the Coast work a hoot-owl shift — four in the morning until noon, just when the graph says humidity is dropping every minute. No smoking, except at stated intervals when the men gather at the landing for a smokers' recess.

Lumbermen of the Pacific Northwest, where 70 percent of the nation's lumber now is cut, are spending more than a million dollars a year on fire control. They maintain fire crews who, between fires, spend their time building roads and trails. The difference between a trivial fire and one that may do \$100,000 damage a day, for days on end, is

often the difference in the time it takes to get a crew to the scene.

The lookouts, in their mountain-top cabins, have new equipment, too. The Osborne Fire Finder instantly tells within a few feet the location of a plume of smoke. Then, when the smoke chasers find more fire than smoke, more than they had reckoned on, one of them takes a tiny five-pound radio transmitter from his pack, throws a few feet of antenna over a limb, and begins sounding his warden's call letters. More men come on the run.

Delivery of food and equipment by plane is now a commonplace. One day last summer fire broke out near the top of the Wallowa Range in Oregon, a spot inaccessible to all except tough and woods-trained men. Four hundred men and 50 horses made a heartbreaking trip up to 6000 feet above sea level. Sixty miles of tough going lay between them and the nearest supply depot. Two planes made more than one hundred trips from the base, dropping some sixty tons of supplies — pumps, gasoline in milk cans, Sibley stoves, lanterns, telephones, eggs cushioned with loaves of bread, and bags of water.

In Rhode Island, which has many forest fires every summer, small and

thickly populated though it is, foresters are using a pipe line, easily laid along a fire trail. At intervals along the line are wax-capped valves. When a fire melts the wax, a stream of chemical "fog" is released which smothers the blaze.

Foresters are experimenting with a truly terrific wind machine. It develops a 45-mile gale in two minutes, permitting men to get near enough to a hot blaze to do effective work. Other foresters are trying out power-driven saws that cut down large and dangerous fire-spreading snags in no time at all. They are using gigantic brush-busters this summer, leviathans that bowl through the thickest, roughest brush and crush and tear and uproot all in their path.

They are working, too, on the use of monoammonium phosphate. No doubt some day in the summer or fall of 1941, a big plane will swoop low over a new fire in the forest, dropping a shower of bombs which will release a fire-killing vapor. As it settles snugly over every last tree, branch, shrub, bush, fern and needle, the blaze will be choked.

Already the forest fire fighters have mechanized and are using parachute troops. Bombers would be the ultimate blitzkrieg touch.



No ONE can make you feel inferior without your consent.

— Eleanor Roosevelt

How Judge Ben Lindsey's Juvenile Court fame, is now saving home life for children in a new kind of court in Los Angeles

The You-Don't-Want-a-Divorce Court

Condensed from The New Republic

Frank J. Taylor

IN LOS ANGELES County, where 12,382 spouses last year asked for divorce, there is a new court, the Children's Court of Conciliation, created to save, if humanly possible, the homes of the 17,500 children involved in these actions. Known as "the peace department" and the "you-don't-want-a-divorce" court, it is the brainchild of Judge Ben Lindsey, famous as the originator of Denver's juvenile court, who has served on the Los Angeles bench since 1935.

Let us follow the case of "Jane Doe, plaintiff, versus John Doe, respondent." (No other names are available because the only record is a memorandum made by the Judge for his own reference, and there were no spectators, reporters or stenographers.) After a spat with his wife, John Doe had bolted from their home. Presently Jane Doe appeared in the domestic relations court, petitioning for a divorce. Without even reading the complaint, the Judge asked, "Have you any minor children?"

"Yes. Jimmy, six, and Sally, four."

"Then I'll have to send you to the Children's Court of Conciliation."

It was unlike any court Jane Doe had ever seen. In the anteroom, resembling a doctor's office, the receptionist made out a new complaint, which read, "The People of the State of California, for the best interests and protection of Jimmy Doe and Sally Doe, minor children, and concerning Jane Doe and John Doe." Two days later, Jane and John Doe and their attorneys were in an unpretentious office, seated across a table from kindly, bespectacled, 70-year-old Judge Lindsey.

First, the Judge explained: "This court is concerned with the right of your children to you, rather than your rights to your children. They have certain rights to live happily under one roof with you. Court records show that your son and your daughter have six times as many chances of becoming charges of the state in a broken home as in a normal home. Now let's see if the difficulties between you justify that risk."

For nearly an hour the Judge

listened to both stories and asked probing questions. At last he said, almost as if to himself, "If John would give up gambling and stay home at night, and if Jane would quit nagging and run the house more economically, this family would live happily together." Then, directly, to John and Jane, "Think it over, and meet here a week from today." To the lawyers he added: "See what you boys can do to save this family." The following week the Doe family was reunited.

Another case was that of Richard Roe, a struggling young movie actor, Ruth Roe, daughter of a well-to-do family, and Betty Roe, their infant daughter. The Judge talked first with the young husband, who denied that he had been unfaithful, as charged by his wife's attorney. Then he called in Ruth Roe. Soon Ruth Roe had admitted that she did not suspect her spouse of infidelity, said that she didn't want a divorce, but that her mother, who had social ambitions, had insisted. "A typical case of mother-in-law trouble," said Judge Lindsey. He made the mother-in-law a respondent in the petition of "The People of California for the best interests and protection of Betty Roe, minor, and concerning Ruth and Richard Roe." That restrains the mother-in-law, while the young couple work out their own destinies.

This clinic technique evolved out of Judge Lindsey's long experience in Denver, as Colorado's first ju-

venile judge, where he served continuously from 1900 to 1927. Then a Ku Klux Klan crusade defeated him at the polls and brought his disbarment. Later the Colorado Supreme Court reinstated him before the state bar, but the battle had broken his health and he retired to southern California. His vigor restored, Lindsey was elected in November 1934 to the Los Angeles County Superior Court by the largest majority ever given a judicial candidate up to that time.

Distressed at the acrimony of publicly tried divorce cases, and the effect upon the children, Lindsey approached Judge Fletcher Bowron, now clean-up mayor of Los Angeles but then the presiding judge of the Superior Court, and obtained permission to try such cases informally in his chambers.

The results were astounding. In 25 court days, Lindsey settled cases that normally would have required 150 days, three fourths of them without trial. In one third he effected reconciliations, which the routine courts seldom attempted.

Fired by this experience, Lindsey drew up and pushed through the 1939 legislature a bill authorizing County Courts of Conciliation. He was assigned the task of setting up the new court in Los Angeles and opened it last September.

Lindsey's first move was to tear out all formal paraphernalia—bench, witness seat, jury box, spectators' gallery, and counsel's table, parti-

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dividing the space into a reception room and four small private offices. Lindsey was soon using the four offices to conduct as many cases simultaneously. With the money normally spent on bailiff and clerk, he employed a capable woman lawyer, Mrs. Rosalind Bates, for preliminary questioning and investigating. Henrietta Brevoort Lindsey, his wife, served as another assistant, without pay. Keen for short cuts, Judge Lindsey used his telephone as the summons server to get witnesses. Nobody was sworn to tell the truth. "I can tell whether people are telling the truth or not," he explained.

While George Jones and his wife and their attorneys — to take a typical day — talk over the court's conciliation proposal in one room, Judge Lindsey slips into another to listen to a frantic mother whose husband has threatened to leave her because loan sharks from whom she borrowed money without his permission garnisheed his wages. Reaching for a phone, the Judge talks to the husband, then telephones the money lenders to come to court. While they are coming, he drops into a third room to listen to an irate couple who still want to take their divorce through the publicity of the domestic relations court.

"Well, it will take three full days, with all the witnesses you want to call, to try this case in the domestic relations court," says the

Judge. "It will cost the state \$250 a day, and it will cost you more than that. When you get through, the settlement may not be any better than we can work out here in an hour. Your children will brood all their lives over the things you say about each other. For their sake, let's try to work out an amicable settlement here."

Under the law, the Children's Court of Conciliation has 30 days to try to bring about a reconciliation or an amicable separation before estranged parents can bring formal charges against each other in the domestic relations court. This 30-day truce is the key to averting divorces, says Judge Lindsey. "Couples who have a real affection for each other quarrel violently and one or the other starts action," he explains. "After that, neither will back down. The 30-day delay lets them cool off."

Lindsey has a genius for making couples feel at ease in his presence. They can smoke, chew gum, "let down their hair," as he puts it. He frequently calls in a physician, psychologist, endocrinologist, a pastor or a priest, to help bring around a recalcitrant spouse. He finds jobs for husbands, or wives, or both, to keep families off the rocks of poverty. He often holds court during the lunch hour to save a husband the loss of work time.

In his first nine months, though sitting only half time on account of other duties, Judge Lindsey handled

slightly over 1000 cases. In 400 he effected reconciliation and the parents have resumed normal life in homes affecting 900 children. Another 400 couples agreed to settle their differences in private and were granted an interlocutory decree, with one year for work on reconciliation before the decree becomes final. Two hundred insisted on fighting it out in public court. Curiously, it was the wife who refused conciliation in four out of five of this last group.

These figures do not tell the whole story. Scores of wives, unbeknown to husbands, have come in to talk over marital problems with the Judge, as have a good many husbands, some of whom visit him at home in the evening.

I had heard that lawyers were bitterly opposed to the Court of

Conciliation, partly because cases were settled too quickly to justify large fees; indeed, when counsel was needed, the Judge usually fixed the fee at around \$50 for each attorney, instead of the customary \$500.

Much to my surprise, I found enthusiasm among attorneys. "I'd hate to go back to the old trial method," exclaimed one. Another said, "This court saves days of time for us as well as our clients, and the settlements are better."

The taxpayers benefit, too. Mayor Bowron estimates that one Children's Court of Conciliation can handle as many domestic relations cases as four formal trial courts, and save at least \$100,000 a year. "That's nothing at all," he added, "compared to the saving in terms of humanity."



'I am the master of my fate'

AS FOR the theory that every youth has his or her particular "fate," and until he or she meets that "fate" his or her life cannot be "fulfilled," it is as certain as anything human can be that in the average happy marriage the husband would have been equally happy with any one of 10,000 other women, and the wife with any one of 10,000 men. (And I am understating!) The choice of a partner is seldom due to aught but fortuitous circumstances. If each individual has his "fate," it is extremely curious that his "fate" so often happens to be living in the same town, or even in the same street!

Broadly speaking, the "fate" theory has been the cause of more unhappy marriages than anything else. — Arnold Bennett

I Am Blind

Condensed from "I Begin Again"

Alice Bretz

IT WAS a sunny May morning and I was returning from the woods, my arms filled with dogwood blossoms. Above the green wheat field was a fresh blue sky. In my garden the plum trees were fat little white clouds tethered to sticks, the bank of daffodils yellower than the sun. Everywhere I looked, the living beauty made my blood tingle.

I knelt to weed my iris bed. Time passed unnoticed. When I tried to stand, my knees would not support me. There was no pain, they just refused to act as knees should.

Dr. Arthur Bretz, my husband, consulted with other doctors; the diagnosis called for a "simple" operation. Four months later, after unexpected complications had almost caused my death, I recovered lasting consciousness. My first thought was that I was in a dark room. Then the doctor told me the truth: I was blind.

I lay very still. This must be a nightmare. But no, it was only too real. It would last the rest of my life. I held myself rigid, horror-stricken. Finally something stirred within me. I was praying — a stark

prayer for one thing. Over and over I prayed, "God, give me courage."

On leaving the hospital I was moved to an apartment, where I spent the next few months on a couch. My husband always came home for luncheon to break the monotony of my day; before leaving he would read aloud a magazine story. After dinner he read to me from the newspaper or a book. At other times there was nothing for me to do but lie and think. This aloneness, this removal from the world led me to learn Braille and in those first months reading filled many hours. A Braille book, I found, has a distinct asset: it can be read under the bedclothes on a cold night. Later I enjoyed also the "Talking Book" phonograph records of classic and modern books and plays.

I had many lessons to learn in my new life. When I graduated from the couch to a straight chair, the space around me seemed so vast I was in terror of plunging headlong into it; it took two years to conquer that fear. To walk without bruising myself against the furniture, I learned to take short steps and raise my feet only enough to

skim the floor. Having guests to dinner gave me pleasure, but to eat soup, which I at first slopped over the bowl in a wave, and to manage forks and glasses, was hard. Finally I was able to join in the conversation and at the same time manage my hands.

My affliction made my husband suffer terribly. I gave him expurgated reports of my experiences, with no hint of difficulties, to convince him that, as my strength returned, so had my ability to do things.

Two years slipped by while I read, talked with friends, planned the meals. Then one day Arthur brought home a mass of plum blossoms and daffodils, arranged them, and led me over to feel the flowers. I cherish this memory.

Two mornings later the maid woke me and said the doctor was lying on the living-room couch and she thought he wasn't well. She led me to him, and I sat down, not speaking for fear of disturbing his sleep. The maid called the elevator operator, who came in, and said softly, "Don't be frightened, Mrs. Bretz."

I turned and asked, "Is the doctor dead?"

"Yes, Mrs. Bretz," the maid answered.

To conserve the moderate income from my husband's estate I moved into a small apartment. I was determined to live alone and do my own work rather than board

with strangers. There was no incentive for smiles, but I had to find the courage to go on living. I picked up the strands of my old life and wove a new pattern.

At first there were many trials and accidents, but in time I struggled through to a smooth-working routine. When I get up I measure the coffee and water and place the percolator on an electric plate, which for me is safer than gas. I smoke a cigarette and plan my day until the coffee smells done, then I take it off and place a flat toaster on the electric plate. By the time the first slice is buttered and half eaten the second piece must be turned; when the first piece is eaten, the second is done.

After breakfast I bathe, dress and wash dishes. In dusting I move my left hand gently in front of the cloth, to detect small objects and avoid sweeping them to the floor. I eliminated breakable things, substituting metal and wooden ashtrays, candlesticks, and so on.

My groceries consist chiefly of canned foods; the delivery boy obligingly names each can as he hands it to me and I arrange them alphabetically on the shelf. After lunch, I change to afternoon clothes, and prepare tea for friends who drop in. I tell time by a Braille watch. Dressing is simplified by using only a few colors, and having each color a different material easily identified by touch. To remember that the gray scarf is wool, the

black one velvet, is part of my filing system. Everything I own must always be in its proper place. The ease with which I find things has been won by hours of planning. Contrary to popular belief, we blind are not miracle workers and have no "sixth sense."

Soon I began to go out with friends to shops and entertainments. But I realized that I was in danger of imposing upon them, so I made an arrangement with a sympathetic taxi driver whose stand was near my apartment, and one day went with him on my first shopping trip alone. He drove me to the store, guided me in, and I started off with a personal shopper. Thus began the greatest adventure of my blind years, and in a little while I was going alone to restaurants, concerts and the opera. Every successful venture added to my courage and sense of freedom. At my first dinner alone in a restaurant I may have seemed a dignified, gray-haired woman, but inside I was a six-year-old with a box of chocolates!

Because of my own experience the newly blinded adult has become my chief interest. I know the life he has lost and I now know what his life can become. Eager to help others through the struggle, I be-

"THE Reader's Digest Talking Edition brings relaxation and a satisfaction of my thirst for knowledge that I did not dream possible" — so writes a 63-year-old professional man blind since the age of 49, echoing the sentiment of those who, blinded in later life, find it difficult to acquire facility in Braille. Indeed, three out of four blind people cannot read Braille.

Their requests for the *Talking Reader's Digest* (records usable on special phonographs loaned to the blind only) have swamped the distributing libraries and far exceed the number of sets that The Reader's Digest Fund for the Blind makes possible.

Requests for The Reader's Digest *Braille* Edition are 700 more than can be met.

Both editions are published without profit to either The American Printing House for the Blind or The Reader's Digest. They are made possible by donations to The Reader's Digest Fund for the Blind. Such donations may be in any amount, small or large; they may be left optional as to use, or designated for either Talking or Braille edition, or for a particular individual (in which case \$10 supplies a year's Braille copies, \$35 makes available a year's set of records).

Please make checks payable to The Reader's Digest Fund for the Blind (Pleasantville, N.Y.); so drawn, the amounts are deductible as contributions in reckoning federal income taxes.

gan talking over the problems of the blind with nurses at the Ophthalmological Institute. I give them ideas on how to bring hope to the lonely blind, practical hints on handling blind patients. For example, they should be spoken to before being touched to prevent a shock similar to the shock a normal person gets from being suddenly touched in the dark. I stress the

importance of encouraging blind persons not to shy away from the word "blind," for its use eliminates self-consciousness and puts other people at ease. Pretense, I have learned, is the greatest stumbling block in intercourse between the blind and others, and the blind are to blame when they refuse to acknowledge their need for help.

There is no escape from sightlessness, but it can be used to learn to face facts, to laugh at oneself, and to appreciate people. In learning

to accept its limitations, I have discovered happiness in the little things. Flowers have become for me not just flowers but memories of gardens I once could see.

The secret of success in this adventure lies in the honest approach to people. When I say, "I am blind — will you help me?" the kindness in their voices makes my world glow with friendly warmth. There is nothing crooked, nothing selfish, nothing mean about this world when seen with blind eyes.



For Women Only

ONCE, when I was in one of the Shubert productions, there was a girl in the cast who was the envy of every woman who laid eyes on her. One night Mr. Ziegfeld brought a friend of his, a well-known artist, to rehearsal.

"Isn't she the most beautiful thing you ever saw?" proudly demanded the producer.

"No," said the artist bluntly, "she isn't even pretty. She has a middling good figure but she carries herself superbly. And she *feels* beautiful. That is all. Darn clever girl! Do you know," he added seriously, "I have a theory that every woman in the world should say to herself at least once a day with great pride and even greater humility: 'I have a secret. I am beautiful; I am beloved.' And then she should carry herself as if she believed it!"

Very few women can have a perfect figure. But any woman, if she is willing to take the trouble, can have something which is much more valuable. And that is *beautiful carriage*.

The first principle of good carriage is pride. To begin with, the head should have a proud lift. The chest should be carried high. Find a full-length mirror and practice walking toward your reflection. Remember that no woman is more youthful than her walk. I can follow a woman down the street for a block and guess within five years of her age without ever seeing her face.

What you wear is important, but how you wear it is infinitely more so.

— Irene Leedom in *The American Magazine*

The Art of Johnnie Hell

Condensed from *The New Yorker*

Samuel Hopkins Adams

FOR YEARS, touring the country, motorists have been receiving roadside invitations to "Repent Before It Is Too Late" or "Choose Now Between Salvation and Hell." I have always wanted to meet the mysterious man who paints these messages on boulders and home-made signboards. But nobody ever sees him at work. Church organizations and highway commissions know nothing about him. I was ready to accept the theory that these testimonials are not of human composition, when I came upon the work of Johnnie Hell.

Motoring through South Carolina I saw a signboard reading "DRAW BACK O SINNER FROM THY AWFUL FATE." It was a stunning example of the brimstone school of religious art. The words formed a rectangle, framing a turbulent mass of blue-and-white flames. Licking tongues of fire wreathed the letters. The paint proved to be still wet. Hoping to track the artist down, I asked about him at a nearby roadside lunchroom.

A customer looked up and said, "He means Johnnie Hell."

"Is that his name?" I asked.

"His name is Mr. J. Bartholomew," the proprietress said, and she added that he "don't favor strangers" but I could probably find him fishing a few miles up the river.

There I did find him, and hailed him by name.

"Mr. Bartholomew," I called, "I'd like to have a talk with you."

Judging by his surprised but disapproving look, Mr. Bartholomew definitely didn't "favor strangers." Grudgingly he asked, "Whatabout?"

"Your painting."

He sat silent for a time. His contemplation, plus a heavy beard, gave him a saintlike aspect.

"Liked my picture, did you?" he said at last.

"I think it's wonderful," I replied with truth.

"I expect you're all right," he said condescendingly.

He seemed pleased when I told him that I had been hoping for years to meet one of his kind. "That's my latest effort, that job you saw," he said. "Notice how hot the flames look? Cobalt blue tipped with white. Most painters use crim-

son for flames. No heat in that. No sizzle.

"There's a lot in picking the right setting," he continued. "Psychological effect. Four people crashed there last fall. All killed. Soon as I read about it I located my site."

"Last fall? But your picture seems new," I said.

He nodded. "It's a copy."

I asked what had happened to the original.

"A carload of college drunks tried to take the curve at sixty. Ripped through my picture and went right on into the river."

"Drowned?" I asked.

"Not a damn one of 'em," said Mr. Bartholomew.

Revising my estimate of the man's saintliness, I encouraged him to continue by asking if some church subsidized him.

"Nix, brother," he said.

"Then you operate on your own?"

"Am I a damn fool?" he replied simply.

"Privately financed, then?"

"That's it. I'm naming no names, but anyway the old dame moved from Brooklyn, so you couldn't find her if you tried. She's my grub-stake. Saw my work, liked my style, made me a proposition."

"Is it religion with her?"

"You might call it so. Got trouble on her mind. She done a mean-ness once. Poisoned her husband, they say. She's rich. She's got hell-fire on the brain. The hotter, the better. Likes to see 'em fry."

"Do you work up your own designs?" I asked.

"All of 'em. She gives me the text." He took a scratch pad from his pocket and sonorously read several inscriptions: "Broad Is the Path That Leads to Death," "Stay O Sinner, Stay Thy Pace," "Their Fire Is Not Quenched Their Worm Dieth Not."

"I'm working on the worm now," he said, "making it like one of these dragons that leaves a trail of fire. When I get a sketch finished I mail it to her. If it hits her right, she sends it back with a check. I've got as high as \$60."

"I suppose you had special training," I said.

"Naturally. Started as a house painter. But I liked going places, so I took up landscape work, painting rocks, barns, anything. Mostly medical. 'Pitt's Pills for Pale People,' that sorta thing. But there wasn't no zip to such work. No pictorial angle. No play for the fancy. That's my strong point, my fancy."

"Don't you ever run out of ideas?"

"Well, I do," he said. "I go to art collections in New York, but they're awful thin on hell stuff. Those old masters got no guts."

I asked if he knew other men who followed his line.

"You mean from the art angle? Not so much. Mostly plain letters. 'Prepare to Meet Thy God.' 'Repent or Go to Hell.' No originality. No imagination."

"Who supports them?"

"Nobody, far as I know. Do it on their own. Batty on religion. They don't last. Old Whitey Simons — he's in a booby hatch now. John Peter Apostle was in jail last I heard. Vagrancy and defacing private property. Holy Hanford, Crazy Killifer and Philander Knox Reboe — I reckon they're all dead."

He paused, then said, "I'm on my way, friend. Look me up again."

Motoring through Virginia a few weeks ago, I came on a timely roadside masterpiece which read, "WAR IS HELL." The technique was unmistakable. Lethal weapons made up the lettering: the first word splashed with gore; the last crinkled with characteristic blue-white flames. Evidently Mr. J. Bartholomew has lost neither his imagination nor his sponsor.



Triumph of Mind over Matter

By

Fannie Hurst

I LIKE to travel with a dog. But traveling with a dog in America is not a simple matter unless you are willing to offer him up to the baggage car.

I own a two-pound fellow who has all the virtues of a 40-pounder and the stowaway advantages of a toy: the mere sight of a Pullman conductor causes him to collapse on my arm like a fur scarf. I have traveled thousands of miles with him, and only once has he been apparent to the eye of a train crew; only once have I been apprehended as a canine smuggler.

In Pittsburgh, following a lecture engagement, I was forced to rush to the train in evening clothes and without the usual small fur piece which I carried across my arm to camouflage the

dog. The gateman took my tickets and said rather sourly: "You'll have to get a baggage-car ticket for your dog."

"Why — why, what do you mean?" I stammered in confusion.

"I mean the dog on your arm, Miss — the dog on your arm."

"What dog?" I insisted.

"The dog on your arm, lady. You heard me the first time."

"Why," I said, my brain slowly getting into stride, "you mean this?" I raised the little fellow. "Why, this isn't a dog. It's a mammal."

The gateman's eye took in my small beast from bow to stern. "Well," he said finally, somewhat bewildered, "he looks damned much like a dog to me! Go through."

¶ Negro college women who devote their summer vacations to a health project that is peculiarly effective and dramatic

Cotton Field Volunteer Clinic

Condensed from Survey Graphic

J. D. Ratcliff

IN THE back country of the lower Mississippi several hundred Negroes — men, women and children — are watching a dozen Negro women in crisp white uniforms, busily at work under the cottonwood trees. From a white sheeted table, made by laying a door across a pair of sawhorses, a Negro nurse picks up a hypodermic syringe and shoots toxoid into the arm of a five-year-old. That child will never have diphtheria. Another nurse, after listening to an old granny describe the malarial chills-and-fever that rack her bones, hands out a supply of quinine. A Negro woman dentist fills teeth in one corner of the grove. In another, a Negro woman doctor takes a

blood sample from a strapping young field hand, to be tested for syphilis.

In this cotton field clinic, Negroes are taking the initiative to bring health to their own people. Sponsored by Alpha Kappa Alpha, a sorority of Negro college women, these efficient, devoted workers have for five years been giving medical care where it is desperately needed here in rural Mississippi. They have volunteered their summer vacations to set up clinics in schools, churches, out of doors. Tuskegee sent a Negro public-health nurse, Boston a dentist, Washington a physician. Each is allowed \$10.50 a week for board and lodging; and the sorority supplies gasoline for their cars. Otherwise every cent of the \$2500 budget — donated by the sorority's 2200 members — goes for medical supplies.

This remarkable group has treated thousands of adults for malaria and other chronic diseases; provided expectant mothers and rickety children with protective foods; and immunized more than 14,500 children against diphtheria and smallpox.

The project began in 1935. Moved

J. D. Ratcliff is a soft-spoken West Virginian with a marked curiosity about the world we live in. After learning about the coal mining, lumber and steamship businesses from the inside, he joined the editorial staff of *Fortune*. But soon the exciting medical and scientific developments of the day attracted his attention, and he became science editor of *Time* and then *Newsweek*.

For the past two years he has devoted himself chiefly to free-lance magazine writing. His book, *Modern Miracle Men*, appeared last fall.

by accounts of poverty and ill health among the Mississippi sharecroppers, the sorority appropriated \$1500 for medical work under the supervision of Dr. Dorothy Boulding Ferebee, a Negro practitioner in Washington.

Dr. Ferebee, whose family has produced several generations of lawyers, studied medicine at Tufts, graduating *cum laude*. From a large number of volunteers she selected 11 assistants. The group planned a central clinic during the summer "lay-by" between cotton chopping and picking. But the planters, suspicious of "outside agitators," refused to allow Negroes to attend unless the clinics were on the plantations, under the owners' watchful eyes.

This meant mobile clinics. It meant that doctors and nurses accustomed to hospital facilities would have to use whatever they could carry with them. Yet it proved to be a much better system, reaching isolated people who could never have trekked miles to a central clinic. That summer the six-car caravan covered 5300 miles, administering 2000 doses of diphtheria toxoid and 3000 doses of smallpox vaccine.

The second summer's work was concentrated in Bolivar County, between Memphis and Vicksburg. Three fourths of the county's 80,000 population is Negro. Pellagra, caused by bad diet, is rife. So are syphilis and dysentery. Conditions

for tuberculosis are ideal: 10 percent of the houses average three or more people per bed. Life insurance companies at one time refused to write policies for anyone in Bolivar County.

These appalling conditions must not be blamed on the county's health department. It is one of the best in the state — on an annual health budget of 25c. per capita. (In other communities, \$1 is considered barely adequate.) The health department's head is Dr. R. D. Dedwylder, veteran of the Rockefeller Foundation's famous hookworm commission and of the International Health Board's malaria project. Despite his meager budget he is largely responsible for halving Bolivar's death rate in 20 years.

Dr. Dedwylder, a white man, welcomed the Alpha Kappa Alpha group, for he knew they could tell the story of health in a language their own people would understand. He drew up clinic schedules, tacked them up in advance in stores and on fence posts. Word of the mission's arrival went out over the county; plantation owners told their workers and preachers announced it from the pulpit.

Early in the morning the cars packed with medical supplies and health literature arrive at the spot selected for the day. Many people are waiting. Some have been there since dawn. Most of them have never before had medical attention and are eager for it.

One by one they tell of their pains and "miseries." Youngsters saucer-eyed with fear watch other youngsters submit to vaccination. Expectant mothers are examined and if unusual conditions are discovered word is passed along to one of the county's 130 Negro midwives. Simple dental care is given; badly infected teeth are removed; and each child gets a free toothbrush and instruction in its use.

Work at the clinic continues as long as people are waiting to be treated — or until darkness falls. In one two-day period 1000 people turned up.

Eighty percent of the children have diseased tonsils and adenoids. The clinic workers can do nothing about this, because they lack facilities for surgical care, and the county has no hospital for Negroes. The county coöperates, however, in continuing syphilis and malaria treatments after the clinic's summer session is over — with drugs which the sorority group gives the county health office.

The work this year emphasizes malnutrition, from which many adult Negroes and over half the children suffer as a result of their "three M" diet of meal, meat and molasses. The Southern Negro

grows cotton to his doorstep and buys the cheapest food at the plantation commissary: thus the shocking paradox of people starving on some of the earth's richest land.

This summer a trailer kitchen is traveling with the clinic, to educate the Negro to lifesaving foods now foreign to him. New foods, furnished by the Surplus Commodities Corporation, are distributed at the psychological moment — the end of the day, when people are hungry. The Negroes are also given canning demonstrations. Planters are persuaded to allot space to their sharecroppers for vegetable gardens, and the Negroes are taught their value.

The good these self-sacrificing women have done is now appreciated by alert planters. The group has been invited to other counties and to other states. A fraternal organization in the all-Negro town of Mound Bayou, now health conscious, dropped plans for an office building, using its funds to build a 50-bed hospital. A low-cost health-insurance plan for Negroes is under way. Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service, calls the clinic's achievement one of the greatest jobs of volunteer public health work he has ever seen.



THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS bad weather; there are only good clothes. — Elizabeth Woodbridge,
The Jonathan Papers (Houghton Mifflin)

☛ If war cuts off America's 600,000-ton rubber life line to the Far East, her national needs can still be met

Synthetic Rubber's Declaration of Independence

Condensed from Fortune

WHEN the Nazis rolled into Paris on rubber tires that never saw a rubber tree, synthetic rubber suddenly became burning news in the United States. The good reason is that we, who use more than half of all rubber grown, have to bring it 12,000 miles from Singapore to Akron, from a source and over a route now threatened. No other raw material occupies so hot a spotlight in our national defense picture. Modern armies ride on rubber. The whole mobile, power-driven United States economy moves on rubber. If our rubber life line were cut, there would be hell to pay.

There is, however, an impregnable second line of defense — the synthetics. Americans generally are not aware that we used 1700 tons of artificial rubber last year. That isn't much, compared with 600,000 tons of natural rubber. But it does mean that the laboratory products have been thoroughly tested for years past, that technical men know how to process them to make almost every kind of rubber article, and that the industry now is confident that we could build enough synthetic plants to fill our total rubber

needs in two years, at an investment of about \$200,000,000 — the price of two new battleships. But to throw up new plants now, diverting men and materials from aircraft, munitions and warships, would be a major blunder — doubly so because the crisis may be years off and the rate of obsolescence is swift in the chemical industries.

The first line of defense is our natural-rubber reserves. These should be increased as fast as available freighters can move. The U. S., as of June, had 270,000 tons of rubber in crude inventories and finished goods, another 100,000 tons afloat, another 20,000 hastily laid up on our national defense stock pile by belated barter with Great Britain, and no one knows how many thousand tons of reclaim rubber, recoverable from rubber already in use. The U. S. has about enough rubber — if Japan cuts off the supply tomorrow — to last something less than a year without trying to stretch it. And by one means and another — running the Japanese blockade, withholding new rubber from innumerable nonessential products such as fly swatters and kitchen

aprons, doubling the use of reclaim rubber, cutting down on automobile speeds (wear increases roughly as the cube of speed) — our one-year supply could be stretched to two years, and probably more.

The emergency begins only on the day that all rubber is shut off. And within two years of that time synthetic rubber can be in mass production.

All of our synthetic rubbers, at this stage, cost from three to five times more than natural rubber, partly because of intricate manufacturing processes, even more because of small volume. The U. S. uses them only in specialty goods, where superior qualities outweigh price. Neoprene is the only major synthetic rubber in sizable commercial production here. In brownish, rubbery, snakelike lengths, neoprene has been running out of the du Pont plant at Deepwater, N. J., in growing volume for nearly nine years. It is equal to rubber in elasticity and abrasion resistance, inferior in tear resistance, far superior — as are the other synthetics — in resistance to age, heat, sunlight, chemicals and oils. Today it is being used by about 250 manufacturers. Price has dropped as processing economies have been worked out from \$1.05 a pound to 65 cents — about three times the current price of natural rubber but still descending. Neoprene has been compounded into nearly every variety of rubber product from overshoes for workers

in creameries to special rubber bands for the rayon industry. Neoprene's biggest volume has crept into washers, gaskets, seals, plungers, cable insulation and the like. The synthetics already have almost completely replaced natural rubber for gasoline hose and gloves for the chemical industry.

Du Pont has a new \$2,000,000 plant coming into production in two months, bringing its capacity to 5500 tons a year. And it is ready to build huge added capacity at a moment's notice.

The pneumatic tire, accountable for 75 percent of our rubber consumption, still is the big headache of the synthetic rubbers — for other reasons than high material costs, which would add from \$5 to \$10 to tire prices. On road tests neoprene tires are wearing as well as natural rubber but they heat up more rapidly to higher temperatures under road loads. This is hardly important in ordinary tires, but in truck tires that carry enormous loads, or heavy guns, it's serious. Natural rubber, however, faced the same problem 20 years ago, before the chemist knew so much about compounding as he knows now. And Germany has been making its synthetic Buna into tires that it claims wear 35 percent better than rubber.

The bloodline of Buna, and the American synthetics related to it, is a chemical called butadiene. Butadiene can be derived from molasses, grains, potatoes, straw, scrap wood

— almost everything in vegetable nature. It can also be derived from coal tar, or from coal and limestone; from crude petroleum or natural gas.

Before war cut off communications with Germany, Standard Oil traded some of its patents in oil technology outright for Buna, acquiring exclusive U. S. manufacturing rights, with no future royalties involved. Standard offered to license any rubber company that wanted to manufacture Buna for its own use. Firestone immediately set up a pilot plant, is now erecting a larger one, and U. S. Rubber also has a license. Standard's own Buna plant, at Baton Rouge, La., will be in production this year with an initial 150-ton capacity a month in Peruban, as it is known in the U. S.

This June the B. F. Goodrich Company announced Ameripol and Ameripol tires. Ameripol is another synthesis of butadiene with other substances — exactly what, Goodrich isn't saying. Goodrich now has a plant turning out Ameripol tires for the domestic market. Like other butadiene rubbers, Ameripol shows high resistance to heat, aging and sunlight, and promises to wear as well as natural rubber.

A day before Goodrich's announcement of Ameripol, Standard Oil reported that it had not only Buna but also Butyl rubber — a new synthetic developed independently in Standard's own laboratories. Butyl is a 100 percent petro-

leum product, made by an even more direct process from refinery gases than Buna. Standard hinted that Butyl would be cheaper than other synthetic rubbers.

There is a group of synthetics which cannot be vulcanized — B. F. Goodrich Co.'s Koroseal, Union Carbide's Vinyon and Dow Chemical Co.'s Thiokol — and which can never be used for tires, but can take over large sectors of rubber's domain in things like hose, wire insulation and innumerable gadgets.

Synthetic rubber is at an economic crossroads. If no emergency develops, it will follow a careful expansion program. If an emergency does arise, the synthetics are ready to make us independent of raw rubber before our reserves are used up.

Raw materials for synthetic rubbers are cheap in the U. S., labor in semi-automatic chemical processes is negligible — small volume has been the stumbling block. But there are signs that that block is soon to be kicked. For Standard Oil is big-volume and small-profit minded, and it has a hunch that synthetic rubber prices can be brought down to those of natural rubber. Against the cost of maintaining a 12,000-mile supply line and long inventories at the mercy of the rubber cartel, the industry is beginning to view a steady, domestic source for rubber as a new imperative. This kind of national self-sufficiency is a remaker of maps more powerful than Hitler.

You Doctors

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

Anonymous

I WANT TO complain to the management about doctors. I know they work hard. Most doctors will do anything in the world for a patient or his family — except treat them as responsible adults.

From the moment that the doctor declares a state of emergency, he sets up martial law. But most families can't hand over responsibility as lightly as that. They called the doctor; if they are to stand by intelligently and not just fussily, they are entitled to have some idea of what he is about.

The doctor, however, gets to feel that this case is a private battle between his wits and a disease. He sets up a propaganda ministry, and tells patient and family only what he thinks good for them to believe. There is no denying that there are times when the truth won't help. But they certainly are not the rule, as doctors seem to assume. In general, most people have the wit to see when they are being put off, and worry at least as much as if they knew the truth.

As the family is discouraged from asking questions, so the patient must not speculate on his disease. An otherwise intelligent doctor

once told me, "The patient no doctor can bear is the one who has already diagnosed his own case."

Have we got to join the union before we can guess at what's going on inside us? After all, we make the original diagnosis, we decide that we feel sick. Why should we be expected to stop thinking at this point?

Nearly everyone when he calls the doctor has in the back of his mind a specific worry. The bad patient tells the doctor he is sure he has cancer; the good patient, just as worried, silently hopes that the doctor will tell him his worry is unjustified. Why shouldn't doctors make a routine practice of asking the patient what he thinks is wrong, and either set his fears at rest or temper the truth if they feel it necessary? Isn't the patient's worry important?

And then there's ethics. Ethics used to mean the doctor's conscience about his patient; now it means his conscience about his fellow doctors. Suppose you have a doctor friend called in as consultant. You will see that, whatever his distrust of the original doctor, your friend is determined to appear in cahoots

with him. The most you can hope for is some veiled suggestion about another course of treatment. Re-proach him afterwards for dodging the issue and, if honest, he will answer, "I'm sorry I couldn't be franker, but the situation was delicate." Of course it was delicate: you asked his help because someone you cared for was in danger.

I don't suggest that the doctor's dilemma is easily solved. I only suggest that it should be a little better thought out. The doctor would find his relations with patient and family smoother if he could bring himself to regard them as his partners.

He should steady their nerves by allowing them to coöperate; he should give them a general picture of the situation, of the development he expects, and of his plan of treatment. He should not resent their wish to be informed.

We still look upon the doctor as a second-string papa; but we expect papas and doctors alike to meet questions with answers, not with evasion. The bedside manner, apparently, has not yet caught up with medical progress. Doctors are fine. We can't get along without them. But there must be some better way of getting along with them.



Gardener's Prayer

Grant me this prayer, oh Lord!
That when my eyelids close
In last long sleep,
I may awake
To find my hand upon a garden gate,
And, passing through,
Feel in my face
The scent of Mignonette.

To wander down a garden path
Bordered with those dear growing things
I loved so well in life —
The simple, homely flowers —
Gay Zinnias, tall Phlox, and Marigold;
And, bending for the perfume from a Rose,
To drop upon my knees
Before unfolding beauty of white Violets.

There could I rest content,
My trowel in my hand.

— Nancy Allen in *House and Garden*

I MARRIED ADVENTURE



A condensation from the book by

OSA JOHNSON

(MRS. MARTIN JOHNSON)

I MARRIED ADVENTURE is a candid biography of Martin Johnson, the famous photographer of wild animals and of aborigines, written by his widow. It tells of how two young people — a brakeman's daughter and an itinerant photographer — equipped chiefly with ambition, audacity and hope, ranged the world and achieved, at last, something more enduring than personal fame and success.

I MARRIED ADVENTURE

ON A BRIGHT April Saturday in 1910 — I was just 16 — I was one of a group of Kansas high school girls who attended the afternoon show at a theater in Chanute. Some man from nearby Independence was giving a talk on his "Trip Through the South Seas with Jack London." But we were there because one of our schoolmates was to sing a song illustrated with colored slides.

After Gail had finished her song, the theater manager introduced "that intrepid young traveler from Independence, Mr. Martin Johnson." A tall, thin young man walked out on the stage, blinked, ran his finger around his collar and began to talk. Presently he mentioned cannibals, and on came a reel of motion pictures showing people of such horribleness I couldn't look at them. I sent a whisper along the line that I had had enough, and we left in a body.

But two years later I was setting out, with this same young explorer, on an expedition to the South Seas to film cannibals.

It had been a whirlwind courtship. I had met Martin Johnson through Gail; he had called formally at my home in Chanute on two

Sunday afternoons; and finally, in an emergency when Gail had been ill, he had asked me to sing in one of the two little motion-picture theaters which he operated in Independence.

I had stayed overnight with his family, and when he took me back to the train the next day he proposed that we get married — immediately. I agreed and we were married that night in Independence. And since I was under age in Kansas, we were married again in Missouri five days later so that my father could not have the marriage annulled.

When we dared return home to face my family, the meeting was difficult. My father, a brakeman on the Santa Fe railroad, was much smaller than Martin, but his fists were clenched and his face was first very white and then very red.

"Young fellow," he thundered, "I never wanted to punch anybody so bad in all my life, do you understand?"

"Well, yes — I don't blame you, Mr. Leighty. The only thing is —"

"The only thing is this, Mr. Martin Johnson: you've got her, now see that you take care of her!"

FOR THE NEXT six months I was a smug and happy bride. But one day when I suggested that we buy a home, Martin said no. He did not want to be anchored. We were going round the world.

Martin had been born with an itching foot. In his early teens he had made his way about Kansas as an itinerant photographer. Before he was 20 he had worked his way to Liverpool on a cattle boat, starting with a capital of \$4.25, and had spent several months in various European countries, earning his living by makeshift jobs. In 1908, as a member of the crew of Jack London's famous *Snark*, he had a further taste of travel. Seeing the aborigines on the one-and-a-half-year voyage in the South Seas had fired him with the idea of making an honest, complete motion picture of these savages. He won me over, and we decided to go at once, though my father asked Martin if *this* was the way he proposed to take care of me — by taking me into heathenish lands among a lot of cannibals.

To raise the money for our expedition, we sold our wedding presents and furniture, and with the films and slides Martin had taken on the *Snark*, we went on a barnstorming lecture tour of the United States and Canada. Often we made barely enough to pay our fare from one engagement to the next. However, when Martin secured a contract with the Orpheum Vaudeville Circuit, where he shared the bill with

Will Rogers and Chic Sale, we managed to save the \$4,000 necessary for a trip to the South Seas.

Our equipment for this first expedition was woefully meager: one hand-cranked motion-picture camera, two still cameras, a 30-30 rifle, two automatic revolvers, and a few thousand feet of motion-picture film. It was all we could afford.

The next few months were disappointing and anxious ones. In whalers, luggers and merchants we sailed from island to island of the Solomon group and found many primitive blacks, some said to be cannibals. It was incredible to me that Martin expected to find more vicious-looking people anywhere; but he said they were all tamed, and insisted on finding savages completely unsubdued by civilization.

He finally decided on Malekula, second largest island of the New Hebrides group, which was "unpatrolled." If man in his savage and original state existed anywhere, he existed here. We obtained passage on a small ship out of Sydney. Once our purpose was known, a storm of warning broke around us.

"Now you listen to me, young fellow," the captain said to Martin. "I don't want to scare the little lady, but the natives of Malekula are treacherous, and it's a known fact they are still cannibals!"

Martin smiled. He was happier than he'd been in months.

A villainous-looking recruiter of blacks broke in: "I wouldn't go

onto that island for a thousand pounds without a gunboat at my back. There's around 40,000 savages there. And the Big Numbers, the most powerful tribe, have a chief, Nagapate, that's a holy terror."

The captain flatly refused to put in ashore at Malekula, and the recruiter suggested that Vao, a smaller island about a mile away, would be the very ticket for us. "There's a French mission there," he said, "and a British patrol boat circles the island every so often; but there are about 400 savages on Vao, and I hear they still eat long pig."

We disembarked at Vao, knowing that we could easily get to Malekula from there. Father Prin, of the mission, gave us a hearty, if puzzled, welcome. The good soul, who had worked alone among the savages of this small island for nearly 30 years, gravely told us of the cruelties practiced even on Vao. As for Malekula — he eyed Martin reproachfully. And worse, I could see that Martin himself was beginning to fear for me. Always me!

With evening the *boo-boos* (native drums) began to sound in the bush. Father Prin pointed from the window of his hut, and at the edge of the clearing we saw peering at us men whose black faces were so seamed and hideous that it was hard to believe them men at all.

"What's that thing through their noses?" I asked in a squeaky whisper.

"Bone," Father Prin replied. "Human bone."

Martin drew me away from the window. "Darling," he said, "I'm afraid I can't risk taking you to Malekula. You'll be safe here with Father Prin."

Suddenly I was in a rage, every bit of fear burned out of me. "If you go I'm going with you, Martin Johnson! That's what I came for."

THE GOOD PRIEST put at our disposal a 28-foot whaleboat and a crew of five trustworthy Vao boys. The following morning, stowing our cameras and trade goods into the boat, we hoisted its miniature sails and pushed off for Malekula.

We beached in Tanemarou Bay, on a deserted strip of dazzling yellow sand which paralleled the thick bush, and our boys began to take the trade stuff out of the boat. Our precious motion-picture camera Martin handled himself.

Suddenly a lone savage appeared out of the jungle. Coal black, incredibly filthy, with greasy hair and heavy beard, he wore a bone through his nose and was naked except for a breach clout of pandanus fiber. He spoke in a guttural *bêche-de-mer* that astonished me with its scattering of English words. "My word! Master! Belly belong me walk about too much!" He pressed his hands dramatically to his stomach.

I looked at Martin incredulously. We had come to Malekula forewarned of savage, death-dealing natives, to be met by a whining black with a stomach-ache! We

rocked with laughter. Then I opened our kit and took out some cascara tablets. Martin pantomimed to the savage that he was to take part of them at sundown and the rest when the sun came up. The black listened intently, then downed all the tablets at one gulp.

Meanwhile several more aborigines had come out of the bush — all equally horrible in appearance but apparently as harmless. Martin set up his camera — which they dismissed after a casual inspection — and began to expose his film. I could see he was measuring it carefully.

The savages jabbered away. Martin, who understood a little *bêche-de-mer*, explained: "They're saying that their chief is back there in the bush. If we could get him in the camera, it would be worth the whole trip!"

"I'll take some trade stuff and go ahead," I said as casually as I could. I gathered up some tobacco and calico and started toward the trail.

"Wait, Osa! I can't risk it. Not with you. I'll come back tomorrow alone." I kept right on going. "All right then, wait," he shouted after me.

Together, followed by three of our boys, we plunged into the jungle and stumbled along the dark trail, treacherous with mud and wet creepers. For a time the heavy, steaming breath of the swamps pressed down on us; then we started to climb, and

the sharp slope was covered with brush and tough cane. We must have climbed 1000 feet; my breath was like a knife in my chest. Abruptly we came on a clearing and far below I saw the yellow strip of beach and our boat, a mere dot at the water's edge.

There was a shuffling sound and we turned. A score of natives carrying guns had moved in behind us. I saw Martin's face tighten. "Don't let them see you're afraid, Osa," he said quietly. "Leave the trade stuff and ease down the trail while I attract their attention with the camera."

I turned to obey, but the trail was now cut off by perhaps 100 armed savages. From somewhere in the bush came the low pulsing beat of the *boo-boos*. Our three carriers were transfixed with terror.

Then on the edge of the bush appeared a figure so frightful as to be magnificent. Like the others, he wore only a pandanus clout and a bone thrust through his nose; but there was a difference in his bearing — the difference of a man of conscious power. There was power in his height, in his great shoulders, in the line of his jaw, and his eyes showed intelligence, strong will and cunning. Here, I knew, was Nagapate.

Staring, he moved slowly toward us. To my astonishment, I heard the purr of the camera crank. Martin was photographing the chief's entrance.

"Remember, darling," his voice

was low and quiet, "show no fear — smile — open the trade stuff."

I shaped what I hoped would pass for a friendly smile. Nagapate was coming straight toward me. "Hello, Mr. Nagapate," I said, and held some tobacco out to him. He barely glanced at it.

"Try the calico," Martin said. "If we win the chief over everything will be all right."

I saw four rings on Nagapate's hands; one a signet ring with a distinct crest. A shudder crept up my spine. Did he remove the rings from his victims' fingers before or after he cooked them?

"This is a very nice piece of calico," I said loudly, holding out the bright red cloth. Nagapate reached out, but instead of the calico he took my arm; his hand felt like dry leather.

Martin's quiet voice cut through my terror: "Don't be afraid, Osa. He's just curious."

Apparently the whiteness of my skin puzzled the big black, and with guttural grunts he tried rubbing it off with his finger. This failing, he picked up a bit of rough cane, scraped my skin with it, and seemed astonished when it turned pink. He took off my hat and, puzzled by my yellow hair, parted it and peered at my scalp; then he pulled hard. He turned me around, tilted my head forward and looked at the back of my neck.

My husband, who had been turning the camera crank automatically,

now stepped between Nagapate and me, and forcing a grin, clasped the chief's hand heartily. Apparently the gesture was new to the black czar. He scowled.

Returning look for look with the kingly savage, Martin spoke casually to me: "Get on down that trail with the carriers, Osa; I'll follow."

Nagapate was not to be diverted, however. As I turned away, he caught my hand and shook it just as Martin had shaken his. My relief was so great at what seemed a friendly leave-taking that I laughed and heartily returned the shake. But when I tried to withdraw my hand, he closed hard upon it, and began experimentally to pinch and prod my body. I choked back a scream and looked wildly toward Martin. His face was bloodless, fixed in a wooden smile.

Then, unexpectedly, I was released. Nagapate grunted an order and the savages retreated into the bush. Apparently we had won. Martin ordered the carriers to shoulder our apparatus and we dashed for the trail — only to be seized again from behind, perhaps in a sort of cat-and-mouse game.

Martin shouted at me to remember my pistol, but I turned sick and faint, and knew only vaguely, as in a nightmare, that I was being dragged backward toward the bush. I screamed again and again. Then suddenly I was released, the *boos* ceased, and the natives stood staring toward the bay. I followed

Nagapate's gaze and saw what had silenced them. A British patrol boat was steaming into the bay.

Martin tore from his captors and faced Nagapate.

"Man-o-war! Man-o-war!" he shouted threateningly, his gestures indicating that the patrol boat had come in our behalf. Nagapate scowled, half skeptical, then withdrew with his men into the bush.

We walked until we were out of sight of Nagapate, then raced down the steep path. We knew that, should the gunboat leave the bay before we reached our boat, recapture was certain. Cane grass chopped at our faces. Repeatedly we fell and scrambled up again to run on.

Presently we came to a clearing — and saw the patrol boat slowly steaming away! Then once more came the sound of the *boo-boos*, undoubtedly the signal for our recapture. Dense jungle still lay between us and the beach. We plunged on recklessly over the slimy, treacherous trail, our endurance strengthened by terror, until at last the jungle thinned and we were at the beach.

Our carriers dragged us into the whaleboat just as Nagapate's men emerged from the bush. I collapsed in the bottom of the boat, and when I again had the strength to lift my head we were safely out at sea.

Reaching Vao we were gratified to find that we — including the carriers — had clung doggedly to

every piece of apparatus and even most of the trade goods, and that the camera and film were unharmed.

THAT TERRIBLE DAY brought its rewards; the pictures which Martin had secured were exactly what we needed for a climax in our film of native life. Months later, Nagapate's scowling face on the screen sent shudders through the civilized world. So successful was our lecture tour with these pictures that Martin resolved to return to Malekula to make a more complete record of the Big Numbers.

But this time we landed at Vao with proper equipment in 65 trunks and boxes, and we hired three schooners with armed crews to accompany us to Tanemarou Bay. "We've got a couple of surprises up our sleeve for the old boy this time, haven't we?" Martin said.

Some 20 of the Big Numbers people came down to the beach when we landed. At their head was Nagapate. Oddly enough, he was now a screen personality to me rather than a savage, and somehow I had lost my terror of him. Martin and I dashed forward to shake his hand. The cannibal chief seemed puzzled, but seeing that we held no grudge against him he became almost genial. He patted his chest and pointed toward our schooners. I made out that he wanted to go aboard, and at my invitation he and two of his men stepped into our rowboat. It was an astonishing

thing for him to do, for he put himself completely in our power.

Aboard ship I fed them hardtack and trade salmon. They accepted it casually. Indeed they were studiously casual about everything, and Nagapate, on leaving, received our gifts of tobacco, calico, knives and a top hat with scarcely a glance.

The next evening, after attracting a huge crowd of the Big Numbers to the beach by spreading out our trade stuff, we showed them the motion pictures we had taken of them on our previous trip. When the bright beam of light from the projecting machine first shot through the darkness, the natives grunted and drew back. I took Nagapate by the arm imperiously, and sat on the ground facing the screen, indicating that he was to do likewise. The rest of the savages followed suit, chattering like mad.

When Nagapate's face flashed on the screen a great roar went up. Over and over they yelled: "Nagapate—Nagapate—Nagapate." Martin signaled for the radium flares, and I caught a glimpse of his elated grin as he cranked the camera and recorded the mingled fear and amazement of the blacks.

Practically every savage shown in the picture was in the audience. As each one appeared on the screen the audience shrieked his name and roared with laughter. Suddenly the roar became a hushed murmur as a man who had been dead for a year was shown. The natives were

awe-struck. Martin's "magic" had brought a dead man from his grave.

After this we felt a definite change in the attitude of the Big Numbers people toward us. No longer was there a feeling of treachery. Instead they gathered around quietly and respectfully. It was apparent, however, that they were waiting for something else to happen. Inquiry revealed they wanted tobacco as pay for looking at the picture.

Nagapate invited us to visit his village, and with a party of three white men and 26 trustworthy natives, all armed, we spent a week in his "kingdom," during which Martin filmed much of their village life. After that, we spent several months cruising along the coast of Malekula, exploring it and the smaller islands nearby. We stumbled on many savage customs, including a sacred headhouse in which baskets of dried human heads were piled up like black grapefruit, while pendants of skulls hung from the rafters. We saw a screaming, pain-crazed girl whose leg had just been crippled by placing a white hot stone in the hollow of her knee and then binding her leg back with the heel against the thigh. Her husband had paid a top price of 20 pigs for her, and she had repeatedly run away! We came on a celebration around a fire over which parts of a human being were being roasted.

Eight months among dirt-incrusted, man-eating savages brought on a homesickness almost beyond bear-

ing. I became hungry for familiar things, for my own people — and for plain hot water and soap. So did Martin.

Nevertheless, after we had been back in the States a few months, and the success of our second Malekula picture, *Cannibals in the South Seas*, was assured, we set out for Borneo to film the head-hunting savages there. We shot nearly 50,000 feet of film on this trip, and Martin decided to present it as an authentic study of Borneo—natives, animals and all.

When this film was shown in America, we were made members of the Explorers' Club; and the late Carl Akeley, the great naturalist, sculptor, and director of the Museum of Natural History, made the suggestion which shaped our work for years to come.

"You have a very important mission, Martin," Mr. Akeley said. "Even more important than mine."

Martin and I stared uncomprehendingly.

Carl Akeley went on, "I've made it my mission to perpetuate vanishing wild animal life in bronze and by securing specimens for the Museum. You are doing the same thing in film which is available to millions all over the world."

In many long talks with Mr. Akeley, a project for making film studies of wild animals in their natural environment took shape. He suggested British East Africa as the best place.

SO, AFTER several busy months of gathering equipment we sailed for Mombasa, the sweltering seaport of British East Africa. Thence we shipped our 85 trunks, boxes and crates by rail to Nairobi, where we planned to make our headquarters. At Nairobi we met Blaney Percival, who had been game warden for 20 years in British East Africa, and knew all the animal species, their habits and haunts. He was generous with both his knowledge and time. He told us of an unmapped crater lake where, since it was so remote, animals were sure to abound.

Martin was beside himself with excitement. "Manalive," he shouted, "let's go! Why waste time on anything else?"

Blaney smiled. "If you're wise, old chap," he said, "you'll take experimental trips before you attempt this one. It will need careful preparation. The lake is in an uncharted region up near the Abyssinian border, perhaps 500 miles, and the going will be hazardous. It will be no trip for a woman," he added.

"Oh!" It seemed I must explode. "No trip for a woman! *That* again!"

But we accepted the rest of his advice and made several experimental *safaris* before starting on the long trip north across the Kaisoot Desert and into the unknown lands along the Abyssinian border. Our supplies went 200 miles by ox wagons to Meru, and were then transferred to the backs of a hundred porters. Seventy of these we hired in the

hills near Meru, all strapping warriors, in gorgeous ostrich feather tribal headdresses and red-and-blue war paint. I was staggered and a little nervous when I saw the Johnson personnel gathered around our campfires for the first time.

Our *safari* spent a night and a day crossing a river of dried lava. The volcanic slag, sharp and jagged as broken glass, cut our stout boots to ribbons and lacerated the bare feet of our carriers. The sun was blisteringly hot and the air had a searing intensity. My skin burned, my eyeballs ached, and there was a drumlike pounding in my head. The wretched blacks, who, ignoring Martin's orders, had neglected to fill their canteens, were soon throwing down their loads. Martin gave the most difficult order he ever issued — to use a whip on them if necessary. Before the ordeal was over, many were half-crazed by thirst and the agony of tortured feet. But they all came through alive.

After this crossing, we rested for a week at a water hole while some of the men recuperated and others went back for abandoned loads. Then we pushed on into the rhinoceros country, and began to see so many of the ugly and unpredictable beasts that I grew tired of photographing them. But one day we saw a beautiful specimen, perfectly posed, with background and lighting exactly right. Martin set up his camera and turned it over to me; at a signal I was to start grinding.

"Keep on grinding, no matter what," he whispered. He moved recklessly close to the unsuspecting beast. Just then another rhino moved from behind a concealing rock, and both charged.

Martin was long-legged and sure-footed, but it seemed impossible that he could escape. They were close behind him when he raced in front of the camera. Then he turned sharply, and the snorting beasts kept right on, leaving him safe. I was shaking so that my knees knocked together.

"Well, Osa," Martin said excitedly, "I'll bet that's the finest picture of charging rhinos that's ever been taken!"

It seemed to me then that I had forfeited all his confidence — for I had neglected to grind the camera!

"Next time," said he, "get the picture and don't worry about me."

At the edge of the Kaisoot Desert we found Boculy. A wizened old Negro with sore eyes and a jaw that was curiously lopsided, he appeared out of nowhere and signified his wish to join our *safari*. There was a curious dignity about him, a sureness that we needed him more than he needed us. We engaged him on the spot. Boculy was known among the other natives as the "Little Brother of the Elephants," and he certainly had wisdom concerning elephants that went beyond mere knowledge.

This strange little man virtually became Martin's shadow. When

Martin questioned him about the uncharted lake on the other side of the desert, Boculy seemed not to understand. But he knew this country perfectly and led us across the hot Kaisoot Desert with a minimum of hardship. For days we marched behind our ancient guide over incredibly rough country. For another day we climbed steadily, and then without warning we were on a high cliff overlooking one of the loveliest lakes I have ever seen.

A quarter of a mile wide and three quarters of a mile long, it lay in the center of an extinct volcano. A beach of hard lava ran back 100 feet to the edge of forest-clad slopes 200 feet high. A tangle of water vines and great blue African lilies grew at the water's edge. Wild ducks, cranes and egrets circled and dipped. Animals, more than we could count, stood quietly knee-deep in the water and drank.

"It's Paradise, Martin!" I said. He nodded. That was how Lake Paradise was given its name.

We pitched camp on a cliff overlooking the lake, and in every direction the trumpeting of elephants blasted the silence and shook us as we sat under our flimsy canvas roofs. We could even hear the creaking and snapping of trees as the elephants broke them to reach the tender buds at the top.

At breakfast next morning my husband was already envisioning a complete film record of elephant

family life. "Why, this place is their home," he said excitedly, "and they've let us move right in!"

We stayed three months at Lake Paradise. Hard-packed elephant trails, apparently centuries old, crisscrossed the virgin forest with the orderliness of city streets. Exploring them we found that they led straight to the lake, to feeding grounds, to desert, to plain, to water holes, and that animal traffic increased or lessened according to season. Cool, rainy weather saw the four-footed travelers heading for desert and plain; hot, dry weather found them returning to forest and lake.

When we assembled our *safari* for the return trip to Nairobi, our film and our money were almost gone, and we were weary. But Martin had conceived a plan that both delighted and staggered me: it was to come back and spend at least four years at Lake Paradise, with enough money and equipment, including the latest and best in cameras, to photograph the family life of all the wild creatures assembled there.

WHEN we got back to the States, we went to Rochester, N.Y., to see George Eastman of the Kodak Company, hoping to get his backing. After a five-minute audience, in which we presented our idea about as badly as possible, we found ourselves being politely escorted to the door. For a long

time after we boarded the train for New York, Martin and I rode along dejectedly, speaking only in monosyllables. When the conductor announced Albany, however, I bounced to my feet.

"Come on," I said. I was off the train before Martin could catch up with me.

"What do we want to get off here for?" he demanded crossly. "We don't know anybody in Albany."

"We're going back to Rochester to see Mr. Eastman," I said. "At least he isn't going to pass this thing up until he knows what he's passing up."

"He'll think we're crazy," Martin said. "I bet he won't even let us in!"

But Mr. Eastman did, and as we once again entered his office Martin's nervousness left him and he was perfectly composed—the way I've seen him when a lion or rhino was charging the camera.

"I'm not very good at talking about things that mean a lot to me," my husband said. "I guess I didn't make it clear that what I wanted to do was to interest you in the idea of a motion picture of the animals at Lake Paradise, and not in a mere money proposition."

Mr. Eastman nodded slightly.

"Naturally," I said, putting in my bit, "we know you have plenty of ways of just making money without suggestions from us."

Mr. Eastman seemed to be trying not to smile. "Am I to understand," he said, "that you're not promising me a super-colossal return on my investment?"

Martin shook his head. "I promise only to return your money with nominal interest. The expenses of a four-year *safari* to this lake will be large. Only someone who sees the idea and not the returns would consider backing me."

"I must say I like your frankness, Mr. Johnson." Mr. Eastman rose and walked to the window. "I like people who have dreams and the gumption to carry them through," he said suddenly. "I'll invest \$10,000 in your idea, and you may use my name freely in securing more."

It was raining when we boarded the train for New York but I decided that it was a very nice rain; also that this was a remarkable world.

THROUGH George Eastman's generous support we acquired other substantial backers, and in April 1924, when once more we beheld the breath-taking beauty of Lake Paradise, our *safari* included everything we could possibly need. We had six cars, four motor lorries, five wagons, 235 blacks—indeed, the very weight and bulk of our supplies almost defeated us. On the 500-mile journey from Nairobi our cars, lorries and wagons bogged repeatedly. Grunting and sweat-

ing, we were obliged to fight every foot of the way.

Two hours after our arrival, the "big rains," which we dreaded, began. Never had I dreamed that rain could take on such proportions. Our tents couldn't keep out the deluge; and our boys, having no shelters whatever, were miserable. In spite of the rain we rushed work on our permanent buildings, including a laboratory and dark room for Martin. We built these of logs, stuccoed outside with an adobe-like mixture of dung and clay, and topped attractively with a thatch of dried grass.

In time we added guest houses, and huts for the native boys. Our buildings, gardens, cars and ox-wagons, chickens, donkeys, hump-backed cows and camels were enclosed in a stockade of palings and thornbush 13 feet high. It was an impressive village.

I planted a garden and raised fine crops of beans, peas, sweet corn, potatoes, watermelons. But I relished even more the wild delicacies I found in the forest: wild asparagus and spinach, sweet black cranberries, a native coffee, mushrooms, fruits, and a wonderful brown honey. Darkest Africa!

During our long stay at Paradise the seasons alone marked time for us and governed our work. During the rains, when water was available on desert and plain, we could be found there in our blinds, photographing gazelle, antelope, giraffe,

zebra and wart hog. In drier weather we haunted the numerous water holes and forests, steadily building a film record of the buffalo, rhino and elephant.

Our little lop-jawed headman, Boculy, knew more about elephants than any other black in Africa. His methods were not convincing at first, for much of the time he shuffled along, muttering, apparently half-asleep. But we came to have almost fatuous confidence in him. I have seen him "scent" game with the sureness of a bloodhound. He knew by the angle of a single blade of bruised grass just how long since the heavy foot of an elephant had trod it down. It seems that a blade trodden flat requires something like three hours to pull itself erect again, and the different angles in between have almost precise time significance.

A bent branch told this uncanny old man of the passage of a herd to within five minutes, as well as the direction it had taken. If he failed to find traces of elephants, he would shrug philosophically and say one of three things: "Shauri ako" . . . Business caused by white man. "Shauri 'mungu" . . . Business caused by God. "Shauri 'mvua" . . . Business caused by rain.

And whenever Boculy made up his mind, for any of these reasons, that it would be wise to quit for the day — we quit for the day.

Our many encounters with elephants during our years at Lake Paradise made us understand Bockuly's reverence for them. Dignified, conservative, intelligent, these fine animals attend to their own business and let other creatures severely alone. They fight little among themselves, have an instinct for tribal loyalty, and are conscientious parents.

Martin and I loved baby animals of every kind, but baby elephants were simply irresistible. There was one little fellow who was being led down to a water hole, perhaps for the first time. It was a very hot day and the baby lagged behind and whined and complained bitterly. His mother lost patience finally, seized him by the ear, held him down firmly with her huge foot and squirted water over him. The baby got to his feet still squawking, his pink mouth wide open, only to find that he felt refreshed and almost happy. He took hold of his mother's tail with his trunk, quite as one of our own babies would take his mother's hand, and stood complacently while she had her drink.

One day in the forest we came upon four mothers holding a class in the art of trumpeting for their youngsters. Each mother in turn lifted her trunk and let forth a mighty blast; then the young one tried to imitate her, only to emit a thin, tin-whistle squeak. The disappointment of the mothers and

the abashment of the babies made us laugh out loud, finally, and school was dismissed in alarm.

In all our years of association with elephants, we have taken the life of only one. On that occasion we had focused our cameras on a small herd grouped closely in the open, with the babies playing tag around the older ones.

I usually "stirred up" the game to get action, but this time there was little cover to run to in case of a charge, and Martin insisted that he take over my job and I take his behind the camera. He moved slowly toward the herd. Suddenly the largest bull saw Martin. Startled, he spread his ears, raised his trunk and charged.

Martin ran. We had often stopped such a charge simply by yelling and waving our arms, but this animal refused to be swerved. Martin dodged, doubled, swung about. The beast took every turn with him and was gaining fast. The rest of the herd tore after their leader. True to our pact I kept on grinding, but I kept screaming too. One part of my brain told me that this would be a magnificent picture, the other that unless I brought the lead elephant down, Martin would be trampled. I snatched my gun from my gunbearer and fired. I have no recollection whatever of taking aim. The big animal faltered and pitched to the ground and the others, startled, swerved and lumbered off.

AT LAST we closed our beloved Lake Paradise home and returned to the States to edit our pictures. But no sooner had we completed the job than we hastened back to Africa. This time for lions.

Lions! For a year we lived with them in what Carl Akeley called the "lions' den," an area some 500 miles square in Tanganyika Territory. We worked with lions; we ate and slept with their roars all around us. At times, and with good reason, we feared the great tawny cats, but in the end we grew to love them.

For the most part, the lion is a thoroughly agreeable personage. He loaf and sleeps a great deal, has just as playful moods as a housecat. He minds his own business, is fond of his family and takes seriously his duties as family protector and provider. As a youngster he usually roams about with other young males, having a hilarious time, until he finally settles down to raise a family. When he gets too old to keep up with his family and friends, he is ejected from the group and left to hunt alone, and it is then that he often becomes a "rogue."

The lion kills to eat. Otherwise he seldom disturbs a living thing except in self-defense or when startled. When attacked or wounded, he never retreats, but fights as long as there is a spark of life in his magnificent body. Weighing between 400 and 500 pounds, this massive cat can, on short spurts, overtake almost any other animal on the plains. A

single blow of his huge clawed foot, or crunch of his jaw, is almost certain death.

One day we spent an entire afternoon in the midst of 14 lions. Counting on the strange indifference of all lions to cars — even to open cars with the passengers in plain sight — we photographed them as they playfully boxed and mauled one another for hours. When tired, they slept, usually on their backs with their feet in the air, snoring mightily. A better-mannered, more amiable group could not be imagined.

When finally I stepped on the starter and began to back away, one husky young male decided to challenge our departure. He bristled with excitement and started to follow us. The only safe thing to do was to stop, for a lion, like others of the cat family, finds a retreating object almost irresistible. Martin trained his gun on the animal's head.

Looking up in mild surprise that we should have stopped, and disappointed at our spoiling his game of pursuit, the lion sniffed a tire, then bit it gently. He wrinkled his nose at the taste, then began mouth-ing and growling over it like a puppy with a rubber ball. The other lions moved up, and stood lazily watching.

My husband looked anxious. "A puncture wouldn't be healthy right now," he said cautiously. "The explosion might make him mad, too."

I raced the motor to distract the lion. The engine gave off a cloud of noxious fumes, and taking advantage of the lion's astonished sniffs, I streaked off across the plain.

To obtain a really complete pictorial history of the lion we determined to photograph his nocturnal as well as his daylight habits. We set four flash lamps on poles six feet high, then fastened automatic cameras to platforms in front of each lamp. These were controlled by a long "firing" wire.

A much less pleasant task then confronted us: the shooting of a zebra for bait. The guilty feeling we had in killing these happy, rowdy little fellows always caused us to pick out an old or a lame one. Then we would fetch the victim to a spot 15 feet from the cameras and, seated in our car at a discreet distance, would wait with gun and "firing" wire ready.

Hycnas were invariably the first to find our zebra. Sometimes a well-aimed rock would disperse them, but when they came in packs we were forced to shoot.

As we waited thus one black, cold, overcast night, we heard a tearing, crunching sound, a gulping and then a sort of purring growl. Martin turned on his electric torch and there, right in front of us, was surely the king of all Tanganyika lions. Lifting his great head slowly the big animal looked disdainfully straight into our light. A piece of dripping zebra flesh dangled from

his mouth, but not even this could detract from his majesty.

My husband prepared to put our lights and cameras into operation. The lion dropped his meat, roared, then went back to his feast. Others joined him, a fine-looking lot and a perfect picture.

"Oh, that's great!" Martin whispered. He pressed the button. Nothing happened. Again he pressed. There was no sign of a flash. Frantically he pulled the wires from the button and touched them together, still without result.

"Well," he said. "I guess there's nothing else to do. I've got to get out there and fix it."

He was out of the car before I could stop him. I caught him by the collar. "You're crazy," I said, half crying.

"Give me the sawed-off gun," was all he said.

So I drove the lions off the kill by throwing the searchlight of our car in their faces, tooting the auto horn and yelling. The lions retreated about 20 yards and in a few minutes, which seemed like an eternity, my husband fixed the loose connection and returned to the car.

I was practically in collapse, and though Martin went straight to work I saw that he too was shaking a little.

The lion king, having eaten his fill, decided to investigate the cameras. He gave one of them an experimental bite.

"You let that camera alone!"

Martin yelled, completely beside himself.

The majestic cat glanced our way indifferently, then began chewing at the platform on which the camera was fastened. The whole thing went over.

Martin got out of the car again and began throwing rocks. One of the younger lions now joined in, and tugged at the wires until he had torn several loose.

We sat there throwing rocks, yelling and shooting into the air, but not until those two lions had pulled down every wire, battery, camera and pole were they satisfied. Then they strolled off, their tails waving proudly. Our night of flashlight photography was definitely at an end.

Perhaps it was such experiences that made us think of the huge felines in terms of fireside tabbies and made us a bit reckless. We were on foot one hot day, our camera and gunbearers with us, when we came upon a sleeping lion, not 20 yards from us. The big creature was on his feet almost instantly. He drew his ears back, switched his tail and snarled.

"I don't like his looks, Martin," I said, and signaled for my gun.

"Oh, he's just a little cranky," my husband replied, grinding the camera.

Then with a low growl the lion started slowly toward us, his tail lashing from side to side, his hard shoulder muscles rippling under

his shining yellow coat. Crouching tensely, he stared at us in what seemed to be an all-consuming hatred. Then he charged.

Martin's hand continued mechanically to crank the camera.

The animal leaped toward us — mane flying, fangs bared. In a timeless sort of daze, without really being aware of what I was doing, I shot. The lion seemed to hesitate in midair and fell just 13 feet from the camera's tripod.

In our almost innumerable encounters with lions of the Tanganyika region, we saw the leonine prototypes of the entire human race: the clown, the outcast, the arrogant, the tragic, the noble, the dictator, yes, and even the flirt. And we made photographic records of them all, roaming free in their natural habitat.

Sometimes our adventures were exciting; at others they were plain drudgery, and at times we went through almost unbearable hardships. It was the sum total that mattered to us, however, and there was immense satisfaction in being able to present this noble animal to millions who had thought of him as a treacherous, bloodthirsty beast.

MARTIN AND I made several other expeditions after completing the record on lions. We went into the Belgian Congo in 1929, the land of pygmies and gorillas, spent several months there and made successful pictures of both the pygmies

and gorillas as well as bringing back two live gorillas.

In 1932 we both learned to fly and in two beautiful Sikorsky amphibian planes we flew 60,000 miles over the African jungles, fortunately without mishap. We never did get over our astonishment at the freedom which our planes gave us. Mountains, jungle, plain, were a vast panorama beneath us; great elephant migrations, flocks of white herons and countless giraffe and plains game were spotted one moment from the air and the next moment were recorded by our cameras. We were able to land in ordinarily inaccessible places, where white men had never been, and to reach the natives of strange, remote tribes.

Using only one of our planes we made another expedition to Borneo, spending 14 months in that land of rivers and jungles and head-hunters.* When critics everywhere hailed the picture made on this trip as quite the best of Martin's career, he was deeply happy. The explorer in him had long ago been satisfied; the artist, until now, had not.

"You know," he told me, a little awed by the \$87,000 American lecture tour which lay ahead of us, "I think you and I are just about the two luckiest people in the whole world."

* Readers of "Land Below the Wind" in the April 1940 Reader's Digest will recall the story of Saudin, the Borneo native who came with the Johnsons to New York.

In Salt Lake City we lectured with the Borneo picture at the Mormon Tabernacle to 9000 children. They made a vastly appreciative audience, and when the house lights went on they rose and applauded. My husband took my hand and drew me to the center of the stage, and we bowed together. He looked very, very happy.

"It's all nonsense," he said as we taxied to our hotel, "this thing about not being able to eat your cake and have it too. We've been doing it all along. We've had the fun of going to places like Africa and Borneo, and then of coming back and showing our pictures, and sort of living the fun all over again."

"Yes," I said, "but you never tell anybody how hard you worked in the jungle. How you stood, bathed in sweat, for hours over developing tanks, and over cameras and corroded sound machines. Or how you have seen the work of months — 20,000 feet of film — ruined by mildew!"

My husband thought about this, then he grinned. "Oh, well, it's been fun, too. Even the hard part has been fun."

NEXT MORNING at the airport, where we went to catch the plane for Burbank, California, we talked of buying a home, something which Martin anxiously feared I had missed. He squinted reflectively. "I wonder just how one goes about this business of adopting kids?"

"Oh," I said, talking excitedly and fast. "I didn't know you'd thought about that; but I've found out just what to do. And about the house: we could have a little place in the country, couldn't we, with room enough for our pets?"

"Sure, and the children could play with them."

We were boarding the big passenger plane. "That's a fine idea," he said, smiling. The motors started and the plane rolled down the runway. Martin looked toward me, still smiling.

I shall always remember that smile.

Newspaper headline dated Los Angeles, Jan. 13, 1937:

CRASH FATAL TO MARTIN JOHNSON

Game Hunter's Wife Most
Badly Hurt of 11
Plane Survivors



Sane Answer

DURING his vacation a noted Episcopal bishop conducted the Sunday service at a state farm for the insane. The congregation was orderly but quite unimpressed by the bishop's high ranking in the church.

"The fact is," the superintendent smiled, "we have a patient here who calls himself God. Perhaps you would care to meet him?"

"Indeed, very much."

The inmate proved to be an impressive individual with a long white beard, tall, thin, very formal in his bearing.

"I am honored to meet you," said the bishop, modestly introducing himself. "I understand I am addressing God?"

"You are," said the patient with dignity.

"Well, there is one thing I would very much like to ask you, something in my study of the Bible I find rather difficult to understand. You say you made the world in six days. Now is that an omniscient figure of speech? Or would you mean six centuries, or ages or eons? I should be most grateful to know."

"Bishop," was the solemn reply, "I make it a practice never to talk shop."

— Llewellyn Hughes

BAGHDAD-on-the-PACIFIC

Margaret Case Harriman
in The New Yorker

ONE THING Helen Hayes is sure of is that she will make no more motion pictures; her experiences in Hollywood considerably baffled her. In 1931, the urgent pleas of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer took her there to make *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*. Miss Hayes, finding herself awash in a sea of incredibly beautiful women who were always behaving picturesquely, was overcome by a feeling of drabness, and was depressed to learn that the studio felt the same about her. Press agents and make-up men assailed her with publicity build-ups and false eyelashes, and when she declined both they shrugged sadly. In the projection room, when she went to see the completed scenes, Miss Hayes sat dejectedly in a corner, while executives smoked gloomily and left afterward without speaking to her.

The night the picture opened in Hollywood, Miss Hayes avoided the theater and fled to some friends at Santa Barbara. Long after midnight, as they sat on the terrace, someone telephoned that the audience was still applauding and calling for Helen Hayes; a few minutes later telegrams began to arrive from excited executives. "You are the greatest actress in the world" was about the most moderate of these messages.

Miss Hayes, astonished, decided on what seemed to her a gesture appropriate to Hollywood. "Ah me, Hollywood!" she sighed, and jumped into the swimming pool with her clothes on.

Contributed by
M. Lincoln Schuster

WHETHER THIS is an old Hollywood story, or merely Metro-active — it strikes me as the Hollywood story to end all Hollywood stories. It happened before Samuel Goldwyn "included himself out" of the famous story conference, before he "read part of a book all the way through" . . . even before he gave the celebrated author a "definite maybe." Moreover, I happen to know it is true, even though it is only "slightly colossal."

The late David Freedman, who won fame and fortune preparing the radio scripts for Eddie Cantor, received a telegram from a Hollywood producer, offering him a contract at a fabulous salary running into six figures (he would not have exaggerated if he had said *five* figures). The telegram outlined in detail the plot of the million-dollar production on which he was to work. It was a typical Hollywoodesque telegram of 17 pages. The last sentence said: "Please disregard the above."

PART TWO



A ROVING COMMISSION


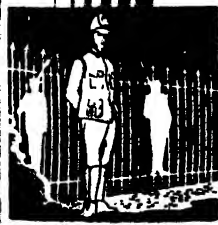


A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY
WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

WHEN Winston S. Churchill became Prime Minister of Great Britain in May, supreme responsibility for the conduct of the war was thus conferred upon the Empire's most dynamic and versatile statesman.

A Roving Commission is Winston Churchill's own story of his childhood, youth, and young manhood. It throws a brilliant light on the personality of the man whom Hitler hates above all others, and to whom Great Britain turned in her darkest hour.

Copyright 1939; published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N.Y.C.; and as "My Early Life," by Thornton Butterworth, London, Keystone Edition, at 5/-.



Trouble Brewing in Africa

DURING the '90's, the tide of events in South Africa had been moving steadily towards a crisis. The Boers and the British had long had differences over the control of this area. The British, possessing the Cape Colony and Natal, controlled the southern and eastern coasts of this great continental extremity. The Boers had established their republic further inland, in the Transvaal area. The development of deep-level gold-mining had in a few years given the Transvaal city of Johannesburg a world-wide economic importance.

The republic of Boer farmers, hitherto content to lead a pastoral life in the lonely inland regions into which their grandfathers had emigrated, now found themselves responsible for a thriving modern city with a rapidly growing polyglot population. A strong government grew up, nourished by taxing the golden spoil drawn to the surface in ever-growing volume, and backed by the fighting strength of some 60,000 fierce, narrow, prejudiced, devout Boer farmers. These constituted the finest mass of rifle-armed horsemen ever seen, and the most capable mounted warriors since the Mongols. Their government at

Pretoria, 40 miles north of Johannesburg, was headed by President Kruger.

The newcomers to Johannesburg — the Outlanders, as they were called — in whom British elements predominated, were dissatisfied with the bad and often corrupt administration of the Boer Government; and still more so with its increasing taxes. They proclaimed the old watchword: "No taxation without representation," and demanded votes. But since their numbers would have swamped the Boer regime and placed the Transvaal sovereignty in British hands, their demands were ignored. The British Government, however, championed the cause of the Outlanders.

In the summer and autumn of 1899, the tension became acute. The Transvaal had been arming heavily. A well-armed police held the Outlanders in strict subjection; cannon, ammunition, rifles streamed in from Holland and Germany in quantities sufficient not only to equip the two Boer republics, but to arm a still larger number of the Dutch race throughout the British-governed Cape Colony to the south. Threatened by rebellion as well as war, the British Government slowly increased its garrisons in Natal, which lay southeast of

the Boer capital, and at the Cape.

Suddenly, in early October, the daring men who directed Boer policy resolved to bring the issue to a head. An ultimatum requiring the withdrawal of the British forces from the republican frontiers, and the arrest of further reinforcements, was telegraphed from Pretoria. The notice gave the British three days to comply. From that moment, war was certain.

The Boer ultimatum was not an hour old before I was offered an appointment as War Correspondent of the *Morning Post*. I took passage on the earliest steamer, the *Dunottar Castle*.

In quick succession there came news that Boer forces were advancing towards the Cape Colony and Natal, that General Sir Redvers Buller had become the British Commander-in-Chief, that the Reserves were called out, and that our only Army Corps was to be sent at once to the Cape.

THE BRITISH War Office of those days was the product of two generations of unbroken parsimony. So utterly unrelated to the actual facts were its ideas that to Australia's request for permission to send a contingent of troops, its only reply was, "Unmounted men preferred." Nevertheless its Intelligence Branch had prepared two volumes on the Boer republics which gave full and accurate in-

formation, and the head of this branch had told the War Secretary that 200,000 men would be required. His views were scouted, and the two volumes sent to Buller were returned by him within an hour, with the message that he "knew everything about South Africa."

Let us learn our lessons. Never, never, never believe any war will be smooth and easy, or that anyone who embarks on the strange voyage can measure the tides and hurricanes he will encounter. Once the signal is given, the Statesman is no longer the master of policy but the slave of unforeseeable and uncontrollable events. Antiquated War Offices, weak, incompetent or arrogant Commanders, untrustworthy allies, hostile neutrals, malignant Fortune, ugly surprises, awful miscalculations—all take their seats at the Council Board on the morrow of a declaration of war. Always remember, however sure you are that you can easily win, that there would not be a war if the other man did not think he also had a chance.

THE *Dunottar Castle* sailed from Southampton October 11, the day the Boer ultimatum expired. Sir Redvers Buller and the entire Headquarters Staff of our one (and only) organized army corps were aboard. Buller was a characteristic British personality. He said little, and what he said was obscure. He had shown himself a brave and skillful officer in his youth, and for

nearly 20 years had filled sedentary posts. His name had long been before the public; their belief in him was unbounded. He plodded on from blunder to blunder and from one disaster to another, without losing either the regard of his country or the trust of his troops. Independent, portentous — he gave the same sort of impression to the British as the French afterwards received from the personality of General Joffre.

While the issues of peace and war seemed to hang in their last flickering balance, and before a single irrevocable shot had been fired, we steamed off into gray storms. There was no wireless in those days, and at this most exciting moment the Commander-in-Chief, the Headquarters Staff and the Correspondent of the *Morning Post* sailed — and thus dropped completely out of the world. Still we expected to pick up news at Madeira, which we reached on the fourth day. There was no news at Madeira, except that negotiations were at an end and that troops on both sides were moving. In this suspense we glided off again, to pass a fortnight completely cut off from all view of the drama which filled our thoughts.

It was dark when we anchored in Table Bay, and saw the innumerable lights of Cape Town twinkling from the shore. A stir of launches soon beset our vessel. High functionaries and naval and

military officers arrived, bearing their reports. The Headquarters Staff sat up all night to read them. I got hold of a bundle of newspapers and learned that the Boers had invaded Natal, attacked our advanced forces, killed General Penn Symonds, and very nearly rounded up his three or four thousand troops as they made a hurried and hazardous retreat to Ladysmith, some 120 miles inland from the Natal shore. At this point Sir George White, with some 12,000 men, 40 or 50 guns and a brigade of cavalry, attempted to bar the Boers' further advance.

On the very day of our arrival, October 31, a disaster had occurred around Ladysmith. Nearly 1200 British infantry had been forced to surrender; the rest had been invested on all sides by the Boers. In the west other Boer forces had encircled Mafeking and Kimberley, and sat down stolidly to starve them out. Finally, the Dutch areas of the Cape Colony itself were on the verge of rebellion. Throughout the vast subcontinent every man's hand was against his brother; the British Government could be sure of nothing beyond gunshot of its Navy.

It was clear, as soon as we had landed, that the first heavy fighting would come in Natal. Buller's Army Corps would take a month or six weeks to assemble in the Cape Colony. There would be time, I calculated, to watch the Natal

operations and come back to the Cape Colony for the main advance. Accordingly, I made the 700-mile railway journey to Port Elizabeth, and continued by boat to the Natal port of Durban.

The Armored Train Fight

IT HAD BEEN my intention to go from Durban to Ladysmith, but I could get no further than Estcourt, a tiny mining township of a few hundred inhabitants, beyond which trains no longer ran. The Boers had occupied the stations beyond. There was nothing to do but to wait at Estcourt with such troops as could be collected to protect the southern part of Natal from the impending Boer invasion. A single battalion of Dublin Fusiliers, two or three guns and a few squadrons of Natal Carabincers, two companies of Durham Light Infantry and an armored train were the only forces which remained for the defense of the territory. All the rest of the Natal Army was blockaded in Ladysmith.

The days passed slowly and anxiously. The position of our small force was most precarious. At any moment some 12,000 mounted Boers might sweep forward to attack us or cut off our retreat. Every morning cavalry reconnaissances were sent out to give us timely notice should the enemy advance; and in an unlucky moment it occurred to the General in

command to send his armored train along the 16 miles of intact railway line to supplement the cavalry.

Nothing looks more formidable than an armored train; but nothing is in fact more vulnerable. It was only necessary to blow up a bridge or culvert to leave the monster stranded far from home and help, at the mercy of the enemy. This did not seem to have occurred to our commander, who decided to put two companies of infantry into the train and send it out to reconnoiter. Captain Haldane was selected to command this operation, and although he did not conceal from me his misgivings, he invited me to come along for the adventure and I accepted.

The armored train proceeded about 14 miles towards the enemy without a sign of opposition. We stopped for a few moments at a station to telegraph our arrival to the General. No sooner was this done than we saw, on a hill between us and home, a number of small figures hurrying forward. Certainly they were Boers. There was not an instant to lose. We started immediately on our return journey.

As we approached the hill, I saw a cluster of Boers on the crest. Suddenly three wheeled things appeared among them, and instantly bright flashes of light opened and shut several times. A huge white ball of smoke sprang into being and tore out into a cone, only

a few feet, it seemed, above my head. It was shrapnel—the first I had ever seen in war, and very nearly the last! The steel sides of the truck tanged with a patter of bullets. There was a crash from the front of the train, and a series of sharp explosions. The railway curved round the base of the hill on a steep down gradient, and our pace increased enormously. The Boer artillery, three guns, had only time for one more discharge before we were round the corner out of their sight. It crossed my mind that there must be a trap farther on. I was about to mention this to Haldane when there was a tremendous shock; he and I and all the soldiers in the truck were pitched head over heels to the floor. The front of the train had been thrown off the rails.

In our truck no one was seriously hurt. From the enemy's hill, 1200 yards behind, now came heavy rifle fire. Bullets whistled overhead and rang and splattered on the steel plates like hail. Haldane and I debated what to do. It was agreed that he and his Dublin Fusiliers should hold the rear, and that I should go forward to find out the extent of the damage.

I nipped out of the truck and ran to the head of the train. One truck had turned completely over, killing and terribly injuring some of the men; two others were derailed, blocking our homeward path. The rails, however, appeared to be intact. The enemy's rifle fire was con-

tinuous, and soon there mingled with the rifles the bang of the field guns and the near explosion of shells.

The train had been made up with the engine in the middle, three trucks being pushed before it and three drawn behind. The engine and three rear trucks were undamaged, but the three forward trucks now lay across the rails, blocking the rest of the train. I conceived the idea of detaching the engine and using it as a ram to push the wreckage off the track and clear the way. With a small detachment of men, I now set about this task.

I was very lucky in the hour that followed not to be hit, as I was working almost continuously in the open, directing the engine-driver. The work absorbed me completely, though I remember thinking that it was like working in front of an iron target at a rifle range. We struggled for 70 minutes among those clanging, rending iron boxes, amid repeated explosions of shells and a ceaseless hammering of bullets. The engine tugged and butted, pushed and pulled, until only some six inches of twisted ironwork stood in the way.

At last I decided to run a great risk—to hurl the engine full tilt at this one remaining obstruction. It might mean derailling the engine and sealing our doom, but with the artillery fire steadily increasing, we had to take the chance. The engine backed away, then charged towards

the blockade. There was a harsh, crunching tear. The engine reeled on the rails, and, as the obstructing truck reared upwards, ground its way past and gained the homeward side — free. But after the engine had passed, the obstruction fell back on the rails, isolating the three trucks which carried the Fusiliers. Under the constant bombardment, we dared not start the lengthy operation all over again. By a margin of six inches, we had failed. It was one of the bitterest disappointments of my life.

I went back to Captain Haldane. We agreed that the engine should go slowly homeward with the wounded, and that the others should retreat on foot, sheltering themselves behind the slow-moving engine. Upwards of 40 men, most of them streaming blood, were crowded in the engine and its tender, and we began to move. I was in the cab, directing the engine-driver. The shells burst all around, some striking the engine. The pace increased, the infantry outside began to lag and soon were 300 yards behind. I forced the engine-driver to stop. Close at hand was the bridge across the Blue Krantz River, a considerable span. I told the engine-driver to cross the bridge and wait on the other side while I went back to find Captain Haldane and his Fusiliers.

But while these events had been taking place everything else had been in movement. I had not retraced my steps 200 yards when,

instead of Haldane and his company, two figures in plain clothes appeared upon the line. "Boers!" My mind retains its impression of these tall figures, clad in dark, flapping clothes, with slouch, storm-driven hats, poising on their leveled rifles hardly 100 yards away. I turned and ran back towards the engine, the two Boers firing as I ran between the metals. Their bullets, sucking to right and left, seemed to miss only by inches. We were in a small cutting with banks about six feet high on either side. I flung myself against one bank. It gave no cover. Another glance at the two figures; one was now kneeling to aim. Movement seemed the only chance. Again I darted forward: again two soft kisses sucked in the air; but nothing struck me. This could not endure. I must get out of the cutting — that damnable corridor! I jiggled to the left, and scrambled up the bank. At the top was a wire fence, which I got through unhurt. Outside the cutting was a tiny depression. I crouched in this, struggling to get my breath again.

About 200 yards away the rocky gorge of the Blue Krantz River offered plenty of cover. I determined to make a dash for it. Suddenly on the other side of the railway, separated from me by the rails and two wire fences, I saw a horseman galloping furiously, a tall, dark figure, holding his rifle in his right hand. He pulled up his horse almost in its own length and

shaking the rifle at me shouted a loud command. We were 40 yards apart. I put my hand to my belt, but the pistol was not there. When engaged in clearing the line I had taken it off.

Meanwhile the Boer had covered me with his rifle. His horse stood stock still, so did he, and so did I. I looked towards the river. The Boer continued to look along his sights. There was no chance of escape; if he fired he would surely hit me, so I held up my hands and surrendered, a prisoner of war.

My captor lowered his rifle and beckoned to me to come across to him. At his side, I tramped back to where I had left Captain Haldane and his company. They were already prisoners. We found ourselves in the midst of hundreds of mounted Boers.

Such is the episode of the armored train and the story of my capture on November 15, 1899.

It was not until three years later, when the Boer Generals visited England to ask for a loan on behalf of their devastated country, that I was introduced at a private luncheon to their leader, General Botha. We talked of the war and I briefly told the story of my capture. Botha listened in silence; then he said, "Don't you recognize me? It was I who took you prisoner. I, myself," and his bright eyes twinkled. At the time of our adventure he had not yet been made an officer.

Few men that I have known have

interested me more than Louis Botha. An acquaintance formed in strange circumstances and upon an almost unbelievable introduction ripened into a friendship which I greatly valued. I saw in this grand, rugged figure the Father of his country, the wise and profound Statesman, the farmer-warrior, the deep, sure man of solitude.

But let me return to my story.

Prisoner of War

IT HAD BEGUN to rain. As I sat drenched and miserable on the ground with the prisoners and some mortally-wounded men, I cursed not only my luck, but my own decision. I could quite decently have gone off on the engine; I had not helped anybody by attempting to return to the company; I had only cut myself out of the possibilities of further adventure and advancement.

I meditated blankly upon the sour rewards of virtue. Yet this misfortune was to lay the foundations of my later life. I was not to be done out of the campaign. I was not to languish as a prisoner. I was to escape, and by escaping was to gain a reputation or notoriety which made me well known among my countrymen, and acceptable as a political candidate in a great many constituencies.

But these events and possibilities were hidden from me. My gloomy reflections took a darker turn when

I found myself picked out from the captive officers and ordered to stand apart. I had enough military law to know that a civilian in a half uniform who has taken an active part in a fight, even if he has not fired a shot himself, is liable to be shot at once by drumhead court martial. None of the armies in the Great War would have wasted ten minutes upon the business. I therefore occupied myself in thinking what answers I should make to the short, sharp questions which might soon be addressed to me, and what sort of appearance I could keep up if I were suddenly told that my hour had come.

After about a quarter of an hour I was much relieved when I was curtly told to rejoin the others. Indeed I felt quite joyful when a Boer field cornet told me: "We are not going to let you go, old chappie, although you are a correspondent. We don't catch the son of a lord every day." I need never have been alarmed. To the Boer mind the destruction of a white man's life, even in war, was lamentable and shocking. They were the most goodhearted enemy I have ever fought against in the four continents where I have seen active service.

So it was settled that we were all to be sent to Pretoria as prisoners.

Prisoner of War! It is a melancholy state. You are in the power of your enemy. You owe your life to his humanity, your daily bread to his compassion. You must obey

his orders, await his pleasure, possess your soul in patience. The days are very long. Hours crawl like paralytic centipedes.

Moreover, the whole atmosphere of prison, even the most easy and best regulated prison, is odious. Companions quarrel about trifles and get the least possible pleasure from each other's society. You feel a constant humiliation in being fenced in by railings and wire, watched by armed men, and webbed about with a tangle of regulations and restrictions.

I Plot My Escape

DURING the first three weeks I was engaged in arguing with the Boer authorities that they should release me as a Press Correspondent. They replied that, even though technically I had been taken unarmed, I had forfeited my non-combatant status by the part I had taken in the fight. As soon as I learned of this decision I began to weigh the chances of escape. I shall transcribe what I wrote immediately after the event:

"The State Model Schools, where we were held, were surrounded on two sides by an iron grille, and on the other two by a corrugated iron fence about ten feet high. In themselves, these were not serious obstacles, but the armed sentries at 50-yard intervals made them well-nigh insuperable.

"After continual watching, it was

discovered that at some points on their beats the sentries were unable to see a few yards of the wall near a small lavatory on the eastern side. The electric lights in the middle of the quadrangle brilliantly lighted the whole place, but this wall was in shadow. To pass the two sentries near the lavatory it was necessary to hit off the exact moment when both their backs were turned. After the wall was scaled one would be in the garden of the villa next door. There the planning came to an end.

"I was determined that nothing should stop my taking the plunge. One evening, after careful preparation, I strolled across the quadrangle and secreted myself in the lavatory. From there I watched the sentries. For some time they remained stolid and obstructive. Then one walked up to his comrade. They began to talk. Their backs were turned.

"Now or never! I stood on a ledge and drew myself up to the top of the wall. My waistcoat got entangled with the ornamental metalwork on the top, and I had to pause to extricate myself. In this posture I had one parting glimpse of the sentries, still talking. One was lighting his cigarette; I remember the glow on the inside of his hands. Then I lowered myself lightly into the adjoining garden and crouched among the shrubs. I was free! The first step had been taken, and it was irrevocable.

"The gate which led into the

road was only a few yards from another sentry. I said to myself, '*Toujours de l'audace*,' put my hat on my head, strode into the middle of the garden, walked past the windows of the house without any attempt at concealment, and so went through the gate and turned to the left. I passed the sentry at less than five yards. Most of them knew me by sight. Whether he looked at me or not I do not know, for I never turned my head. I restrained with difficulty an impulse to run. But after walking 100 yards and hearing no challenge, I knew that the second obstacle had been surmounted. I was at large in Pretoria.

"I walked on leisurely through the night, humming a tune and choosing the middle of the road. The streets were full of burghers, but they paid no attention to me. Gradually I reached the suburbs, and sat down on a little bridge to consider. I was in the heart of the enemy's country. I knew no one to whom I could apply for succor. Nearly 300 miles stretched between me and neutral Portuguese territory at Delagoa Bay. My escape must become known at dawn. Pursuit would be immediate. Yet all exits were barred. The town was picketed, the country was patrolled, the trains were searched, the line was guarded. I wore a civilian brown flannel suit. I had £75 in my pocket and four slabs of chocolate, but neither compass nor map. Worst of

all, I could not speak a word of Dutch or Kaffir. How was I to get food or direction?

"But when hope had departed, fear had gone as well. I formed a plan. I would find the Delagoa Bay Railway. After walking south for half a mile I struck a railroad. Was this the line to Delagoa Bay and freedom? I could not be sure, but resolved, nonetheless, to follow it. The night was delicious. A wild feeling of exhilaration took hold of me. I was free, if only for an hour.

"The fascination of the adventure grew. Unless the stars in their courses fought for me, I could not escape. Where, then, was the need of caution? I marched briskly along the line. Here and there the lights of a picket fire gleamed. Every bridge had its watchers, but I passed them all. Aside from making short detours at the dangerous places, I took scarcely any precautions. Perhaps that was why I succeeded.

"After walking for two hours I perceived the signal lights of a station. I left the line, and waited for the train in a ditch about 200 yards beyond the platform. An hour passed. I began to grow impatient. Then great yellow headlights flashed into view, and the train pulled up. In five minutes it started again. As it passed, gathering speed, I hurled myself at it, grasped some sort of handhold, was swung off my feet, my toes bumping on the line, and with a struggle seated myself on the couplings of the fifth truck from the

front. It was a goods train, and the trucks were full of soft sacks, covered with coal dust. I crawled on top and burrowed in among them. They were warm and comfortable. Where was the train going? Would it be searched? What should I do in the morning? Ah, never mind that. Sufficient for the night was the luck thereof. I resolved to sleep.

"I woke before daybreak, conscious that I must leave the train, drink at a pool and find some hiding place while it was still dark. I could not risk being unloaded with the coal bags. The train was running at a fair speed. I took hold of the iron handle at the back of the truck, and sprang. My feet struck the ground in two gigantic strides, and the next instant I was sprawling in the ditch, shaken but unhurt.

"It was still dark. I was in the middle of a wide valley, surrounded by low hills and carpeted with high grass. I searched for water and soon found a clear pool. Long after I had quenched my thirst I continued to drink, that I might have sufficient for the whole day.

"Presently the dawn began to break; I saw with relief that the railway ran steadily towards the sunrise. I had taken the right line, after all. Having drunk my fill, I set out to find some hiding-place in the hills. As it became broad daylight I entered a grove of trees on the side of a deep ravine. Here I resolved to wait till dusk."

I wrote these lines many years

ago while the impression of the adventure was strong upon me. Then I could tell no more without compromising the liberty and perhaps the lives of those who helped me. For many years these reasons have disappeared. I can now relate the events which changed my nearly hopeless position.

Friends in Need

DURING the day I had seen two or three trains pass each way. Assuming that the same number would pass at night, I waited through four hours of darkness. But when midnight had passed with no sign of a train, I lost patience and started out on foot. I made little progress. Every bridge was guarded; there were many villages along the line; the veld was bathed in the bright rays of the full moon. To avoid these dangerous places I had to make wide circuits. I fell into bogs and swamps, brushed through high grass dripping with dew, and waded across the streams over which the bridges carried the railway. I had been able to take very little exercise during my month in prison, and tired quickly.

There was nothing for it but to plod on — but in an increasingly hopeless manner. I felt very miserable when I saw the lights of houses and thought of the warmth and comfort within them, but knew that they meant only danger to me.

In the darkness to my left gleamed two or three fires; they must be, I thought, the fires of a Kaffir kraal. I had heard that Kaffirs hated the Boers and were friendly to the British. They might give me food and a dry corner to sleep in; I set out towards the fires.

I must have walked a mile in this resolve before a realization of its imprudence overtook me. I retraced my steps, perhaps half the distance. Then I stopped and sat down, completely baffled, destitute of any idea what to do or where to turn. Suddenly, without the slightest reason, all my doubts disappeared. It was certainly by no process of logic that they were dispelled. I just felt quite clear that I would go to the fires. I had sometimes in former years held a "planchette" pencil and written while others had touched my hand. I acted in the same subconscious manner now.

I walked on rapidly, and after some time perceived that the fires were not from a Kaffir kraal, but from the furnaces which ran the machinery of a coal mine. There was a group of houses about the mouth of the mine. I approached the most prominent — a substantial two-story dwelling.

The odds were heavy against me, and it was with reluctant steps that I advanced towards the silent house and knocked at the door.

There was a pause. I knocked again and an upper window opened.

"*Wer ist da?*" cried a man's voice.

I felt the shock of disappointment and consternation to my fingers.

"I want help; I have had an accident," I replied.

Some muttering followed. Then I heard steps descending the stairs. The bolt of the door was drawn, and it was opened abruptly. In the darkness of the passage stood a tall man, hastily attired, with a pale face and dark mustache.

"What do you want?" he said, this time in English.

"I am a burgher," I answered. "I have had an accident. I was going to join my commando at Komati Poort. I have fallen off the train. We were skylarking. I have been unconscious for hours. I think I have dislocated my shoulder."

It is astonishing how one thinks of these things. All this leapt out as if I had learned it by heart. Yet I had not the slightest idea what I was going to say next.

The stranger regarded me intently, and after some hesitation said, "Well, come in." He pointed into a dark room. I walked past him and entered, wondering if it was to be my prison. He lit a lamp. I was in a small room, evidently a dining room and office in one. My host laid on the table a revolver, which had been in his hand.

"I'd like to know more about this railway accident of yours," he said, after a considerable pause.

"I think," I replied, "I had better tell you the truth."

"I think you had," he said.

So I took the plunge and threw all I had upon the board: "I am Winston Churchill, War Correspondent of the *Morning Post*. I escaped last night from Pretoria. I am making my way to the frontier. Will you help me?"

There was another long pause. My companion rose from the table slowly and locked the door. Then he advanced upon me and suddenly held out his hand. "Thank God you have come here! It is the only house for 20 miles where you would not have been handed over. We are British, and will see you through."

It is easier to recall across the gulf of years the spasm of relief which swept over me than it is to describe it. I felt like a drowning man pulled out of the water and informed he has won the Derby!

My host introduced himself as John Howard, manager of the Transvaal Collieries. He had become a naturalized burgher of the Transvaal some years before the war. But out of consideration for his British race he had not been called up to fight the British. He remained on the mine to keep it in order until coal-cutting could be resumed. He had with him four British subjects; all would be guilty of treason in harboring me, and liable to be shot if caught.

I said that I did not wish to

compromise him. Let him give me food, a pistol, a guide, and if possible a pony, and I would make my own way to the sea.

He would not hear of it. He would fix up something. But he enjoined the utmost caution. Spies were everywhere. He had two Dutch servant-maids in the house, and there were many Kaffirs employed about the mine. He became very thoughtful.

Then: "But you are famishing."

I did not contradict him. In a moment he had hustled off into the kitchen, and returned with the best part of a leg of mutton and various other delicacies; leaving me to these, he let himself out of the house by a back door.

Nearly an hour later, he returned. "It's all right," he said. "I have seen the men, and they are all for it. We must put you down the pit tonight, and there you will have to stay till we see how to get you out of the country. One difficulty will be the food. The Dutch girl sees every mouthful I eat. The cook will want to know what has happened to her leg of mutton. I shall have to think it all out during the night. You must get down the pit at once. We'll make you comfortable enough."

Before dawn I followed my host to the shaft. We entered the cage and shot down into the bowels of the earth. Two Scottish miners were waiting at the bottom with lanterns, a mattress and blankets.

We walked through a pitchy labyrinth, and finally stopped in a chamber where the air was cool and fresh. Here my friends left me. "Don't move from here, whatever happens," was their injunction.

Viewed from the velvety darkness of the pit, life seemed bathed in rosy light. I counted upon freedom as certain, and soon slept the sleep of the weary.

An Uneasy Journey

MR. HOWARD told me that the Boer Government had been making a tremendous fuss about my escape. But on my second day underground, he announced that the hue and cry seemed to be dying away. The Boer officials now believed I must be hiding with some British sympathizer in Pretoria; they did not believe I could have escaped the town. In these circumstances he thought I might shift to quarters above ground. Thereafter I had a fine stroll in the glorious fresh air and moonlight each night, and took up daytime quarters behind packing cases in the office.

On the 16th, the fifth day of my escape, Mr. Howard told me of his plan to get me out of the country. A Dutchman named Burgener was shipping a consignment of wool to Delagoa Bay on the 19th. This gentleman was well disposed to the British. He had been made a party to our secret, and was willing to assist. The bales of wool could be so

packed as to leave a small place in the center, where I could be concealed. A tarpaulin would be fastened over each truck after it had been loaded; and it was unlikely that it would be removed when the train crossed the frontier. Did I agree to take this chance?

I was more worried about this than almost anything that had happened to me so far. The idea of being perfectly helpless, at the caprice of a searching party at the frontier, was profoundly harassing. I should have been still more anxious if I could have read some of the notices which were circulating, offering a reward for my return, "dead or alive." In the end I accepted the proposal of my rescuer.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 19th my host appeared. He beckoned. Without a word, he led the way through the front office to the railroad siding where three freight cars stood. Three figures, evidently the English miners, were strolling about in the moonlight. A gang of Kaffirs were lifting an enormous bale into the rearmost car. Howard strolled along to the first car, and pointed. I nipped on to the buffers and saw before me a hole between the wool bales, just wide enough to squeeze into. From this there led a narrow tunnel through the wool. In the center was a space wide enough to lie in, high enough to sit up in.

I took stock of my new abode and its resources. There was a re-

volver. There were two roast chickens, some slices of meat, a loaf of bread, a melon, and three bottles of cold tea. The journey to the sea was not expected to take more than 16 hours, but no one could tell what delay might occur to commercial traffic in time of war.

ALL DAY LONG we traveled east through the Transvaal, and at night we were laid up at a station which, according to my reckoning, was Waterval Boven. I had accomplished nearly half the journey. During all the dragging hours of the day I had been haunted by anxieties about the search at the frontier, an ordeal inevitable and constantly approaching. Now another apprehension laid hold upon me. I wanted to go to sleep. Indeed, I did not think I could possibly keep awake. But if I slept I might snore! And if I snored while the train was in the siding, I might be heard. I decided in principle that it was only prudent to abstain from sleep — and shortly afterwards fell into a blissful slumber from which I was awakened the next morning by the jerking of the train as the engine was again coupled to it.

All this day, too, we rattled through the enemy's country, and late in the afternoon reached the dreaded Komati Poort. Peeping through a chink, I could see this was a considerable place. There were many voices and much shouting and whistling. I retreated into

the center of my fastness, and covering myself up with a piece of sacking, lay flat on the floor to await developments.

Three or four hours passed; I did not know whether we had been searched or not. Meanwhile darkness had come on, and I had to resign myself to an indefinite continuance of my uncertainties. It was tantalizing to be held so long in jeopardy after all these hundreds of miles had been accomplished, and I was now within a few hundred yards of the frontier. Again I wondered about the dangers of snoring. But in the end I slept without mishap.

We were still stationary when I awoke. Perhaps the delay was because they were searching the train thoroughly! But at last we were coupled up, and almost immediately started. If I had been right in thinking that the station in which we had passed the night was Komati Poort, I was already in Portuguese territory. At the next station I peered through my chink and saw the uniform caps of the Portuguese officials on the platform. I restrained all expression of my joy until we moved on again. Then, as we rumbled and banged along, I pushed my head out of the tarpaulin and sang and shouted and crowed at the top of my voice. Indeed, I was so carried away by thankfulness and delight that I fired my revolver two or three times in the air as a *feu de joie*.

None of these follies led to any evil results.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached Lourenço Marques. My train ran into a yard, and a crowd of Kaffirs advanced to unload it. I thought the moment had now come for me to quit my hiding-place, in which I had passed nearly three anxious and uncomfortable days. I had already thrown out every vestige of food and had removed all traces of my occupation. I now slipped out and, mingling unnoticed with the Kaffirs and loafers in the yard — which my unkempt appearance well fitted me to do — I strolled through the gates and into the streets.

Burgener was waiting outside the gates. We exchanged glances. He turned and walked off, and I followed some 20 yards behind. We walked through several streets; presently he stopped and gazed at the roof of the opposite house. I looked in the same direction, and there — blest vision! — I saw floating the gay colors of the Union Jack. It was the British Consulate.

The secretary of the British Consul evidently did not expect my arrival. "Be off," he said. "The Consul cannot see you today. Come to his office at nine tomorrow, if you want anything."

At this I became so angry, and repeated so loudly that I insisted on seeing the Consul personally at once, that that gentleman himself looked out of the window and fi-

nally came down to the door and asked my name. From that moment every resource of hospitality and welcome was at my disposal. A hot bath, clean clothing, an excellent dinner, means of telegraphing — all I could want. Happily the weekly steamer was leaving for Durban that very evening; on this steamer I embarked.

I reached Durban to find myself a popular hero. The harbor was decorated with flags. Bands and crowds thronged the quays. The Admiral, the General, the Mayor pressed on board to grasp my hand. I was carried on the shoulders of the crowd to the steps of the town hall, where nothing would content them but a speech. Sheaves of telegrams from all parts of the world poured in upon me, and I started that night for the Army in a blaze of triumph.

Here, too, I was received with the greatest good will. I took up my quarters within a hundred yards of the spot where I had been taken prisoner. There I celebrated my good fortune and Christmas Eve.

While my personal fortunes had been undergoing these vicissitudes, the British Army had been in ponderous motion. It had consolidated its strength in the Cape Colony, and, under the command of Lord Roberts, had advanced as far as Bloemfontein, some 300 miles to the south of Pretoria. Here it had lain for two months while Lord Roberts replenished his supplies

sufficiently to begin his march on the Boer capital.

This, I saw, was now to be the main theater of the war. Accordingly, I exerted every influence at my command to get myself attached to Lord Roberts' army. Fortunately, I was again able to arrange a transfer, and arrived in Bloemfontein amid the hustle and bustle of final preparations for the advance.

Then began a jolly march, occupying about six weeks and covering about 500 miles. The wonderful climate of South Africa, the magnificent scale of its landscape, the life of unceasing movement and of continuous incident made an impression on my mind which even after a quarter of a century recurs with a sense of freshness and invigoration. Every day we saw new country. Every evening we bivouacked — for there were no tents — by the side of some new stream.

We lived on flocks of sheep which we drove with us, and chickens which we hunted round deserted farms. My wagon carried the best provisions which London could supply. All day long I scampered about the moving cavalry screens, searching in the carelessness of youth for every scrap of adventure, experience or copy. Nearly every day the patter of rifle fire in front, on the flank, or more often at the heels of the rear guard provided the thrills of active service. Every few days a score of our men cut off, ambushed, made us conscious of the great

fighting qualities of these enemy horsemen of the wilderness.

On June 1, 1900, at a point called Florida, a sharp action was fought. Pretoria capitulated four days later. Enormous spans of oxen had dragged two of our 9.5-inch howitzers, cow-guns as they were called, these hundreds of miles to bombard the forts; but they were never needed.

Tableau!

NEVERTHELESS, my re-entrance into the Boer capital was exciting. Early on the morning of the 5th, Marlborough — one of the staff officers — and I rode out to join an infantry column which had reached the outskirts of the town. There were no military precautions, and we arrived, with a large group of officers, at the closed gates of the railway crossing. Quite slowly there now steamed past us a long train crammed with armed Boers whose rifles bristled from every window. We gazed at each other dumfounded at three yards' distance. A single shot would have precipitated a horrible carnage on both sides. Although sorry that the train should escape, it was with unfeigned relief that we saw the last car glide away past our noses.

Then Marlborough and I cantered into the town. We knew that British officer prisoners had been removed from the State Model Schools from which I had escaped, and we asked our way to their pres-

ent place of confinement. When we found the prison camp, a long tin building surrounded by a dense wire entanglement, I raised my hat and cheered. The cry was instantly answered from within.

What followed resembled the end of a theatrical melodrama. We were only two, and before us stood the armed Boer guard of 52 men with their rifles at the "ready." Marlborough, resplendent in the red tabs of the staff, called on the Commandant to surrender forthwith, adding by a happy thought that he would give a receipt for the rifles.

The prisoners rushed out of the house into the yard, some in uniform, some in flannels, hatless or coatless, but all violently excited. The sentries threw down their rifles, the gates were flung open, and while the last of the Boer guard stood uncertain what to do, the long-penned-up officer-prisoners surrounded them and seized their weapons. Someone produced a Union Jack, the Transvaal emblem was torn down, and amidst wild cheers the first British flag was hoisted over Pretoria.

Time: 8:47, June 5, 1900.

Tableau!

The first thoughts of the British Government, after they had won, were to let bygones be bygones. An Under Secretary, Lord Wolverton, was allowed to make a speech in this sense. All my instincts acclaimed this magnanimity. On

March 24 I had telegraphed a dispatch urging a moderate course in the treatment of enemy sympathizers in the occupied territories. This message was ill received in England.

A vindictive spirit ruled; the Under Secretary had been suppressed, and I bore the brunt of Conservative anger. Even the *Morning Post*, while printing my messages, sorrowfully disagreed with my view. The Natal newspapers were loud-voiced in condemnation. I replied that it was not the first time that victorious gladiators had been surprised to see thumbs turned down in the Imperial box.

Sir Alfred Milner, the High Commissioner in South Africa, was more understanding.

"I thought they would be upset by your message," he said. "Of course all these people have got to live together. They must forgive and forget, and make a common country. But now passions are running too high. People who have had friends or relations killed, or whose homes have been invaded, will not hear of clemency till they calm down. I understand your feelings, but it does no good to express them now."

I was impressed by hearing these opinions from the lips of one so widely portrayed as the embodiment of rigid, uncompromising subjugation. In the event, for all the fierce words, the treatment accorded to rebels and traitors by the

British Government was indulgent in the extreme.

Here I must confess that all through my life I have found myself in disagreement alternately with both the historic English parties. I have always urged fighting wars and other contentions with might and main till overwhelming victory, and then offering the hand of friendship to the vanquished. Thus I have always been against the Pacifists during the quarrel, and against the Jingoists at its close.

I thought we ought to have conquered the Irish and then given them Home Rule; that in the Great War we ought to have starved out the Germans, and then revictualled their country; and that after smashing the General Strike, we should have met the grievances of the miners.

Once, asked to devise an inscription for a monument in France, I wrote, "In war, Resolution. In defeat, Defiance. In victory, Magnanimity. In peace, Goodwill." The inscription was not accepted.

Those who can win a war can rarely make a good peace, and those who could make a good peace would never have won the war.

I returned to England in a most fortunate situation. My capture and escape had been followed with intense interest by the public, and this popularity made it possible for me to enter upon the political

career to which I had long aspired. I decided to stand for Parliament. A General Election had been called for the autumn of 1900, and I was designated by the Conservative Party to contest a seat in the Lancashire district of Oldham.

The people of the district gave me a warm welcome. I was driven through streets crowded with enthusiastic operatives and millgirls, and described my escape to a tremendous meeting in the Theatre Royal. When I mentioned the name of Mr. Dewsnap, the Oldham engineer who had been Mr. Howard's assistant, the audience shouted: "His wife's in the gallery." There was general jubilation.

The prevailing wave of opinion was with the Conservatives, and I was elected by a modest margin to the House of Commons, a member of Lord Salisbury's historic Conservative Party.

I was now 26. From this time I was engaged in political affairs which absorbed my thoughts and energies until September 1908, when I married and lived happily ever afterwards.

End of an Epoch

AN ERA OF CHANGE was now opening for England. Lord Salisbury — the veteran prime minister who had for so long ruled the Conservative Party, and, through it, England — died in 1903, and his death marked the end of an epoch. The new century of storm and uncertainty had already embraced the Empire in its fierce grip.

The world in which Lord Salisbury had reigned, the times and scenes with which these pages have dealt, were soon to be separated from us by gulfs and chasms such as have rarely opened in so brief a space. Little could we foresee how strong would be the tides that would bear us along with resistless force; still less the awful convulsions which were to shake the world.

I wonder whether any other generation has seen such astounding revolutions of values as those through which we have lived. Scarcely anything which I was brought up to believe was permanent and vital has lasted. Everything I was taught to believe was impossible has happened.



The Imperturbable British

ON THE NIGHT the Allies abandoned southern Norway, I stopped to buy a paper from an old man on Fleet Street. "Well, how does it look tonight?" I asked.

"I don't know, sir," he replied. "I never read the papers because I know we'll win in the end." — James B. Reston in N. Y. *Times Magazine*

OCTOBER 1940

The Reader's Digest

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NINETEENTH YEAR



VOLUME 37, NO. 222

❑ The Reader's Digest asked Mr. Willkie to state the basic practical problem of this moment in America. Here is his response.

America's First Duty

By

Wendell L. Willkie

IN MY acceptance speech I said: "It is from weakness that people reach for dictators and concentrated government power. Only the strong can be free. *And only the productive can be strong.*"

That is our basic need today: *production.*

• Hitler challenges the world in two ways.

First. He contends that free labor, free enterprise, free property, must be discarded. He proposes to establish — *throughout the world* — a system of governmentally controlled and enslaved wage-workers, and governmentally controlled capitalists.

Second. He states, quite frankly, his intention to impose his system *upon the whole world by war.*

We are trying to meet his second

challenge by beginning to manufacture tanks, airplanes, guns. We ought to have begun long ago. We ought to be manufacturing faster now.

But Hitler's first challenge is the one we must meet, to cope successfully with his second. He despises our economic system. He assails it, contending that his is more productive. It is supremely necessary to prove the productive superiority of the American system.

We cannot have successful military preparedness unless we first have an effective and strenuous economic system. A discouraged and slack economic system will produce a slack military effort.

The government orders, let us say, a tank. The tank manufacturer orders many parts — rivets, for ex-

ample — from other manufacturers. The rivet manufacturer is already making rivets for harvesting machines, blast furnaces, bridges, and other works of peace. He now gives one tenth of his capacity to rivets for tanks.

If he is already having production difficulties because of continuous wrangles with hostile and arbitrary government bureaus, how can he now succeed to the maximum on production for tanks? How can he be engaged in fighting labor on 90 percent of his production and then have a sudden patriotic harmony with labor on 10 percent?

An economic system must be harmonious and productive all the time *for all purposes* or else it simply cannot be harmonious and productive for the purpose of national defense.

France fell because it did not recognize this truth. For years and years, while British general production was steadily recovering from the depression, French general production was steadily declining. France did not merely fail to produce airplanes. It failed to produce the commodities and services of peace. The French government spent its time playing politics and conducting struggles of class against class. As Daladier and Reynaud said, in a joint statement: *The government failed to bring those classes into compromise and accord.*

It is so with us today. We have lifted our eyes too much from pro-

duction. The New Deal has never encouraged production. It has fought a steady fight against the managers of production. It has vilified them. It has twisted the laws to hurt them. It says that "the lower one third" should get more. I say so too. I would not call them "lower." They are just poorer. I have worked with my hands among them and I know that they ought to get more. I hope to see to it that they do get more. But I say to them:

"You will never get what you ought to get as long as you have a government which intimidates the managers of production and which prevents production from going to its best and biggest."

The managers of production today are themselves mostly workers. They are employees. They are in authority but they are employees — of the company, of the stockholders. All employees, all workers, whether in white collars or in blue overalls, have a central interest in common. It is production. And they have a central enemy in common. That enemy is the man, whether politician or speculator, who looks down on production and who tries to find the easy-money way to either personal or national wealth.

We have to have a government which upholds production as an ideal and which inspires the people to produce — and which then *lets* them do it.

Germany, Russia, Italy, try to *make* the people do it. You cannot

make a free people do anything of that sort. You cannot "plan" freedom. That is what our "planners" forget.

How could they "plan" that there should be an Edison and all his new unimaginable industries? How could they "plan" that some daring citizens should lend money to Ford to create his uncreated car? How could they "plan" that Scripps should found a newspaper and pay his typesetters more than he was paying himself in order to get the newspaper going? How could they "plan" inventiveness and initiative and the spirit of risk and adventure that lies at the heart of all successful productive effort in this land of freedom?

The thing that moves a free people is not a "plan" but an ideal. Implant in the hearts of Americans the ideal of maximum productivity for maximum national welfare and for maximum national defense, and they will make their own plans.

This does not mean that the government should leave business alone. Business must always be regulated to prevent wrong. Plato said in *The Laws*:

"Our business transactions, one with another, will require proper regulation."

That was so four hundred years before Christ. It is so today.

One wrong in business can be overwork of employes. Maximum productivity does not require overwork. The American Federation of

Labor is sound in saying that "defense production must be kept strictly to the work-period of maximum productivity." Both British and German experience in the midst of war have proved that if you work employes too long they get so tired that they soon are producing less instead of producing more. On this point of the proper length of the work-day the answer of science and the answer of humaneness and the answer of the national interest will be the same. Government and labor and business can get together on it.

That getting together is the root of everything in a democracy. If business is trying simply to get domination for itself, and if labor is trying simply to get domination for itself, *and if government is trying simply to get domination for itself*, you get nowhere in a democracy. The great role of government in a democracy is to combine all elements, *including itself*, into a common free purpose.

That purpose today has to be to prove that our American economic system can produce more — more for peace and *consequently* more for defense — than any other system on earth. Here I say:

The problem at bottom is mainly psychological. A dictatorship can operate in the field of force. A democratic government operates principally, though often we do not realize it, in the field of the spirit.

What is the main source of the blight that the New Deal has cast

on the economic progress of the country? It is not the New Deal legislation, in and of itself. I favor legislation for regulating interstate utilities, securities markets, banks. I favor legislation for collective bargaining, for minimum wages, for maximum hours. Such New Deal legislation is only the current manifestation of a movement that has been steadily on its way in America ever since the beginning of regulation of the railroads in 1887. The difference is that previous administrations, Republican and Democratic, did their regulating in a spirit of belief in the basic vitalities of the American economic system, whereas this administration is doing its regulating in a spirit of disbelief, suspicion, persecution, and hatred.

What does the National Labor Relations Law need? It needs principally to be administered by persons who are impartial and neutral and fair toward both sides in a collective bargaining dispute *and who believe that the prosperity of both sides is essential to the prosperity of the country.*

We need administrators in Washington who do not hate business and do not hate labor and do not hate any part of the people.

When the head of a democracy utters words of hate and when he appoints haters to high office, he disrupts the spiritual unity which is the only hope of a democracy. A democracy is a voluntary team.

You cannot have hate and voluntary teamwork at the same time.

I would not substitute an administration that hates labor for an administration that hates capital. I want an administration that knows that labor, business, agriculture, finance, must all be appreciatively encouraged to do their best for the country.

Government cannot produce wealth. Only the people can produce wealth. But they cannot produce it *divided*. They can produce it only when united in a common purpose. And their government is, and has to be, their highest expression of that purpose.

For more than seven years our government has expressed a sort of economic civil war between different elements of the people. War is as destructive between social groups as it is between nations. It is not the New Deal measures, in and of themselves, that have bogged us down in this depression. Many of those measures need sensible amending; but you could amend them forever and still not make them work for production and prosperity until you change the spirit that now rises from Washington and envelops the country in an atmosphere of division and conflict and fear.

The New Deal, from time to time, talks about some new magic mechanisms for prosperity. Among a people who still enjoy the right of free will there can be no magic mechanisms for prosperity. There

can be only an animating psychology of prosperity. The New Deal has killed it. Our big job is to make it live. We shall make it live only when we stop the war among us and go forward to fraternal feeling among all Americans.

That is why I talk so much about "national unity." National unity means a better life in the heart and it also means a better life in the pocketbook. It means that an administration that really believes in it can unite our people now in the greatest cause that our people have ever had. That cause is an eco-

nomie strength that can make our military strength invincible.

Do we want to be safe from Hitler? We must *produce*. Do we want to see to it that totalitarianism does not dominate the whole world, including ourselves? We must *produce*. Do we want to serve democracy? We must *produce*. Orating is not enough. Resoluting is not enough. Wearing uniforms is not enough. We must *get together*, we must *work*, we must *produce*.

Let the government just dedicate the people to that spirit. The people will do the rest.



I Got a Glory

ON A DAY memorable to me, I boarded a tiny tugboat that I used often in crossing a southern river and saw that we had a new Negro engineer. He sat in the doorway of the engine room reading the Bible; he was fat, squat and black, but immaculate and in his eyes was the splendor of ancient wisdom and peace with the world. As I paused to talk with him I noticed that the characteristic odors that had always emanated from the engine room were no longer there. And the engine! It gleamed and shone; from beneath its seat all the bilgewater was gone. Instead of grime and filth and stench I found beauty and

order. When I asked the engineer how in the world he had managed to clean up the old room and the old engine, he answered in words that would go far toward solving life's main problems for many people.

"Cap'n," he said, nodding fondly in the direction of the engine, "it's just this way: I got a glory."

Making that engine the best on the river was his glory in life, and having a glory he had everything. The only sure way out of suffering that I know is to find a glory, and to give to it the strength we might otherwise spend in despair.

— Archibald Rutledge,
It Will Be Daybreak Soon (Revell)

The Inner Threat: Our Own Softness

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Roy Helton

THE REAL DANGER to our civilization is a more serious business even than war. Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin will die and the fabrics they have built may crumble. But unless we change our direction, we shall see far more devastating upheavals than we have yet seen — and within one human lifetime. To survive we must turn our democratic energies toward strength and away from comfort and refinement. Every civilization that has avoided that truth has perished.

For 25 years the feminine influence on western life has been mounting toward dominance. Unquestionably we are politer than we were at the turn of the century. The cuspidor has been eliminated from all but the most reactionary of our remoter hotels and barrooms. The cigarette has largely replaced the cigar and the cut plug. Men have been maneuvered into a position where it is impossible for them to think of anything but women and their wants between the end of each day's work and its beginning the following morning. And it is those wants which have given form to our culture.

Only a fool would say that the

result has been unpleasant. We live in a far daintier world than did our fathers, but also a far less virile world.

The theory that opportunity is dead, for example, is a distinctively female idea. It holds the family together. It prevents the hardship of changes and migrations. Matriarchies arise, as in the old Chinese Empire, where opportunities are believed to be dead and men can be convinced that this is so. The patriarch flourished only among pioneers. All modern western democracies have become state matriarchies within the past generation. The general Alma Mater is the government's sheltering arms. For survival, such a trend is finally worthless.

Who can regard the history of European civilization for the past two years without perceiving that both Britain and France have acted on a female pattern? Consider their appeasements and submissions, their thinking and policy, their ability to struggle only when locked in the ravisher's arms, and then the complete and abject submission of France. Sometime between 1914 and 1940, John Bull and Jacques Bonhomme became ladylike. And

where today is our Uncle Samuel?

Uncle Sam no longer fits our notion of ourselves. Feminine control of the purse strings has profoundly altered the development of our industry and commerce. Nearly all devices in general use are marketed on their feminine and juvenile appeal. Luxury or its imitation is a paramount sales argument.

Now, women are fine creatures and of superb courage, but biological and economic realities compel them to a selection of values of prime importance to themselves: shelter, comfort, and every attainable advantage for their young. Those are all proper ideals but not adequate to create an enduring society without an equal force in the distinctively male values of enterprise, adventure, and power. The balance of those two sets of factors makes civilization. When the female influence climbs too far into the ascendancy we have comfort and its sequel, degeneration. When the male influence is too dominant, we have war and destruction.

That is the line-up today in Europe, and there is nothing in man's history to indicate that these fundamentals will ever change. Nor should they. What alone can save civilization is for us to use these facts instead of denying them.

Anybody in Europe, with half a mind, knew that Germany had been preparing for a war on a colossal scale since 1934. No nation

spends 20 billion dollars of self-denied wealth and luxury for a bluff. Meanwhile the democracies of Europe played while Germany worked. They followed their rich and comfortable American neighbor in turning their resources toward ease and luxury, and joined her in wondering why creating devices for luxury and ease did not seem to give employment to all their people.

Britain and France had far more automobiles than Germany allowed herself and far more of the comfortable little gadgets on which we, most of any nation, have based our lives.

The danger of machines to man is not merely the creation of tanks and guns by an enemy, but what the absence of any serious purpose save the acquisition of minor luxury can do to the human spirit. The worth and permanence of democracy cannot be insured by great navies or air forces, but only by our hardihood as a people. These necessary devices are a mere skin that can protect from external infection. They do not insure the life of what lies within. And at no time in history has any people successfully protected itself without strengthening its own fibers.

What are the evidences of those internal weaknesses which will destroy democracy if we are not resolute to overcome them?

We have not been willing to face the cost of living as a free people.

We borrow and borrow instead of pay and pay. In our national economy we are like wastrel heirs of a great fortune. We do not care to face financial truth, or pull in our belts to free ourselves from the peril of our accumulating mortgage on the American future. Our leaders assure us that all will be well, but we know in our hearts some prodigious crash is ahead. Debt betrayed the democracies of Europe; they were so burdened with past obligations that they dared not tax or borrow adequately to face the necessities of present self-protection. Down that path we also are traveling fast.

We are a nation of city dwellers. For exercise, mature Americans move faster and travel farther under cover and on the seats of their pants than the citizens of any other nation. In our magnificent outdoor training grounds of democracy we have done everything possible to remove any incentive for people to use human activity for pleasure. Folk too indolent to climb a seven-foot stepladder can ascend Mt. Mitchell, Mt. Washington, or Pike's Peak sitting down. We spend more time in enclosed rooms than any race that ever survived in history. For mental exercise we play bridge on certain evenings, though we are too tired for serious reading. There is also, perhaps, golf, and work and life insurance, and a mortgage and the undertaker.

It is all good enough but it will

not survive in a world where a people concentrates its national spirit on a pursuit of fitness and power.

We indulge our children illimitably. Instead of rearing a race of lusty, weather-conditioned sons and daughters, we exhaust our purses to buy gasoline for our racing youth. They must have better clothes than their mothers and fathers had. They must be constantly amused with motion-picture shows. School work must not be so difficult for them as it was for their parents. We exhaust the resources of our colleges to erect stadia unparalleled since the days of degenerating Rome, so that 22 picked men may provide emotion and vicarious exercise for our children on Saturday afternoons; for of course they must go to college—we did not raise our boy to be a plumber or our daughter to sully her sweet hands with domestic toil. There must be a more abundant social life at their institution of higher learning. They must join a Greek-letter society or our pride is humbled and their lives made tragic. Our children graduate if they can, and we try to find them a husband or a job.

For the past 20 years American civilization has appeared to pursue no ideal more world-shaking than the attempt to get harder and harder butter on softer and softer bread. It was so also in the democracies of Europe. If we need our freedom to save our pet luxuries, to indulge our children, to invent

social or economic devices by which we can evade the task of finding work for all men and women, then there is no health in us and democracy will pass into the historic record as another noble experiment defeated by the indulgences of men.

For our nation to be safe to face dangers from any quarter, and strongly bred to stand up against any wind of fate, our over-sollicitous maternalism toward our children must end; our young men and women must be hardened by work and weather to meet every possible storm. Our public humanities must be maintained but must be an urge, not a sedative, to the unfortunate. Our lawmakers must attain the courage to compel us to pay for the necessities of government by adequate taxes.

In a world of power the gracious, the genteel, the sheltered life has of itself no force, no vital consequences. Couple democracy to those ideals and you marry it to death. Whatever survives between now and the year 2000 will be something tough.

We are a great people. We made democracy work under grave hand-

icaps in a new world. We did not invent industrialism, but we mastered it and achieved with it more common good than any other people.

It would be pleasant to live back in the 1880's, when all that lay ahead in a man's lifetime was growth, prosperity, and mechanical wonders. But ours is a different fate. Upon the maturity of industrialism has descended a great terror. Force of purpose implemented by machines is different from any force ever unleashed before. It is impersonal and terrible to the flesh-and-blood man, who is not machinelike. It can be fought under democracy, but only by a better purpose and a stronger will. That purpose cannot arise out of our passion for Sunday driving and "every modern convenience." That will cannot be conjured from our desire to blast Hitler, so he may leave us alone to golf and the movies.

It can arise only from the resolution to raise up on this continent the ablest, hardest and most intelligent men and women that ever inhabited the world. Only through that goal can our democracy survive.



TO LET his employer know what he thought about his alleged salary, a young New Yorker carefully wrote above his signature, when he cashed his check, "Any resemblance between this and a living wage is purely coincidental."

— *Kockefeller Center Magazine*

¶ An example of deathless courage;
of such stuff is our history made.

Remember the Alamo

By

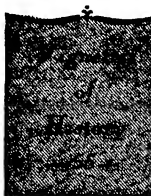
Edwin Muller

TEXANS KNOW the value of freedom. There was a time when they didn't have it. They were under the iron-handed rule of a foreign dictator until 1836.

Santa Anna was, in some ways, a dictator like the current model. Not long ago in Hitler's newspaper, the *Volksische Beobachter*, appeared an article highly commending the Mexican ruler, bitterly condemning the Americans who fought against him. It's easy to see how Hitler could feel an interest in the other's career. Santa Anna was a champion rabble-rouser. He had hot, passionate eyes that hypnotized an audience — could work himself into a hoarse, screaming rage. He could coldly calculate all the factors of a situation. He knew how long to use a friend and how to dispose of him afterward. He was never troubled by a conscience. When 400 Texans surrendered to him at Goliad he ordered them shot in cold blood.

Santa Anna was elected president of Mexico in 1833, then promptly overthrew the constitution and made himself dictator. Many Mexicans think of him now

with shame and he is not highly praised in their history books. Of course there were risings against him. But one by one Santa Anna beat down the rebellious provinces. All except Texas.



This was a land newly settled. Spanish conquistadores and French adventurers had passed through it in the early days. But they had left little trace. Even after Mexico threw off the Spanish rule in 1821 and Texas became part of Mexico, few Mexicans could be found to settle it. To them it was an arid wilderness where there was little profit and much danger. Great bands of Comanches swept over it hunting bison. Better to leave it as a no-man's-land, a barrier to the growing power of the United States.

But there were others who felt differently.

The Mississippi Valley was hardly overcrowded in the 1820's. Yet some of the settlers there already had the itch to move on.

To these men came stories of the Texas prairies. Stephen Austin of St. Louis secured a large grant from the Mexican government guar-

anteeing freedom under its constitution. Other leaders got groups together and the migration began.

Families and their goods moved in wagons across the plains or in homemade boats down the Mississippi. Some of them hadn't many goods to move. It was still an age when an axe and a rifle were the only absolute essentials for a settler. Many stopped on the way to plant and harvest corn. The Indians got some of them.

By 1835 there were 30,000 settlers in Texas, 95 percent of them from the States.

Today in Texas you see statues erected to these men. They stand in noble poses, on their faces an expression of saintliness. But there was little of saintliness in the forefathers of Texas. They were a tough and turbulent lot. They worked hard, and they drank hard. They fought the Mexicans, they fought the Indians, they fought each other. They had violent likes and dislikes and the most violent of their likes was personal freedom. Above all they wanted the absolute minimum of government. And under Mexican rule that's what they got — at first.

But Santa Anna fixed that. He followed the sound policy of dictators, that the best way to curb discontent at home is to lead an army against an enemy abroad. The Texans were foreigners — also there were only a few of them and they wouldn't be hard to conquer.

Setting to work to incite rebellion, Santa Anna abolished trial by jury, imposed excessive taxes, made the Catholic religion compulsory, made it unlawful to possess arms — in a country where each isolated ranch had to defend itself against Indians.

A Mexican company was sent to take an old brass cannon away from the town of Gonzales. That was the last straw. The men of Gonzales, like the men of Concord in 1775, rose and put them to flight. The revolt ran across Texas like a prairie fire and in a few weeks the scattered Mexican garrisons were chased across the Rio Grande.

Then Santa Anna began to draw his army together in Mexico City.

Now a weakness of democracy manifested itself. The free men of Texas, who had hastily formed a government, couldn't get together on a plan of defense. Their commander-in-chief, Sam Houston, was a great leader, but they gave him no support or authority. Instead of an army there were only bands under semi-independent leaders.

Meanwhile Santa Anna was on the march.

The gateway to Texas was San Antonio. In February 1836, it was held by a garrison of 80 men under Col. William B. Travis, 28 years old. As word of the Mexican advance spread, small groups began to drift into San Antonio — for the defense of freedom. Also there was prospect of a rattling good fight.

There came James Bowie, long a rebel against Mexico. David Crockett arrived, carrying his fiddle and his long Kentucky rifle. With him he brought a dozen Tennessee boys who, as he said, were fond of getting their spoons into a mess of this kind. Soon Travis had 150 men.

Across the San Antonio River, half a mile away, was the old Spanish mission of the Alamo. Built in 1718, it was now in ruins, but the surrounding wall still stood, eight feet high, three feet thick.

Travis decided to use the Alamo as a fort. A good strategist would have retreated while there was time. Indeed, General Sam Houston had ordered the place abandoned. On the other hand, the civil government told Travis to defend it. If he could hold out, it might give the colonists time to organize their defense.

On the morning of February 21 two scouts galloped into San Antonio. Before they had dismounted, the news was flying about the town. Santa Anna was but a few miles away. His army was far greater than anyone had thought, at least 2400 in the infantry alone. His artillery choked the road. Hundreds of his cavalry were deploying on the plain.

Within an hour Travis had assembled his men and they were clattering over the wooden bridge that led to the Alamo. No one of the 150 was missing. Even Bowie, ill with pneumonia, staggered out

of his bed and dragged himself onto a horse. A small group of non-combatants went along, the wife of Lieutenant Dickens and her baby, three or four Negro and Mexican servants.

Travis raced through the final preparations — which would have been attended to earlier by a less devil-may-care commander. He drove in some 30 stray cattle, stored 90 bushels of corn.

Before sundown the next day, the defenders saw Santa Anna marching into the town. He summoned the garrison to surrender. Travis answered him with a cannon shot.

There was none of the aspect of doomed men about the Texans. That night, when sentinels had been posted, they lit a bonfire in the center of the enclosure, sang songs, played jig tunes. They talked cheerfully of the relief parties that would come. They made Bowie comfortable in his cot.

Next day both sides got down to work. Santa Anna moved his troops out in a great circle. One by one his batteries opened fire. The solid shot came whining over the walls, crashing and ricocheting around the enclosure. The Texans replied with their own cannon, but more effectively with their rifles.

They knew how to use those rifles. Through the first days Crockett kept a diary. It was a terse score card. An entry: "After dawn got five gunners. Took my bitters. Went down to breakfast."

But Santa Anna kept sending attacking parties. The defenders, spreading themselves thin to cover 400 yards of wall, could get no rest. Their eyes were red-rimmed; they staggered from lack of sleep.

Travis had sent for help. On the darkest night three scouts had dropped softly over the wall and crawled away. Travis had listened long — had heard no shots or commotion.

For several days he waited anxiously. The attack increased in intensity. On the sixth night the sentinels heard outside a prearranged signal. Shadowy figures rose up in the darkness, came charging in, piling over the walls. There were 32 of them, practically all the able-bodied citizens of Gonzales. Davy Crockett got out his fiddle and the wondering Mexicans heard high celebration that night in the Alamo.

But the days went by and no more came. The attack kept on. The skin of the defenders' faces was drawn tight over the bones. They had fixed stares, dozed and jerked themselves awake.

Another scout came back — alone. Then the last scout. His report was final. No help could come in time.

Travis assembled his men. On the ancient flagstones the dust lay thick. With his sword he drew a line.

He spoke to them simply. If they stayed it was unlikely that any would get out alive. But they had

seen how easily the scouts had gone out. He pledged himself to help without reproach any who elected to escape. As for himself he meant to stay. Anyone who wished to stay with him should step across the line.

While he spoke the Texans had listened impassively. When he had finished they rose as one and crossed the line.

There was a cry from Bowie. He rose in his cot, stretching out his hands to them. At his command they lifted the cot and carried it across.

After that the action moved swiftly to a climax.

There was a lull on the twelfth day but that night the Texans heard the rumbling of troops moving up into position. All night the noise went on while the men on the walls dug their nails into their flesh to keep awake.

At dawn on March 6 there was one shrill blast of a bugle. Then a mounting roar from thousands of throats. In the gray half-light the lines were moving forward, long waves crested with bayonets. Behind the attackers other Mexicans were stationed to shoot down any who flinched. Behind them the cavalry circled to cut down any Texans who might escape. Farthest back of all, Santa Anna looked on.

One assault was thrown back — another — another. But the defenders were too few. At last a breach was made in the west wall and the

Mexicans came pouring in like waters breaking through a dike.

Within the enclosure was indescribable chaos. In the choking clouds of gunpowder smoke, struggling groups swayed back and forth. One by one the Texans dropped and were trampled into the blood-soaked dust. Travis fell among the first.

A few survivors made their last stand in small rooms of the old church. Crockett met his end in one of these rooms. Around his body were 17 Mexican corpses. Bowie fired his pistols, propped on his elbow in his cot. He was trying to raise his knife when the bayonets plunged into him.

Except for the noncombatant group, there were no survivors.

The news leaped across Texas. Its effect was instantaneous. It whipped into action the lagging processes of democracy. In a few weeks Sam Houston, the "colossus in buckskin," had his army. There were less than a thousand, but that was enough.

Santa Anna, full of confidence, divided his forces to mop up separate communities. That was what

Houston wanted. He attacked the dictator on April 21, on the banks of the San Jacinto. With the cry, "Remember the Alamo," the Texans surprised the Mexicans while General Santa Anna was taking his siesta. It was all over in 20 minutes, one of the shortest decisive battles in history.

Afterward one of Houston's troopers found a man in a Mexican private's uniform crawling through the grass. He yanked him up by the scruff of the neck and brought him to Houston. It was Santa Anna.

Some of the Texans wanted to kill him then and there but Houston would have none of that. Santa Anna didn't matter any more.

Texas was free.

*TODAY ONE HEARS reports that Hitler is making promises down in Mexico — as the Kaiser did in 1917. He tells them that when the United States falls apart — as a decadent democracy must — he may help Mexico to get back its lost province of Texas.

It's hard for a dictator to learn some things.



The High Cost of Killing

*I*T COST about 75 cents to kill a man in Caesar's time. The price rose to about \$3,000 per man during the Napoleonic wars; to \$5,000 in the American Civil War; and then to \$21,000 per man in the World War. Estimates for the present war indicate that it may cost the warring countries not less than \$50,000 for each man killed.

— Senator Homer T. Bone

A favorite poem of Berton Braley

American Laughter

By KENNETH ALLAN ROBINSON

Oh, the men who laughed the American laughter
Whittled their jokes from the fresh bullpines;
They were tall men, sharpened before and after;
They studied the sky for the weather-signs;
They tilted their hats and they smoked longnines.

Their laughter was ladled in Western flacons
And poured down throats that were parched for more;
This was the laughter of democrat-wagons
And homely men at the crossroads store
— It tickled the shawl that a lawyer wore!

It hurt the ears of the dainty and pretty
But they laughed the louder and laughed their fill,
A laughter made for Virginia City,
Springfield, and Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And the river that flows past Hannibal still!

American laughter was lucky laughter,
A coonskin tune by a homespun bard;
It tasted of hams from the smokehouse rafter
And locust trees in the courthouse yard;
And Petroleum Nasby and Artemus Ward!

And the corn grew tall and the fields grew wider,
And the land grew sleek with the mirth they sowed;
They laughed the fat meat into the spider,
They laughed the blues from the Wilderness Road,
— They crossed hard times to the Comstock Lode!

They laughed at the British, they laughed at the Shakers,
At Horace Greeley and stovepipe hats;
They split their fences and plowed their acres,
And treed their troubles like mountain cats;
— They laughed calamity out of the flats!

— *Scribner's Magazine*

❏ Without books to guide her,
Mother had her own ideas

No Pampered Pets in Our Home

Condensed from Your Life

Anonymous

The author is a capable and charming woman, managing her own business in New York although married to a successful professional man

I DINED with a couple of friends recently. After dinner their 15-year-old daughter bade us blithe farewell as my hostess and I started to do the dishes, and my host apologized: "Sorry to rush off. I have to take the 7:38 to town for a meeting. Jim has the car."

"I don't like to make Janey stay in these nice nights," my hostess explained. "Her playtime will soon be over. And we let Jim have the car because the poor boy hasn't been able to get a decent job, and he's so worried. We do all we can to make him happy."

I knew these children had been reared according to the most modern and supposedly scientific ideas. I couldn't help thinking of my mother, and the way I had been brought up.

Mother had no books to guide her, no scientific theories. Her basic ideas were that a child should be able to accept responsibility for its own life and learn to earn a living — even if the child was a girl. There was, for example, the matter of the doll with real hair, and eyes that opened and shut, who lived in a

shop around the corner. I wanted her more than I have since wanted fame or fortune. She cost \$1.25, and Mother said we couldn't afford her. "You might try to earn the money," she suggested.

It was summer, and hot. A lemonade stand was the obvious move. "I'll advance you the lemons and sugar and ice," Mother offered. "But you must pay me back out of your first nickels."

It took a week to earn that startling blonde wonder. I felt so important, however, that I stayed in business two weeks, and purchased a peculiarly hideous basket for Mother.

Several years later, deciding that I wanted to be an actress, I asked for elocution lessons. "Your father and I don't feel it is essential to your education," Mother told me, "but we will give you lessons for six months. After that you must pay for them yourself."

Wonderful! For six months I learned to mouth each vowel appallingly, to walk and sit with incredible manner. I thought I was pretty good, and obviously the way

to earn money for more lessons was to teach what I had already learned. I got a class of small fry in a nearby orphanage: \$1.50 for three afternoons a week. We even produced a play, in the course of which I decided to abandon the proscenium in favor of direction, I was such a success!

Mother made all my clothes, but she permitted me to make final decisions on fashions and fabrics. I had to learn that the prettiest materials wouldn't stay pretty long. I was advised against the white lawn with the red rosebuds, but I would have it — and I wore it with anguish after the roses became streaks and the white background a mottled unlovely pink. I remember, too, a new party dress I wanted to show off to my playmates.

"You may wear it if you like," Mother said. "But it will get rumpled, and perhaps wet, because it looks like rain. Bridget won't have time to do it up for you tomorrow, so if it's dirty you won't have anything to wear to Ella's birthday party, and you'll have to stay home." I wore the dress. It rained. I had to miss the party. Mother never got soft and said, "Her playtime will soon be over."

When I was older and buying my own clothes, in my enthusiasm for spectacular styles and colors I appeared in an Easter costume of a brown-and-black suit with an orange blouse, and a yellow hat with an Alice-blue bow. Mother, who

was ill, just turned her face to the wall with a groan. But I learned.

Discipline in our home was rigid. Only Mother called it self-discipline and self-control. Because she always explained the reasons, she made me think that I had chosen my actions myself. I never had any sense of arbitrary authority. I didn't have to eat my carrots if I didn't want to, but dessert came only after the main course was all gone — and I had a hearty appetite. I could stay out later than planned if I telephoned Mother and explained. I usually felt too silly to call up unless the reason was indeed valid.

Mother wanted me to have courage, so saw to it that I did things I was afraid of. As a youngster I was terrified of the water, so Mother had a life guard tie a rope round my waist and lead me in. After a few days of reliance on the rope, he tied it so loosely it came unfastened, and I had to swim. I still don't like the water, but I'm not afraid.

When I was 13, Mother and Father called me into his study. "You are old enough now to manage your own expenses," Father said. "We will take care of your board, lodging and laundry. But you must pay for school, clothes, doctor and dentist bills, parties, summer camp, and music lessons. Tomorrow I'll open a bank account for you, and teach you how to keep your books, and budget your expenses."

I have never been so proud since that day. The thrill of writing my

own checks! The excitement of deciding whether I could afford new shoes! That first time I said that I couldn't afford to go to a matinee because I'd had an unexpected dentist bill! I got into troubles. But I never ran into debt. Our family had no charge accounts, and an unpaid bill was a sin.

I knew, too, that money wouldn't always come from Father. The summer I graduated from prep school I was counselor in a camp. At the end of my first year in college I decided it was time to begin my career in earnest, and I got a vacation job on a local newspaper. I worked there the next two summers, and after a family financial catastrophe had no trouble getting a job on a larger morning paper to pay for my last year in college.

Mother permitted me, at 17, to learn to drive our first automobile—a superb job, bright blue and very shiny. I loved that car as

intensely as I hated housework! Consequently when, one day, Mother explained that because of reverses we could no longer afford both car and maid, my sister and I offered to do the housework if we could keep the car. After four months we decided that luxury wasn't worth the time taken from such urgent matters as beaux, picnics, etc. Still, we'd learned a sense of values, something which has stood us in good stead.

Looking back now, I can assess the result of all this discipline. Come what may, I shall never be terrified by economic upheavals. I've always managed to find some sort of work, and I am sure I always can. I have learned adaptability.

All in all, I think my mother, a small-town woman with no psychologist to consult, had the most sensible system.

I'm trying to rear my own three children by it!



His Presents Requested

Contributed by **Alfred E. Smith** *AN IRISHMAN*, inviting a friend to his wedding anniversary, explained how to find him in the apartment house where he lived. "Come to the 7th floor," he said,

"and where you see the letter D on the door, push the button with your elbow and when the door opens put your foot against it."

"Why do I have to use my elbow and my foot?" asked his friend.

"Well, for heaven's sake!" exclaimed the Irishman. "You're not coming empty-handed, are you?"

| A little country doctor's wife
rules the lives of 50,000,000
women under the Nazi yoke

Lady Führer über Alles

Condensed from The Living Age

Peter Engelmann

FRAU Gertrud Scholtz Klink exercises more authority than any other woman in the world. She holds unrestricted control over 30,000,000 German women, and is rapidly tightening her grip on 20,000,000 others now forced to live under the swastika. She has Fifth Column agents in every important city in the world. With Göring, Himmler, Hess, she is one of Germany's "Mighty Ten."

Frau Klink rules the lives of women in all things. She tells them how many children they must have, and when; what they shall wear, what they shall cook, and how.

PETER ENGELMANN was an editor of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, an important Berlin daily, from 1930 to 1935. When Hitler came to power and the *Frauenfront* was formed, Engelmann was offered a position as Frau Klink's publicity man, which he refused. Because he was German-Jewish (the son of a sculptor), he was expelled from the newspaper profession and a short time later was forced to flee Germany. His facility with languages then stood him in good stead; he worked successively on Swedish, Danish and Norwegian newspapers, and came to the U. S. as correspondent for the Scandinavian Press Syndicate. He is at present employed by the New York daily, *PM.*, covering the short-wave front.

What they shall say, laughing, to their husbands and sons marching to war. How they shall behave, smiling, when their men are killed. Hers is the responsibility for home spirit, the core of national morale.

Chief agency of her power is an élite corps of 50,000 zealous Nazi women — the *Frauenschaft*. It has a unit in every community. Each member has specialized duties — one to watch the food markets, another to edit the women's page of the local newspaper, a third to be leader of the women in a big apartment house. Below the *Frauenschaft* is the *Frauenfront*, to which every women's organization in Germany must belong, be it sewing circle, bridge club or literary group.

Frau Klink's major concerns are the childbed and the cookpot. Nazism needs an undwindling stream of boys to march, soldiers to die. The Nazis have a rather cynical name for this policy, *Bevölkerungspolitik* — the Populating Policy. The Women's Front imbues young girls with the belief that the most wonderful thing that can happen is to have a child. The girl who delays marrying is visited by one of the

Frauenfront. What is wrong? Money? The state will lend. Not the right man? Nonsense! Germany is full of fine, blond Aryan boys.

Once the girl marries, there must be children. Wives who for 18 months have not had a child are visited by shrewdly trained "social advisers." To one woman they talk of patriotic obligation to contribute to the glory of Germany; to another, of the mystic beatitudes of bounteous motherhood. Financial aid is promised. If the wife pleads ill health, or sterility, a physician is called. All the while, propaganda movies, broadcasts and books create the necessary emotional background.

Frau Klink's second task is to teach German women, via radio, newspaper, and traveling kitchen, how to cook *ersatz* foods, how to live on them without destroying national health. No one may publish any recipe not approved by the *Frauenschaft*. Daily broadcasts tell women what to buy and what not to ask for. Each apartment house or group of cottages has a *Frauenfront* sub-leader who pops unexpectedly into kitchens to see what is on the stove, on pantry shelves, and, above all, in garbage cans.

The story of how this wife of a little country doctor left home and husband to match wits and will with the Nazi chiefs, and emerged triumphant, is fantastic.

Frau Klink first met Hitler in 1932. Marie Diers, popular writer

on women's topics, who had supported Hitler since 1927, arranged a meeting at which she and Frau Klink told Hitler they felt it a grave mistake to have no Nazi women speakers. "I abhor women politicians," barked Hitler. "In no party meeting will I allow women to talk on politics. If there are special women's meetings they shall be opened by a man. After him a woman may talk of specific women's questions."

Frau Klink tried then to find out what Hitler thought was the best propaganda line for women. "This pest — this vice," he exploded. "These street girls!"

And that, Gertrud Klink once told me, was the only statement concerning women she ever heard in private from the Führer.

Nazism was a "movement of men," contemptuous of women. Women should be satisfied that Hitler would make their men "blond, strong and stormy." But Frau Klink knew that more and very different things would be necessary if women were to become useful tools of the régime.

When Hitler came to power she wrote a long letter to Frau Diers and waited quietly at home. Lydia Gottschewsky, a skinny girl with fanatical eyes who for five years had worked with Goebbels, proclaimed herself the first leader of German women. Frau Diers also was around, and with her pretty Erika Kirmsee, a young reporter

from Kiel who, smelling opportunity, had come to Berlin to "help the Führer." Soon these two began to cross Lydia; eventually they broke her. Erika herself took the shaking, hysterical Lydia to a hospital; she has not been seen since.

That night Frau Diers sent a telegram to Gertrud Klink:

"Everything arranged. Hess and I expect you at once."

From the start Frau Klink was sagacious. She took shabby quarters in an obscure neighborhood and announced that she would make no public statements for nine months. Robert Ley, head of the Labor Front, after three months' dispute, became convinced that working women should be controlled by a woman leader. Beautiful Erika Kirmsee helped convince him. The Youth Leader, Baldur von Schirach, was not willing to consent to Frau Klink's control of girls. So she dug up witnesses and documents concerning a private affair of blond and lyrical Baldur — one of those affairs the Führer should not know about. Von Schirach gave in. She out-manuevered Goebbels and won the approval of mighty Gestapo chief, Himmler. Most important of all, she won the German General Staff.

In just nine months she left her shabby hideout for headquarters in a 30-room villa in Berlin's smartest district. She still carefully dressed like a provincial hausfrau — that Nazi ideal of womanhood

— and she brought her three little girls to live with her that all might see she is the German mother. But she demanded and got an SS bodyguard as smart as Himmler's, a string of official cars like Göring's. She had arrived; she was powerful and wealthy.

Herr Doktor Klink kept to his village practice. Once it was suggested a job might easily be found for him in Berlin, but the *Reichsfrauenführerin* — to give Frau Gertrud her resounding title — barked a short and shocking "No!"

War has only increased the woman leader's importance; she is an essential part of the war machine. Since its outbreak, her *Frauenschaft* representatives have been going from house to house, keeping up women's spirits. Each week they get new instructions on what to say. They talk of Germany's glorious victories. "Sacrifices now are necessary to carry out the Führer's plans to make Germany great, prosperous and happy. It is really all for the children! What true German mother would not give herself, her husband, or even a son, for the sake of young children's future?"

Another *Frauenschaft* section controls the thousands of women who took men's places in armament factories and on farms. A "social warden" in each factory is responsible for women's morale. This may mean financial help, or perhaps just friendly advice. The social warden

is also a policewoman, and all tales about women workers must be brought to her. Not tales about morals; after all, people must have an outlet, a distraction from war strain. And there is always the Populating Policy.

This influencing of women's minds does not end at Germany's borders. Before Hitler began his campaign of expansion, Frau Klink invited women leaders from other countries to view "the remarkable social progress of the German woman." Her chic lieutenant, Erika Kirmsee, showed them around. If they were very important they were allowed to meet the Führer. That was amazingly effective propaganda.

"Those old women go absolutely goofy over Adolf," cynical Erika once in the early days commented to me. "I don't know what they find in him. To me, he seems always rather helpless."

The lady Führer made two attempts to do foreign propaganda in person. She went to visit Lady Asquith, to win friends for appeasement,

but the stiff British manners chilled her and her funny hausfrau dresses made a bad impression. Later, in Sweden, she blossomed forth in silver lamé — but it went no better. She gave up personal diplomacy but kept up her work of "collaborating" with women's organizations everywhere. Good-looking and smartly attired Nazi girls were sent on international tours. Millions of pamphlets were distributed to women in England, Scandinavia and America.

On a map in Frau Klink's office, red pins sprout all over Latin America — and in Chicago, Los Angeles, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. Each pin indicates where a woman's unit has been organized. Twenty-four hours after the Nazis invaded Denmark and Norway, Danish and Norwegian women Fifth Columnists received instructions on how to organize the women. The same thing happened in the Netherlands, Belgium and France. The plan is prepared for the whole world.

Illustrative Anecdotes — 39 —

A MAN who was extremely successful in dealing with mule teams was once asked by General Booth of the Salvation Army how he managed the stubborn creatures. "Well, General," explained the man, "when they stop and won't go on, I just pick up a handful of soil and put it in their mouths. Of course they spit it out, but as a rule they start on."

"Why do you think it has that effect?" asked the General.

"Well, I don't know, but I expect it changes the current of their thoughts," the mule driver replied. — W. Orton Tewson in *An Attic Salt-Shaker*

The Quiz Kids

Condensed from Cue

J. P. McEvoy

FIVE public school children, the oldest 15, the youngest only eight, are the experts of the gayest program in the wave of radio quizzes which followed the success of "Information Please." The answers come back so fast that it is hard to believe them to be impromptu, but they are.

When eight-year-old Gerard Darrow is asked where he would plant vallisneria, cabomba and sagittaria, and immediately pipes up with "In a fish bowl, because they are aquatic plants," it's just one item in this young head's storehouse of nature lore. When Cynthia Cline, 14, is asked to hum, whistle, or sing a line each from *Trees*, *The Linden Tree*, *Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree*, and *Ash Grove* and promptly does so, singing in her lovely flute of a voice, it's simply because she's an unwritten encyclopedia of music. The kids, scored as a team, have answered 88 percent of the questions correctly.

The Clifton Fadiman of the program — which began June 28, and is being broadcast over an N.B.C. coast-to-coast network every Wednesday night — is genial Joe Kelly, whose previous experience consisted of running the National Barn Dance program, a corny masterpiece that

has not helped him to cope with these young intellectual pinwheels. Even his printed answers are of little use because the children are likely to come up with better answers of their own.

For example, they were asked to divide the number of Ali Baba's Thieves by the number of Quins, add the Horsemen of the Apocalypse and subtract the number of days it took to make the world. Three hands went up instantly. "Five," said Cynthia Cline. "That's right," said Joe Kelly, consulting his notes. "I beg to differ," chirped 13-year-old Virginia Booze, "the answer is six," and she went on to divide the Forty Thieves by the Five Quins to get eight, added the Four Horsemen for twelve, and subtracted six days instead of Cynthia's seven. "For on the seventh day He rested," quoted Virginia. Mr. Kelly's notes hadn't allowed for a day of rest, so she had him there.

The kids interrupt, contradict and volunteer odd bits of information, while the audience roars with joy. When they could not supply a certain aria from *Rigoletto*, Joe Kelly, whose singing voice will never be his fortune, obliged with the missing tune. "I don't recognize

❖ *Here Are Some Questions*
Can You Match?

1. What would a musical automobilist do if he approached highway signs that read (a) andante, (b) a tempo, (c) finale?
2. To become President of the United States, a man must fulfill four requirements. He must be a native-born American, he must be at least 35 years old, he must have lived in this country for 14 years. What is the fourth requirement?
3. Would a steel ball fall faster through water at 20° temperature, or water at 60°?
4. What is the only four-letter word in the English language ending in -eny? (Answer within 5 seconds.)
5. Why didn't these pairs of famous operatic lovers ever marry? (a) Mario Cavaradossi and Floria Tosca, (b) Don José and Carmen, (c) Tannhäuser and Elisabeth.
6. When did the American flag have the largest number of stripes?

(Answers will

it," said Cynthia coolly. When Gerard was asked to pick the world's most henpecked bird he not only named the male red phalarope but went on: "Nature has given the female the brighter plumage and she does the courting. She makes the male sit on the eggs and care for the young while she goes out and probably plays cards with the other birds. She thinks it's leap year all the time."

One night Mr. Kelly was caught in a cross fire between Van Dyke Tiers, 13, and Gerard Darrow. The question was, "Define respectively a dodo, a dido and a dado." Gerard confidently answered, "A dodo is

a prehistoric bird," and added, "I think he had a harsh call." "I don't know about the call," said Mr. Kelly politely, "but otherwise you are O.K." "Not exactly," retorted Van Dyke. "The dodo is extinct but not prehistoric." "That isn't what it says in my encyclopedia," countered Gerard, looking to Mr. Kelly for support. "Well," Mr. Kelly drawled, hunting frantically through his notes, "I guess there isn't much difference, eh?" But Van Dyke was not to be put off. "Mr. Kelly," he announced, "I would like to submit to you that all prehistoric animals are extinct, but all extinct animals are not neces-

Quiz Kids Were Asked.

Mr. Score?

7. At one point in his travels described in *The Tramp Abroad*, why did Mark Twain boil a thermometer?
8. At a celestial tea party you meet three guests, famous in the field of the arts. One is deaf, one is blind, one is minus an ear. Who are they?
9. In what kind of store would you expect to find, as part of the regular stock, an adjutant, a rail, and a long-legged secretary?
10. If a salesman offered to sell you a houseboat on the River Styx, why would you call the prosecuting attorney?
11. Before you stands a glass of water filled to the brim. Floating in it are two cubes of ice protruding above the rim of the glass. Will the water run over when the ice melts?
12. Which is the correct ending for this rhyme?

Roses are red, violets are blue,

The fizz in your soda is (SO₂, CO₂, CS₂, NO₂)

on p. 136)

sarily prehistoric." At which point Mr. Kelly devoutly wished he was back with his comfortable old Barn Dance.

Gerard Darrow, youngest expert, is oldest in point of service. He has been on the program since the beginning, through sheer merit. For the Quiz Kids are not given contracts. The three who answer the most questions correctly on one program are held over for the following program, the lowest two are replaced by new youngsters from the long list of applicants. For each appearance, each child is given a \$100 U. S. baby bond; everyone who sends in an acceptable ques-

tion is rewarded with a portable radio.

Gerard's specialty seems to be the whole animal kingdom from Aardvark to Zebu. He knows the exact difference between a frog and a toad, a crocodile and an alligator, down to length of snout or sliminess of skin. Asked whether a camel will heal when cut, he answered, with all the assurance of a Sahara Desert vet, "No. The skin is soft. You have to patch it up. So the camel is all patched up."

He would survive longer than most of us on a desert island. Question: "With wicks, but without tallow or fat, how would you make

candles?" Gerard: "I would use the candlefish, which is a small fish of the smelt family. It was used by the Pacific Coast Indians, and it makes good light, and it burns very readily, and it has a terrible odor."

While the Quiz Kids are not average, their backgrounds are, ranging from a family on relief to comfortable middle class. All the children are voracious readers and have fly-paper memories. This, more than the schools they have attended, accounts for their prodigious knowledge. The parents claim they have never pushed the children — in fact spend a great deal of time trying to persuade them to drop their books and either go out and play or do some chores around the house.

Cynthia Cline started school at the age of three, speaks German and French, composes verses, plays the piano and field hockey, does figure skating, rides horseback, listens to ball games and "likes to visit industrial plants." She also invents dances and has composed the words and music for an operetta in German. She not only answers virtually all the questions fired at her, but often writes an original poem on any subject suggested, while the program is going on. Given "The Stars in the Sky" as a subject, she had plenty of time between questions to dash off the following:

In the blackness of the night
The stars stand out like candles bright,
And all across the Milky Way

They make the summer night like day,
And sometimes you see them slide and
fall
Against the heavens' curtained hall.

Van Dyke Tiers specializes in science and spelling. Before he could talk he could spot — by pointing — all the letters of the alphabet. Before he was three he could name the planets in order. For relaxation he recited the Swedish and Greek alphabets. Not knowing what to do with him, his parents did nothing at all until the law said he had to go to school. He sped through the first four grades in four days.

"If you had a hole one foot square and six inches deep how much soil would there be in it?" Most of us, if asked this, would pause for mental arithmetic. But Van Dyke promptly replied, "None, because it's a hole." Later he politely corrected Kelly's pronunciation of "succinctly" and volunteered that B₁ is a new vitamin and B-K₄ a chess term. On one warm-up program I attended he came back instantly with the right answer to this question: "What four consecutive numbers add up to ten?" "One, two, three and four," said he. Asked after the program how he got it so quickly, he explained, "We have a pocket pool table at home."

"Quiz Kids" was originated by a young Chicago publicity man, Louis G. Cowan. He dug up his first little experts after painful search, upon the tips of friends. The program was offered to twelve advertisers before

it was bought by the present sponsors. The fan mail brings in about 20,000 questions a week. Most of them have to be discarded because they are too easy.

So far only children living round Chicago have appeared on the pro-

gram, as weeding out applicants is a laborious job. Of the children who have appeared, the great majority were eliminated first crack. It's not easy to compete with such mental virtuosos as Gerard Darrow, Van Dyke Tiers and Cynthia Cline.



Jungles Can Be Healthful

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

Loring A. Schuler

A YOUNG sanitary engineer, employing new methods, has demonstrated that white men can work in South America's tropic jungles and keep their health. The experiment started nearly two years ago when Engineers, Ltd., a Pacific Coast construction firm, set out to lay an oil pipe line through the swamps and mountains of Colombia. Typhoid, dysentery and malaria abound in this tropical miasma. Heat and humidity breed poisons in food with startling rapidity, and yellow fever is a constant menace. Drinking water comes from the Magdalena River, the country's trunkline sewer.

North American engineering skill has a brilliant record in South America, but unsanitary labor camps had worn our welcome thin. They

had even been named as reasons for expropriating our property.

The old system had counted on survival of the fittest; the devil and malaria could take the rest. Workmen who fell ill were replaced by others. The U. S. government had accomplished wonders of sanitation, but Alfred B. Swinerton, executive of Engineers, Ltd., who was handling the Colombian contract, knew that a private construction job organized along the same lines would be unprecedented. He looked around for the best public-health man he could find and chose 36-year-old Jack G. Baker, of the San Diego Health Department. Baker was no theoretician. He had conceived a liking for medicine while clerking in a drugstore in his native Oklahoma, and had become a full-fledged

pharmacist during an enlistment in the Navy. Combatting an outbreak of gangosa on the island of Guam had given him a taste of disease-control work. He left the Navy, bolstered his practical training by a university course, and took a job as sanitary engineer in San Diego.

Baker and Swinerton laid out a carefully-planned campaign. Medical experts were asked to prescribe sanitation methods and the ideal diet for men working hard in tropical heat. A water purification plant, trailer camps and a barge camp were specially designed and built. There were to be comforts unheard-of in jungle camps — flush toilets, electric lights, drinking fountains, to say nothing of walk-in refrigerators that could store fresh meat and even provide ice cream for dessert.

It looked good — on paper. Baker headed for Colombia, where a rough-neck crowd awaited him — pipeline men from Houston, tractor men from New Orleans, roustabouts from San Francisco — hard guys picked for a hard job. They had been inoculated against smallpox, typhoid, tetanus and yellow fever. Baker gave every man doses of atabrine, the new dye product that is surer than quinine as a malaria preventive. They were ordered to use paper cups, lie down for a half-hour before dinner, drink tea, shun native girls and liquor. A seven-day work week with pay for overtime absorbed excess energy and kept down week-end roistering.

Old-timers sneered at the “lily-cup pipe-liners” who went to bed when curfew rang. But Baker had ten ex-pharmacist’s mates from the Navy working under him — hawk-eyed sanitarians, fiends for detail, men accustomed to giving orders as well as taking them. The rules were enforced, and the health program went on, though there wasn’t an M.D. in the whole lot. For flagrant violations, men were sent home. In three months even old hands in the tropics were ready to admit that jungle sickness was unnecessary.

The mechanized living quarters followed the work. The barge camp, two 150-foot lighters hitched end to end, moved up and down the Magdalena River with the job. They were houseboats, for 100 men. Eight portable camps were spread over the 260-mile pipe-line route, some in teeming swamps where mud was knee-deep in the rainy season. The trailers, snaked by tractors from one location to another, included an electric plant, a washroom with showers and flush toilets, a water-supply trailer, a hospital trailer, and half a dozen other trailers with upper and lower berths. All of them were screened with fine mesh wire and insulated against weather and insects.

Food was bountiful and varied, most of it from the States — canned fruits, vegetables, butter, cheese, asphalt-covered hams and bacon, jellies, canned and dried milk. Beef

came in on the hoof, to be slaughtered under strict inspection. Vegetables bought locally were never eaten raw. The only local fruits used were kinds that had to be peeled. The slightest suspicion would condemn the smallest item or the largest, a lime or a side of beef. All leftovers, after each meal, were thrown into the garbage pit, and buried ten feet deep.

Men who sweat freely get thirsty, so water was a major problem. But the two main camps could draw only from the Magdalena, full of dead animals, garbage and sewage. Yet out of this poisonous stew the purification plants produced 16,000 gallons of wholesome water a day. There were salt tablets, too, for a man needs to replace in his system more than plain water if he is to be safe from sunstroke.

Baker was everywhere — sloshing through the rainy-season mud; riding burros, trucks and river boats; catching lifts on the planes that hauled men, supplies and machin-

ery. "Sanitation is a 24-hour job," he says. He proved his point — after 17 months the 500 men who constructed the pipe line returned to the States in better health than when they left.

But a business project measures its success in dollars, not in humanitarian values. So Baker, warm of heart though he is, sets down the lessons of his job in unsentimental terms: "Sickness is preventable. The loss that may be caused by illness is greater than the cost of preventing it." Swinerton agrees and has taken Baker with him to a new job on a Canal Zone project, to set up camps and supervise the health of thousands of men for the next three years.

Jack G. Baker and Engineers, Ltd., have shown that we can be good visitors as well as good neighbors; that we can promote health, as well as wealth, in developing our hemisphere's resources. Other companies operating in the tropics are studying their results with interest.



Legend of Lethargy

ONE VERY HOT sunny day I saw a Negro lying on the ground — happy, glistening, just on the verge of surrender to blissful sleep.

Nearby was another Negro, on the verge of the same bliss, but standing upright.

Said the one on the ground, drowsily: "Big boy, if you wants to lie down, you got to make a effort."

— Archibald Rutledge

Do Animals Think?

Condensed from a forthcoming book, "Everyday Miracle"

Gustav Eckstein, M.D.

IS EVERYTHING we recognize as intelligence in ourselves mere instinct in animals? Scientists have long argued about this, but all of us know of animals which have shown what must be considered intelligence. The following animal episodes are not meant to settle the argument.

The Hearing of a Dog

IN A LUNCHROOM in New York City a drunk leaned across the counter, a dog at his feet. The telephone rang. The waiter moved to answer it. The drunk said: "Wait." Then he bent down, caught the dog's snout between his thumb and index finger, clamped the snout tight. "If that's my wife, tell her I left half an hour ago." The waiter

gave the message to the wife and hung up the receiver. The drunk straightened himself, said to me: "He would have heard her talk, and barked." Yes, the dog would have heard the wife's voice past the receiver plastered against the waiter's ear!

For years a spitz dog I know took care of a diabetic woman by sleeping in the crook of her arm. When her breathing changed because she was sinking into a coma, the dog would dash into the next room and wake the woman's daughter. Any dog would be quicker at detecting a change in breathing rate than any doctor.

A Cat That Knows Monday

MY GARAGEMAN told me that a cat next door went out every Monday at 7:45 p.m. The next Monday I investigated. Sure enough, at 7:45 a yellow cat came down his walk and stopped at the curb for the traffic lights. When they changed he crossed. I do not say he saw the lights change; perhaps he only saw the people who saw them change. He crossed close to their feet. None of them noticed him, as they would have noticed a dog. A dog joins a crowd; a cat makes use of it.

I followed the cat up a grassy

GUSTAV ECKSTEIN's intimate acquaintance with animals began 25 years ago, when as a medical student he spent considerable time in a physiological laboratory. There he came to regard birds and animals not as laboratory specimens but as friends. He has surrounded himself with such friends ever since, and has written two books about them: *Canary*, a best-seller in 1936, and *Lives*. About himself he writes: "Born, practiced dentistry, studied medicine, learned not much; came to know two or three women, learned a good deal; made friends with two rats, learned prodigiously." Otherwise, Dr. Eckstein teaches physiology at the University of Cincinnati.

slope to a hospital. For a distance we kept together along the wall. Then, pop, he was on a window sill — a window of the nurses' dining room, where on Monday night a crowd plays bingo. I followed him three Mondays in succession. That cat knows Monday. That cat knows 7:45. I thought it might be food, but there was no food. Or a congregation of cats, but there were no cats. He was there at that exact time to hear and see the people playing.

The two ladies who housed the cat were proud. They said: "Oh, yes, Willy knows Monday. Any other night Willy may go out at five o'clock, or six, and not return till eight or ten or midnight for his supper, but on Monday he stays in, and promptly at 7:30 eats his supper. He leaves promptly at 7:45 and we can count on him to come home at quarter of ten, when the bingo game ends." This I did myself observe.

Willy also knows 8:10 in the morning. Each day the two ladies take the same streetcar, and the cat, after spending a night out, likes to get in before the door is closed for his breakfast and a day of sleep. If he is a little early, he slouches along and perhaps stretches in the sun for a moment. But if he is late — say nine and one half minutes after eight — he comes prancing.

Queer, this sense of time. All of us know people who are able to wake exactly when they wish to,

within a fraction of a minute. Mechanically speaking, the brain sets an indicator somewhere in its fabric of cells eight hours ahead — 28,800 seconds — and knows when it has arrived at that point. Willy's brain can do that too.

A Cottontail Adopts a Family

I WAS TOLD this by a pretty woman, but I believe it. Her husband called her to the kitchen door to look at a cottontail hiding in some dry leaves. The next instant, past her feet into the house went the cottontail, and for two and one half years lived in that house and garden, wild. The woman and her husband seldom saw the cottontail, and then only its disappearing trail, around a chair, down a step, out a door. The woman regularly put food and water in the kitchen. They never saw that cottontail eat or drink.

Then one midwinter night, the husband sat reading his newspaper, the wife reading hers. Presently the husband noticed something. He caught his wife's eyes. Without a stir he pointed. Slowly she turned her head. There, to the side of the room, within the shadow, forefeet forward, hindfeet back, that isolationist cottontail was at last taking part in this family communion.

Distance, to a Blind Canary

IN MY LABORATORY, for 19 years, there has lived a large free-flying

family of canaries. Through the years, I watched Hinge, a male, decline, watched rheumatism creep over his legs, heard it enter his wings. His voice grew high-pitched like an old man's. One night Hinge angered another bird by crossing its line of flight. I caught Hinge and found that he had become stone blind. For two years after that he continued to eat at the canaries' table, at one extreme corner of the laboratory, to bathe at their bath, which is near the middle, and to sleep at another corner, on the edge of a book closet exactly 17 inches from its end. How such precision in latitude and longitude is possible without eyes, I have no idea.

Another night he again crossed the flight of a bird, who turned on him, and Hinge, bewildered, landed not on the book closet where he had intended but on the instrument case. Between the case and the closet there is a gap of 11 inches. Hinge leaned far off his perch as if he were trying to peer across the gap.

The laboratory was utterly still. Crusty, who for years had been Hinge's mate, awoke and looked about. Abruptly, for no reason that I could see, she flew from her own perch to the edge of the book closet and piped. Hinge piped. Crusty piped. Could she be guiding him? Anyway, Hinge plunged into the air, came down on the edge of the closet, shuffled along to his roost 17

inches from the end, and fell asleep. I do not interpret. I report.

An Ape-Mother Reconsiders

SCIENTISTS seem lately to have discovered that mother-love is a glandular secretion. I myself do not feel sure.

I once drew up a chair before the cage of an ape-mother who had her baby in her arms. Repeatedly the baby struggled to slip from her, but each time she fixed it more firmly under her arm, afraid for her offspring in my presence. When I moved my chair closer to the bars, my finger caught a splinter. While trying to extract the splinter I became aware that the ape had also moved close to the bars and was staring at what I was doing. The next instant — why I shall never understand — I gave her my hand. She clutched it and dipped the finger into her mouth. Then she set her shovel of a thumbnail under the splinter and expertly flipped it out.

But now comes the truly curious part of the story. You know that feeling of intimacy and security established between you and the surgeon who has removed your appendix? Well, from that moment the ape let her baby free! It could play about in the cage any way it wanted. That is what it had been trying to do for more than an hour.

Odd if all this were but the ebb and flow of a glandular secretion.



❏ The graphic story of the Garand rifle typifies the problem of "getting into production"

What "On Order" Means

Condensed from Forbes

Donald Wilhelm

FOUR and a half years ago the U. S. Army, convinced of the merits of the Garand rifle, ordered the Springfield Armory to begin making it. Twenty months later the Armory was delivering 10 rifles a day; 44 months later, 100 a day; *four years* later, 200 a day. Even at that highest rate, equipping a million men with rifles would take 17 years!

Why such slow progress? As war equipment goes, the Garand is a simple thing; it weighs scarcely nine pounds, has only 75 parts, is certainly easier to manufacture than a tank, plane or antiaircraft gun. Little thing that it is, it illustrates all the better what "getting into production" means. In the story of one gun can be seen the bigger story of arming America for defense.

When the Army adopted the fa-

mous Springfield in 1903 it still sought a faster rifle. The world's gun designers submitted models in periodic competitions. These were examined and tested, and at one time the Army was redesigning no fewer than six. At last, in 1929, John C. Garand of the government Armory at Springfield, Mass., submitted a surprising gun.

The Garand rifle can be fired eight times without taking your eyes from the target. The Army Ordnance rates it two and a quarter times as fast as the Springfield, whose hand-operated bolt action means re-aiming after each shot. The Springfield packs a "kick" equivalent to being hit by a one-pound brickbat dropped 14 feet — a jolt that disturbs the rookie's aim and sometimes lays him up with a sore shoulder after a few hundred shots. The Garand is so gentle at the shoulder that a woman may fire it comfortably. It can be taken apart in the field, with only a cartridge as a tool, in 12 seconds. It works in arctic cold and tropic heat; after immersion in water—even salt water—it has been fired at once, with no effect on its functioning.

DURING the industrial mobilization in 1917-18, Donald Wilhelm handled government news releases for the U. S. Council of National Defense. After the war he became assistant to Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, and in 1923 spent six months at Mr. Hoover's direction observing industry in Russia. He has written hundreds of magazine articles, including 60 firsthand studies of American industries.

The Army in 1934 ordered 80 Garands for use — and abuse — by cavalry and infantry. With 18 tool-makers to help him, it took Mr. Garand two years to complete 80 rifles in the model shop at the Armory.

In making these guns, Garand and his associates were building precision instruments of rare ingenuity. The action of the rifle is driven by gas from the explosion of its cartridge. In the underside of the barrel is a tiny hole through which, as the bullet nears the muzzle, the gas strikes the half-inch piston of a small, very responsive gas engine. This device ejects the shell of the cartridge just fired, cocks the hammer, throws a fresh cartridge into the breech and returns it to position for the next firing.

After the Army officially accepted the rifle in January 1936, came the order to "get it into production" — *quantity* production. Now followed the time-consuming job of getting ready to begin work. For a mass-producing factory is a huge machine, made up of thousands of other machines, and men. Consider what was necessary to get it started.

As always, the process began with a battle of blueprints. First were Mr. Garand's roughly penciled drawings. Other engineers studied these, perfected them, made blueprints. Heaven knows how many blueprints of the gun and its parts, and of the factory layout

and machines, have been made since January 1936, to produce this little weapon. Surely a quarter-million! The Armory called machine-tool-makers into conference. One company estimated that it would take 200,000 hours of engineering study just to plan and design — not to build — the needed equipment.

To mass-produce the Garand's 75 parts, 1500 operations are necessary. Of these, 900 are machine operations—such as forging, to shape hot metal; milling and broaching, to get parts down to the shape and size desired; coining, stamping, drilling and reaming. Each of these machine operations is likely to require: first, a specially built machine; second, a jig, or specially designed vise to hold the part being machined; and third, a gauge, to make sure the part is dimensionally perfect.

In the end the Armory had to buy nearly 1000 *different* machines costing up to \$20,000 each, besides jigs and fixtures.

To arrange the machines so that each part would progress at just the right speed from its source to the final assembly was a tremendous problem in planning. It was doubly difficult at the Springfield Armory. Much of its machinery was old; the buildings, some built before the Civil War, were poorly planned for modern methods; groups of skilled craftsmen had been disbanded during two decades when the threat of war was remote.

The Garand contains 19 different kinds of steel. Some steels which are easily "worked" by hand methods behave badly when turned over to automatic, quantity-producing machines. Metallurgists and machine-tool experts consulted, made continual changes and improvements.

One by one, the obstacles have been smoothed out, and now the production of Garand rifles is pushing toward 300 a day. In addition, the Winchester Repeating Arms Company is almost ready to begin producing the 65,000 Garands which the government ordered 13 months ago at \$100 each to supplement the output of the Springfield Armory. At Springfield there are more than 3500 employes on the job and in training, all under civil service. Two eight-hour shifts are in operation and a third is being made up as fast as skilled workmen can be recruited. This will mean 24-hours-a-day operation. A new, completely modern structure is being built, which in another year will call for 1500 more workers — and increase production, at Springfield alone, to 1000 rifles a day.

The keystone of the whole effort at the Armory is the inventor himself — John C. Garand. This modest genius was born in Canada 52 years ago, sixth in a family of 14. He completed four years of school, the only formal education he ever had, before he was 12, when his family moved to Connecticut.

Through the following years he worked in the plants of New England machine-toolmakers. When we declared war on Germany, Garand, then 29, turned up in Washington to offer the Army a new machine gun. It was good, but not good enough. By way of encouragement, the young man was given a job in the Bureau of Standards and soon afterward was transferred to the Springfield Armory.

There, through the 20 years following, in addition to his daily work, he was thinking out his revolutionary rifle. When it was finally perfected and a fortune in royalties was within his grasp, he gave his design to the people of the United States. He is receiving no compensation outside his modest salary at the Armory.

That is the story, to date, of the Garand gun. It is only one of 70,000 items which our Army wants in immense quantities, and which the Stettinius-Knudsen Defense Commission is trying to get. What is true of the Garand rifle is true, to a greater or less degree, of every item which must be produced in quantity. That is the reason there must be a delay between the time we order war equipment and the time we get it. That is why it took us two years to reach anything resembling war production in the last war, when the first doughboys went over the top equipped with British helmets, gas masks and grenades, and supported by French

artillery. Not a single Liberty-motored plane got to France in the last war, though Congress appropriated \$640,000,000 to put the motor into production. There is no reason to expect quick results to-

day, for production problems are much the same.

The job is going ahead. But we must remember, as Mr. Knudsen is fond of saying, that "Some things take time."



Remember That a Lettuce Has a Heart

MARK TWAIN, who never tired of ridiculing fads and faddists, once went to work on a well-known vegetarian. After getting him to agree that it was horrible to live on the suffering of brute creation, and monstrous to assume that any form of life was less sensitive to suffering than man, he turned to the rest of us, and asked, "By what right do you assume that because a hurt animal makes a noise, it is therefore subject to greater pain than a quiet vegetable?"

"Have you," he urged, almost with tears in his eyes, "have you ever wrenched the heart out of a lettuce? The sound it makes is not wholly accounted for by friction. Many vegetables change color when cooked; some wither when cut. Does that suggest a lack of feeling? To me the degrading part of the whole wretched business is that we are persistently and callously vindictive. Think of the millions who daily gouge the eyes out of potatoes, flay rhubarb, disembowel pea-pods — to say nothing of such refined torture as quartering French beans."

At this point the vegetarian got as far as a "Look here!" But Mark held up his hand, wiped an eye, blew his nose vigorously and continued: "It is one of the most tragic facts in modern civilization that certain unimaginative vegetarians, in their anxiety to spare animals, are thoughtlessly brutal when they strip potatoes. Mr. Bernard Shaw has said that the idea of feeding on scorched corpses is horrible. I shudder to think of my early orgies, in which a prominent part was played by blood-red slabs of boiled beetroot. . . ." But the vegetarian had vanished.

"D'you know, there's a great deal in what I said," concluded Mark with a twinkle. "I might have converted myself but for the thought that a diet of oxygen would almost certainly upset me."

— *The Whispering Gallery* (Boni & Liveright)

❧ A most rewarding voyage of discovery
which each of us may experience

You Become Someone — Alone

Condensed from The Yale Review

Mary Ellen Chase

Professor of English literature at Smith College;
author of "A Goodly Fellowship," etc.

SOME 12 years ago I went to England, to Cornwall, all by myself. The trip was in the nature of an experiment. Frankly, although I had always loved to be alone for hours and even for days, I contemplated an entire summer in a foreign country with some uneasiness. I was assailed by all the usual anxieties: illness alone, accident alone, and above all else loneliness. But I resolutely put them out of my mind and set forth, Tourist Class, with a cabin and table to myself.

I began to realize at once the privileges of being alone. "The soul of a journey," Hazlitt writes, "is liberty to think, feel, do just as one pleases." I could read until all hours of the night. I could sing in my cabin all I liked, however tunelessly. I was free from invitations to play ship games at which I am deplorably stupid. I had time to think over events of the past year, to plan for the next. I had time to weigh one point of view against another on all manner of subjects and to determine my own honest attitude toward them. I had time to look at

myself quite as though I were analyzing another person, with no necessity for deceit.

One day I spent hours attempting to remember just what I had done in what place during the summer holidays of the past 25 years. The effort brought sharply home to me how blurred most experiences become, not because of their lack of value in themselves, but merely because we have not taken time either to appreciate them while they were near at hand or to recollect and relive them in the years following. On another day I lived over my life as a young child, bringing up from the past those objects and persons, places and pastimes, which had gone into the process of making me. It was fun in the weeks afterward to come upon bits of me at five and ten and thirteen in my tastes and desires, habits and prejudices, and to recognize them as I had not done before.

When we neared Southampton, I realized suddenly and with thanksgiving that there was no one with whom I had to confer, make plans.

I could linger in the New Forest a week if I liked, lie under a tree and sleep. I had never been really free before, I thought, and this intoxication continued all summer in spite of an occasional wistful hour which comes to us all and serves, by contrast, to increase rather than to diminish our contentment.

I shall always remember and cherish those long days in Cornwall. Their quiet succession added strength and personality to them as individuals. They were like rare persons upon whom we learn to depend because they are familiar and yet always new.

During the long, slow mornings I read on a cliff above the restless Cornish sea. I had brought only six books, six which could be read and re-read — *Vergil*, Plato's *Republic*, Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the *Oxford Book of English Prose*, and Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of English Verse*. I never exhausted them. I could raise my eyes from the page whenever I liked and think quietly of what I had read, with my eyes on the distant horizon of sea and sky.

In the afternoons I walked alone through miles of gorse and heather. I bought manuals of English birds and flowers and went on journeys of new discovery. Tea was an occasion, now here, now there, in odd cottage gardens, by this stream and that.

For once in my life I held Time fast in my hands. It would steal away from me, but I would be

there as it went, watching it, saying:

"You have not escaped me. You have given me your gifts, and for once I have been able to take them. This is five o'clock in the afternoon, and I shall always remember the chaffinch pecking at his bit of my tea-cake and the sunlight on the rose bay and white bedstraw by this quiet stream."

If he who travels alone wants to speak to strangers he may do so. If he prefers to avoid them no one is the wiser. The solitary traveler is far more likely to make friends than one who is obviously supplied with them. He draws the interest and attention of others, whose kindness he may accept or whose advances he is at liberty to decline.

During my solitary summer fear of being alone fled away, never to return. In its place was born the tenacious resolve to salvage from every day and at any cost at least half an hour to be spent entirely by myself. I learned that reading is rich in proportion to re-reading, that a good paragraph re-read half a dozen times does more for the mind and the spirit than any book hastily scanned. I learned that to look at a single tree for ten minutes reveals a personality hitherto completely unnoticed, that one bit of jagged coastline can be forever new as it flashes before tired eyes. I learned that merely to wait quietly, seemingly without thinking, is sure to bring its sudden and bright re-

ward. I gained a new perspective on myself, of my assets and liabilities for my own work in the world.

I felt strangely new when I came back from Cornwall. I was physically strong and well from long walks in the sun or rain. In my mind were strongholds of security to which I could retreat whenever I felt the need: new thoughts, or old ones strengthened, new understandings, new memories. From being alone I had gained a new respect for others, their confusions and anxieties. I could look upon my friends with new appreciation, partly because of my absence from them, partly because of a new understanding of myself. For the first time I felt able to cope with the countless demands of a busy life; and, to speak humbly, I felt for the first time that I had more to give to others from the unexpected gifts which I had received.

I have never since been able to have an entire summer by myself; but I have learned that even two weeks alone can multiply their days and hours indefinitely. I allow no day to rush by without yielding me at least its half-hour of solitude. I may spend this in watching the snow fall; in saying over to myself imperishable things memorized long ago; in thinking or in not thinking. My mind is refreshed, my spirit strengthened.

Every family should grant its members periods of solitude in which to develop their individual

personalities. The group around the fireplace in the evening maintains congeniality more easily if its several members spent some part of each day by themselves. Family excursions take on new excitement if occasionally the several members are encouraged to go off by themselves.

Married couples regain their identity as persons instead of pairs if each sometimes goes off alone. The adventurous partner returns with something new to talk about and with the inevitable confidence and refreshment which being on one's own always engenders. An occasional month away from one's husband or wife increases the happiness and romance of life together.

Books were written alone and must be read and considered alone. Pictures were painted alone, and no amount of dependence on the judgment of others can ever reveal them to us. Art and music will always remain a mystery to us if we run through galleries in herds or attend concerts as social functions. And the bobolinks over American fields will have no meaning for us unless we go alone to see them, soaring and singing in the sun.

Yesterday I took a long walk in the country. As I watched the fluttering bobolinks and heard their wild rippling song, I thought of the almost passionate love the English have for their skylarks — those symbols, as Santayana calls them, of the English spirit. I wondered why

it is that we Americans do not have equally passionate loves for those birds and flowers and trees which are distinctly American. To the Scotsman, the heather is a portion of himself. Why do not our own arbutus, blue gentians and mountain laurel, our elms and redwoods and pointed firs, stand to more of us as signs and tokens of home, as indissoluble parts of ourselves?

Most of us never seek the riches of our American countryside by ourselves. We are as a people either unused to being alone or actually afraid of it. We have for so long talked and eaten, argued and thought, sung and even read in groups, that we are at a loss how to manage our minds or our bodies alone. We have become people, not persons. What was once individual about us has been diluted until both strength and color have disappeared.

And with the disappearance of our courage has gone much of our

personal dignity. We no longer trust our own judgments; before we venture to praise or to condemn a book, a picture, a person, an idea, we look furtively about to find someone ready to stand by us in case we are on the unaccepted side of the fence. We can no longer capture the essence of experiences because they are forever shared and commented upon by others: they have ceased to be our own.

To restore color to our faded personalities and vitality to our languid minds, we must learn to do things, to think things, to *become* someone, alone. If we are to gain from the world of experience and of people what that world has to offer us, we must frequently withdraw from it and find new experiences within ourselves. We need that confidence in ourselves and strength from some Power greater than ourselves which can come to us only from occasional solitude.



The Problem of Goodness

ONE OF the best sermons I have ever heard was delivered by a country preacher in a little country church. He said: "People talk to me about the problem of evil, but I will tell you an even greater problem: the problem of goodness. How do you account for the fact that in such a world as this there should be so much self-sacrifice, so much unselfishness, so much love? By what miracle has man, who only a few thousand years ago was living on the level of the beasts, risen to a point where he will literally 'lay down his life' for his family, for a cause, for a friend?"

As the years accumulate do you find yourself more sympathetic and tolerant, with a higher reverence for the nobility of your fellow men? That is the essential test of growth.

— Bruce Barton in *The American Magazine*

Yes, We Have Fifth Columnists

Reprinted from America

Edmond Taylor

Author of "The Strategy of Terror"; former foreign correspondent

FIFTH COLUMNIST: An enemy who is invisible when you are sitting next to him at dinner but whom you think you see under the bed.

THIS definition is based on observations in France, where fear of imaginary enemies and inability to see real ones helped destroy the nation. Since my return to the United States I have noted a widespread Fifth Column phobia. Witch-hunting is shamefully unfair and deadly to morale. The very expression "Fifth Columnist" is a dangerous one to bandy about. The Fifth Column — both Nazi and Communist — does indeed exist here, and, as the French example proves, it is a deadly menace. It can be mastered only by the vigilance of the whole loyal population and by a clear insight into what it is and how it works.

To avoid the confusion France fell into, the term "Fifth Column" should be carefully defined. It was originally used by General Mola when he announced over the radio that he had four military columns marching on Madrid and a secret Fifth Column inside the city — individuals and groups who were ac-

tively working to defeat the Loyalists. In our case, it applies to conscious enemies, sent by stealth or recruited by treason, already engaged in attacking us.

Fifth Column weapons include conspiracy, sabotage and espionage; but the chief activity is the spreading of deadly propaganda — the kind employed in war as a military weapon. To weaken our morale, our faith in our country, our leaders, our strength, to set us quarreling among ourselves, has high military importance.

Loyal citizens sometimes pass along deadly propaganda without realizing it, so what a man says doesn't prove he's a Fifth Columnist. But a case begins to shape up when there's a suspicious line of talk plus a suspicious political background — some association with the Soviet, German, Italian governments or a society supported by a totalitarian regime. It is usually possible to trace such connections.

I am suspicious of businessmen from totalitarian countries. Likewise the social élite and scientists, professors and university students, known to be in good standing with

their home governments. All Communist party members, since they have to obey party discipline, are utilized as Fifth Columnists. Naturalized citizens and citizens of foreign parentage are no more or less likely to be Fifth Columnists than Americans of *Mayflower* stock.

There is a big difference between Fifth Column propaganda and British propaganda. England naturally wants to obtain the greatest possible support in the war. But England is not interested in undermining our government or institutions. An American who becomes pro-British does not become anti-American; one who becomes pro-Nazi does.

Fifth Column propaganda intended to demoralize us so that we shall be pushovers for the totalitarian powers follows six general patterns:

1. *Nihilist propaganda*, calculated to undermine authority. Anything which tends to discredit a country's leadership or weaken its citizens' attachment to its fundamental institutions and ideals lowers national morale and weakens its resistance to foreign attack. In a democracy normal forms of criticism are accepted as salutary. Even partisan excesses are to be taken with a grain of salt.

But public men are assumed, even by their opponents, to be men of honor and decent life. Whispering campaigns which blacken a leader's character create a doubt which is

deadly to morale. Hence, Communist propagandists drop hints of graft and corruption in high places; the Nazis go in for sexual and political scandals.

The Nazi accusation that President Roosevelt is a Jew named Rosenfeld is an ingenious example. Many Americans, who would not care whether he was or not, might be disturbed by suspicions that his family had changed its name to disguise the fact. Rumors a few years ago that Roosevelt was insane are typical of Nazi methods, as is the ridiculous report that Wendell Willkie is party to a fascist conspiracy. Anyone who spreads such rumors helps the Fifth Column.

Attacks, particularly by ridicule, on the democratic principle or on our fundamental institutions are often propaganda. Watch out, too, for the Army. In the next few months rumors like these may crop up:

"The Army has ordered thousands of tanks which, it turns out, are vulnerable to machine-gun fire."

"Because of graft a new battleship is no good."

"A high officer of the general staff has been secretly courtmartialed as a spy."

The American press can be counted on to do all the exposing of Army inefficiency necessary. If you hear rumors of Army scandals that are not published in reliable newspapers, credit them to the Fifth Column.

2. *Terror propaganda*. Emotionally worded descriptions of Ger-

many's invincibility, including talk of secret weapons, poison gases, and bacteriological warfare are a Nazi export specialty. There is a lot of such talk going on here.

3. *"You-can't-win" propaganda.* A subtle form is the Nazi preaching, "We are winning because we represent the historical spirit of the age. Democracy is a dying doctrine."

The dominant political trend of the day can be seen only a century later. Nazism is spreading because the Nazis are spreading it, mostly by tanks and planes. But propagandists imply that there is some mystic force at work which insures Nazi success.

4. *Neo-pacifist propaganda.* In France in 1938 the slogan "Don't die for Czechoslovakia" was popularized by pro-Nazi papers. Maybe it was right for Frenchmen not to die for Czechoslovakia, but the propaganda persuaded them in the end that it was silly to die for anything, including France.

Over here the Nazis are spreading an up-to-date version of the old pacifist theme that wars are fought exclusively in the interests of munition-manufacturers and big business. A variant is that Roosevelt is trying to lead us into war to insure his re-election.

There are honest American pacifists and isolationists. But when you hear a foreigner, who in his own country supports militarism, try to convince Americans of the horror and futility of war, you can be cer-

tain he's a dangerous Fifth Columnist.

5. *Separatist propaganda.* Stirring up racial hatred and arousing partly assimilated minorities in America is a weapon used by the Communists among the Negroes and by the Nazis and Italians in regimenting their national groups. Anti-Semitism not only persecutes one racial group but generates discord among others. Any kind of racial persecution is particularly dangerous in the United States because there is no telling where it will stop.

6. *Appeasement propaganda.* All appeasement talk is bad because the Nazis cannot be appeased. Any attempt to better French relations with Germany was immediately exploited by German agents to stir up factional bitterness in France. It will be the same here.

German agents are duping American businessmen into believing that if Germany wins they will not get any business unless they now refrain from being hostile.

The dupes who believe this propaganda insist on "realism" in American foreign policy, but assume that Herr Hitler would let his own policy be determined by pique. They forget that the German-Soviet pact was concluded overnight between erstwhile mortal enemies.

When you hear something which fits into any of these six categories, quietly try to discover whether the speaker has a suspicious background. Cultivate his acquaintance to see if

he repeatedly puts out dissolvent propaganda. Study him to determine whether he has the missionary attitude that distinguishes the deliberate propagandist from the unconscious victim. Not until then are you entitled to voice a suspicion, or report him to the nearest office of the FBI.

Many good citizens are unwittingly aiding Fifth Columnists. Remember, however, that anyone who can be converted into an unconscious Nazi helper by propaganda

can be reconverted into a democrat by propaganda. It is nonsense to say that democracy has lost its emotional appeal and can no longer be made attractive to the public. Combatting the Fifth Column is a job at which every true American should be working. You will be surprised to see how many people feel as you do and were just waiting for someone to speak up. To develop more public spirit, all you have to do is to open your lips and speak from the heart.



Horse Play

*Contributed by
Lowell Thomas*

ONE AFTERNOON Smith heard a call for help from his neighbor Jones. Rushing over, he found Jones in the front yard, struggling with a horse. "Lend a hand," said

Jones, "I want to get him up on the porch." Smith was a kindly man, and full of curiosity, so he lent a hand.

When the horse was safely on the porch, Jones said: "Hold the door for me; I want to get him into the house." When the horse was in the hall Jones ordered, "You push while I pull. I want to get him up the stairs." They heaved and hauled and the horse whinnied and stumbled, but they got him up.

"My!" panted Jones. "I didn't think we'd make it." Then he led the horse into the bathroom, and pointed to the bathtub. "In he goes." With toil and trouble and infinite ingenuity they got the horse into the tub.

"And now," asked Smith, "will you please tell me what it's all about?"

"Well, you see," answered Jones, "I have a brother-in-law who thinks he knows everything. He knows all the answers. And it makes me tired. So when he comes here tonight he'll go to the bathroom and see the horse in the bathtub and come rushing out and yell, 'Great guns, Bill, there's a horse in the bathtub!' and I'll just say, 'Well, what of it!' and let him worry."

Picturesque Speech and Patter

A BURLY WOMAN, a regular bargain-basement fullback. — H. C. L. Jackson

THE DEEP, spaced coughs of a departing train. — Howard Spring

A CLOCK nibbling at eternity. — William R. Burnett

BULLDOGMATIC. — Contributed

A BLOOD-RED DROP of beech leaves, stabbed in autumn's first skirmish
with summer. — Booth Tarkington

SHE SPOKE as if fastening each word down with a thumbtack.
— Travis Mason

HE CONDESCENDED upon the party. — Cardine Strickler

HE CAME into the room like a squirt from a siphon. — Charles Morgan

HER SPIRITS were going upstairs, three steps at a time. — Arthur Ransome

HE SAT on the edge of his suspense. — Warwick Deeping

MY BRAIN feels like a pincushion, stuck full of things to do.
— Margaret M. Mackay

AS SOON AS she left, she was the life of the party. — Contributed

I DO LIKE my mind to have two-way stretch. — Christopher Morley

HE'S NICE even to people who can't do him a favor. — Walter Winchell

THIS WAS the cream of marriage, this nightly turning out and sharing of
the day's pocketful of memories. — Jan Struther

THE QUARTET sang a derangement of an old favorite. — J. Norman Lynd

BURY the thought, as a dog buries a bone, and return to it later.
— Jan Struther

EVERY TIME I argue with my wife words flail me. — Contributed

SYMPATHY is what one girl offers another in exchange for details. — Judge

MOST WOMEN claim to be dresstitute. — Contributed

SHE ANSWERED him with an affirmative No. — Contributed

A HEARSE in Norwich, Conn., has this gentle reminder as a license
number plate: U-2.

AN EVENING dress more gone than gown. — Walter Winchell

SAMUEL GOLDWYN: "We're overpaying him, but he's worth it."
— Quoted by Walter Winchell

THE BOSS of the family is whoever can spend ten dollars without think-
ing it necessary to say anything about it. — Robert Quillen

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ADDRESS PATTERN EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

What You Don't Know About Wendell Willkie

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Dorothy Dunbar Bromley

IT IS NOT possible to take Wendell L. Willkie's measure without knowing something of his father. For the influence of Willkie senior loomed large in his children's lives.

Herman Willkie was a man of powerful intellect, a lawyer of parts who fought for the common man in Elwood, Indiana. The core of his teaching was love of work, for its own sweet sake; and a belief in democracy as man's best form of government. There were four boys and two girls in the family, and not a slug-abad among them. H. Fred Willkie, Wendell's senior by 16 months, visited their father shortly before he died in 1930. The old man was bedridden, but at 5:30 in the morning he could be heard reciting:

Should we let ants and birds and
bees

Be wise while we our moments
waste?

Let us be up and doing
And to our duty haste.

Such inspirational lines as these took the place of an alarm clock in

the Willkie household. "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" the father would sing at sun-up.

As a trial lawyer, Herman Willkie had no match in that part of the state and he could have accumulated a fortune had he not been a persistent crusader. In the days before workmen's compensation laws he handled injury suits for workmen. He was one of the few lawyers in the vicinity who refused a railroad pass. He raised money for a library, crusaded to clean up the town. During the War he made patriotic speeches before German-American groups and, with even justice, defended them against persecution.

As a boy Wendell was ranged with his father on the workers' side. When 15 he acted as his father's junior law clerk in a labor suit. Elwood's tin-plate workers were on strike, fighting an injunction suit in court. Clarence Darrow told Herman Willkie the case was hopeless and unprofitable. Six weeks later Willkie won the suit for the workers singlehanded. It was not

the first time he had lectured a judge on the Bill of Rights.

Herman Willkie was a religious man. He taught a men's Bible class in the Methodist Church. The Willkie children attended the young folk's classes. Later Wendell transferred his allegiance to the small and struggling Episcopal Church. He is still an Episcopalian and grace is said at his table at family gatherings.

Wendell's mother, a former school-teacher, was "driven by an indomitable will," as her children have inscribed on her gravestone. She studied law to assist her husband and was the first woman to be admitted to the Indiana bar.

The Willkie boys were great readers. They got through Alger and Henty, Thackeray, Scott, Dickens, and a wide range of history and biography. In the evenings the senior Willkie read aloud for an hour, from contemporary books and the classics. Politics and problems were subjects of table debate.

The senior Willkie knew all about progressive education before the books were written. "Since he never laid down the law, we never learned to lie," Fred says. "If he wanted to correct one of us he would wait until the right moment and then persuade us to his way of thinking."

When Wendell had a hand in painting the high school steps he forthrightly owned up to it, and was suspended. In several brushes with school authorities the aggra-

vating factor, his brothers think, was questioning the teachers' conclusions when they differed from his father's.

Willkie has asserted in campaign speeches that he grew up "the hard, not the soft way." As compared with Roosevelt, he did, but not as compared with underprivileged children. There was no real want in the Willkie family despite the ups and downs of Father Willkie's fortunes.

The Willkie children reached adolescence in an expanding industrial era when it was becoming a mark of social distinction not to work. Willkie senior believed that it was shameful to be idle.

One summer Wendell had a job with a junk dealer. Another summer he earned \$4 a week driving a bakery wagon from four in the morning until nightfall through the country, trading bread for eggs. Other summers he worked in Elwood's tin-plate mills and in the wheatfields of the West.

The father tried to give his children wide experience and to encourage a spirit of adventure. As the boys grew old enough he gave them, every June, a one-way ticket to some western town and told them they were on their own until school opened.

Looking back on these summers, Fred Willkie said, "We learned self-reliance on those trips. If one of us were given a job today running a business in the Ural Mountains, it would not freeze us."

The Willkie boys were not completely self-supporting in college but they had various jobs such as waiting on table, and the money earned was turned into the family pool. When Wendell was a sophomore at Indiana University, four Willkies were in college. They did their own housekeeping, and their house was the center for a group of intimates who shared their liberal ideas. They had taken a stand against fraternities because, Fred says, the Greeks "got all the breaks and that was not fair."

Wendell was always, his brother Robert remembers, "less of a non-conformist than the rest of us." He was more purposeful and had inherited a larger share of his mother's indomitable will.

After his brothers and sister left the university, Wendell thought that he might have made a mistake in being too much "agin" the established campus order, that more could be accomplished by working with people with whom you disagree than by breaking lances against them. So as a senior he joined Beta Theta Pi. But he remained as much of an individual as ever, careless in dress and given to going his own way.

After graduation, Wendell taught history at Coffeyville, Kansas. He enjoyed the scholar's life and has never been completely weaned from it. He has read widely on the economic causes of the Civil War and he knows his way round 18th-Cen-

tury England. Occasionally he writes book reviews for the press. A year ago he told me that he would like to retire from the utility business and become the head of a university.

Yet he gave up teaching after a year, partly because his father wanted him to be a lawyer, partly because he was ambitious. In 1915 he returned to Indiana University as a law student. He entered campus politics, and was active in forming a coalition group powerful enough to be effective. A friend of his has said, "Contrary to what many think, it was no mere businessman, no tyro politician, who took the surprised delegates into camp at Philadelphia." Willkie is an old hand at making friends and influencing people.

After passing bar examinations with honors he practiced law for a year in Elwood with his father. In May 1917 he enlisted in the officers' training corps. "We Willkies inherited," he once told me, "a hatred of everything Prussian."

Home from France in 1919, Willkie got a \$175-a-month job with the Firestone Rubber Company in Akron. He had married Edith Wilk, assistant librarian at Rushville, Indiana, before he went to France; now they frugally set up housekeeping in an apartment shared with friends. Willkie's duties were to look after the personal legal problems of Firestone employees — an obscure job. Soon he made him-

self known through stump-speaking for the League of Nations. As acting commander of his American Legion Post from 1920 to 1921, he showed his skill at reconciling factions. In 1922 he spoke out against the bonus as an unjustified burden on the taxpayer.

After a year and a half in Akron, Willkie came to the attention of a law firm that represented the Northern Ohio Traction and Light Company. From then on Willkie's is a success story. He went to work early, lunched on a sandwich, and never begrudged his evenings to his job. His employers found that he could dispatch a case more swiftly and effectively than his older associates. In a year's time he was made a junior partner of the law firm.

Anecdotes of Willkie's skill in court, to the confusion of his opponents, are legion. In one case he defended a laundress whose car had struck a child. The evidence was circumstantial and there was reason to believe that the child had run into the street. Two little girls testified for the prosecution that they had not seen "Goldie's profile," but had recognized her by her red coat." Then a third little girl witness changed the word "profile" to "face." Making friends with the child on the stand, Willkie suggested that she had been talking in the hall with the counsel for the plaintiff, and that he had told her to say "face" instead of "profile." She innocently nodded her head.

Playing on this one word, Willkie went to town with the jury. His distinguished opponent, a Harvard man, he said, used such words as "profile," but common folk like the jury talked plain American, just as the little witnesses would have if they had not been coached. Willkie won the case.

During their ten years in Akron, Mrs. Willkie did her own work and the young couple spent little time at the country club. Willkie had many friends, but he preferred a good argument or a good book to golfing or fishing.

By 1929 he had made such an impression on B. C. Cobb, president of Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, for whose Ohio subsidiaries Willkie was counsel, that Cobb secured him a \$36,000-a-year job with the New York counsel for C. & S. Eager to succeed though he was, Willkie had regrets at leaving old associations and going to New York. Since then he has become a cosmopolitan, but has changed neither his Indiana drawl nor his haircut. When you meet him you feel you have always known him.

Three years after he arrived in New York he was made president of Commonwealth and Southern at \$75,000 a year. He became spearhead of the forces opposing the New Deal's alleged attempt to control rather than regulate industry. He believed that TVA was guilty of unbusinesslike methods in its bookkeeping and so was unfairly

competing with private enterprise; he carried his case to the people in speeches and articles and into the courts. He lost in the courts, but turned defeat into victory and sold the properties of the Tennessee Power Company to TVA for considerably more than the government had first offered.

It was his father's teaching that a man should dedicate himself completely to the job in hand which made Willkie such a redoubtable antagonist to the New Deal — to its methods rather than to its aims.

"It is the job he is doing, not the perquisites that go with it, that counts with Wendell," his brother Fred claims. This must be true or Willkie would not have refused Commonwealth and Southern's offer to raise his salary in the course of the TVA fight. He also refused a \$225,000 position with another corporation.

Wendell Willkie has won the reputation of being a clean fighter. This is conceded by many who disagree with his views on government. He is as devoted to our political democratic processes as was his father. As a utility executive Willkie has been faithful to his inherited belief in collective bargaining. His article called "Fair Play," which appeared in the *New Republic*, March 18, 1940, makes clear his regard for the Bill of Rights.

Wendell Willkie is many times more ambitious than his father was. But is it an overriding ambition?

At the end of the second ballot at Philadelphia his floor manager, Governor Stassen, telephoned him: "We could use Pennsylvania's 72 votes at this point. Shall I talk with Joe Pew?" Willkie said: "No." He wanted no strings tied to his nomination.

Willkie has insisted almost fanatically on a clean, modestly financed campaign. "There's one thing I don't have to be, and that is President," he said to me shortly after his acceptance speech. "I'd rather not be elected than pay the price of sacrificing any of my fundamental beliefs or principles.

"Unless," he went on, "we make our government more efficient and appoint the best men available to high position, regardless of political influence or campaign contributions, our democracy will break down, just as France's has."

Buoyant individual that he is, Willkie takes his responsibilities with high seriousness. If elected President he would probably serve 130,000,000 Americans even more faithfully than he served 200,000 C. & S. stockholders.

A progressive Ohio publisher, who knows Willkie well, made a prediction which portrays the real Willkie as more his father's son than a partisan for the propertied class. "Given the chance," he said, "Wendell Willkie will dedicate himself to serving all the people, not only the privileged few. He is an idealist and a born crusader."

¶ Set your mind at rest about the younger generation' they're upstanding citizens and proud of it.

American Youth Speaks Up

By

Dr. George Gallup

The American Institute of Public Opinion, which is sponsored by some 135 American newspapers, polled American youth at the suggestion of The Reader's Digest on a series of significant questions carefully framed to bring out the attitude of the young people toward life and toward our democratic institutions, and to reveal their opinion on America's vital foreign and domestic policies.

Like other Gallup polls, this one was so controlled as to insure that every group and region was represented in proper proportion to make up an accurate cross section of the 21,000,000 Americans between the ages of 16 and 24. Small towns, big cities and farms were sampled, college youth and the ill-educated, workers in factories and offices, the unemployed and relievers. It is, incidentally, the first Gallup poll to reach individuals below voting age.

AMERICAN YOUTH is tough-fibered, loyal and hopeful. The young people believe this is a good country, worth working and fighting for. They have faith in the future. They are not radical — in fact they are surprisingly conservative in their views.

All this is heartening, for speakers, commentators and editors have been telling us that the youngsters are a flabby, pacifistic, yellow, cynical, discouraged and leftist lot. Their distinguished elders, from Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson to the President, have delivered themselves of stinging rebukes to youth for its supposed attitude. The indictment, I suspect, was based on the fulminations of such noisy groups as the American

Youth Congress. Were the rebukes deserved? Were the highly vocal youngsters of the Left really speaking for the 21,000,000 Americans between the ages of 16 and 24?

There was one way to find out — put searching questions to the young people themselves. Take a scientific sample of youthful views, and then we should not have to depend upon anyone's opinion as to what youth thinks.

The results are eye-openers, not only for most older Americans, but for the groups which are attempting to pull American youth in one direction or another. The agitators, it now appears, speak for themselves and hardly anybody else.

"Do you think you have as good a chance to get ahead as your parents

bad?" we asked the boys and girls. Forty-seven percent think they have a better chance than their parents; an additional 40 percent think their opportunities are just as good—87 percent in all answered "yes." "It's lots easier to get an education, and more people try to help young folks," said many of them. "Young people enjoy many more advantages." "There are more things to do and more jobs for people who know how to do them." "Our parents had some advantages we don't have and we have some that they didn't have; it balances pretty well." The attitude of the minority was expressed by the 24-year-old WPA road worker in Missouri who said, "There are so many more people looking for jobs, everything's unionized and harder to get into, and much more education is necessary."

"Do you think jobs are obtained on a basis of ability, on a basis of luck, or on a basis of 'pull'?" "Ability" said 50 percent; "pull" said 31 percent; 6 percent said "luck," and 10 percent thought that a combination was most effective. Even in the unemployed group, opinions were realistic rather than resentful. "People are usually hired for what they can do." "Employers are hiring only capable people, and why not?" "It takes more imagination and guts to land a job today, and more ability to hold on to it." "Those who get jobs only through pull don't, as a rule, hold them, but those with

ability do." "Pull helps, but education is the main thing."

"Do you think every able-bodied young man 20 years old should be made to serve in the Army, Navy or air force for a year?" Young men and women both were asked. The response: Yes, 68 percent; No, 32 percent. The majority explained they favored preparedness for the defense of democracy; were for preserving peace by impressing the world with our military strength; thought universal training prudent in view of our prospect of standing alone in a hostile world. The minority feared regimentation under a dictatorship, doubted that there was any likelihood of invasion, or asked why only young boys of 20 should have to serve. The young women were the more outspoken and critical in the minority group.

The boys who are going to be drafted voted just like their elders on this question; our national poll of adults on conscription had also been two to one in favor. It is interesting to note that on every other question where direct comparison is possible, the young people also voted just like their elders. Nor was there any significant variation of results in the replies to any question when broken down either by educational, economic or geographic lines.

"Under selective conscription, will you, personally, have any objection to spending a year in some branch of the military service?" Only young

men were asked this question. And 76 percent of the boys questioned answered No! "If I'm likely to be called upon to fight, I'd rather know how," was a typical comment. There was little variation between groups. Among employed boys, 74 percent had no objection to being drafted; among the unemployed, 79 percent were willing; among college men (students and graduates) 67 percent; among noncollege men, 78 percent. These were the typical objections of the minority: "It would mean a year of my life wasted." "It would interrupt my education." "I would be just that much farther away from a job." "My parents are getting old and I have to support them."

"What should the United States do if Hitler defeats England and takes over the English navy — try to get along with Germany, or get ready to fight the Germans?" Get ready to fight, declared 50 percent. Try to get along with Germany, said 29 percent. And the remaining 21 percent said, "Do both!" Appeasement seemed an extremely doubtful policy even to those who wanted to "try to get along." Typical comments were: "You can't trust Hitler." "We may have to make the best of it for a while, but we must be prepared." "The Germans will want everything their own way." "If Hitler wants peace let him have it, but keep a sharp eye on him and expect the worst."

A clear majority — 58 percent —

avored selling our over-age destroyers to England. "The British navy is part of our own defense, so we ought to help strengthen it," they said. "Give England everything we don't absolutely need for ourselves." "Send over everything but our man power; we need that here." "We don't need the old destroyers; England does." Some remarks expressed by the 42 percent who disapproved were: "It would be another step toward our own involvement." "Why give warships to England when our own navy is still below adequate fighting strength?" "We shouldn't antagonize Germany until we're ready to fight."

"In the recent war between Soviet Russia and Finland, which side did you sympathize with?" Oldsters have feared that American youth had a fondness for Communism and Soviet Russia. It was nowhere apparent. An overwhelming majority — 82 percent — declared that their sympathy was entirely on the side of the Finns; 6 percent sympathized with neither side; 11 percent had no opinions; and only 1 percent sympathized with Russia! Contempt for the Soviets and Stalin was general and outspoken: "I think of Russia as I do of Germany." "Stalin is as much of a tyrant as Hitler." "The Communists are waging an imperialist war." "The Russians destroyed another democratic country." "Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini are three of a kind."

"Do you favor government owner-

ship of electric companies?" Only 33 percent answered Yes; whereas 44 percent were opposed, and 23 percent had no opinion. Likewise, the response to the question: "*Do you favor government ownership of the railroads?"* was Yes, 35 percent; No, 38 percent; no opinion, 27 percent.

"*Would you favor changing to a different form of government in this country if it would promise you more in the way of a job?"* This question bears directly on the attitude of youth toward American democracy. No! was the emphatic answer of 88 percent. Employed or unemployed, the percentage was the same. The comments were illuminating: "No other form of government could better things for Americans." "If we're bad off now, we'd be lots worse off then." "We'd better leave well enough alone." "I'd prefer starvation to slavery." "Ours is the only sound form of government, and best for our way of life."

The American Youth Congress? Only 57 percent of the boys and girls questioned had ever heard of it; and of these 53 percent confessed frankly that they didn't know what it stood for; 10 percent thought it stood for Communism

and un-American ideas; 9 percent thought it taught young people government and citizenship; and 4 percent (probably confusing it with the National Youth Administration) said it tried to provide jobs.

"*If you were President of the United States, what would you want to do?"* The replies, ranked in order of their frequency, were as follows: build up our defenses; keep the United States out of war; reduce unemployment; strengthen government finances; help the poor; halt the trend away from democratic principles; maintain New Deal reforms; eliminate slums; improve relief administration; help the farmers.

These, then, are not the Americans of the Youth Congress — the disillusioned, embittered, and forlorn young people who have despaired of American democracy and ideals. This is Young America, 21,000,000 boys and girls from every walk of life, looking toward the future with a steady eye, ready to meet life on its own terms, cheerful and unafraid. The young people of America are tough, loyal, hopeful, and more than willing to do their share.



AN IRISHMAN and a Scotsman went into a hotel for refreshment and were asked to sign their names and nationality.

The Irishman signed: "Irish — and proud of it."

The Scotsman signed: "Scotch — and fond of it."

— *Tit-Bits* (London)

Ingenuities of the X Ray

Condensed from Science News Letter

Webb Waldron

THE X RAY has gone into business. Developed primarily to aid in diagnosing human ills, the machine now works in packing plants, in foundries, in service stations, and in a dozen ingenious ways contributes to precision and accuracy in industry.

Maintenance men for the Detroit Edison Company, to be on the safe side, had to condemn and replace many electric-light poles which seemed to be rotting but later proved to be perfectly sound. Now an X-ray machine mounted on a truck peers into the poles where they stand, determines their condition, and thus saves the company a lot of poles and a lot of money.

California and Arizona citrus-fruit growers use 100 X-ray machines to sort their crop. With them, after one severe frost, California salvaged 2,000,000 boxes of oranges which otherwise would have been condemned. The machines had cost \$250,000; the oranges they saved for market brought \$7,500,000.

The delivery of pebbles with peanuts has been a serious problem for packing plants. Even after screening and inspection by electric eyes, some stones and dirt-balls of the same size and color as the peanuts still remain undetected. So as a final

precaution, the leading manufacturer of peanut bars now X-rays the packages, throwing out many. Makers of chewing gum, candy, and tobacco now similarly detect foreign substances.

Firestone Tire & Rubber Company X-rayed the tires on 100 cars chosen at random, found nails or bits of glass imbedded in 99 percent of them. Fabric breaks, good for eventual blowouts, also showed up. Now service stations are installing X ray, which is cheaper and better than demounting tires and inspecting them by sight and feel.

Five thousand stores fit shoes by X ray; at least one manufacturer designs his shoes with the help of the machine. Golf balls are X-rayed to be sure the core is in true center — otherwise the ball will be erratic in flight.

In testing metals, X ray shows up interior bubbles and cracks otherwise never suspected until some machine smashes up under stress. All airplane parts subject to strain are X-rayed. Navy inspectors, X-raying a turbine for a destroyer, discovered that a contractor had filled a crack in a casting with a metal plug and hidden the trick with a plating of metal. All steam tubing for warships is examined by X ray;

bursting steam lines mean horrible death for men below decks, might cripple a ship in battle. One of the biggest X-ray jobs ever tackled was the examination of 80 miles of welds on Boulder Dam penstocks.

At the Bureau of Natural Pearl Information in New York I saw a \$20,000 necklace run through an X-ray machine. In it were four culture pearls which experts had not detected — worth about \$1 each. I could spot them myself; the natural pearls showed innumerable concentric layers, the culture pearl was a bead coated thinly by the oyster.

By X ray, museums have found that some paintings supposed to be by old masters are fakes. In addition to testing authenticity, the X ray is valuable to students in revealing the way an artist works

and the changes which a painting may undergo before it is completed. At the Metropolitan Museum, New York, I saw plates of Veronese's famous *Mars and Venus*. Through layers of paint the ray reveals that Venus, who now stands nude beside Mars with Cupid at her feet, in the first version of the picture wore clothes and sat stiffly on Mars' lap, and Cupid wasn't there at all.

The pearl counterfeiter and the contractor who tries to gyp the Navy can be caught, but it is too late to do anything about some of the cheating the X ray reveals. For instance, the Field Museum of Chicago can prove that one Egyptian embalmer was a crook. Examining a mummy by X ray, it discovered that the body is missing. Head and feet are connected by a stick.



Winelike Autumn

NEW YEAR'S DAY should rightfully fall on the first of October. That — if ever — is the time of year when we are disposed to turn over a new leaf, to make fine resolutions, to be indeed a changed person. I suspect that more bills are paid in October than in any other month; more husbands are considerate of their wives, more women are intent upon improving their minds (and their figures); in short, more ambitions are revived — and all because of the wine-like quality of our American autumn. It is a time for good walks and open fires; a time when chestnuts, hard cider and good books are especially palatable; we say to ourselves, I'm really going to do some serious reading this fall — good literature — something like Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, only a little shorter. Of course, I don't say that everyone actually reads such heavy literature; but at least they do intend to — in October.

— Edward Weeks in N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

“A larger concept of army training
than any nation has yet thought of”

Train Conscripts for War—and for Peace

Condensed from The Educational Record

John Erskine

ONCE MORE a large conscripted army will be summoned for training. What form is that training to take? We can, of course, do the usual thing.

We can call these young men together, teach them the workings of certain instruments of destruction, and send them home again — a year older, and of no greater value to peacetime society than they were before. Fortunately there is a proved and workable alternative.

After the Armistice in the last war, while our troops were waiting in France for transportation home,

DURING the last war John Erskine was chairman of the Army Educational Commission, in charge of all higher academic and professional education, and later was organizer and director of the A.E.F. University at Beaune, France. There he devised the “100 Books” educational program now in use at the University of Chicago and St. John’s at Annapolis. Professor of English at Columbia University since 1916, his distinguished and varied career has encompassed the writing of a score of books (of which *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* is perhaps his best known “best-seller”), the editing of many volumes of English literature, the presidency of the Juilliard School of Music, and a season on tour as piano soloist with the New York Symphony Orchestra.

the Army inaugurated a huge educational program, with its own schools, extension courses, and even an Army University. The purpose was not only to keep the men occupied but to prepare them for jobs when they returned. The result gave us a wholly new conception of what national training can mean.

In that vast experiment each man had complete liberty to select his studies. Subjects ranged from automobile repairing to Greek grammar, from sign painting to dentistry. In the A.E.F. University at Beaune, laboratories in chemistry, physics, bacteriology, medicine, engineering and music were supplied largely out of Army resources, and at astonishingly low cost. The main educational effort, however, was carried on in regiments and divisions, wherever they were scattered. These educational opportunities — except for the training of illiterates — were purely voluntary; and yet they proved so popular that the peak found three fourths of the Army’s two million men enrolled.

Mobilization had revealed that such training was a basic need. An appalling number of our young men

were not in proper physical condition. Far more than half the men of the A.E.F. were without adequate training for any trade or profession. An astounding number of native-born citizens were illiterate; many foreign-born Americans could not read, write, or in some cases even understand, the English language.

The Army showed that these national weaknesses could be corrected. It showed how rich potentially the manhood of our nation is, and how quickly it responds to regular life and scientific care. The soldiers in general enjoyed such health as is the rule in no other community. The total discipline of their life — regular hours, rational diet, and decorum of conduct — so quickened their intellectual capacities that those who taught them wondered at their eagerness and ability to learn.

No one could watch this work, as I did, without being shocked at our stupidity in providing such opportunities only as an afterthought, and only because we were at war. Everything the Army taught in its improvised schools was useful to the soldier, but 20 times as useful to the citizen.

When we came home we brought with us a vision of adapting this new kind of national training to peacetime needs. But in the years that followed our plans fell on deaf ears.

Now once again the world is in

turmoil. Once again we are preparing to mobilize our young men. Those of us who remember the lessons of the last war hope our people will compel, this time, a true national training, training for peace as well as for war. Certainly there is no reason to suppose that the need for such broadened training is less today than it was 20 years ago. Indeed, it appears far greater.

The A.E.F. demonstrated the Army's value as a vast university of citizenship. Let us utilize now what we discovered then. If the compulsory training period is to be 12 months, the first half of that year should be given over to military science and physical development; for the remainder of the time, at least half the day should be free for general study. In establishing the curriculum it is absolutely essential that each man, with the exception of illiterates and unassimilated foreign born, be allowed complete liberty to select the subjects he believes would be most useful to him. To dictate what shall be studied would be to defeat the broader purposes of the program. If a man looks forward to business, to agriculture, to industry, to art, then his training should help him toward that career. If he expects to attend college, the training should take the place of his freshman year.

The practical studies in trades or professions, offered under army discipline, would teach habits of application at the moment when

young men most need to learn them. The average student in college not only wastes the greater part of his time, but is extremely careless in his diet and is far below the proper physical state. Army life provides for every soldier a finer system of physical training than even athletes in college usually submit themselves to.

The most direct advantage in such a plan would be for the neglected majority who at present receive no high school training at all, nor even much elementary education. To insure for them a reasonable start in life would be worth any cost and any effort. In no other way can this vast body of each generation be sought out in the small town, on the farm, in the overcrowded city, and taught the things essential to each individual case. To care for these young men would be really to train our nation.

I wish every boy in the country could have this year of training just after high school age. What a great opportunity for all our boys to meet at least for one year on terms of absolute democracy! I should like to see the young conservative bunking in with the young radical. Whatever became of their theories later, they would know each other as human beings. I should like the boys from one section of the country to do their year of service in another section.

Today the illiterate keeps to himself, and the foreign born associ-

ates with others of his origin. Both classes thus avoid that social criticism which would urge them toward complete citizenship. Economic and social pressure tends actually to segregate them. Unless some strenuous effort is made to weld these groups into the rest of the country, there is no likelihood of change.

A system of national training which would develop latent powers of the individual would shortly transform our national life. It would be costly, but no more so than our handouts to relieve the unemployed, part of whose trouble comes from our failure to give them in the first place a suitable education. Indeed, the plan would take the place of much expensive effort, for we now spend billions with little or no guarantee that those temporarily relieved are to any degree put in a position to help themselves.

The cost of adding an adequate educational corps in training camps would not be prohibitive. Army personnel and facilities could be adapted most economically to the program. I would stake whatever reputation I may have as an educator on the statement that no civilian organization on earth could provide so good an education at such low cost.

I have been told that this plan would be a dangerous instrument in the hands of the militaristic. I believe the exact opposite — that it would discourage extreme militarism. In our country, where the

Army is not considered a class career, the threat of military dominance is remote, but the one sure way to encourage militarism is to limit our soldiers to nothing but militaristic occupations, thus making it difficult for them to take their places later in peacetime society. A man who has health and a fair chance, with full play for his mind, is likely to have good humor also, and the spirit of comradeship and helpfulness without which no society can hold together.

Under the stimulus of national danger, we must look forward to new horizons of national advancement. We must bring men together for training in the *total* defense of their homes — against possible enemies on sea or land, and against disease, ignorance, and incompetency. Such an effort would not only make us invincible in war, but would immeasurably strengthen and enrich our nation in peace. It is the great opportunity of our generation. We must not let it pass.



Colorful

❏ "AUNT MARIA," ancient colored maid at Randolph-Macon Woman's College since its founding, has the welfare of the students at heart. She was recently overheard admonishing a taxi driver who was waiting at the door for his passenger, "Man, yo-all take good cayuh of ouah chilluns, 'cause dey waywahds *so* easy!"

— Lorus J. Milne

❏ "OH, LAWD," prayed the Negro minister, "prop us up in all ouah leanin' places!"

— Quoted by Archibald Rutledge

❏ ASKED WHY she quit her job with a socially prominent family, the colored maid explained: "There's too much switchin' of the dishes fo' de fewness of de food."

— Mrs. Frank Hennessy

❏ WE ONCE gave a pair of white flannel trousers to William, our Negro cook, and later, realizing we had never seen him wear them, asked if he ever did. "Oh, laws, yes," he exclaimed, "but dem's my brag pants."

— Amy Neff Burrows

❏ *Closing prayer by a colored pastor, after an over-garnished sermon by a visiting brother:* "We thank Thee, Lawd, fo' ouah brothah and fo' his ministry. But oh, Lawd, he'p him to take a few feathahs out of the wings of his imagination and stick them in the tail of his jedgment!"

— Contributed by the Rev. A. A. Ashmore

Molasses Rides the Range

Condensed from Future

Upton Close

THREE NEIGHBORS of mine in suburban New York asked to feed molasses to my cow. Flossie liked the fare and thrived. Because she did, she in her bovine way helped to feed molasses to two million southwestern cattle this year.

Molasses is a by-product in cane sugar refining, and most of it used to be poured into Latin-American hayous — although it has a sugar content of more than 50 percent. Despite domestic consumption and its use in the manufacture of alcohol and other industrial processes, there have always been large surpluses. To put these surpluses to work, my neighbors have now formed the Southwestern Sugar & Molasses Company to supply it in tank trucks to ranchers, who mix this fattening and vitamin-filled product with chopped stalks, pulps, and grasses to make excellent fodder. And in drouth areas when there is no grass, the cattle eat molasses straight from feeding stations which the company services.

The 'man back of this new method of cattle feeding is A. I. Kaplan, who has been importing

Cuban molasses 40 years for industrial use.

Two years ago Kaplan and his two business associates were driving West, worrying about new markets for molasses. A pressure process of distilling alcohol from coal and natural gas had given molasses a setback here. One pressure plant alone had eliminated a market for 23 million gallons of molasses. The importers had to find other outlets.

As they crossed the southwest cattle country, the New Yorkers saw scrubby range animals searching under sagebrush and cactus for grass. Later they hailed several cowboys rounding up half-starved calves at a siding.

"Sellin' 'em?" they asked.

"No, givin' 'em to somebody who can feed 'em," growled a cowboy. "That's the cattle business! We raise 'em, the feeders take the profit."

"Why don't *you* feed 'em?"

"Feed 'em *what*?"

"You might feed 'em molasses!"

The cowboy spat. "Why not breakfast food with sugar on it?"

"But why not something like

that?" one sugar man asked the others as they drove on.

Studying the subject, they learned that molasses had been mixed with silage in Scandinavian countries. California stockyards had used it to fatten cattle. A few ranchers had bought it now and then from brokers. But there had never been any systematic plan to distribute molasses to range cattle in drouth areas, where it was most needed. Was such a plan feasible? Would cattle take molasses straight?

When the sugar men returned East, they bashfully brought a barrel to my cow. Pampered Llossie's willingness to substitute molasses for her regular diet convinced the partners that they could develop a sweet tooth among range cattle.

Continuing their investigation, they found through the U. S. Department of Agriculture that molasses had long been a basic part in the livestock ration of Great Britain, that straight molasses was used to a limited extent here and that its value was recognized by authorities.

Bringing molasses in tank ships to Gulf ports, they laid out tank-truck routes to feeding stations at range water holes. They designed self-feeders: small tanks automatically letting molasses into troughs, with slats to prevent the animals from getting their heads into the liquid.

Next the partners offered a

feeder to any rancher agreeing to feed 100 head. But they did not then know how stubbornly cattlemen were wedded to the tradition that the range must support the cattle on it. To import feed was "dude stuff." You can imagine New Yorkers talking cowboys into installing "self-service soda-fountains for steers."

The molasses people offered a free demonstration to Ed Ardion, important cattleman in the El Paso region. "Oh no," said Ed. "If you're goin' to practice on my steers, you buy 'em first!" Kaplan bought them, and left them right in Ed's pen for feeding. Ed soon bought them back — and began buying the liquid sugar by the truckload. Now his famous smile answers any questioner about "cow candy."

The attitude of other ranchmen was slow to change, at first. But, as it happened, 1939 was a drouth year. Some range men contracted for the new-fangled feed as a temporary measure. When the range became normal again, their herds had not only survived but put on more than enough pounds to pay for the emergency ration.

Even more astonishing was the growth of herds. Molasses made for fecundity. Range herds previously showing 15 to 20 percent gain in good years increased on molasses 30 percent or more. This was getting at fundamentals, for the basis of a stockman's profit is

herd increase. Some ranchers who could afford to feed molasses only to calves found that the calves preferred the syrup to mother's milk, giving the mothers a chance to dry up. Thus nursing mothers and calves — the key to increase and yet the first to succumb in drouth years — were saved.

Before 1939 was over, the molasses business in the Southwest had turned into a half-million-dollar affair. There were 15 huge trucks covering 35 routes, servicing 1132 self-feeders and supplying three times that many ranches with molasses for mixing with other feed. That first experimental year 700,000 cattle were fed over four million gallons of molasses — straight or mixed with fodder or silage. This fall the number of molasses-fed cattle has increased to two million. The company already foresees an immediate demand for 12 million gallons; they have contracted for the total Mexican output as well as Cuban and Puerto Rican surpluses.

From El Paso I followed the molasses-feeding story down to the Gulf. In the tip of Texas lie some of the largest ranches in the world. But the ranchers there usually have to ship their cattle north to the corn country for final fattening, an expensive process.

"Molasses" Kaplan went to the Klebergs, scientific operators of the million-acre King Ranch, and proposed trying molasses in com-

bination with local grains and grasses to fatten cattle at home. The experiment was entirely successful. Molasses now helps to produce King Ranch's mighty Santa Gertrudis cattle.

Also Kaplan persuaded the citrus-growers around Brownsville to mix peel and pulp, left over after the juice is canned, with his molasses. That worked too and became a part of cattle diet. Even the oyster shells of Corpus Christi beach are ground and flavored with molasses to serve as bone-building feed for cattle.

There is almost no waste that molasses does not turn into food, or at least palatable roughage. Rancher Grindstaff on the Texas-New Mexico border brought 580 calves up to market weight at the rate of five pounds a day on straw from sorghum threshing — put through a chopper and blower while molasses dripped on it.

Containing a trace of sulphur, molasses is a natural conditioner. Stockmen using it boast of their animals' "tight britches" and the "shine" on their coats. It increases thirst, and the more water an animal drinks the more and better flesh it puts on.

There is even some indication that molasses will stave off the effects of the dread loco — a weed that causes insanity and death among cattle. The first experiments have been carried on by Dr. M. C. Overton, Jr., of Pampa, Texas. On

his 4000-acre pasture, where many cattle had been lost yearly through loco, not one death has occurred when molasses was promptly given poisoned animals; and not one case of poisoning has been observed where they had it all along! If subsequent experiments confirm his findings, molasses would open thousands of acres of good grass land now barred because of loco.

By turning waste products of farming—from cotton seed to citrus pulp—into fodder, molasses also opens up new possibilities in fattening cattle in farm areas.

This year 20 percent more Texas cattle have been fattened at home than last year—despite drouth.

While the three New York partners are making molasses readily available on a large scale to American feeders, they are doing wonders as well for sugar planters and laborers in nearby countries. When a triumvirate of New York sugar men unite the waste product of Latin America with the starved American cattle industry to bring rejuvenation to both—that is Pan-American coöperation to beat all the diplomatic conferences.



Free Speech Indeed

*A*N ALMOST millennial privilege has been ordered by President Lazaro Cardenas for the citizens of Mexico: henceforth anyone with a complaint against the administration may telegraph it to the government without charge. One limitation is bothersome, of course; the telegram must not be longer than 20 words, which will be a handicap to a fluent people.

Thus a medium for such abuse as was hitherto open only to those who hired a hall or wrote a letter to a newspaper now becomes the peon's inalienable right. Are taxes oppressively high? Well, send a telegram to the President; mention it where it will do some good. Does the peso buy too few beans? Wire the head man in Mexico City. Is the government-operated telegraph service so poor as to be beneath contempt? Say so in a few well-chosen words.

This is free speech indeed. But only for citizens, mind you. American oil companies still have to pay at the usual rates to file their complaints.

— N. Y. *Times* Editorial

Money to Burn

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

Myron Stearns

BOY, want to make a quarter?" a stranger asks. "Run over and get me a pack of Camels while I buy some socks. I have to catch a train." He hands the boy a counterfeit \$10 bill. If there is any undue commotion or delay, the crook disappears and the boy is left holding the bag. If the counterfeit is accepted, the boy may get a proposition: the man tells the youngster what he has done, says he's already in bad, but that next time he can make a couple of dollars instead of a quarter.

To keep youngsters from thus being started on criminal careers the Secret Service turned last January to the schools. Its agents have been lecturing, exhibiting counterfeits and distributing illustrated literature to junior and senior high school students in the large cities where counterfeiters are most active. A movie made by the Secret Service men, revealing counterfeiters' methods, has been shown to more than two million students.

The drive in the schools is the culmination of a public-enlightenment campaign against counterfeiting begun two years ago. It was

the first educational effort the Secret Service had made since it was created by Congress in 1865 and results have been highly gratifying. Last May losses to the public from accepting counterfeit bills reached an all-time low of \$5704 for the whole country. The total for the year ending June 30, 1940, was only \$145,644, just half what it was the year before, and a rough ten percent of losses for the peak year, 1935.

To detect a counterfeit, students are told, fold a suspected bill over one of the same denomination, so that the two portraits come together. Differences are at once apparent. A small magnifying glass makes them clearer. The fine lines behind the head in a genuine bill are as clear and regular as a wire screen. In a counterfeit they are blotchy. The expression around the eyes in a genuine bill is lifelike; in a counterfeit it is dead and unreal. Each hair in the genuine portrait is distinct; the hairs run together in a counterfeit. The paper in a counterfeit bill is often thinner than in genuine bills; the green ink is usually a wrong shade.

The difference in detail is so

great that bank tellers can detect counterfeits at a glance. It's the appearance that gives them the clue — snapping bills is no test for genuineness. Only the habit of taking the genuineness of money for granted, which the campaign is attempting to dispel, keeps the rest of us from being almost equally proficient.

To illustrate how little attention most of us pay to our money, a lecturer will ask, "What is the color of a \$1 bill?" The students usually agree on green, although all our currency is black and white on the front and green only on part of the back. It is just this ignorance that makes the passing of a counterfeit possible.

Secret Service exhibits show specimens of crude imitation money that has been passed: bills with the numerals in the corners scratched out and larger numerals inked over them, bills with zeros cut from advertisements pasted after the ones or twos, even bills that have been painstakingly split with a razor so that both the front and back of a genuine ten or twenty may be pasted to ones and used separately. "Get in the habit of looking at every bill you handle," the Secret Service men repeat, over and over. They know that even seeing you stare at a bill scares counterfeiters.

Students are taught that it is not the crisp bill they should most suspect, but the one that looks as if it had been through dozens of hands. Counterfeit bills are yellowed by

soaking in weak coffee or tea or by burying them a day or so in damp earth. Another method is to rub cold cream over them and then clean it off, leaving them soft and old. An Illinois store printed imitation money — as an advertisement. It didn't resemble real money in the least. But after an enterprising crook had yellowed and dirtied a bunch of it, he passed four bills before he was detected.

Practically all counterfeit money up to \$20 are aged before being passed. Bills of \$50 or \$100 are sometimes kept clean and crisp, and palmed off by confidence men who put up a fine front.

Students learn the big-business nature of the gangs back of most counterfeit money. Printing presses and complete photoengraving outfits with expensive cameras mean an investment of thousands of dollars before a single counterfeit is printed. At the plant of one Pennsylvania ring 20,000 genuine one-dollar bills were found. They had been bleached and were to be reprinted as twenties.

These big gangs never pass their own money. They sell it to "runners," charging perhaps 40 cents for a \$5 bill, \$1 for a \$10 bill. The price varies with the quality of the product and the "market."

The runner sells to underworld passers, picking up 30 cents or more on the dollar. Passers usually are small-time criminals. Their favorite time to work is Saturday afternoon or evening; banks are closed,

clerks are tired and hurrying to get away. The passers like small shops, corner groceries, cigar stands, drug-stores that are open after other stores close. If the shops are dimly lighted, so much the better.

After a counterfeit is passed, a "rumble man" strolls past the store. If no suspicion has been aroused, another store may be victimized. Clever passers sometimes lay down several hundred dollars in a few hours.

Secret Service men point out to youngsters that it is the passer who takes the biggest risk, and is soon run to earth. On one \$10 counterfeit, the plates for which have not yet been found, 48 passers have already been convicted. The average shover makes only four successful passes before he is caught.

School children learn with surprise that to pass a counterfeit, knowing it isn't good, is a felony that may mean 15 years in prison. They take home to their parents the important realization that passing a bad bill along is like picking the next fellow's pocket to make up for having your own picked. If you have a phony bill, take it to the nearest bank and accept the loss.

By bouncing first a genuine half-dollar, and then a counterfeit, on the floor, the lecturer illustrates the fact that fake coins can be spotted even more readily than bills. The Babbitt metal of which most of them are made has neither the ring nor the bounce of real

silver. It is lighter and has a slick, greasy feel. It is also softer, and can readily be cut with a penknife. Yet losses from bad coins — \$51,737 — were slightly larger last year than the year before.

Today 300 Secret Service agents stay constantly on the trail of counterfeiters. They must work not only against counterfeit money but also against bogus revenue stamps and postage stamps, and forgers of government checks. They are justly proud of their record of convictions in 97 percent of the 3985 cases that went to trial last year. And though agents make many arrests in the small hours just before dawn, they boast that they have never lost a man through shooting.

The film showing counterfeiters' methods is soon to go to smaller towns and eventually to rural schools. A slightly different version is being released through regular motion-picture theaters, and work on a second picture has been started. Some 5,600,000 pamphlets, *Know Your Own Money*, have been distributed, and a larger booklet is in preparation. Ten million match folders with warnings to examine your money are being put out.

Already there is abundant evidence that the cost of the whole campaign will be paid, many times over, by keeping boys out of trouble and saving hundreds of thousands of dollars every year for those who, lacking simple information, are easily victimized.

THE TALK

Excerpts

Revenge

ONE OF those incredible, dreams-come-true things happened recently to a man we know. He was bowling along a Long Island highway when a prowler car with two cops in it hurtled through an intersection, passing a red light and almost smashing him. When the squeal of brake-linings had died down, one of the cops leaned out and said gruffly, "Go along."

"The hell I will," the citizen said, and continued firmly, "pull over to the curb, you!" He had to repeat the command before the cops finally obeyed. The man then got out of his car, put his foot on the running board of the prowler car, and gave the cops a little lecture. "Now I know you men weren't on an emergency call, because your siren wasn't on," he said. "I don't ask to see your license and identification, because you look dumb enough to be real cops."

At this point, one of the cops feebly asked: "Who are you?"

"Never mind who I am. Right now I'm just a citizen," the man replied. Then he turned to the man who wasn't driving and said, "Write your friend a ticket." He stayed until the cop hauled out a pencil and pad, then got in his car and drove off, pausing only to yell, "And see that it doesn't happen again!"

There's still some happiness to be found in this world.

Samaritan

IN SUTTON place, one Sunday, a young lady found her car wedged tightly between two newcomers and in backing out dislodged the bumper of the car behind her. Conscientiously writing her name and telephone number on the back of an envelope, she stuck it under the windshield of the damaged car. As she drove off she glanced back at the scene of her small accident. A passerby, one of those dreamy strangers who exist nowhere but in New York, had taken the envelope from the car. As she watched, he tore it into little bits and trudged happily on his way.

Majority Rule

ONE of New York's Sixth Avenue buses recently got stuck back of a Terminal taxicab waiting to make a turn.

"Hey, you Terminal," the bus driver yelled, putting his head out the window, "pull up!"

"Can't — I got a fare," the cabbie answered.

"You've got a fare!" the bus driver shouted. "I got 30 fares. Is this a democracy or ain't it?" Terminal, bowing to the principles of democracy, pulled up.

THE TOWN

New Yorker

Humiliation

A BOSTON SNEAK THIEF not only muffed a simple little job but made a complete ass of himself into the bargain: the poor guy's tongue got twisted. He entered an apartment and suddenly noticed that there was a girl lying on the davenport. "If you make any noise, Madam," he said, "I'll scream." Then he fled.

Huntin' Lore

THE HOUNDS of the Vicmead Hunt, Wilmington, Delaware, are in charge of an organ-grinder's monkey named Jimmy. He can't run with the hounds, of course, but he waits for them in kennels and goes over their coats for burrs and other foreign objects; and he can stop fights twice as fast as the most agile man — jumps on their backs and shakes them. He also makes the rounds to see that they all turn out when the huntsman calls "Hounds!" and takes a last look around at night.

Outlander

A CHICAGO family — father, mother, and a daughter of high school age — moved to New York and settled down in Brooklyn, where the girl entered public school. After

her second day she came home in tears. Her teachers, baffled by the way she rolled out her *r*'s, had recommended that she be placed in a special class for the correction of foreign accents.

Dialect

A LADY in South Bend was visited for a few days by a New York lady. The South Bend lady's colored maid was terribly distressed when the New York lady left. "Ah just *loved* to listen to her Eastern drool," she said.

Ethics

A LOS ANGELES broadcasting station was rehearsing a commercial program in which the plug for the sponsor's product was to be delivered insidiously by one of the entertainers instead of by the announcer. According to the script, she was to say, "I had lunch the other day with Nelson Eddy, and he said to me . . ." This led gracefully to Eddy's endorsement of the product. It happened that a delegate of the radio actors' union was present and inclined to make difficulties. "*Did* you have lunch with Nelson Eddy the other day, and *did* he say so-and-so?" he asked the actress. She said no, she was just reading the script. "Well, if it isn't true, you can't say it," the delegate said.

The masterminds producing the program wasted no time in argument, and it was too late to rewrite the plug: instead they got in touch with Nelson Eddy's studio. A property man hastily assembled a table, chairs, linen and silver. Mr. Eddy and the radio actress sat down and nibbled sandwiches, and he gravely said exactly what the script quoted him as saying. The commercial plug went on the air that night absolutely without deception.

French

A BUSINESSWOMAN entertaining some businessmen at luncheon in a French restaurant, and not wishing to be obvious about paying the check, whispered to her waiter when the meal was over, "*L'addition, s'il vous plaît.*" "Downstairs to your left, lady," he said.

Star-Spangled Berlin

IRVING BERLIN wrote *God Bless America* in 1918, and is inclined to believe that if it had been publicly aired then it wouldn't have made anybody even sit up, much less stand, as some people now do when it is played. It was not published, or copyrighted, and lay completely dormant for 20 years. It's copyrighted now, and restricted, so that swing bands and other friv-

olous groups can't abuse its solemnity. Mr. Berlin nevertheless feels that it's somehow public property. Commercially it's the property of the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts, to whom he has deeded all royalties. Five hundred thousand copies of sheet music have already been sold, at 22 cents each, of which the Scouts get eight cents, the money passing through the God Bless America Fund, set up for the purpose and administered by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Gene Tunney and Herbert Bayard Swope. Mr. Berlin gets nothing.

The song is unique in that it has never been plugged in the usual manner, but caught on by itself. "You can't ballyhoo a song into an anthem," the composer said. *God Bless America* would probably have remained dormant if Kate Smith hadn't requested a patriotic number for an Armistice Day broadcast in 1938. While trying to compose something, Mr. Berlin recalled the old tune and played it over to himself. He was pleasantly surprised, and spent two weeks making minor changes in words and music. But he doesn't regard it as a national anthem.

"We've got only one national anthem, *The Star-Spangled Banner*," he said, with no trace of professional jealousy.



¶ An extraordinary story of
civic accomplishment due to
the enthusiasm of one man

Spokane's Civic Horse-Trader

Condensed from National Municipal Review

Frank J. Taylor

"AUBREY WHITE's the best civic horse-trader in town," a citizen of Spokane, Washington, told me. "By persuading individuals and corporations to donate 1500 parcels of land he's given us more park area per capita, and at less cost, than any sizable city in America."

Not so long ago, the banks of the Spokane River, which meanders through the heart of the city, were an eyesore of dumps, dilapidated buildings and squatters' hovels. Today the city has converted over 80 percent of that land into beautiful parkways. There is a park or playground within five minutes' walk of every home. And promotion of front-yard gardening has won Spokane first prize as the "City Beautiful" in national contests four years in succession. For these accomplishments energetic, 76-year-old Aubrey White is responsible.

Over half a century ago, young White had a job in a Spokane bookstore. On his days off, he explored every woodland, dell and river bend around Spokane. He made a map of his wanderings and, for fun, indi-

cated areas he thought should be parks in the Spokane of the future.

Later he became representative in the East of mining and railroad interests, and when he returned with a modest fortune to Spokane he found the city in the midst of a building boom. At a mass meeting to organize a "150,000 Club" to boost the population to that figure, White, to everyone's amazement, opposed the idea.

"What we need to do," he said, "is make Spokane a *better* place to live in. We ought to start on our park system now, so that later we won't have appalling expense tearing down blocks of buildings." His enthusiasm was so contagious that a "City Beautiful" club was formed, and the people voted a \$900,000 park bond issue.

As chairman of the park board, White immediately had landscape architects lay out a park development program. To his pleased surprise, 85 percent of the sites recommended appeared on the park map he had prepared years before.

In seven years the \$900,000 was all in parks and the board's work was done. But not Aubrey White's.

He became a one-man volunteer park board. Systematically seeking owners of other desirable land, he dickered for cheap prices. Whenever he found a bargain, White went to some rich citizen. "If I had \$500 more I could get that land for a city park," he explained. Usually he got it. Before long he had developed a sure-fire list of donors. "My powerhouse," he calls them.

A good many acres of the riverland he coveted were old railroad rights of way or proposed industrial sites. After the boom collapsed, he showed owners how they would save in taxes if they gave unused land to the park system. This netted almost 1000 acres.

An effective variation in White's "horse-trading" is to learn from tax collectors when property is to be sold for taxes. If it fits into his park scheme he tells the owner: "You're going to lose the land anyway. Why not sell it to us for \$75?" If the owner accepts, the land is deeded to the park board and the tax collector cancels the back taxes, since the property now belongs to the city without cost of foreclosure. By this method White transformed 600 eyesores into beauty spots.

When real estate promoters plan a new subdivision, there are usually certain areas unsuitable for building, and White asks for these for park and playground sites. "It would be money in your pocket, in increased value of your other lots," he argues. In this way he has

bagged over 400 additional acres.

For the past decade, his fortune gone with the depression, White has been head of the *Spokesman-Review's* garden and civic betterment sections. He launched front-yard and back-yard garden contests, persuading merchants to offer plants and implements as prizes. He waged war on signboards so effectively that motorists can drive for 100 miles over parkways around the city without seeing a billboard.

White talked the WPA into letting him have men, and the highway department into lending him equipment, to finish projects such as the Bowl and Pitcher, a pine-studded river-bend park where 180,000 Spokane people picnicked outdoors last summer. He drafted CCC boys to landscape unsightly railroad and highway fills. He built scout camps, golf courses, shooting ranges, walking trails, restored the historic Hudson's Bay and Astor trading posts.

To accomplish these civic feats, White went to the meetings of every association and club in town. "By out-talking everybody there," he explains, "I got them all working with me." The Chamber of Commerce, the Advertising Club, the Boy Scouts, the churches — all have civic beautification committees upon which he can call.

On a map, White points out the areas he selected half a century ago for recreation sites. Nearly every acre is in the park system now.

Why I Don't Go to Church

Reprinted from The American Mercury

Channing Pollock

Lecturer, dramatist, author of "The Fool," etc.

ONE BEAUTIFUL Sunday morning I stood alone on the deck of a ship in the Red Sea. The breeze-ruffled water sparkled with sapphires; to starboard lay Mecca and the Arabian Desert. I was never more full of reverence. I thought of God and His wonders; of the wonder called Man, and of the things in Man's heart that incline him toward God. Into this communion intruded the voice of a fellow passenger, an English girl, asking, "Aren't you going to divine worship?"

I answered, "I *am* at divine worship."

She was puzzled.

"Aren't you going to attend the church service?" she said. "I should think you would want to show your respect for the Captain."

"I respect the Captain as a navigator," I explained. "I respect his right to worship God in his own way, and your right, and mine. But I cannot accept him as an interpreter of God to me, nor do I need any intermediary between me and God."

The story went round the ship as evidence of my lack of religion. I

CHANNING POLLOCK does not stay away from church because he is irreligious; he feels keenly, along with millions of others, that the prime need of the world today is a revival of intelligent, vital, meaningful religion. Do church services, does the pulpit, give us that religion? Channing Pollock says *No*. Other laymen will say *Yes*.

We print this controversial article in the hope that it will move readers to make suggestions which will result in a series of genuinely constructive articles. To this end, The Reader's Digest and The American Mercury, jointly, invite letters from laymen and clergymen — (1) letters from laymen telling what going to church means to them; (2) letters from clergymen describing what is being done, or should be done, to make the church a source of deeper spiritual satisfaction to increased numbers of people. \$50 will be paid to each of the writers of the 10 best letters of not over 500 words. From these 10 — if the editors judge the material to be sufficiently compelling — at least one will be invited to write a full-length article for which, upon publication, \$1200 will be paid. Letters must be typewritten, double space, and mailed to The Church Editor, 2 Beekman Place, New York, N. Y., before November 1, 1940.

believed then, and I believe now, that I am a deeply religious man. I have many dear friends in the ministry, and the greatest respect for their high calling. I have occupied pulpits of every denomination except Mormon and Catholic, which

bar laymen. But for me, going to church has no more to do with religion than listening to Fourth of July orations or singing *The Star-Spangled Banner* has to do with patriotism.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said that in a corner of his heart was a plant called reverence which needed watering about once a week. I find my reverence getting its moisture constantly from the earth and air; from a sunrise, or a stadium concert, or the inspiration of words like those of Lord Halifax in his defiance of the Nazis. I can't guarantee to be devout at precisely 11 o'clock on a certain day of the week.

Anything habitual loses its cogency. Too much of what is said in church has been said thousands of times, and without inspiration or dedication. The words are what a famous divine called "smooth coinage"; worn thin by use, they slip through the mind without leaving a trace. Too many preachers are more anxious to impress their congregations than to help them; too many prayers are exhibitions of fine phrasing rather than appeals to God.

It should be the function of the pulpit to give spiritual significance to our daily lives, to deepen our religious sentiments and broaden our ethical concepts. But for these things a great many of us have ceased to look to the church. We are far from being un-Christian, but we have our own contacts with God, and feel nearest to God when we are alone

with Him. We find most preachers less concerned with our pressing problems of here and now than with vague promises of future reward and of a celestial intervention in our mundane affairs upon which experience teaches us to place little reliance. We find the kind of "religion" they offer to be the preservation of symbols, doctrines and a philosophy largely without meaning in our modern world. After a week's confinement in office or shop, this is not enough to rout us out of bed for an hour of even closer confinement in generally uncomfortable pews from which to make prescribed motions.

Whatever the published statistics, the truth is that most people do not go to church. We would go oftener, perhaps, if the clergy had a greater share in our common experience. Dwelling in ivory towers may bring our ministers nearer to God; it doesn't bring them nearer the average man and his problems. "The professional good man" is a familiar and not an attractive figure. Recently several other travelers and I shared a smoking compartment with a round, rosy-cheeked man in canonicals who discussed with his secretary the regulation of behavior in a certain slum. We knew this man had never been uncomfortable in his life, and none of us could have been guided by him, in church or out of it. At the other extreme are thousands of underpaid and underprivileged parsons, given

a rigidly circumscribed education, and turned loose without either taste or opportunity for further development. Such men cannot command the respect of their communities.

In one huge auditorium where I filled the pulpit, an usher told me he had never seen a vacant seat. When I knew the pastor I knew why. On the other hand, a different kind of cleric whose pulpit I filled greeted me with the statement, "Tonight's congregation is the biggest we've ever had." In the course of my talk, I made a gentle witticism. Afterward this minister told me that he believed "laughter to be unseemly in a house of God." I thought, "Maybe that's why this is the biggest congregation you ever had."

The Rev. Dr. Wadham, in my play, *The Fool*, barred discussion of labor conditions in his parish, but was passionately concerned with eucharistic candles; very few of his cloth were shocked by that, but nearly 700 of them wrote me complaining that my rector-hero, Gilchrist, smoked a pipe! Arthur Garfield Hays recently showed me a collection of denominational pamphlets opposing even very moderate drinking, as well as smoking, dancing, card-playing, theaters, movies and "every Sabbath sport but passing the plate." "Their chief effect," he said; truly, "is to persuade the average man that religion is a system of trivial taboos, having nothing whatever to do with him." You

can tell Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Citizen that it is important to be decent and honest; you can't tell them it's wrong to go swimming on Sunday. They know it doesn't matter to God whether they swim or not; they don't stop swimming, they stop going to church.

There are too many vital problems for a religion of ecclesiastical formulas, of narrow creed, of the type Mark Twain described when he said the Puritans denounced bear-baiting not because it gave pain to the bear but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Most of us have not "lost our religion"; we have merely grown out of a faith confined in walls and dogmas, into something that is really part of our lives. We agree with Llewelyn Powys that "true religion is a heightened awareness of the poetry of existence," or with the New Testament that faith is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"; an instinctive, personal communion with the Infinite that is not helped by superficial ceremony, funereal music, or meaningless cant.

There are, of course, hundreds of clergymen of fine mind and character, richly endowed, human and vital, and I do not find *their* churches empty. To such missionaries I can listen with pleasure and profit, in the pulpit or out of it, whether I agree with them or not. But the overwhelming majority are good and devout persons who have noth-

ing to say, and must say it twice every Sunday. Most of *my* Sundays, and the Sundays of millions of other thinking citizens, are spent in towns that have no better spiritual guidance. Neither they nor I can sit at the feet of these men and call it an act of religious devotion.

For many reasons you can't blame the parsons. I deliver two or three different lectures to one or two hundred different audiences every year. I devote a month or six weeks to the preparation of each lecture. If I were Demosthenes or Immanuel Kant, I couldn't deliver 100 different, and vital, addresses each year to the same audience — particularly if that were only one of my duties, and more particularly if I had been trained in the importance of theological orthodoxy. One day last autumn in New York, when everyone was asking himself whether civilization was in its death throes, I passed five churches and noted the sermons announced. Three of them were "Our Fidelity to the Gospel," "This Sinning World at the Cross" and "The Divinity of Christ; Can the Doubter Be Christian?"

Even when sermons are not so far "from the sphere of our sorrow," we find most of them, as reported in the newspapers, eloquent only of superficial thinking, limited experience, and pious platitudes. Many authorities insist that for centuries the church was the protector of "entrenched privilege." Recently it has

gone in for dangerous radicalism, suicidal pacifism, and the vision of an adolescent settlement-house worker. Why should you or I waste an hour on half-baked social theories, that might be spent with Herbert Spencer or Ortega y Gasset? What do I gain by an hour of starry-eyed nonsense about world peace through listening to God, when I've just been listening to Hitler?

I believe my reasons for not going to church to be those of a large number of Protestant Americans. So far, no one seems to have found the remedy. Neither the churches nor the wants of their potential communicants can be filled by advertising, movies, strawberry festivals and oyster stews, or by eliminating competition or resenting criticism. The need is for fundamental and universal truths, expressed in "the new terms of each generation." The world is hungry for such truths; we ask our spiritual leaders for bread, and they give us, not even a stone, but pebbles.

"The groves were God's first temples," and who shall be blamed for preferring them to ornate structures whose cost could have fed thousands of starved minds and bodies, or to drab little shacks, empty of any kind of beauty? I can well understand the story once told me by the dancer, Ruth St. Denis. She was reared a Methodist, and has remained essentially religious, though in her later years she has had little opportunity to attend serv-

ices. One Sunday, in a small town, she learned of her mother's death, and the old impulse asserted itself. "The church," she said, "was hideous; the fence broken and the lawn unkempt. I entered. Damp stained the walls inside. A bad organist played dirges on a wheezy organ,

and four people who couldn't sing droned them lugubriously. Then a preacher who couldn't talk did so through his nose. I fled. I hate motion pictures, but I finished that morning listening to a small symphony orchestra in a movie theater. There was *life* there!"



The Bright Face of Danger

By

Rebecca West

As we go to press, Britain has been bombed daily for several weeks. We asked Rebecca West, one of England's most sensitive and distinguished writers, to send us reports of air-raid reactions which had come within her immediate observation. Here is her cabled reply.

My cook: "Yes, ma'am, I heard the sirens all right, but I'm making the green-gage jam. I can't leave it to burn, and if I take it off now and heat it up again afterwards it loses the full flavor. So please may I have 20 minutes more?"

The housemaid: "Do you think people will think it vulgar of me, Madam, if I mend the master's underclothing in the shelter? If we are down there today as long as we were yesterday I could get on with his undervests."

The gardener: "So my wife she sat up in bed and said, 'Charlie, that

was a bomb. Whatever do we do?' So I said, 'We turns right over, my dear, and we goes to sleep.'"

The gardener's boy: "We been laughing ever since they bombed the hall, for Sir John he has the most terrible strict system about having the whole household roused as soon as there's a raid warning. Something slipped up and they didn't get no warning at all and the first thing they knew was a German plane dropping a bomb in the gardens and when they got out there they found the air-raid shelter blown to bits. So Sir John don't know rightly what to do, for the chap that didn't give the warning saved

all their lives. And seeing what a proper martinet he is we can't stop laughing."

The fishmonger's boy (about 16, with a leer): "I'm just going on delivering goods. Then I'll see all the fun that's going on and if I'm killed they'll write in the papers about my beeyootiful devotion to duty."

The charwoman (with irritation): "All Hitler has done so far as I am concerned is to keep me awake — and I have known a lot of tomcats able to do that just as well."

My husband, inspecting a factory when the alarms sounded, hurried out to see that the car driver, a withered old creature, got inside the shelter. "Please don't make me go in, sir," the old man pleaded. "If I could see one of our boys bringing down one of them it would make me young again, and be far better than living another hundred years."

The woman next me in a shop was about to pay for the dress she had just bought, when the sirens sounded. She put back the money, saying, with a smile: "Guess I'll pay for that gown when you deliver it, just in case I'm killed or you're killed or anything happens to the gown."

A friend of mine, walking along

the street one morning, passed a house that had had its front blown off. A young man and woman were standing inside, laughing. When they saw my friend looking at them they explained: "We had inherited a lot of ugly furniture and it's all gone. So now we can start fresh. Come in and have a whisky and soda — they didn't smash the store cupboard. Isn't it wonderful to be alive?"

A placid-faced Welsh woman I met in the train told me that in her town they had had as many as four raids in one day. "It's foolish of Hitler to send his airplanes over so often," she said. "You get used to anything if you have too much of it. My father was a great preacher, and was always threatening us children with hellfire. In the end hell was no more to us than Cardiff. And now I'm getting used to Hitler the way I got used to hell."

A country innkeeper, with whom we stayed, best expressed the general feeling. When the bombing got very close, he went to the doorway; and, looking up, said: "Blaze away if you like. But if you knock down the old Dog and Duck don't think that Winston Churchill is going to burst into tears and call off the war!"



San Francisco's Cure for Strikes

Condensed from Scribner's Commentator

Frank J. Taylor

SEVENTEEN hundred employers in San Francisco, after years of costly industrial strife, decided early in 1939 to form their own union to meet the labor unions on something like equal terms. To head their organization they picked Almon E. Roth, former controller of Stanford University. Roth promptly announced that his antidote for the epidemic of strikes would be "more light and less heat."

In the ensuing 18 months, the San Francisco Employers Council has amicably settled 217 controversies between labor unions and employers. Roth and his staff have negotiated 154 agreements between employers and unions, many of them master contracts covering entire industries. To nip differences in the bud, before they became issues, Roth's office sponsored 917 talk-it-over meetings between employer and union spokesmen.

San Francisco used to have 40 to 60 strikes a year. During the first seven months of this year there were *no* major strikes involving controversies between employers and workers. Of the nine strikes that did occur, five were jurisdictional quarrels between rival unions. All nine were promptly settled through intervention of the Council.

Since the Employers Council set up shop there hasn't been a case before the NLRB regional court involving charges of unfair practice against any San Francisco employer. The union leaders themselves prefer to take their "beefs" to the Council and iron them out around a table in one of the conference rooms. One union agent joked, "We ought to pay rent up here, the way we use this place."

"Let's be realistic," Roth told the employers at the start. "You're committed to collective bargaining by law, whether you like it or not. Collective bargaining is a pressure game which the union leadership understands but most employers don't. The 235 unions in this city employ 450 capable full-time officials to work for increased wages and better working conditions. They have \$2,000,000 a year with which to do it."

Though the employers pledged Roth a "war chest" as large as that of the unions, he turned it down. "We're not fighting unions," he replied. "We're getting along with them." His organization costs about \$200,000 a year. In structure it is modeled after the Central Labor Council and is a federation of 22 employers' associations, such as

shipowners, milk dealers, hotel operators, garage owners. In addition, about 900 firms hold direct membership.

Key to the Employers Council's success is its hard-digging research staff, the get-the-facts department. This includes seven competent statisticians, whose job it is to round up information on wages, living costs, markets, competitive prices, and profits, if any, in any business about to negotiate a wage contract with a union. These data cover not only San Francisco but the whole country.

Any employer in the group is entitled to the services of the Council's six able negotiators, the public-relations man, and Roth himself, in negotiations with union agents.

"It takes a trained negotiator to match wits with experienced union agents," contends Roth. "Militant union tactics are to put the employer on the defensive by asking more than the union expects to get. Right away the average employer gets hot under the collar and you have the spark for a strike."

Master contracts, covering entire industries, worked out by Roth and his aides, save innumerable hours of tedious negotiations for individual employers. They put competitors on a parity, so far as labor costs are concerned, and eliminate chiseling. Most of the older San Francisco unions preferred these master contracts, but some of the new unions didn't. Their tactics were to

strike one employer at a time, relying upon dues from union members working for his competitors to finance the walkout. As a result of a showdown with the unions, master contracts are replacing individual employer contracts throughout the city.

Roth believes in fighting fire with fire. One of his convictions is that labor contracts, once agreed to and signed, should be lived up to, by both workers and employers. Shortly after he had brought waterfront employers and maritime unions together under a written agreement, covering wages, working conditions, and adjustment of grievances, an epidemic of "quickie strikes" broke out. They were called by shop stewards who took grievance adjustment in their own hands, contrary to the contract between shipowners and unions.

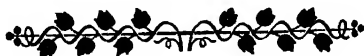
Roth warned the union leaders, who pleaded that their men were out of control. The next time a "quickie" stopped the loading of a ship, gates banged shut on every pier at noon, and the men were paid off. Roth had closed the whole port and nobody worked. By four o'clock that afternoon, the union leaders had found a way to re-establish control over their shop stewards, had given Roth a written statement admitting the injustice of "quickies" and assuring him they would not occur again. Since then "quickies" have virtually disappeared from the San Francisco labor scene.

A Roth slogan is, "The Employers Council won't defend a low wage scale." His get-the-facts staff is instructed to "bring in facts, not propaganda." Research revealed that certain businesses were paying salaries that were too low. The Council focused "more light" upon these institutions until they adjusted salaries upward. Several hundred elevator operators in loft buildings suddenly found their pay envelopes fatter. They don't know yet why the raise came, but a couple of Roth's fact-finders discovered they were underpaid. Other employers likewise have taken the fact-finders' word for it that the wages they paid were out of line, and voluntarily adjusted them upward.

Sometimes the unions, too, are overwhelmed by "more light." Recently a small but militant union came in with a demand for a substantial wage increase. The employers were ready to compromise. But the Council's survey of the industry showed that if it tacked another dollar onto the price of its product, competitors from Los Angeles and Portland could capture the market. "Give me those figures and charts," the union agent demanded. "I'm going to show them to our boys." The union withdrew its demand for a raise, and wrote a letter of appreciation to the Council's research staff.

Practically every one of the 450 union agents in town has accepted the Employers Council as the place to "get beefs handled in a hurry." Both the Central Labor Council of the AFL unions and the District Industrial Union Council of the CIO are "playing ball with Al Roth," as one union leader put it, by giving the Employers Council an opportunity to adjust grievances, settle disputes, and act on workers' demands before authorizing strikes or picket lines. In turn, the Employers Council agrees there shall be no lockouts until adjustment has been attempted. Thus by voluntary practice San Francisco industry has the benefit of the "cooling-off period" before a strike is called, such as is accomplished by law in Minnesota.

Another Roth idea is that the public has a stake in strikes and that the community should be kept informed on the issues, in newspaper releases and paid advertisements. One task of his statisticians is to find out the cost of every strike. Last year, when the waterfront shipping clerks' strike ended, Roth revealed that the walkout had cost the union members \$1,350,000 in wages, money they never could get back. This was published as a part of Roth's campaign to convince employers, labor and the public that "Strikes don't pay."



Despite diesel and radio, the Mississippi towboats and their barges retain the flavor of old river days

Big Business on the River

Condensed from "Big River to Cross"

Ben Lucien Burman

Author of "Steamboat Round the Bend," "Blow for a Landing," etc.

EVERY AMERICAN who has seen the old picture of the *Robert E. Lee* and the *Natchez* racing down the river, flames leaping from their stacks, knows that the romantic packet boats were once the chief means of transportation up and down our Inland Empire. Few rivermen know that today — thanks to the towboat — the Mississippi and its tributaries are bearing more freight than at any time since steamboating began.

They are giants, these new towboats, and as they move in dignity up and down the waters, pushing the long barges clustered ahead of their prows, each transports the equivalent of 16 loaded freight trains. The towboats are built of steel; one may cost half a million dollars and have engines powerful as an ocean-going vessel's. Most of them still are sternwheelers. Some are diesel-driven, with propellers. Despite this modernity, towboating keeps the flavor of the old river days. I have traveled on towboats equipped with loudspeakers so the leadsman taking

soundings at the distant prow of the barges could tell the pilot house the changing depths of the water. But the words that came from the speaker were the same old calls that echoed over the water in the days of Mark Twain.

The pilot needs all his traditional alertness and skill. On the packet he steered a vessel 300 feet long; now he guides a motorized raft a quarter-mile long. To navigate this floating world in summer low water, when

there is but the merest thread of a stream trickling through the Mississippi's maze of sand bars, becomes a miracle.

"Piloting a towboat'll turn a baby's hair gray," said vitriolic Captain Andy as he sent his immense tow around a bend. "You get stuck on the bottom almost every minute and go so slow the mosquitoes eat you alive; in high water you keep close to shore to get an eddy to help you upstream and then moccasins drop on you from the trees. And when you come to the cutoffs the government people built so the flood water'll



run off faster, you can't go through 'em like any regular boat. The current's too fast and you have to go around the long way."

The make-up of the tow must be planned with precision. I know several captains who work out the problem in advance with wooden blocks named and cut to the exact shape of their barges. Certain barges, known as trouble-makers because they are always breaking loose, are marked with a distinguishing sign. It is fascinating to watch Captain Alec toying with his blocks like a child on Christmas morning. These blocks may represent several million dollars, and mistake may mean disaster.

In the actual making up of a tow the captain must weave his craft in and out among the barges like an engineer making up a freight in a switching yard. Once formed, the tow is often shifted on the way. At times it must be three barges wide to give better steering through a swift current; at times it is made narrower and longer to gain speed up slack water. On occasions the captain must resort to "double tripping." The tow is split: one half taken up the difficult stretch of river, the other left moored to the bank until the towboat can get back to it.

The tows are lashed together with heavy ropes and metal lines, tightened with huge ratchets until the 10 or 12 barges become one vast floating island. When suddenly the prows of the foremost barges strike a sand bar developed overnight in

the channel, or when another great towboat sweeps past, its wheel churning the river into a tossing sea, the barges moan and screech as they scrape each other's sides. Ratchets and lines may snap explosively. In an instant the huge hulls go careening down river, like panic-struck cattle. Frantically the towboat goes in pursuit, the captain blue with apoplexy and the mate roaring curses. After hours of frenzied labor, the vessels are collected one by one; and the tow goes on its troubled way.

The deckhands form a distinct tribe as individual as taxi drivers. Youths in their teens or old men with silvery beards, all are restless spirits, who go roving from boat to boat, cursing the river which gives them their life, leaving it perhaps for a job ashore, only to return in a few days because they heard a pretty steamboat whistle.

Towboat men get homesick — something new on the river. The packet was swift, and its run generally short. But the plodding towboat may take months to make the 4000-mile Pittsburgh-New Orleans round trip. A resigned melancholy descends on the Pittsburgh crew as they steam nearer and nearer to New Orleans, and lessens only when they get back as far as Louisville and know that they are "over the hill." Soon they will see the red glare of the steel mills; soon they can spend all their money in a few gay, fevered hours, and start on the long journey all over again.

Theirs is a hard life. They must hurry onto the dangerously ice-coated barges in a sleet storm, to twist icy lines and tighten ratchets. At night they must wheel coal from the fuel flat in inky blackness, for even a faint light would blind the pilot above. They smear flour on their wheelbarrows and along the boards that form their perilous pathway over the water to make them shine a little in the dark. Many a deckhand has gone to a rivery grave because the night was foggy, and the flour lines did not shine clear.

There is racing today just as in the old packet days. On the Ohio and the upper Mississippi, racing has purpose as well as excitement. There are many locks and dams, and the first vessel to reach the lock is the first to pass through. With a long tow that must be split into sections, losing first place means a delay of hours. There are bitter racing feuds between pilots employed by the same company; between pilots of competing lines; between the towboats that run by steam and the "deaf and dumb" diesel boats, oily apostles of modernism.

Once the steamboat was the center of life in the thriving river towns. Came the railroads; river traffic dwindled and the white-painted vessels rotted at the wharves. During the World War the government decided to relieve rail congestion by reviving the long-forgotten waterways. With two towboats and nine barges it started service from St.

Louis to New Orleans. Later it opened a branch on the Warrior River in Alabama, to carry Birmingham's steel to munition factories. Soon other barge lines, privately owned, were developed.

It would take three months to make a round trip over the Federal Barge Line system, the largest river transportation network in the world — from New Orleans to Minneapolis; up the muddy Missouri to Kansas City; a grand loop around salt water to Mobile and the Warrior River; up the Illinois to Chicago.

Among the large private companies there is the Union Barge Line of Pittsburgh, with some boats air-conditioned; the Campbell Line of Pittsburgh, the American Barge Line of Louisville, the Mississippi Valley Line of St. Louis; the lines of steel and oil companies. In the oil fleet is the *Sprague*, largest towboat in the river's history.

The towboat appears clumsy. It is always sticking on a sand bar. Often it creeps upstream half as fast as a man can walk. But the barges in which it buries its nose are in effect a great covered raft on which thousands of tons of freight may be piled, and the raft is man's cheapest form of transport.

Long after all traces of our troubled civilization have vanished, the Mississippi will still be rolling yellow to the sea. And on it men on rafts chanting a song of praise to the God who created the waters in order that men might be free.

Where Your Red Cross Dollars Go

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Don Wharton

AMERICANS cheerfully dropped \$20,000,000 into the lap of their Red Cross organization last spring, for relief in war-stricken Europe. What has been done with that money? We have heard of spectacular things — of transatlantic clippers flying medicine and bandages, of the mercy ship *McKeesport* with its million-dollar cargo for refugees of many nationalities in southern France. But these are only fragments of the story.

There is \$21,000,000 to account for. About \$1,000,000 had been contributed for Finnish and Polish relief when Germany invaded the Low Countries. To date \$5,500,000 has gone for relief in war areas; \$1,500,000 for repatriating Americans and locating relatives in war zones; \$3,000,000 to local chapters to buy materials for making garments and surgical dressings; \$11,000,000 is unspent. Britain may yet need all this, and more.

When war began, the American Red Cross cabled sister societies abroad asking what help was wanted. The Germans replied that they didn't need anything; and no one has asked them again. National

pride was also in evidence in Britain and France, the American Red Cross spending less than \$200,000 there from September through April.

Invasion changed everything. In five weeks our Red Cross put nearly \$2,000,000 into supplies and cash for the French. Then, with surrender, the picture abruptly changed again. Aid to the British spurted from comparatively small sums to \$2,500,000.

In July, over 20,000,000 pounds of Red Cross supplies cleared New York in British vessels — everything from ambulances and X-ray machines to dried milk and salt pork. In the first 11 months of the war \$500,000 worth of garments and dressings, made by Red Cross chapters, was shipped abroad; five times that much is now being made. If Britain should fall, the Red Cross will devote its funds to our defense program — training more nurses, creating more disaster units, possibly giving first-aid instruction to one soldier in each squad.

Red Cross aid to Britain is in preparation for possible disaster; in France it was to help after disaster struck. France had plenty of doctors and nurses; the American Red

Cross provided money and supplies. Insisting always that American donors have the right to know how American money is spent, the Red Cross sent field representatives to supervise distribution. To make sure supplies reached their destination, they rode freight trains through the Alps in freezing weather; they got stuck in Norwegian bogs; they underwent bombings in France — two of them slept through the worst one of the war, at Bordeaux, they were so dog-tired. But mostly theirs was the incessant work of visiting refugee canteens, railway stations, and first-aid posts to see where supplies and money were needed, and that the needs were filled.

In a crowded Bordeaux hospital, Richard Allen found surgeons conducting head-wound operations on men who were propped up on boards placed at the head of cots; and he bought every dental and barber chair in the city for use in that emergency.

Beans for refugee soup were desperately needed at Toulon and Nantes. Wayne Chatfield Taylor telephoned all over France, finally discovered five cars of Argentine beans on a railway siding near Nice, headed for Italy. The Red Cross cabled the owner, in Algiers, and in a few hours the beans were moving toward French soup kitchens.

Time after time the Red Cross sped supplies to France by Pan American Airways, which handled much of this traffic free. The first

chloroform, opiates and surgical dressings reached Paris — via clipper to Lisbon — five days after Taylor cabled for help. Again during May he cabled for thorium dioxide used in treating head wounds. While Pan American held its clipper, the Red Cross purchasing agent in New York bought 200 ampules, got into a taxi and with police escort roared to LaGuardia Field. A month later another clipper carried antitetanus and antidiphtheria serums to Lisbon, whence an American consular agent rushed the packages through Portugal and Spain and handed them across the French boundary to an American who hurried them by car to Bordeaux.

Sometimes Red Cross speed was useless. One medical consignment moved from New York to Paris in 48 hours, only to be held in warehouses by French red tape for nine days. Sometimes even planes were not fast enough. A Red Cross agent visited an improvised hospital where, in a room filled with wounded, six French soldiers were being operated upon without anesthesia. Such horrible scenes would have been more numerous but for the American Red Cross.

Children born on refugee trains were provided with layettes made by American volunteers. The Red Cross supplied emergency dispensaries with iodine, foot tubs, bandages; they bought shoes for refugees and slippers for battered feet;

they bought oranges and condensed milk for babies; they bought 2000 small stoves for refugee mothers who were trying to cook over bonfires. They financed a lost-and-found bureau whose work will be remembered by many a parent long after wounds are forgotten.

Many automobile accidents among refugees driving without sleep day and night brought extra calls on first-aid stations. One Red Cross man counted 57 accidents in one day between Paris and Bordeaux. Rain doubled the difficulties of finding quarters for fleeing millions. At Bayonne, 5000 bewildered refugees, packed into two narrow streets where they were besieging two small offices, were stampeded when a fierce electric storm suddenly struck. Seven were killed in the crush and 100 injured. The Red Cross and American ambulance drivers immediately set up a first-aid center in the public market.

At Bordeaux, where thousands of refugees were sleeping in cars and parks, the Red Cross offices after hours were turned into a dormitory of army cots. As more Americans flooded that city extra cots were bought and billiard parlors rented, 150 Americans sleeping at Red Cross shelters each night. Scores were provided with funds — loans or gifts. At the Spanish border American citizens had to wait days to get visas; often one could be had only by contributing to a Spanish charity, and graft was rampant. Men,

women and children stood all day on the international bridge at Irun — sometimes in the rain. The Red Cross and consular officials worked out a convoy system by which 100 to 150 Americans were moved across the border on a group visa, taken in buses to Bilbao, thence by special train to Lisbon.

Ships have brought throngs of refugees into our ports — Americans mostly, many of them ill, many broke. As each liner docked, a completely equipped ship-meeting unit went aboard. On one ship, Red Cross nurses found 60 cases of dysentery; extra nurses were mobilized, and the ship became a floating hospital. Funds were provided for temporary lodging and rail fare. The New York chapter alone has met 75 ships and aided more than 1500 Americans.

Local chapters have handled 41,000 inquiries about the fate of relatives in war areas. In one day 900 sailors on three Dutch ships asked reports on their families back home. After the Germans seized Denmark the United States sent a Coast Guard cutter to Greenland, with a Red Cross man aboard. Finding that what the isolated Greenlanders most wanted was to communicate with relatives in Denmark, the American Red Cross man used the cutter's radio, sent names and addresses to Washington whence they went via Geneva to Denmark.

Today every Red Cross resource is being marshaled to prevent suf-

fering in England, with supplies leaving American ports at the rate of 45 tons a day. The Red Cross has launched a project to furnish blood plasma from American blood donors for British wounded.

If the \$11,000,000 remaining unspent, plus nearly \$3,000,000 worth of chapter supplies, should be exhausted, the Red Cross can finance additional purchases while another campaign is launched. Besides income from an endowment fund of \$14,000,000, it has \$14,000,000 in general funds of which \$4,000,000 is reserved for use if the United States goes to war.

No American Red Cross money has gone into German-occupied territories; expenditures in unoccupied France tapered to virtually nothing

when France collapsed. The question of what to do about France and other occupied countries if famine develops this winter is difficult. There will be strong humanitarian appeals for aid; on the other hand, many are convinced that these countries can make out if Germany does not strip them of food, that any food sent to France is definite help to the German war machine. Will Germany give the Red Cross "complete freedom of action and the right to distribute supplies"? Without this, Chairman Norman H. Davis says the American Red Cross will not operate anywhere.

Already, hundreds of Red Cross contributors have insisted, by telephone, telegram and letter, "Not another penny to France."



Propriety

Contributed by *A* YOUNG LADY found herself for the long week-end with a notoriously strait-laced county family in England.
Westbrook Pegler

Fearing that the pajamas she wore instead of a nightgown might be considered improper, she carefully hid them every morning when she got up. But one morning, at breakfast, she suddenly realized that she had forgotten them, that they were lying brazenly on her bed. Excusing herself, she rushed to her room. The pajamas had disappeared.

While she was feverishly hunting for them, looking vainly through closets and drawers, a dour, elderly maid appeared at the door and surveyed the scene. "If it's the pajamas you're looking for, Miss," she said, "I put them back in the young gentleman's room."

In a Great Man's Shoes

By

Walter B. Pitkin

THREE TIMES I've missed death by seconds; once I stared up through a foot of ice as rescuers chopped through. I've been on board a burning steamer; adrift on ice floes through a winter night. I've crouched behind a post while gangsters all around shot one another.

But such adventures seem minor when I contrast them with an afternoon I spent years ago with a little shoemaker in his smelly side-street shop.

He talked as he showed me his wares. I asked questions. Nothing else happened. Yet those few hours were the most extraordinary of my life. What happened could have happened only to me — and then

only on a one-in-a-trillion chance.

You cannot understand that afternoon unless you know certain things about my past.

Footnote to History

— 14 —

A unique chain of circumstances linking a shoemaker, a psychologist, and a statesman — a story with an amazing climax.

WHEN Woodrow Wilson became president of Princeton, he assembled some 50 young preceptors to start a new system of teaching there. He drew several from Colum-

bia, and Columbia scouted for new men. They wanted a cheap youngster to teach psychology. I was cheap.

Columbia's faculty dragged me into golf and tennis. Wishing to be polite, I struggled away at the games. Years passed before I finished 18 holes of golf. Around the eighth or ninth hole my feet usually went on strike. Twinges climbed my legs. I hurt all the way up to my neck. I grew so weak I couldn't swing a club.

I could play tennis for only half an hour at a stretch. Then one day along came a high, hot ball. I leaped. I swatted it. I returned to earth eventually. A hot coal started to burn underneath the foot — no, it was inside. I crumpled up in a shapeless heap.

AFTER graduating from the University of Michigan in 1900, Walter B. Pitkin studied psychology in Europe, then lectured on the subject at Columbia University. Author of a score of books including the renowned *Life Begins at Forty*, he has become America's most energetic exponent of the psychology of achievement. Besides his writing, he teaches journalism at Columbia and has active and simultaneous careers in scientific research, farming and editing.

"Broken transverse arch," said the university physician.

I used to study the effects of the broken arch during the two years it was healing. The linkage of burn to pain, of pain to weakness, and of weakness to ill temper was striking. After I'd been on my feet too long or fatigued myself, I felt a burning sensation under the middle toe. Soon it became a sharp, needle-like pain. Then I'd suddenly go weak all over. Some minutes later the ill temper would start. It was as uncontrollable as a sneeze. I'd shun people. When I had to talk, I'd grunt the fewest possible surly remarks.

I found little in medical libraries on the psychological effects of foot troubles. I queried outstanding medical authorities. "The effects are determined largely by the personality of the patient," they told me. "And nobody has yet analyzed that well enough. People react emotionally to a disease in a manner determined by their total nature." That persuaded me to tackle personality problems and started me on what has been an important part of my life work.

I used to go down to Princeton and talk over the new Princeton plan with friends. Each trip was more dismal than the preceding. The fight was on between Wilson and the old regime. I knew men in both camps, and the flat contradictions baffled me.

"Wilson's a fool."

"He's the greatest force in American education."

"He loses friends faster than he makes them."

"His manners are vile."

"He's the most gracious gentleman I ever met."

A dozen people told me stories like this: "I had an appointment with Wilson. When I entered, he eyed me grimly and said nothing. I told him what I had to say and waited for his comments. He scowled in silence, muttered a few words, and walked out. I wondered how I had offended him. He was obviously angry."

A neighbor told me: "I was passing the Wilson home as he came out. We walked along, chatting about nothing in particular. He was charming, as usual. Then, at a cross street, without touching his hat or apologizing or explaining, Wilson suddenly frowned and turned abruptly up the side street."

IN 1919 I began to work with shell-shocked Army officers who were having a tough time returning to the world of business. Here was one who had broken almost every bone in his body and had lived to resume his old job with hardly any mental upset. Here was another whose injuries were trivial. If he carried a cane he could get around easily. But he loathed the cane. He seemed to regard it as a public confession of weakness. He was forever trying to do without it. Worse yet,

he strove to walk without a limp. The strain was terrible. He insisted that life was empty for a cripple. Within two years he killed himself.

I reached two conclusions. Many people are better off with grave handicaps than with trifling ones. The grave handicap releases copious energies. The trifling handicap seems to stir the person too feebly to open up the big valves of nervous and mental power. Then, too, people often try to mask the petty handicap, which leads to further complication of the personality.

STUDY of personality leads naturally to a study of the living habits of people, and one day Dr. Lenna Means, a physician authorized to spend a small Rockefeller grant through the Women's Health Foundation, came to my office and said: "I want you to investigate the women's shoe trade. We get more complaints about shoes than about everything else put together."

I ran through stacks of pitiful letters. Farm wives, working girls, schoolteachers, all asking where they might get shoes that didn't torture them.

We held meetings with manufacturers, retailers, and orthopedic surgeons. Most experts declared that there were plenty of good designs, that women complain of their shoes when they ought to complain of neglecting their feet. "For the sake of looking stylish,

women will endure the torments of hell," commented a large retailer. Bad habits in standing and walking and slight carelessness in buying shoes that almost fit — but don't quite — combine to cause headaches, indigestion, and neurasthenias. The shoe trade and the public health agencies, they said, ought to get together and open foot clinics.

Dr. Means suggested that I talk this idea over with others and she sent me to an orthopedic shoemaker, the best in the business.

As I entered his shop a warm blend of leather, neat's-foot oil, beeswax, and old furniture assailed my nostrils. In the rear the shoemaker was fitting monstrous shoes on a crippled boy.

When the boy had gone I told the shoemaker about the suggested plan. He nodded.

"Of course there should be such clinics," said he. "What needless suffering might be prevented!"

"You feel much of it is needless?"

"Most of it. Half comes from ignorance, half from foolish pride."

"The ignorant we can educate in clinics, can't we?" I remarked. "But perhaps we must leave the proud to their fate."

"Yes! Yes! To their fate!" His eyes widened. He was seeing something far away. "The curse of keeping up appearances! It's far more terrible in a man than in a woman. Especially in a man of great power. I've seen its havoc. . . ."

He moved toward a tall cabinet, and from an upper shelf brought down a plaster foot, covered with dust.

"What do you make of this?" He thrust it into my hands and edged me up to the window.

It seemed like an ordinary plaster model. Yet, as I eyed it, I did seem to detect slightly irregular proportions. The shoemaker thrust at me a large X-ray plate. "Study it. It's the same foot."

Here the irregularity was plainer. "Now," said the shoemaker with a gleam, "look at this." He handed me an old shoe. I ran my fingers over the inside. It was as soft as down. Here and there odd little reinforcements had been built in with such skill that they were scarcely noticeable. It was wonderful art.

"Seeing it on the wearer's foot," I said, "not one in a thousand would ever notice it."

"Yet the wearer noticed it always," said the shoemaker. "He was furious at it, all his life long. His pride was terrible. How he hated to appear different from other men! How he fought to keep up appearances! Until he grew too old and too sick to care for himself, he'd admit nobody — not even his own family — to the room while I was there trying to ease his pain. He wouldn't permit me to come to his front door. I had to go around to the back entrance. I couldn't tell who I was. I just left my name.

"He'd often scowl at me, as if I were to blame for his trouble. Once I hurt him. He kicked me. But I wasn't angry. I know some people can't control themselves when the pain comes. Sometimes I'd work for hours over a new shoe, while he clenched his fists until the knuckles turned white. He'd collapse on his divan. I'd pack the extra shoes in my valise and slip out the back door. Yes, Doctor, he wouldn't allow me to wrap them up in paper or carry them in a shoe box. I had to put them in a valise, so that nobody would ever know."

The shoemaker actually wept. He groped to his old roll-top desk, fished into a pigeonhole, and hauled out a package of old letters.

"After he had lost his temper, he'd write me a letter. I kept them all. They have made my life worthwhile."

He placed the packet in my hands. I was torn between surprise at his sincere tears and bewilderment over the mystery of false pride. I untied the string, and the world roared around me. I went slightly dizzy. To this day, I have a vivid mental picture of those letters. That first letter ran something like this:

The White House . . . No date.

I am sorry to have been so disagreeable yesterday. But you understand. You have helped me much. I am grateful. This last shoe will work out all right.

Sincerely,

WOODROW WILSON

The next letter:

Please come tomorrow at five, without fail. The shoe troubles me much. It must be changed immediately.

Sincerely,
WOODROW WILSON

and the next:

I must reassure you that my bad manners of yesterday meant nothing. You have been more than kind. I realize how much you have done for me.

Sincerely,
WOODROW WILSON

A score more. All the same, in and writing known to millions of people. Every letter was written on White House stationery in long-and, every envelope addressed by Wilson himself.

I knew what the shoemaker saw

that made him weep. But he didn't know what I was seeing.

I SAW A MAN walking along a college street, stopping in pain, then turning swiftly and going home, there to stay until he could walk in comfort.

I saw a man — his face taut and grim — abruptly leave committee meetings, to the consternation of all those who did not know, as I did, the havoc overstrained nerves and muscle fibers can work on the human mind.

I saw a man try to wrestle with Lloyd George and Clemenceau at Versailles, never suspecting that the little Welshman had found how easy it was to override him simply by wearing him down during the day to a point of desperation at which he could neither think nor talk.

I saw history in those letters.



The Joke that Turned

ONE OF the reasons why you can buy an electric light bulb today for 15 cents that in 1931 would have cost 40 cents, and would have delivered only half the present quantity of light, is the joke old-timers in General Electric's lamp division used to play on new engineers. They were assigned the "impossible" task of frosting bulbs on the inside. Such a bulb would diffuse more light with less absorption, but everyone knew it couldn't be done, and each perspiring neophyte forgave the snickers greeting his failure.

One day, however, Marvin Pipkin was initiated. And he not only found a way to frost bulbs on the inside, but developed an etching acid which gave minute rounded pits instead of sharp depressions, thus materially strengthening each bulb. No one told him it couldn't be done, and he took it so seriously that he did it.

— *Christian Science Monitor*

❏ Los Angeles sends delinquent boys
not to jail but to mountain camps
where they render many useful services

The Judge Didn't Throw the Book

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Karl Detzer

YOUNG JOE JOHNSON told the Judge the whole story — about trouble at home, his father's drinking, his mother's temper, about the gang he hung out with. Trying to sound hard, so as not to show how scared he was, he even told what had happened last night.

"Only, I wasn't going to *steal* that car, Your Honor," he added. "Just was going to take a little ride."

Joe admitted later that he had expected the Judge to "throw the book" at him — to sentence him to a maximum term for auto theft. But the Los Angeles juvenile court has discovered a surer way to make good boys out of bad.

Judge Turney W. Fox looked down at Joe's underfed body, frightened eyes, resentful mouth.

"Guess you're due for a trip, Joe," he decided, "to the country."

Instead of a cramped cell, Judge Fox gave Joe a half-dozen mountain ranges on which to reclaim himself. Instead of jailhouse bread and soup, he gave Joe all the good food a hungry lad could eat; instead of enforced idleness, an exciting job. He set no time limit for

Joe's redemption. That is up to Joe himself.

A few hours later, the probation officer's car halted in a green canyon, 30 miles from the shabby, crowded neighborhood where Joe had lived. This was Malibu Camp, one of three maintained by Los Angeles County for the reclamation of erring boys.

Here Joe had to work harder than he had ever worked before. But, to his own surprise, he liked it. Eight hours, five days a week, he was earning his clothes, food, a pleasant place to live, entertainment and 50 cents a day. Moreover, the job was mighty important. He was a part of Los Angeles County's line of defense in its perennial battle against fire.

Under the leadership of foresters, Joe and his fellows cut firebreaks, clear brush, build reservoirs to impound water, hew roads out of canyon walls and build bridges over streams so that apparatus can reach the fires.

When a blaze starts Joe does what every boy in the world dreams of doing: goes roaring off on a big fire truck to fight the fire. His pic-

ture in the Los Angeles paper next day isn't the picture of an auto thief, but of a young hero facing danger, saving life and property. That helps with the cure, too.

Since 1936 more than 2200 boys, 16 to 19 years old, have been led — frightened and sullen — to Malibu or the camp on Mt. Wilson or the one deeper in the San Bernardino range. Nearly 2000 of these boys now are back in the outer world — decent members of society, making a living.

One youngster, "graduated" in 1938, is foreman in a dry cleaning plant, one is assistant manager of a chain store, another is a chauffeur, several are salesmen, one owns a small truck garden, hundreds have steady jobs in industry.

Only nine out of a hundred have run afoul of the law again. Contrast this with FBI figures which indicate that at least 30 percent of juvenile offenders in the nation at large get into trouble again within three years.

The camps have no fences, no guards. New boys must give up their shoes at night. But not for long. They see others, of proved responsibility, proudly laying theirs out with their clothes, ready for an alarm, and they want the same privilege.

Each camp has a big bunkhouse like that of an old-time lumber camp, a mess shack, hospital, recreation hall. Each has baseball and football fields, and ping-pong tables

and boxing gloves for rainy days. Boys who wish may have evening lessons in English, mathematics and history. Between supper and nine o'clock bedtime there are entertainments, often put on by charitably inclined Hollywood actors or nearby luncheon clubs.

The boys at Malibu are divided into six groups, named after West Coast athletic teams. Boy and group are graded on sportsmanship; a baseball team may lose the game but still win the highest number of points.

Each group strives to lead the camp, not only in sports, but in such rivalries as cleanliness, table manners, bunkroom neatness, care of tools. Boys who rank highest earn special titles, special responsibilities. Titles include "fire chief," "safety leaders," "police chief," "mayor." Highest rating is that of "governor," attained only twice and both times by Negroes.

Old army and navy cooks, accustomed to feeding hungry men, prepare hearty meals. Boys may eat as much as they want, and they gain from 10 to 35 solid, muscular pounds in camp.

How long a boy stays depends on the time required to change his attitude toward responsibility and authority. After only a month or so some develop a new point of view. The average period is four months. A few, however, prove to be incorrigible and have to be sent to a reformatory.

Karl Holton, chief county probation officer, admits that it is too early to know just how many of the "cures" will be permanent. "But," he adds, "we *do* know we are making a better citizen of every boy who goes through the camps. Our entire schedule is pointed in one direction: to teach boys *how to live with other boys*. When they learn such social coöperation, they're no longer a public problem."

Certainly when Joe Johnson marches down from Malibu he will not be the same boy who shuffled into camp. He'll be taller, sturdier,

with a new outlook on life. He will have \$50 in his pocket and ambition in his heart. All he will want is a job, and the probation department will help him get that. He has proved that he knows how to work.

By preventing the spread of fire, he has repaid the county what it cost to cure him. Los Angeles lost nothing, gained a healthy, self-supporting citizen. Joe gained respectability and had a glorious time. Judge Fox knew what he was doing when he didn't "throw the book" at Joe.



*Imaginative
Enterprise*

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LOS ANGELES car owners who feel that the average garage repair man may hunt up something wrong to swell the bill can now telephone the Independent Automobile Diagnosticians to send their station wagon, equipped with stethoscopes, carburetor, coil, compression testers, etc., for a consultation. For about \$1.50, the owners of this rolling clinic give you a written report of what is wrong with your car and what should be done about it. You choose your own

garage to do the work. The Diagnosticians also have an inspection service for used cars, prior to purchase: for about \$5 they check some 115 points that must be satisfactory before the car is recommended.

— *Westways*

DR. CYNTHIA WESTCOTT, plant pathologist and former research worker at Cornell University, is giving the gardens of small householders in Glen Ridge, New Jersey, the expert attention usually reserved for large estates. In a station wagon loaded with sprayers, hose, and garden tools, she and her assistant start out at seven-thirty every morning and visit a succession of gardens, spraying for rust or pests, cutting back new growths, burning plants with an infectious disease. For a small monthly fee, she makes a weekly visit of not over an hour, gives expert advice and treatment.

— Mona Gardner in *Mademoiselle* (Adapted)

¶ Tiny print, and a machine with which to read it, can give us the world's literature at five cents a volume

Miniature Libraries of Tomorrow

Condensed from The Saturday Review of Literature

Marvin Lowenthal

FOLDED in my wallet, where it occupies less space than my automobile license, is a 200-page book — a single sheet of paper, on each side of which have been printed 100 pages in type too tiny for human eyes. This miniature book is not a curiosity of craftsmanship, nor an example of microfilm, the photographic method now used for compressing bulky records. Here is a new process, originated by a New York publisher, Albert Boni, which can, at small cost, eventually place the contents of whole libraries in the average reader's home. Will Durant has called it "the greatest advance in printing since Gutenberg."

Boni's "microprint" is a revolutionary step forward because the minute facsimiles are for the first time actually printed, on ordinary paper, and can therefore be turned out in quantity at a surprisingly low price. He has also developed a magnifying projector, the "Readex," by which they can be quickly and easily read.

On a sheet of microprint appear rows of indecipherable rectangles, three quarters of an inch long by half

an inch wide, each representing one page of a full-sized book. Into a four-page leaflet of microprint can be compressed a volume. A sheaf of leaflets no bulkier than the novel you slip into your pocket will contain the equivalent of a large trunkful of reading matter. The contents of a good-sized public library will fit into an alcove bookcase.

Pull out a narrow drawer in the bottom of the Readex (which looks like a large typewriter case), insert the small sheet of microprint, and turn on a light inside the machine. Onto a transparent plastic screen there flashes a rectangle of light. Turn a knob, and there comes into sharp focus a page from the book in the drawer, magnified to the size of ordinary type. With a flick of the wrist, you can move from page to page, or skip pages ten at a time, forward or backward.

The Readex, at about \$150, is the most expensive item for the possessor of a microprint library, but quantity production is expected soon to reduce its price. Owners of a Readex will pay a mere five cents apiece for microprint "books." An encyclopedia such as the Britannica

with its two dozen volumes and 27,000 pages, could be reduced to a book two inches thick. Boni plans, as microprint's first venture, a library of 1000 unabridged classics — all for the price of 20 current novels. These books will shortly be on the market.

Eventually the book-lover can have thousands of the world's masterpieces, expensive dictionaries and encyclopedias, on his own shelves. The doctor or lawyer or engineer will have only to cross his own room for access to great law or scientific libraries, files of professional journals. The scholar or expert can possess cheap, easily read facsimiles of the rarest works in his field.

Communities, of course, will reap tremendous benefits. The entire contents of the New York Public Library, four million volumes, could be shelved on stacks in

a 25 by 30 foot room. Libraries now the boast of Oxford or Harvard, containing the sum of human knowledge, may be made available to the inhabitants of every prairie town.

Behind the development of microprint lies a story of faith, persistent research, and chance. Albert Boni is neither a printer nor a professional inventor. Ignorant of photography and optics, he had to learn everything from scratch. Model after model was built, found wanting, and discarded. Five years were consumed in trials, false clues, and dead ends. Then Boni was handed the solution on a silver platter. Independently of his efforts, the electrical industry produced a lamp which answered the peculiar needs of his machine. At last everything clicked. Today microprint is a reality.



You Can't Believe Your Eyes

PICTURES sometimes indicate that Hitler's invading armies have quickly succeeded in converting conquered peoples to the Nazi salute. A British short-wave broadcast told how this was managed in Paris during an open-air military band concert.

"Suddenly the music stopped and in the resulting silence a voice from a loudspeaker said, in French: 'Those who do not speak German, raise your hands!'

"As practically nobody in the crowd knew German, thousands of hands were raised. A flash! All were photographed standing with arms apparently raised in the Hitler salute."

— P. M.

❏ Sending accurate news from Germany without being thrown out of the country is ticklish business

“The German High Command States . . .”

Condensed from *Current History and Forum*

Ernest R. Pope

THIRTY AMERICAN journalists in Berlin, working under severe handicaps, have the ticklish task of trying to tell the United States through a wall of censorship what is going on in Germany. Theirs is a test of endurance of body and nerves, under which some have cracked, and a greater test of diplomacy, in which a few have failed.

Nine tenths of the war news emanates from Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry or from Ribbentrop's Foreign Ministry. Daily the correspondents troop into Goebbels' luxurious red-carpeted, white-and-gold private theater, where young, blond Professor Boemer, foreign press chief, presides, flanked by advisers on law, transportation, agriculture, etc. He is very dignified, whereas five minutes ago he

was pitching coins with us in the corridor and pretty good at picking them up despite his snug uniform.

Boemer reads the latest bulletin from the army high command. Then we have a special feature. One day it is a U-boat commander who tells how he “foiled the British” and torpedoed a cruiser. Another day club-footed Dr. Goebbels stages a dramatic entrance from his adjoining office. “My colleagues,” he shouts, “that yellow, lying American writer, Knickerbocker, has accused me and other Nazi ministers of hoarding money in foreign banks. Not one word is true.” Sometimes there is a lecture by a prison-camp warden, labor leader, or military authority.

We may ask Boemer any questions we please. He may answer them, refer them to his “experts,” or merely smile. The smile means, “I shan't tell you and if you find out elsewhere send the story at your own risk.”

THREE YEARS after graduating from Cornell in 1931, Ernest R. Pope went to Germany, where between arrests and releases by the Gestapo he served as correspondent for English and American papers. After the outbreak of war he described, over the Columbia network, the events inside Germany. Last January he transferred from Germany to Italy, and came home in May.

Into the conference walks dapper Pete Huss, one of our crowd, accompanied by two army officers. He looks tired, having just returned from a three-day tour of the front

in a plane. Pete tells us in German what he saw while official motion pictures of his trip are shown.

Boemer announces the next press tour: at 4 o'clock tomorrow morning an army bomber will fly 10 correspondents to the English Channel. We draw lots or vote to pick the lucky 10.

Boemer announces changes in gasoline rations. We share with diplomats, physicians, the army, the Gestapo and a few high officials the privilege of having cars. At the start of the war we were granted 30 to 50 gallons of gas per month, at 75 cents a gallon. Now we are entreated to drive only when absolutely necessary — never from home to office, or from office to the ministry.

As we leave the theater Boemer calls out, "Don't forget to pick up your food cards." We get more butter and meat than the average German, for we are classed as "hard workers," along with ditch-diggers and stevedores.

In the Foreign Office we fire questions at beefy Dr. Schmidt, Ribbentrop's press chief. His replies, statements and evasions appear in the American news as "It was officially stated at Berlin today that Germany does not intend to . . ." etc. On occasion Ribbentrop puts in a ceremonious appearance, in diplomatic uniform, to "explain and justify" the latest invasion.

Hitler never sees foreign correspondents. The Reich press chief, Dr. Otto Dietrich, who constantly

accompanies the Führer, occasionally informs us that the Führer "eats from the same field kitchen as his soldiers. He sleeps on an ordinary army cot. He arose at 4 a.m. today. He was in a cheerful mood and his eyes sparkled." Himmler, Göring, Schacht and Hess are equally unapproachable.

When the day's sermons by official spokesmen are finished, we talk them over on the sidewalk, then scatter through the blackout. Some of us take our Nazi schoolmasters to the nearby Adlon bar. This, if it does not yield news, at least reduces friction. The oiling process is completed later at the Taverne, the only night club in Berlin open after curfew — by special government decree — and only diplomats, journalists, theatrical people and Nazi big shots may frequent it. The Nazi officials are accompanied by elegant young women who make themselves very agreeable to us — the oldest of bait for the unwary. These parties are a contest to see who can talk and drink the most and divulge the least.

Dispatches sent by cable or wireless must be taken by the correspondent in person to censors at the main telegraph office. Censors at the post office handle articles that are mailed. And if we telephone dispatches — to Holland, Denmark or Italy, to be relayed to the United States — a censor listens in and a machine records what we say.

Radio reporters must submit their scripts to three sets of censors. A fourth censor listens in, ready to cut them off the air if they deviate from the script. Bill Shirer, CBS veteran, habitually writes enough talk to fill 10 minutes, hoping five minutes' worth will get through. Military censors blue-pencil descriptions of new weapons, planes or army positions, or such statements as "the moon is shining beautifully tonight," which would be of help to enemy bombers. The Propaganda Ministry cuts out items such as too vivid descriptions of the bad food Germans are forced to eat. The Foreign Office refuses to allow disclosure of Ribbentrop's impending diplomatic jumps.

Radiomen and press correspondents may know that the railway system has broken down (they have seen exhausted passengers sleeping in overcrowded stations while waiting for trains that come either half a day late or not at all); they may know that many German families are eating dog-meat (I have confirmed many instances), that hospitals have run out of ether (doctors have told me of it), that Göring yesterday had a terrific quarrel with Ribbentrop (it is well known that they have no love for each other). They may know many things kept secret even from the Führer but they don't dare try to get them through the censorship.

American correspondents were driven through several Polish towns

to be shown "how German control has improved living conditions." A Nazi led them to a modern hospital and proudly explained the contrast between Teutonic cleanliness and what he called "Polish housekeeping." One of the correspondents discovered that the Poles themselves had built the hospital just before the German invasion.

When stories of the attempted revolt of the Czechs leaked out, correspondents received a lecture on the peace and quiet reigning in the protectorate and were taken on a tour to Prague — after the spontaneous combustion of national feeling had been quenched and all signs of it removed. Some reporters confirmed stories of the uprising, by conversations with natives, but any reports other than the official statements and a description of the trip would have meant immediate expulsion from Germany.

To avoid the fate of Beach Conger of the New York *Herald Tribune*, his successor Ralph Barnes, and Otto Tolischus, veteran correspondent of the New York *Times* — all ejected from Germany — there are many "don'ts." "Don't tell Germans what you know" is one of the first. Germans are eager to know what the foreign radio stations are saying, but it is a crime for them to listen or for you to tell them. "Don't air your own opinions or ask embarrassing questions" is another precept. You won't get an answer anyway, and you won't

be invited on the next press trip. "Don't discuss news on the telephone." Telephones have extra ears in totalitarian countries.

The men from the news agencies (AP, UP, INS) must be the most careful of all in what they send out. But they take pains to qualify it, so that the American reader can take it for what it is worth, by specifying: "Foreign correspondents were requested today to deny the story sent by the *Herald Tribune* Berlin correspondent to the effect that the Czechs have been revolting. . . ." "Official sources state that Germany's food supplies are sufficient for many years of war. . . ."

The authorities do permit some

unfavorable news to get through. For the Nazis learned a lesson from Russia. The bombastic self-praise and 100 percent Communist propaganda from Moscow made the world lose all faith in Russian reports. The Nazis feel that America will be more inclined to believe Berlin dispatches when they contain occasional adverse material.

It is the ticklish job of the blitzkrieg reporter to know just how much of this unpleasant material he can salt into his reports and still not be thrown out. His skill accounts for the surprising amount of accurate reporting that has reached America through Germany's wall of censorship.



Theaters: Please Copy

❧ A CARPET that glows in the dark has been developed for use in sleeping cars, theaters and other dimly lit places. Its yarn is treated with fluorescent dyes that have the power to reflect invisible ultraviolet rays as visible light. Lamps fitted with filters which allow only "black light" to pass are concealed in ceilings or walls, and patrons are aware only of a carpet into which light seems to have been woven. These carpets are already in use at some theaters.

— *Newsweek and War Cry*

❧ THANKS to the Push-Back theater seat, now used in a hundred theaters, no one need stand to let others pass. When latecomers crowd in, the occupant of the seat places his feet under it and pushes slightly backward. The seat slides back six inches, leaving ample room to pass, yet not bothering the person in the row behind. The chair automatically returns to normal position as soon as its occupant relaxes.

— *Architectural Record*

❏ This crippled orphan became the inspiring leader of millions of active American boys

America's Chief Scout

Condensed from *Christian Herald*

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

THE BOY SCOUTS are an institution so firmly imbedded in our national life it is hard to remember they were not always here. There are a million members; one boy in every three who reached the age of 12 last year became a Scout. Yet 30 years ago, the Boy Scouts of America was but one of a dozen boys' organizations, all weak, all fumbling, all uncertain of their future.

From then to now, one man has planned and directed the Scouts' amazing growth. When the first modest beginnings were made, James E. West was persuaded to act as

secretary for six months. The chore he planned to finish so promptly became a great career.

This man who, three decades later, is still on the job as Chief Scout Executive has been physically handicapped most of his life; he uses a cane, sometimes crutches. This man who leads and inspires a million boys spent his boyhood in an orphanage.

Jim's father died before he was born. Destitute, his mother became a seamstress. When Jimmy was six, she died. At that time he was healthy and straight.

After a while, at an orphanage in Washington, D. C., Jimmy began to limp. The authorities decided he was malingering — to avoid being treated like the other children. So he was whipped. But his leg got no better. Then it was discovered that he had a tubercular hip. For nearly two years he was in a hospital, much of the time painfully strapped flat on his back. Pronouncing him "incurable," the hospital told the orphanage to take him back. The orphanage refused. Finally the hospital sent him to the orphanage without notice, leaving him on the doorstep

PRESIDENT Theodore Roosevelt, the immortal "T.R.," was so ardent a supporter of the Boy Scouts that they gave him the title Chief Scout Citizen, and abolished it with his death. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., is as keen on Scouting as was his father. He has served for more than 20 years as a director of national policies and as a worker in Troop 39, Oyster Bay, Long Island. Dynamic "Young Teddy" fought with the First Division in the World War, was wounded once and decorated often. He has been Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Governor-General of the Philippines, leader of scientific expeditions in Asia, and is now a member of the publishing firm of Doubleday, Doran.

with a small bag that held his few belongings.

So lame he couldn't do the work assigned to boys, Jimmy was put with the girls and taught to sew. It was here that Mrs. Ellis Spear, a friend of his mother, found him. She invited him to her home to play with her children. She gave him a children's book that she had written. On his next visit she asked him his opinion of the story. It was the first time anyone had given him a chance to express himself, had placed any importance upon what *he* thought. There were more visits, more chances to talk freely. He expanded like a plant opening to the sun.

Most of the orphanage children were apprenticed as soon as they were old enough. But no one would take crippled Jimmy West. Presently he was the oldest boy at the institution, and began to help the matron. He was even given a small salary.

There was a library at the orphanage, usually locked. Because he had benefited from reading, Jimmy West asked permission to have the library opened to all. The matron was afraid the books would be injured. But Jimmy offered to get the other children to help him cover the thousand books with brown paper. This done, he catalogued them. Most of the children were not interested in reading; he offered to pay them, from his own wages, a cent for each book read. When that offer didn't stir up interest, he got permission for read-

ers to sit up an extra hour in the evening. That worked!

He was learning how to get results.

He asked permission to go to public school, instead of attending the casual orphanage classes. Next he asked that some of the other children might go to public school, too, and agreed to be responsible for their homework. At one time there were 24 orphans attending public school with him.

At 16 he finished the eighth grade and wanted to go on to high school. The idea of an orphanage cripple going to high school was unheard of. Besides, how could he do high school work without neglecting his duties at the orphanage? But the boy was developing indomitable persistence. Could he try it for a month? Reluctantly, permission was given.

He made good that month, both at school and at the orphanage. He graduated from high school at 19. His leadership of the orphan children had made him a good mixer. He was editor of the school paper, manager of the football team, and school librarian. That he could find time and energy for these activities without neglecting his work seems a miracle. But he even took on the duty of night watchman.

West, now looking for a job, applied at a bicycle shop. The owner said he could not employ a cripple. West countered that he would learn to ride a bicycle if it would get him

the job. Touched by his courage, the shop owner agreed. Naturally, with one leg almost useless, Jimmy was unmercifully battered and bruised by falls, but he learned quickly and got the job.

Next, West determined to walk without crutches. For weeks he could barely keep his balance without grabbing something, but he made it.

All this time he was intent upon improving conditions at the orphanage. Superintending the children, he helped them paint the whole place. There was a campaign against rats; a man who owned weasels was brought in to help. Next he went before the directors and exposed waste and incompetence. He showed that the money spent on food for 180 children, aside from bread and milk, was less than that for the 14 members of the staff. The board was shocked, and conditions were rectified.

Through the Y.M.C.A., where he found secretarial work, he learned of a chance to read law with an attorney. When he felt he needed further instruction he entered the National University law school.

A fire in the Y.M.C.A. burned out the wing where night classes were held. The directors said they could not rebuild, and ordered night school closed. This, to West, meant shutting the door of opportunity on many young fellows. He sought permission to take over the job of re-opening the school, including rais-

ing funds. West went to instructors, to contractors, to all concerned, and asked them to donate part of their services — or at least take deferred payments. His persuasiveness brought one "yes" after another; in short order the school was re-opened with a larger enrollment than before the fire.

At 25 Jim West passed his bar examinations. He secured an appointment to the Board of Pensions, largely, I believe, through the interest of my father, who had come to know him and admire his energy. Later he was made assistant attorney in the Department of the Interior.

During the half-dozen years he served in these capacities he took on any number of other activities. He fought before Congress for a much-needed school appropriation for Washington. He acted as General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. It was he, backed by the Washington Playground Association, who first took up the question of turning the city's public parks over to children. It was his agitation which got Washington its first Children's Court.

During 1909 the Boy Scout movement was gaining momentum in England. An American newspaperman, William D. Boyce, was guided through a London fog by an English lad who refused to accept a tip.

"I'm a Scout," the boy said. "We don't take tips for favors."

Boyce was impressed. Back in this country he undertook the

financing of an American Scout organization. There were movements of similar nature already in the field. Dan Beard had organized the Sons of Daniel Boone. Ernest Thompson Seton had begun the Woodcraft Indians.

There were also many smaller groups, some with Scout troops using the English uniform and methods of procedure. All had to be brought, without hurt feelings or loss of enthusiasm, into the main body of American Scouts.

Such a task required leadership of a high order. James West was invited to become secretary. At first he said it was impossible; he could not afford to give up his law practice and he felt his work among Washington children should not be neglected, but finally he agreed to take temporary charge.

To keep the growing organization nonsectarian and free from racial prejudice was a herculean task. Influential religious groups wanted to take control. A southern group served notice that if Negroes were included they would pile their Scout uniforms in the courthouse square and burn them.

By tact and patience such obsta-

cles were overcome. American Scouting is today as democratic as Indian corn. Its membership is drawn from every race and creed that goes to make up our country.

Practically everything that West did in those early days had to be done with limited facilities — much of it single-handed. One thing needed was a Scout handbook. Working day and night, West got the material ready and had 5000 copies printed. He marked them "proof" and sent 4600 to persons interested in boys' work, asking for suggested improvements. A committee considered all comments and redrafted the book. More than 6,000,000 copies of the Scout handbook have been sold to date.

Last year I stood on a platform at the New York World's Fair and faced a gathering of 63,000 boys. James E. West was standing beside me — on crutches. I thought of his story, from the days when he was an unwelcome cripple in an orphan asylum, and of the great movement which he had been so instrumental in molding. As long as America has such men as he, and such organizations as the Boy Scouts, we can face the future with confidence.

THE VACATION-JOB IDEA CONTEST, launched in the July issue, yielded hundreds of ingenious, practical schemes. The winner will be announced in our November issue.

☞ Uncle Sam's depression-born public buildings afford opportunity for artists to record local history

A New American Art

Condensed from *Coronet*

Maxine Davis

Writer and lecturer; author of "The Lost Generation"

CANNONSBURG, Pennsylvania, celebrated a half-holiday when the mural painting was installed in its new post office, and the fire department led a parade in honor of the event. Great art? Who knows! But certainly a great event, one of many hundreds like it which mark a new epoch in our cultural life.

For the first time in our history, art is being deliberately fostered by government — authentic American art. Whenever a public building is planned, one percent of its cost is set aside for murals or sculpture. In the Cannonsburgs of this land, artists are seeing the power and beauty of America; and the people are seeing themselves and their traditions through the eyes of their own artists. Here's how it happened:

When the New Deal began its pump-priming in the winter of 1933-34, Edward Bruce, a successful artist, had an inspiration: the federal government as a patron of art! The program should function, Bruce held, not as a relief measure for artists, but to secure the best art available for our public buildings. Secretary of the Treasury

Morgenthau agreed with him, and there was set up a Section of Fine Arts, under the Public Buildings Administration. Bruce is chief of the Section. Contracts for murals or sculpture in new federal buildings are allotted by competition on a democratic basis: artists submit designs, with their names and addresses in sealed envelopes. The choice is made by a jury, the personnel of which changes frequently. Famous and unknown artists all get the same chance. Local artists are encouraged. The people of the community for which the picture is intended make suggestions, help in research for design and detail.

Before the Section of Fine Arts was established, the government spent \$630,400 for paintings and sculpture in two buildings, the Archives Building and the Supreme Court. Bruce's artists decorated 400 federal buildings for the same cost. The average payment under his plan is about \$1400; the smallest has been \$300.

What sort of art has emerged from this democratic process? A mural in the post office in Granville, Ohio, for example, depicts

the hour when the pioneers unhitched their horses and prepared to settle there. They cut down their first tree for a pulpit, and as it fell, so the story goes, there was a moment of religious emotion when they all burst into hymn. You see the men and women, guns in their hands, their faces lifted in exaltation. The whole composition is moving and inspiring — and as American as their covered wagons. Another mural, in the Department of Justice Building in Washington, of a mother and child, portrays the advantages of education in contrast to child labor in the mills. Its sense of promise and tragedy, its reality and emotion are in vivid contrast to a couple of pre-Bruce gigantic silvered statues in the same building.

Art in public places naturally arouses controversy, but for the most part the people in the cities and towns adorned by the Section of Fine Arts' murals and sculptures have been delighted. The pictures belong to them. Whether it is the mural of Custer at Monroe, Michigan, or the painting of a mine rescue in Idaho, the material has come out of the community. And this new American art has stimulated an almost tropical growth of painting and sculpture which is indigenous, vigorous, direct.

"Ned" Bruce eats, dreams and sleeps his job. He is a huge, round-shouldered mountain of a man, with vitality as endless as Niagara

Falls. He had four spectacular careers — lawyer, publisher, financier and painter — before his present one. Born in Dover Plains, New York, son of a Baptist minister, he was an outstanding student at Columbia as well as an All-America football player. After four years with a New York law firm he went to the Philippines.

When he landed in Manila, far from rich, Bruce heard that the *Manila Times* was for sale — for \$200,000. He offered \$1000 in cash and the balance in notes. To his surprise the owner accepted. Three years later Bruce paid the notes out of profits.

Bruce became interested in a company organizing American enterprise in the Far East and came back to New York to direct it. But his hobby — painting — seemed more important. In his forties, he gave up business and became a painter.

To learn the craft thoroughly, he went to Italy to study with Maurice Sterne. Sterne had invited the Bruces to share a castle near Rome — and lived to regret it. Bruce, with a big car-studio at his disposal and with methodical habits of work, never waited for an inspiration. He rose at dawn and painted till dark — and made Sterne do likewise.

Bruce had a one-man show in 1925, and another in 1927 when he sold every canvas. In 1929, while most of his colleagues were starving, he was selling about 16 pic-

tures a year, at prices of \$1000 to \$5500. He still paints, when his absorbing job will let him.

As for the quality of art fostered by Bruce's project, time is the only dependable critic. Time, however,

has shown that the art treasures of the world have often been created in small, obscure places by painters or sculptors who drew their artistic sustenance from the people and the soil.



"Don't Fire Until You See the Whites of Their Eyes"

John D. Greene in *The American Magazine*

NOT LONG AGO, Jim Moran, *America's Number 1 Prankster*, put this advertisement in Boston newspapers:

WANTED — 12 men; must be unemployed, between 21 and 40; for one day's work. Salary \$4. Must have following qualifications: Nos. 1 and 2 must be nearsighted; 3 and 4 must be farsighted; 5 and 6 must have normal vision; 7 and 8 must be bleary-eyed; 9 and 10 must be bright-eyed; No. 11 must have pink-eye; No. 12 must be cross-eyed. Apply 9 a.m.

More than 250 men showed up, and an oculist examined them while Jim stood by; two by two they were chosen. Next day Jim, arrayed in the uniform of a colonel of the Revolutionary Army, disclosed his plan. "I have rented costumes for these 12 men," he said. "Six will wear American colonial dress, the other six the redcoat uniforms of the British. This afternoon I will take them out to Bunker Hill to prove a pet the-

ory of mine. I am going to show that the command shouted by Colonel Prescott — 'Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes' — was the stupidest command ever uttered by an army officer."

Arrived at the battle scene, the motley array of soldiers were given muskets loaded with blanks. The Redcoats were instructed to charge up the hill; to the Continentals at the top was given Colonel Prescott's famous command. The result was chaos. The two farsighted men opened fire when the enemy was 75 feet away. The enemy advanced another 25 feet before the men with normal vision opened fire. The nearsighted man on the Continental side never did shoot — theoretically he was skewered on British bayonets. And when the cross-eyed man pulled the trigger his musket was aimed in the general direction of the Boston customhouse tower.

¶ Perhaps in our time we'll be able to drive to Paris, by way of Siberia

Let's Drive to Alaska!

Condensed from The American Magazine

John D. Greene

ONE DAY in 1931, an Alaskan engineer named Donald MacDonald wrote a letter to the Russian government. In effect it said:

"Gentlemen: If you want to accomplish something worth while with your five-year plan, how about building some roads in northeast Siberia? Consider the economics of intercontinental communication with North America by automobile highway across Bering Strait."

The Russians replied that at the moment Soviet road-builders were occupied with the requirements of the populous centers. But subsequently they asked MacDonald's advice about the technical details of road-building under subarctic conditions; and recently the Russian government has built about 5000 miles of a new road system which, by 1942, should reach East Cape — just across from Alaska.

Thus an American Northwest Passage to the Old World seems to be nearer than at any previous time in history. There are only a few sections of highway yet to be built — and Paris will be within an automobile jump of New York. One of

these missing links is a road from the United States to Alaska.

Ten years ago Alaskans called MacDonald "Father of the International Highway" in tolerant ridicule. Today ridicule has changed to respect. The Highway from the United States through Canada to Alaska — MacDonald's dream — may be built before long.

With Japanese aggression in Asia has come the realization that the United States is connected only by steamship and airplane with a territory vital to national defense. An International Highway Commission has been appointed. Donald MacDonald is its Alaskan member. It is up to him and his colleagues to thrash out the details with Canada.

MacDonald, born in Williamsport, Pa., in 1880, is a practical, hard-bitten pioneer of the Northland. He helped survey the Alaska Railroad, which runs 471 miles through the mountains from Seward to Fairbanks. As locating engineer for the Alaska Road Commission, he blazed trail, on foot and by dog sled, for 700 miles of road through the northern wilderness. He has seen prospectors follow him along these roads

and uncover new gold deposits that have added hundreds of millions of dollars to the wealth of the Territory — dollars which have repaid many times over the \$7,200,000 that Alaska cost the United States in 1867.

When MacDonald conceived the International Highway 15 years ago, he reasoned that in return for a transportation corridor of vital commercial and military importance, the United States would be willing to pay more than its pro rata share of the cost — the entire bill will total around \$15,000,000. Canada, then, might allow goods to move between the United States and Alaska without payment of duty. This phase of the program is being worked out now.

Starting at Blaine, Washington, a road already runs through an evergreen valley between the Coast Range and the Rockies to Vancouver, B. C., then up along the precipitous canyon of the Frazer River for 176 miles. For the next 200 miles it follows the Thompson and Bonaparte Rivers, reaching an elevation of over 3000 feet, then descends gradually to Hazelton, B. C., which is Mile 830 and the end of gravel road. An earth road continues beyond Hazelton for 30 miles. The new construction will total 1100 miles, most of it through untracked wilderness.

It will open up a stretch of alpine scenery probably unequalled in the world. The mountains are notable

not only for the gleaming ice which never leaves their peaks but for the yellow gold which has not yet been taken in any quantity from their east slopes; prospectors haven't been able to get in there. The Pacific slopes of the same mountains have yielded scores of great fortunes. Now the narrow valley is inhabited only by wild game and isolated tribes of Athabasca Indians. At Lake Atlin, 110 miles below Whitehorse, Yukon, the road will enter territory famed in song and story since the fabulous gold-rush days of '98.

MacDonald says the highway will bring the golden city of Fairbanks within 10 days' driving of New York and will be useful the year round. Behind the high coastal ranges the annual snowfall is light — only about 30 inches of dry, powdery snow.

It is a matter of seldom-remembered history that Japan recognized the military value of the International Highway in 1905. E. H. Harriman had decided to build a railroad to the riches of Alaska, then extend it across the 56-mile Bering Strait by bridge or tunnel, and through Siberia to connect with the railroad systems of Europe. The most noted engineer of the day found the whole plan feasible. The North American portion of the railroad would have run along the route of the projected International Highway. However, the Russo-Japanese War halted all operations. And at the Peace of Portsmouth in 1905

the Japanese insisted on abandonment of the project, fearing it would give Russia a supply line in the event of future war.

Eventually, MacDonald believes, the International Highway will make Alaska the forty-ninth state — more than twice as big as Texas! Statehood, however, is not the immediate object. In MacDonald's words: "We're going to open up the country to create new wealth, to give automobile tourists another incentive for seeing America first, and to bolster the defense of North America."

"And that's not all," MacDonald says enthusiastically. "Harriman

had the right idea. A bridge over Bering Strait or a tunnel underneath. Either is feasible. It's only 56 miles across, the water 50 feet deep. The longest stretch between islands is only about a third of the entire distance. Engineers would have no more difficulty building a bridge there than they did with the Key West system.

"You may see it in our time — an automobile transportation system over which people will drive from New York to Paris, from Buenos Aires to Brussels, or from Chicago to Capetown, linking every continent except Australia."



Winter Resort

FOR OVER 100 years a fabulous assemblage of monarch butterflies has used as winter headquarters a pine grove near Monterey Bay, California, where there is a \$500 fine for disturbing them. Advance delegates usually arrive the middle of October and decide which trees shall be the year's meeting place. Several days elapse, then the main band of migrants appears, flying in gigantic mass formation — square miles of butterflies — straight across Monterey Bay. At a distance they seem a dark cloud of brownish smoke, but as they come nearer the sun picks out the color on their wings; a quarter-mile out and 400 feet above the bay they look like a vast billowing oriental rug, a firmament of sparkling wings.

It seems to make no difference

whether the wind is on their tails or head-on; the butterflies come in on schedule about four in the afternoon. From start to finish they fly on the beam — through railroad tunnels or open windows of cabins rather than turn from their line of flight. The Alaskan delegation starts south the last of August, gathering the clans through British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and Northern California. All winter they cluster in uncountable numbers among the pines, visiting neighboring gardens. Then, around the end of March they start home for the serious business of egg-laying. But this time they leave in groups, and one is scarcely conscious of their departure until suddenly one day the monarchs are gone. — Blackburn Sims in *N. Y. Times*

¶ Army routine and red tape do not always
produce the military mind

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

— XIII —

By

Stephen Vincent Benét

I CANNOT agree with those who say that the military mind is narrow and insensitive, that professional soldiers have no tastes or interests outside of parades and red tape. For I was lucky enough to be the son of an officer in the Ordnance Department of the United States Army, and he taught me many things about the writing of English verse, and tolerance, and independence and curiosity of mind.

I knew, from the time that I was a small boy, that he understood the way I worked. His comment upon my actions was often unexpected, sometimes drastic, but never uncomprehending. At 16 I became a

Jack London socialist. For some time after that my father took considerable pleasure in writing me letters in red ink, concerned with violent plots for the overthrow of capitalism and signed "Yours for the Revolution." I wonder what the War Department would have made of them.

He was fond of referring to himself as a member of the brutal and licentious soldiery, with that side-wise glance that hesitated for just one instant to see if you understood and, if you didn't, passed on. That was the way of his mind. It did not endear him to the pompous and there were times when it did not endear him to the War Department. While he was stationed in California, during one of several Japanese war scares the Department asked him for an immediate report on the "proposed defenses" of Benicia Arsenal. This was not a fort. Though there were ornamental Civil War cannon about, the only piece actually in service was the saluting cannon. My father wired back, "Benicia Arsenal completely indefensible from any point of view." After that they let him alone, for a while.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT's long narrative poem, *John Brown's Body*, won him, in 1928, a Pulitzer prize and lasting fame. He is known to an even larger audience for his stories, characterized by imagination, craftsmanship, and insight into character. Born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, 42 years ago, he has been writing ever since graduation from Yale. *The Devil and Daniel Webster* was called by William Lyon Phelps "one of the most notable short stories in American literature." His father's "military mind," indeed, had strange repercussions in the Benét home, for three children — Stephen, William, and Laura — all have achieved literary fame.

If a subordinate officer came to him with some unimportant problem that should have been solved on the man's own responsibility, my father would listen patiently and then say, "Well, Jones, what would you do if I were dead? Consider me dead."

"But Colonel, I — "

"Consider me dead."

So, very soon, they came to trust him and work for him, for they found he had none of the small jealousies of command. His work moved smoothly and he got the most out of his men. I asked him about that once, and he said, with the sidewise glance, "My son, congenital laziness is a very great gift. If you're lazy enough, you will always be able to get people to do your work for you. Now, our family are naturally lazy. Always remember that."

That was not entirely accurate, of course. On one occasion a batch of shells had been condemned, and the charges had to be drawn by hand. My father commanded the post and could have delegated that day-by-day responsibility. Yet he made it his business to be on hand while the work was being carried out. It worried my mother, for high explosives are tricky and accidents can easily happen. My father remarked that it was not fair to ask men to do what you would not do yourself.

He loved the human spectacle, and its incongruities. He was never

tired of observing it. That gave him a curious tolerance, sometimes misconstrued. I remember his saying when we heard of the death of So-and-So, "Yes, he was a thoroughly bad man in a good many ways and I was very fond of him. There are a number of men of great virtue I would rather see dead."

My mother and father were deeply united, and very different. My mother loved people warmly — my father was interested in the way they behaved. Once, when my mother and he were walking along a street in San Francisco, she grew excited and clutched his arm.

"Jack!" she said. "Jack! Do you see that man ahead of us? Why, his pocket's on fire."

"Yes," said my father. "It does seem to be on fire. I've noticed it for some time."

"Noticed it for some time?" said my mother. "Then why didn't you do something about it?"

"Why, I didn't want to disturb him," said my father. "He may be the kind of man who likes to have his pocket on fire."

My father's mind was an extremely accurate one and it reached out in all directions. If you asked him for information, you generally got it. On the other hand, he considered that many questions are asked, not in any real thirst for knowledge, but merely to make a cheerful conversational noise. For this reason he was always willing to supply the names of birds, flowers,

trees or stars on request. When he had informed a guest that an unidentified vine was the lesser or trailing marasmus, or that a certain beautiful star was the planet Catalpa, my mother sometimes took him to task for it. "Well, my dear," he would answer, "all Mrs. Hicks wanted was a name and I gave it to her. I was her host. She's perfectly happy, thinking it's Catalpa. How often we neglect these small ways of making people happy! And yet they're so easy, if one only gives them a little thought."

A well-meaning lady once asked him if he wouldn't "be lonely" and "need a hobby" when he retired from the Army. "Oh, I have one," he said, with his characteristic courtesy; "I intend to collect stuffed whales."

I remember endless long walks with him and many games of tennis. His tennis was entirely characteristic — he served underhand, cut every ball and could place it on a dime. It infuriated stalwart people who struck great strokes and fell. It infuriated one I remember, an athletic colonel, who after losing the first set at 6-3 complained that an underhand serve was not in the rule books. My father did not argue the matter — that was not his style. He served overhand for the next two sets, something he had not done in a dozen years, and beat the gentleman 6-1, 6-0. That sort of silent example is apt to teach a boy something.

And he taught me most of what I know about the technique of English verse. He could do so because he knew it — from Chaucer to Mary Anne O'Byrne, the washerwoman poet of Watervliet, N. Y. He could write any fixed form of it with deftness and tang. And if you came to him with a limping meter, an inchoate idea, he could show you, with the precision of a surgeon, what was wrong. He praised infrequently, but no other praise has meant quite so much to me — not because he was my father but because he knew.

His letters had a complete flavor of personality. The small domestic events of daily life turned over and laughed beneath his pen. In these letters, in the private diary he kept for many years, he could sketch with the satiric terseness of Jane Austen.

He could have been a teacher, a lawyer, a critic — the best critic of his time, for he had the discovering eye. But he was not interested in money and the Army gave him what books could not — an active life and the handling of men. He never got to be Chief of Ordnance, as his father had. He was constitutionally unable to push himself and frequently afflicted by a sense of humor in regard to his official superiors. There are many such men in the Army, men who do their work without quarreling about the reward. Sometimes it is large work, too — really quite as important as running

a tobacco factory or writing a best-seller though, naturally, not so well paid.

During the first World War, he commanded the only training camp for ordnance officers in this country. He was proud of certain things about that command — and he had a right to be. He fought for his men against red tape, conflicting orders and inefficient cooks. He got them trained and sent them out. He was also proud of his one conscientious objector, with whom he would engage in long, philosophic arguments. The objector had come expecting to be martyred. My father merely argued with him. Having argued with my father myself on abstract problems, I am not sure whether the objector might not have preferred the rifle-butts of tradition.

For argument with my father was apt to be a little unsettling for

the tender-minded. He would take any side of an argument for the pure joy of controversy. Also, he loved a fool and he loved to draw a fool out till all his candid beauties stood revealed. He did not do it unkindly but the laughing spirit was there.

And yet I have not caught the personality — the warm, living, thinking man, fastidious, ironic, reticent of his deepest emotions — the fatalist without pose, the gentleman without pretense. What I remember first is the voice. It could be dry but never was cold. Whenever I succumb to the temptation of being a stuffed shirt I hear that voice in amused and definite comment.

He died twelve years ago and I was not there. But I have been told that, in death, he looked like a Roman senator. And that, too, is very easy for me to believe.



St. Francis of the Subway

*Contributed by
Carl Brandt*

A FELLOW got on the subway at the Pennsylvania Station and observed the man across the aisle, who was reading his newspaper intently while on his left shoulder sat primly a fine pigeon. On his right shoulder sat stolidly another pigeon. A third perched on top of his head. As station passed station the man continued to read his newspaper and the pigeons sat.

Our observer had intended to get off for home at 96th Street, but was too curious about the passenger across the aisle to leave. When the train was nearing 125th, he felt he couldn't stay with it much longer, so went over to the man, touched his arm gently and said, "Say, what are those pigeons doing on your shoulder?"

"Oh, them?" the man spoke over his newspaper. "I don't know. They got on at Bleecker Street."

Mother of the Guerrillas

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

Dean S. Jennings

FROM A PLANE just landed in China's capital, Chungking, there stepped a wrinkled grandmother, severely dressed in black, leaning on an ebony cane. A large crowd welcomed her; a little girl presented flowers. That night at a banquet China's first lady, wife of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, called her "one of China's bravest women."

The same week the Japanese army offered a 50,000-yen reward for her capture — dead or alive. Preferably dead.

For nine years this seemingly harmless, soft-spoken old lady, now 65, whose usual costume includes a pair of pants and an automatic strapped around her small waist, has been conducting a personal feud with the Japanese. So effective has it been that today Chao Yutang, or "Ma-ma Mosquito," as she is affectionately known to countless Chinese, commands a swarm of 30,000 guerrilla fighters in the wild hills west of Peiping.

It is perhaps the only kind of war that can break the invaders' morale. Her soldiers are amateurs, who would be crushed in an open fight against a modern military machine. But at night they have snuffed out entire companies of Japanese.

Madame Chao's private war with the Mikado began in 1931, when the Japanese took Manchuria. She enlisted her two sons and four of their college friends, borrowed ten rifles, and sent them up into the hills to snipe at the enemy. At her headquarters she built an underground hospital and storage vaults for food and arms, and began pistol practice. When she picked off two sentries herself, the hitherto suspicious villagers accepted her, and she won her first 100 recruits.

Since then she has methodically kept books on the raids of her soldiers, who now include her 75-year-old husband, two remaining sons and a college-bred daughter. At last report her ledger contained these entries: Japanese soldiers killed, 5000; Chinese guerrillas killed, 700. Seizures: rifles, 6000; machine guns, 150; rounds of ammunition, 100,000; military trucks, 230. Observe that there are no figures for "Japanese soldiers captured."

In 1934 the Japanese came to Ma-ma Mosquito's village, summoned the inhabitants, picked five leading citizens, tortured them for information and, when none was forthcoming, burned them at the stake in the market place.

A few months later Ma-ma Mos-

quito herself was caught. A hundred Japanese soldiers, accompanied by five Chinese spies, came to her house, hustled her outside, and held a lantern to her face.

"Yes," said one of the spies, "that's the old devil herself."

When she was brought to trial, she hobbled to the stand and bowed politely to the judge.

"I am an old woman," she said; "do I look as if I had the strength to lead volunteers?"

The judge nodded, as though he agreed with the frail old woman. But the prosecutor had also accused her of giving information to the guerrillas.

"I haven't left my house since the last rice festival," she whined. "But my ancient ears hear things. Things about five men here in the village who get money from both sides. They are paid to tell the guerrillas when your troops march."

"Name them," roared the judge, "and I will let you go!"

Ma-ma Mosquito leveled a calloused finger at the Chinese spies who had caused her arrest.

"There!"

The speechless informers were executed. Ma-ma Mosquito fled.

Japanese secret agents carry her photograph, women police in Japanese-controlled centers examine every Chinese woman. But they did not recognize the blind vegetable woman with the oxcart at Tientsin; they did not know that she got into Peiping a dozen times by squeezing her thin body through a hole in the northeast wall.

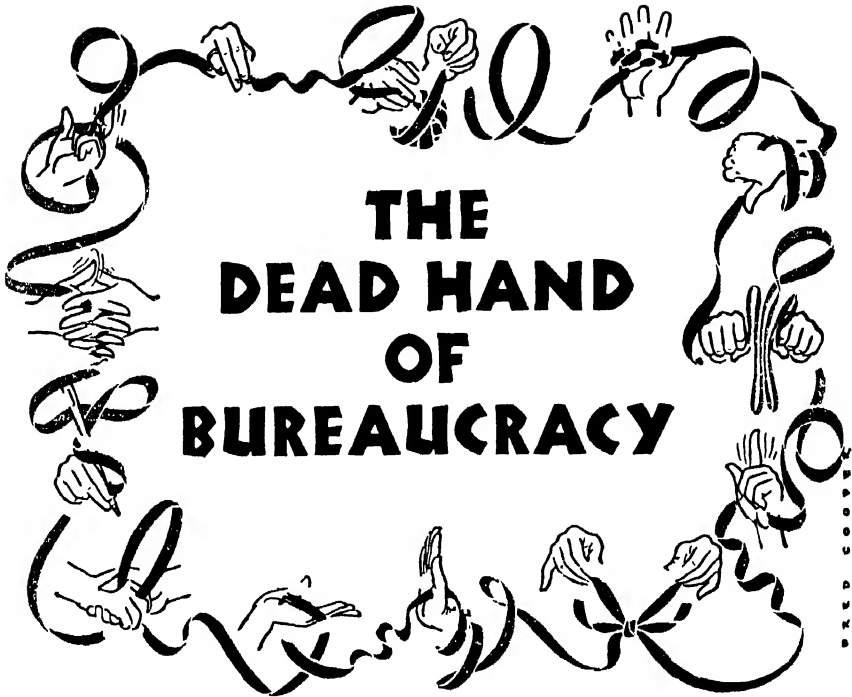
Once when she left Hankow, then in Chinese hands, the authorities sent an automobile to take her to the train. "What?" she snorted. "Ride in a motorcar? My troops might think I had forgotten how they have to live in the hills." She picked up her battered bag and walked to the railroad station, fierce, unbowed. Army commanders stood at attention as the train pulled out.

Hardship has drained much of her strength, and the net draws ever tighter. The last time the invaders sent an expedition against her base, they used 6000 soldiers and 50 planes. When the noise was over, Ma-ma Mosquito crawled back into her hole, laughing. The guerrillas had lost only 17 men. She is still in her hills, uncaptured, an elusive angel of death.



THOMAS HUXLEY once summed up the scientific creed in one sentence: "God give me strength to face a fact though it slay me."

— N. Y. Times Editorial



A condensation from the book by

LAWRENCE SULLIVAN

As a journalist and magazine correspondent in Washington for 15 years, Lawrence Sullivan has had ample opportunity to study the astounding recent growth of bureaucracy, and its debilitating effects upon our way of life. "Bureaucracy," he says, "is representative government suffering a nervous breakdown." His book, which throws searching light on a basic problem of our time, is a powerful plea for the fundamental American liberties.

THE DEAD HAND OF BUREAUCRACY

TO CHECK the crippling influence of runaway bureaucracy is our foremost problem; and upon its solution depends the survival of the American way of life. The sheer bulk and range of government today, top-heavy, loose-jointed and running amuck with arbitrary powers, has become a suffocating restraint upon our whole economy.

In the last 140 years our national population has multiplied by 25. But the machinery of federal government, as measured by administrative personnel, has multiplied by the astounding figure of 17,950 — more than 700 times faster than the population. It is a maze of ten Departments, 134 subsidiary Bureaus, Divisions, Authorities, and Agencies, and 68 independent establishments, employing, altogether, over a million persons.

The increasing complexity of our national affairs has undeniably justified some of this expansion. Our industrial development and the vast range of social dislocations stemming from the depression have presented pressing new problems. But we may well inquire whether the sprawling tendency of govern-

ment has not overreached both the practical needs and economic resources of the nation.

The Jungle of the Law

OUR bureaucratic era dates roughly from the establishment of the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1887, the first agency created to regulate an entire field of private enterprise. For a time the growth was slow; but since 1933, bureaucracy has blossomed to full flower. Of all federal agencies listed in the 1940 budget, roundly half have been established in the last eight years.

The significant fact about these bureaus and commissions is that they are responsible directly to no elective authority. For all practical purposes the commissioners are removed from personal political accountability. Congress defines roughly the area to be administered, leaving to the President or his subordinates the promulgation of "such rules, regulations and procedures as may from time to time appear necessary." All our recent bureaus were established under the pressure of "emergency." There was no time,

Congress was told, to define precisely the scope and direction of the proposed new administrative authorities. Congress therefore delegated broad powers under "blank check" laws. In reckless haste scores of bureaus were set up, and endowed with vast, loosely defined powers to regulate this and that field of economic life.

The result has been a stream of executive orders and decrees, so limitless and confusing that no one can hope to keep up with them. Take the case of Bill Miller, a typical village grocer in Cheltenham, Maryland. One summer's day in 1939, an agent of the Bureau of Internal Revenue entered his store. Miller, it developed, had sold 100 pounds or more of sugar to some of his customers without reporting the buyers' names and auto-license numbers to the Collector of Internal Revenue. Though he had never heard of such a law, Miller found himself accused of 20 violations of the decree, with 21 government witnesses to testify against him.

Testimony at the trial adduced that after the Treasury agent's visit Miller had telephoned his friend, Congressman Usher Burdick, of North Dakota, who informed him no such law was on the statute books. In testifying for the defense Burdick explained: "The Legislative Reference Service at the Library of Congress confirmed my opinion, erroneously it would seem, that it was no violation of the law to sell 100

pounds of sugar without reporting it to the government agents. The regulations laid down by the Treasury change so often," he added, "you can't keep up with them" — a sentiment echoed by Congressman Sasser, of Maryland, who defended Miller.

Erroneous legal guidance, however, even when offered by a member of the House of Representatives, is no defense, and the jury sentenced Grocer Miller to 60 days.

The case illustrates with poignant force the state of the federal *corpus juris* today. With some 150 administrative units of government grinding out rules and regulations, and deriving their powers from 964 statutory provisions and 71 presidential executive orders, the mere volume of new federal code is utterly beyond human grasp. When it is realized that often one statute may be the fountain of several hundred administrative orders over a period of years, the ultimate range of departmental law is glimpsed.

Often the unwitting citizen first hears of a law when the enforcing agent knocks at his door with the official citation. An officer of the Petroleum Administration Board appeared in Texas one fine day, pulled some executive orders out of his pocket, and presto! a new law was upon the land — a decree which, as the Supreme Court of the United States noted later in a stinging reversal, nobody ever had heard of, for the orders never had been pub-

lished. But meanwhile the victim had been convicted. His vindication did not come for almost two years.

Time was when a lawyer could go to the United States Code, read the law, dig up the court decisions thereunder and be certain of his ground. Today he might find, granted time, that 20 rulings by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Communications Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, or the Commissioner of Internal Revenue had changed the whole body of administrative law since the last court decision.

If we are to safeguard our constitutional processes, we must somehow limit such capricious law. The perpetual fountains of regulatory orders must be restrained by the fundamental protection which the Constitution gives all citizens. Without this safeguard, administrative authority will constantly be exposed to the predatory influences of corruption and incompetence.

Techniques of Tyranny

AMERICAN bureaucracy has developed its own techniques of tyranny. Crossed, it can move against a citizen like an angry monarch. From the Supreme Court records comes the case of J. Edward Jones, who dared challenge the bureaucratic authority of the SEC. In May 1935, Jones filed a registration statement covering certain trust certificates he proposed to offer for sale. The

law provided that if no exceptions were noted by the SEC the registration should become effective in 20 days. On the evening of the 19th day, Jones was ordered to show cause why a stop-order should not issue against his registration statement. When he elected to withdraw his application rather than become involved in a tangle of hearings, the Commission ruled he could not withdraw. The stop-order hearings were held in June, despite Jones's absence. Not until April 1936 did the case reach the Supreme Court, which sustained Jones on every point and denounced as arbitrary and unreasonable the conduct of the SEC.

The day after this decision, indictment for mail fraud was sought against Jones by the N. Y. District Attorney. At the trial, in April 1937, the government required three weeks to present its evidence. The defense rested without calling a witness. The jury promptly returned a verdict of "not guilty."

Here, then, is a record of a citizen fighting for two years to defend himself against vindictive bureaucracy. One full year of his battle came after he had won his original contention before the Supreme Court.

This case — and there are others — illustrates how bureaucracy, on occasion, will resort to every form of legal violence to enforce its capricious will. No one can know how many times a year government thus turns on citizens in a mood of bitter reprisal. And for every citizen who

has the resources to fight such legal terrorism, thousands must cower without a struggle.

Bureaucracy's power to harass has, in scores of cases, kept citizens on the hook of government as long as five years without official citation for trial. Coercion and intimidation by government now exist on a scale previously unknown and undreamed of in America. The federal government has some 13,000 intelligence agents checking citizens' conduct. They may commandeer books and private records; they have tapped telephone wires and intercepted the mails. In 1939 the Senate Committee on the Judiciary said: "Unless this country is to become a totalitarian government, these agencies must be required to observe the terms of the statutes and to exercise good faith in their administration," and the American Bar Association recently urged Congress to provide judicial protection against the edicts of our "anonymous and sheltered officialdom."

There is no likelihood of protection from the locust horde of reports the bureaucrats demand. Last year citizens returned to federal bureaus 135,500,000 reports, questionnaires, accounting forms, tax schedules and inspection sheets — in which there was a substantial amount of unnecessary duplication. Twenty-one agencies now require reports from farmers, 11 from railroads, 8 from communication companies, 19 from food processors, 12 from textile mills,

17 from banks, 12 from the construction industry, and 26 from retail stores.

Even more costly to business are the interruptions caused by inspectors, who take over firms' organizations for as much as ten days at a time, checking inventories, cross-examining bookkeepers, scrutinizing vouchers, auditing payroll taxes, challenging advertising copy and testing chemical formulas.

The executive power likewise frequently suppresses important official documents. A special resolution of the Senate was required in 1936 to force publication of itemized payments in excess of \$10,000 a year to farming corporations operating under AAA. When this resolution was introduced every White House power of patronage was thrown against it, and the Senate did not get the information until seven months had passed. A presidential campaign had intervened. Similarly, although every other government payroll is a matter of routine public record, the WPA refused to publish its administrative payrolls in the several states — and got away with it. It refused principally on the ground that executive authority is supreme in all exercises of discretionary power.

Aunty Sam

ALL THIS is bureaucracy at its most paternal — the proud, angry father asserting his author-

ity from the head of the table. But the mother instinct too runs deep along the Potomac. Aunt Sam's jelly-making department is called the Bureau of Home Economics, because it also tells how to hang lace curtains, how to cut sun suits for children, how long to roast a leg of lamb, and when to wash the children's teeth.

One typical press release explains: "The trousers worn by the little boy in the picture can be buttoned to an underwaist, with a matching or contrasting loose blouse over it. Or, when the weather becomes warm and the days invitingly sunshiny, the underwaist may be replaced by an open-mesh sun-suit top of cable net."

A generation ago Mother managed somehow to make trousers and sun suits equal to the demands of the hour. How, we marvel, did she ever do it without a *Homemaker's Bulletin*!

There is no denying that Aunt Sam today is desperately earnest, however. She offers instructions on wallpaper, wood storage, ice-cream making. Her general index of vegetable food values covers 121 varieties, including amaranth, bamboo shoots, burdock, catjangpeas, crach, pigweed, taro, udo, and witloof. Through this work the citizen is apprised, for example, that the udo (*aralia cordata*) is composed of 95.4 percent water, 1.3 percent protein, 1.2 percent fat, 1 percent ash and 1.1 carbohydrate fiber — doubtless

invaluable dietetic information.

For free exhibition there is a set of 47 lantern slides on *First Aid in Window Curtaining*, and a set of 52 slides, *What Shall I Wear?* The *Principles of Window Curtaining* explains that "curtains may be used to exclude an unpleasant view, to soften and diffuse the light, or to frame an attractive outlook."

Although the Bureau of Home Economics, with the Women's Bureau and the Children's Bureau, is our boldest attempt to institutionalize the maternal instinct, every major department of the government is carrying on lesser work of the same general character. There is, for example, the motion picture released by the Bureau of Entomology — *Why Moths Leave Home*. Any woman who does not know how to place moth balls in a storage chest may watch a detailed visual demonstration merely by sending to the Department of Agriculture for this educational film. Other intriguing titles in the government's film catalogue of mother love include *Let's Go to the Circus*, *The Story of a Spark Plug*, and *Persimmon Harvesting and Storage in China*.

Somewhere between playgrounds and window curtains there is a line separating the genuine social services of government from crackpot bureaucracy. Constructive public policy can be fixed only when that line is surveyed and sharply defined. Aunt Sam cannot make all the

jelly. Something in the field of homemaking may well be left to private enterprise, and to humanity's good sense.

Out of the Wilderness

THE MAIN impact of bureaucracy, however, is upon the spirit of initiative and venturesome enterprise. When commerce, production, transport and finance are subjected simultaneously to new bureaucratic controls and experimental procedures, the national economy becomes cripplingly dislocated.

Every employment-giving enterprise is first a hope, and then a gamble against all the vicissitudes of life. When bureaucratic weights become too heavy, a dangerous spiral of debilitating forces is set in motion. As business falls away, the sources of public revenue evaporate, while the demands upon them are augmented steadily. Festering economic dislocations soon present those explosive social pressures on which political demagoguery thrives. That is the danger and the predicament to which we have come in a half-century of growing bureaucracy.

During the last decade organized resistance to federal expansion has been gaining power. Through the Council of State Governments, 37 commonwealths are seeking constantly to check the advance of federal bureaucracy, by coöperative action on regional problems, and by

uniform state laws on matters of bona-fide national concern. The Annual Conference of Governors likewise has devoted increasing attention to the problem.

But only the people, through Congress, now can pull bureaucracy's claws. We know that boards and commissions tend constantly to extend their influence, to usurp new powers not contemplated in the delegation statute, to make steadily increasing demands upon the Treasury, and to strangle gradually the normal processes of free competitive enterprise. We know that bureaucracy grows away from the people and loses touch with the public welfare, that it feeds upon its illusions and develops techniques of self-preservation.

All this may be checked if the people will demand that Congress delegate fewer of its powers, and spend more time dealing carefully and explicitly with each new national problem as it arises.

In addition, an effective system of budget and fiscal control must be established. Blank-check appropriations have undermined the whole budget theory. The time-tested system of specific appropriations by Congress was far more than a routine of convenience. It flowed from the ancient concept that control of the public purse strings belongs in that representative body closest to the electorate. Such control of spending is the first duty and responsibility of the Congress.

The nation today is deeply stirred by recent exposures of bureaucratic excesses. But history is our assurance that every abuse of power, under whatever administrative scheme, ultimately arouses the forces of its own downfall. In America, where the spirit of independence is ingrained deeply in the national traditions, this process likely will be swift and determined.

America wants to be American again — robust, venturesome, confident — but bureaucracy rides

our necks like the old man of the sea. In our consequent bewilderment we are prone to forget that government is not an end in itself, but only a means to a richer, more secure life for individuals. Representative government is merely that system of ordered social arrangements which releases the energies and genius of the people for living, building, working, growing; for invention and discovery; for the development of mind and enrichment of spirit.



And So They Married — X —

Sir Basil Zaharoff

"THERE IS only one page of my life I want to remember," said Sir Basil Zaharoff, as he showed me a picture of his wife. "Would you like to know how I met her? It was on the stairs of the Escorial Palace near Madrid. I noticed a girl in front of me. I didn't know who she was, but she had the loveliest and the saddest face I'd ever seen. The man with her was covered with orders and I noticed people drew aside to let them pass. Suddenly the man took the girl's arm brutally and crushed it; she gave a little cry and before I knew what I was doing I'd hit him across the face. It was Don Francesco de Bourbon, Duke of Marchena, cousin of the King of Spain, and the girl was his 19-year-old wife. Imagine the commotion! Next day there was a duel, and I was wounded.

"I'd been in the hospital a fortnight when a lady came to see me. She wouldn't give her name, and was thickly veiled, but I'd have known her anywhere. She was very kind and very reproving, but she let out that she and her husband were going away that night. I bribed my way out of the hospital and onto her train. I filled her carriage with flowers. I managed to speak to her while the Duke was engaged, and after that wherever she went she found my flowers waiting for her. We loved each other for 30 years, and then her husband died and we were able to marry. We were very happy, too happy perhaps — ." His voice trailed into silence. The Duchess lived only 18 months after their marriage.

— Rosita Forbes in *These Men I Knew* (Dutton)



I Drove an Ambulance

by

HAROLD B. WILLIS

THIS is a first-hand account of American ambulances operating in war-torn France during the recent retreat to Paris. "I scribbled my stuff on the spot as best I could," writes the author. "Section One of the American Field Service, our unit, was decorated twice by the French Army while under my command."

Harold B. Willis is well qualified to observe the vast changes in methods of warfare, for he spent the early months of the first World War in the American Ambulance service in France. Later he became a pilot with the Lafayette Escadrille, was shot down and was kept prisoner for more than a year. In October 1918, he escaped, crossed Germany, swam the Rhine to Switzerland, and returned to the front. His World War decorations include the Legion of Honor and the French Military Medal.



I DROVE AN AMBULANCE

ONLY SIX WEEKS, but it seemed like a year. After all, it is not clock hands that establish time. It is long hours of tense, dangerous work, driving unlighted cars along black roads and past ammunition trains; it is the emotional surges of hope, fear and pity.

That bright morning in Paris when our section of the American Field Service saluted the Eternal Flame of the Arc de Triomphe (does it still burn?) and then drove north on the road to Beauvais — it seems eons ago. How annoyed Lt. Peter Muir, our commanding officer, was when he found that we were to work in Beauvais for a week or two! It seemed so far behind the actual front. How could we know that the German advance would be so rapid that four of our men were to be trapped by the vanguard, those fast-moving tanks!

AS OUR LINE of ambulances entered Beauvais, we were confronted by a spectacle none of us will ever forget. We had seen some refugees on the roads, with their beds tied on the tops of their little cars as a protection against bomb splinters, but now we saw the pro-

cession of all Belgium and northern France — hundreds of thousands, walking, cycling, riding, employing every conceivable type of vehicle. Bicycles used as push-carts — loaded with baggage, old women, even dogs whose feet had given out. Wheelbarrows with belongings, with children, with old people. Automobiles, out of gas and sometimes riddled by machine-gun bullets, being towed by horses. Great Belgian four-wheeler farm carts drawn by robust Percherons, and loaded down with 20 to 30 women and children. Baby carriages carrying old people, bundles, bedding.

This procession, unbroken day and night, crowded all roads south. The people stopped only when they were too tired to continue, and slumbered in the roadside ditches. We could distinguish the lumpy masses of humanity as we drove past in the dark.

OUR FIRST BILLET was a château in Beauvais. We Americans quickly acquired the combat-zone point of view. We made ourselves comfortable; private property didn't count, for sooner or later things

would be burned, blown to bits, or captured, anyway. The château's ornate wrought-iron gateway was too low for our trucks to pass beneath; it was the work of a minute to yank it down with a towing cable fastened to the rear end of the truck. There was a fine bell on that fence that rang when the gate swung. We sawed it off for a dinner bell. All through France it rang us to meals and finally came home with us on the S.S. *Manhattan*. Livestock and food from deserted farms, vintage wines from local cellars — we soon learned to help ourselves.

Just as we reached Beauvais, one of the large military hospitals was being moved to the rear. Strong American arms were needed to carry the wounded out into the cars; the younger boys had their first contact with the gruesome sights and smells of a busy military hospital, already familiar to me from the last war. Men still dazed from the ether of the operating room were slid into ambulances to be jolted off to the rear. A Tommy was brought out stark naked and begged us to try to find his clothes. Wounded men besought us to take addresses and write notes to their families. We thought, at the time, that the French doctors were chicken-hearted, and that such haste was unnecessary, but we felt differently a few days later when we examined a bomb crater where part of that hospital had stood.

One episode in this evacuation

will stick in all our memories: Some of the wounded men, who had been taken by our ambulances to the waiting train, were brought back to the hospital. The reason, we finally discovered, was that the doctors on the train believed these men would die within an hour or so, and refused them space. The poor devils, who, we hoped, did not understand why they had been jolted about so much for nothing, had to be carried up to the dying-room of the hospital, to lie there until their agony was over. These dying-rooms were doubtless necessary, but they seemed to us hideous. Many of the men must have understood that they were put there because all hope had been given up. Even so, some of them lived on for days.

From Beauvais we were ordered on a night run up to Amiens, to evacuate hospitals there. As we drove north through the summer twilight we were surprised to see a great many clattering French tanks pass us going *south*. Could they all be defective machines going back for repair? Twilight changed to darkness and most of the boys had their first experience of driving in convoy in an unlighted world. White markers had been painted on the backs of our cars. In the night the gray cars melted into the blackness and one could see only the white marker on the ambulance ahead. When it was dusty, that too disappeared, and one drove on blindly, watching the edge of the road.

As we moved forward, we made out a strange glow in the north. Two hours later, from a plateau, we could distinguish its source: the whole city of Amiens seemed to be ablaze — and it was where we had to go. We heard the deep hum of German bombing planes, going home from one more bombardment of the martyred city.

Soon we entered the city's outskirts. A large church had collapsed into a heap of stone fragments, blocking half the road. We could just pick our way around it by the light of the fires. We passed the railroad station — a burning skeleton — and reached a region where fires raged ahead of us and on both sides. While we were estimating the chances of getting through, a car appeared on the deserted street. It screeched to a halt and a woman in the uniform of the French Red Cross jumped out. Peter, our commander, ran up and she gave him the location of hospitals, and then drove on. This was our first encounter with that magnificent group of well-born French women who endured all the hardships and dangers of the war with the troops.

Through showers of sparks and embers we drove to one of the hospitals. A few old *infirmiers* (nurses) were still on duty. This was not a military hospital, and we filled our cars with wounded civilians. I remember particularly a man whose abdomen was torn open, his stomach exposed; his daughter, lying be-

side him, had a similar wound. Oh, why don't civilians fall flat on their faces when they hear bombs, instead of running, to be torn by flying steel fragments?

By the time our cars were filled — even our shop truck and kitchen trailer were loaded! — dawn was breaking. We could hear the drone of the bombers coming back. We tore out of the city with our loads, down the road toward Beauvais. Outside the town we met two more of our cars which had been sent on another mission, and were now hurrying to help us. They were empty, and proceeded with four men — King, Waite, Coster and Clement — into burning Amiens to bring away more wounded. We never again saw any of these four. They must have encountered the advance of a Panzer battalion.* We ourselves were finally able to deposit our wounded safely in Beauvais, but it was impossible to return for another trip. Amiens was already cut off by the German advance.

OUR BILLET in the center of Beauvais was now no longer safe, so our unit moved to a bluff overlooking the town. There we concealed our cars under the trees, dug latrines, and sought bombproof shelters while the bombing nearby increased daily in severity. One of our

* Actually they were taken prisoner, and continued their hospital work in Amiens under German direction. Later they were allowed to proceed to Paris. — Ed.

most dangerous expeditions at this time was bringing back wounded from the advance dressing stations to the village of Crèvecoeur. It lived up to its name, "Heartbreak."

This mission taught us that the large red crosses on the white roofs of our trucks were a liability instead of a protection. Six of our Chevrolets were running along the road when German planes appeared and started to machine-gun. Our boys had learned, by this time, to leave their cars and run from the road into the fields when planes attacked. Our crosses were certainly obvious to the aviators. Since they fired on our ambulances, it was evident that they deliberately made targets of our red crosses. We painted them out as soon as we could.

Twenty-odd bombers circled over our cars and over the village of Crèvecoeur, which was without anti-aircraft defense. Suddenly a lone French pursuit plane appeared, made straight for the German bombers, snapped and twisted through the whirling German formation. One of the bombers crashed to the ground and burst into red-yellow flame; the French pilot miraculously came away safe, zooming his American-built Curtiss fighter over our cars as a salute. We yelled applause at his brilliant victory against such heavy odds.

Bombs were falling as we reached the hospital at Crèvecoeur and one of our men, Edwin Watts, who was out of his car trying to help a French

mother and two children, was buried with them when a wall fell. Fortunately, the wall was of flimsy construction and all were able to dig themselves out, unhurt, except that Watts had a wrenched back.

The bombs used in this attack, as in many others on nonmilitary objectives, were not of the largest size. The purpose of such attacks was usually to terrorize civilians, and thus to add new hordes to the refugees already jamming the roads over which French military supplies had to move. Before we left Beauvais we saw a refinement of this German technique—dive bombers with screaming whistles on their tails, dropping whistling bombs. The terrifying noise did much to add to civilian panic.

The bombs dropped that day on Crèvecoeur were bad enough but we were able, in spite of them, to carry the wounded to the Beauvais railroad station.

INCREASED activity at the front now filled all the hospitals around Beauvais to overflowing. Wounded French soldiers, black Senegalese, women and children were laid on stretchers in corridors and even out of doors. Surgeons operated for 10 or 12 hours without rest. Both the military nurses and the women of the French Red Cross worked incessantly — with no time for rest or baths — but even so were not able to dress wounds more than once in three days. Cases ar-

rived for operations with tourniquets that had not been loosened for seven or eight hours, necessitating many amputations because of gangrene.

Our most dangerous work for a time was to transport wounded from temporary hospitals to the railroad station in Beauvais. Railroad stations were targets for German bombing squadrons, which had a habit of coming over at definite hours in the morning or afternoon. The French railroads were disorganized and frequently we would have to load trains at a moment when the bombers were expected. Twice, trains on which we put 300 or 400 wounded left just before bombers arrived with their deadly cargoes.

Much of our driving to outlying field hospitals had to be done at night, without lights, when the danger of collision with cars going the other way was great. On one bad night our section had three head-on collisions. No one was hurt, but the cars were badly wrecked.

We came to know the philosophy of totalitarian war. A surgeon-friend of ours had brought to his table a young girl with 17 machine-gun wounds in her body. She whispered to the doctor that she had been tending cattle in the middle of a large field, alone. A German pursuit plane dove on her repeatedly, machine-gunning her. She died while under ether.

We had a talk with Capitaine de

la Pinne, a French gentleman, one side of whose face had been shot away. He had been working among the evacuees in the outskirts of Amiens and with his wife had been driving along a road full of refugees when they saw a tank coming toward them. They thought it was another French tank and paid no attention to it, but suddenly a machine gun was whirled toward them. A burst of fire killed Madame de la Pinne instantly, nearly decapitating her. Her husband was badly hurt.

We also saw the wreck of a French tank whose crew had obviously surrendered. They were lying dead, in a row, revolver bullet holes in the backs of their heads, the hair singed. Tanks do not take prisoners.

AS THE PRESSURE of the German drive toward Paris began to be felt, bombings of Beauvais increased. Planes would swoop over our sheds and nearby hospitals so low that they barely cleared the treetops, looking us over and machine-gunning us as they passed. We took pains to cover the white targets on our mudguards with burlap and even with manure. Some of the boys threw shovelfuls of manure on the roofs of their cars. This was good camouflage but did not improve either appearance or odor.

We frequently saw parachutists drop from German planes — tiny white specks against the sky. We couldn't see them land, but gen-

darmes and soldiers would tell us about pursuing and finding them. These chutists were dressed sometimes as civilians, sometimes as soldiers. They would drop bombs on the reception committee below as they floated down, or machine-gun it with weapons strapped to their thighs. Many of them landed in lonely spots, and escaped to carry out their missions of destruction, firing oil tanks and ammunition dumps.

I came to be very glad that I had taken a Red Cross first-aid course. All of the boys should have had them, for more and more frequently we were the first on the scene to pick up the limp, dusty, bleeding rag dolls from the streets of Beauvais after bombardments — women and children who had run from the screaming death instead of falling on their faces. Too often they were beyond aid.

An important personage from American circles in Paris had irritated us by remarking that "after all, aerial bombardments are more noise than harm." One afternoon he came to visit us. The timing was perfect. While he was inspecting our quarters, a flight of bombers came over the city. As the screams of the bombs started, we all threw ourselves face down. Even so, the concussion of some of the closer ones shook us to the vitals. After what seemed an age the explosions stopped and the bombing squadrons disappeared.

We leaped into our cars and started into town. Around the first bend, we found a house that had received a direct hit. The entire structure had crumbled into the cellar, a mass of bricks and beams. Faint cries could be heard from under the pile. With bare fingers we tore at the broken mass of masonry. Suddenly a hand appeared, clutching wildly. We increased our efforts and a face appeared, cut and covered with blood but with the mouth shouting. Then it disappeared again under a landslide of bricks and mortar. Finally we uncovered the shoulders; we tugged and pulled, and out came a French soldier, very lucky to be uninjured except for face cuts. A second soldier we unburied, upside down and very dead. One more man we found alive, cut, but apparently not badly hurt. He was a big, strong fellow and as we worked to extricate him he helped to lift debris away from his own body to uncover the drooping, grimy forms of his wife and two daughters, all dead.

At that moment our guest was able to see for himself the results of one small bomb on a French house.

We continued around town. Fifteen women and children had taken shelter in one of the great vaulted cellars under Beauvais, all to be crushed together when the masonry collapsed under a direct hit. I wonder if anyone has ever cleared that cellar. . . .

We looked through ruins for

wounded, leaving the dead where they lay. A man, paralyzed from the waist down, sat screaming on his kitchen floor. The side of his house had been blown away without scratching him. A young girl, my own daughter's age, riddled with bomb fragments, lay on the grass. Her wounds were too terrible and numerous for our knowledge of first aid. We rushed her to the nearest operating table, where she died.

At last every street had been run, every call answered, and bloody, tired, and dirty, we motored up the hill again to our camp. A tight-lipped circle formed around the guest from Paris that evening. He had little to say.

Some of the incidents of those terrible last days of Beauvais were less grim, even if they also had their tragic side. One evening we were called on to handle an unusual job, the transfer of 19 babies from Beauvais to a children's hospital in Rambouillet. The long night trip was made safely, but unfortunately the accompanying woman nurse, who was intrusted with the names of the children and the villages from which they came, lost the list somewhere in the darkness. The children had been tagged with numbers and there was no way of finding who they were. One wonders if the mothers will ever find them again.

One afternoon two of our men went to a village in the forward danger zone; there they were given

a well-dressed woman to take to the rear. She did not seem to have much the matter with her. The French said, "*Piquée*." What did that mean? Half way to Beauvais, there was a great pounding inside the car. The boys opened the slide behind the driver's seat to discover that their passenger had stripped. Red-faced, they slammed the slide shut. On arrival, she stepped out completely dressed again but as loony as when she had entered.

Robert Montgomery joined us during our final days at Beauvais. Some of the boys wondered if a movie actor could "take it." We sent him on some mean jobs, and for his coolness and good work during bombings and machine-gunnings, we came to consider him one of our most dependable men.

WORD NOW CAME that the Somme front had been broken through, and that we must leave Beauvais and retreat toward Paris at once. As our convoy took the road south we realized from the terrible confusion of artillery, infantry, tanks and refugees, all fleeing toward Paris, that a major retreat was in progress. From then on our work was disorganized. We worked our way slowly along roads jammed with traffic of all kinds, past the bottlenecks of bridges, eating and sleeping where and when we could. Time and again airplanes roared above the moving traffic, and whenever they did so

every human being, a wheel or a foot, dashed madly for the woods or wheatfields bordering the roads.

IT WAS my duty to lead our unit through Paris on the dawn of its last day of freedom. The city was doomed, and the inhabitants seemed to be about equally divided between those who had decided to stay and try to protect their property, and those who chose to abandon everything rather than face the terrors of the Gestapo and Nazi rule. Again tiny French cars were being buried under loads of bedding, food, humanity. Every bicycle and baby carriage in Paris must have been pressed into service.

As our convoy took the road south through the suburbs, we mingled with this heart-rending procession of Parisians. Many were so unaccustomed to walking that by the time they got into the forest of Versailles they were already footsore and breathless and were lying down at the side of the road to rest. Often we were touched or surprised by the little dramas of the road. Animal pets, even in this time of stress, received the most affectionate care. Once I saw a small police dog, whose feet had given out, being carried on a girl's back, draped around her neck like a fur

piece, while she wheeled a bicycle loaded with suitcases.

We had orders not to pick up civilians, but we violated that rule during the flight from Paris. Unless we were actually moving the wounded to hospitals or to trains, we did what we could for stricken civilians. We even gave away to shelterless families the army tents which formed part of our own equipment but for which we had little actual need.

THE ARMISTICE, when it came at last after days of terrible confusion and hopelessness, found our unit in the south of France. The work for which our cars had been given and for which we had volunteered was over, and the commanding French general released us from further duties. Fortunately, we experienced no difficulty in being passed through the German lines.

Lisbon was charming; the S.S. *Manhattan*, with a big American flag on her side, was good for sore eyes; but best of all were the clean-cut, American faces of the gobs from our destroyers in harbor! A subtle but very definite difference between the expression on their faces and that of the best of the 18-year-old boys of the German army. Cheers for that difference!



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The Wave of the Future *A Confession of Faith*

Condensed from the book of the same title by

Anne Morrow Lindbergh

Author of "North to the Orient," "Listen, the Wind," etc.

CENTURIES AGO, in an age not unlike our own, when the established world was cracking, a long period of peace was coming to an end, and a dream of civilized order and unity was dying, Boethius, a Roman philosopher and scholar, sat at his desk and contemplated his changing world with a troubled and uneasy mind. He wrote a poem, full of the questions that were besieging him. How can this truth be reconciled to that truth? this right to that right? How

can all these conflicting facts be adjusted in one man's thought? Near the end of the poem, as a desperate acknowledgment of the dilemma, though not a solution, come these lines:

And therefore whoso seeks the truth
Shall find in no wise peace of heart.

When I first read those words, a few months ago, I had that supreme thrill, across the centuries, of feeling in sympathy with the mind of another human being, far from me

in time, language, race. For an instant the gulfs were swept away; I knew what that man felt.

What thinking person has not been the victim of corroding uneasiness, doubt, and fear during these past years? Who can survey the world tragedies today without crying out in torture of mind, "But *why* has this come? And what should one do about it?"

I give this personal confession only in the hope that it may help to clear the minds of others in doubt and confusion — others who, like myself, are not specialists in history, economics, or foreign affairs, but who feel that the issues confronting us today are the concern of the average citizen, even more than of the specialist.

I do not urge my point of view upon you; nor do I offer any concrete solution. There are enough people in the world already offering solutions. Some of these people are high-minded idealists; some are politicians, sincere or otherwise; some are eager promoters. However much they may differ, they all have the answer. I do not think the issues are as crystal clear as these enthusiasts would have us believe.

A critic once complained to Chekhov that he had given no solution to the problem in his story. Chekhov replied, with rare modesty for an author, that the duty of

the writer was not to solve the problem but to attempt to state it correctly. It is in such a spirit that I write. My point of view, in juxtaposition with opposing points of view, may help the reader to find his own solution, or to strengthen his own conviction, even if it differs from mine.

I offer, then, not a solution but a record of my attempt to reconcile the many conflicting points of view which have assailed me in travels abroad and at home during the last troubled years. Perhaps it would be better called a confession of faith. A faith — though it may spring from long periods of thought and analysis — is not seen, but felt; not proved, but believed; not a program, but a dream.

In recent years, my generation has seen the beliefs, the formulas, and the creeds, that we were brought up to trust implicitly, one by one thrown in danger, if not actually discarded: the sacredness of property, the infallibility of the democratic way of life, the efficiency of the capitalistic system — to mention only a few of the better known household gods which seem to be threatened or dislodged from their sacrosanct niches. Even such fundamental concepts as the equality of man, the goodness of God, and the Christian ethical code are rudely swept away in many parts of the world today. We see inno-

cent people punished, and peaceful nations overrun by force and aggression, which we were taught to believe were outmoded in our civilization.

What, then, are we to stand on? How fantastic a world in which one gasps in the morning papers at the invasion of Holland and Belgium, and in the same breath tells one's children not to use the front entrance of the house in case the slamming of the screen door frighten a mother robin nesting in the cornice above! How shall we explain these things to our children and how deal with them?

It is quite clear, answer my Pro-Ally friends. The world in which we were brought up — the good, the Christian, the democratic, the capitalistic world — is in danger of toppling, and we are fighting to save it. It is simply a crusade against evil. The Forces of Good are fighting the Forces of Evil.

What answer is there to these sincere and fine people? For I am not now talking of propagandists who are trying to get us into the war for their own interests. I am speaking of honest, high-minded men and women, whose judgment I respect, whose fundamental ideals and beliefs I also cherish and try to follow. What answer can one give to these friends, except that they are right, and therefore we should be in the war against evil?

My answer is that they *are* right, but only right relative to the

small stage at which they are looking, only relative to that beautiful, perfect, safe panorama seen by us from the narrow fanlike angle of our front-row plush seats; not right relative to the whole three-dimensional landscape.

But are persecution, aggression, war, and theft sins, or are they not? my friends ask.

They *are* sins, and I stand against them. But there are other sins, such as blindness, selfishness, irresponsibility, smugness, lethargy, and resistance to change — sins which we "democracies," all of us, are guilty of. And in this world we suffer for our sins, whether they be sins of omission or sins of commission. There is no sin punished more implacably by nature than the sin of resistance to change. For change is the very essence of living matter. To resist change is to sin against life itself.

THE MORAL CASE of the "Democracies" (I include America) seems to me to find its equivalent in the Bible story of the rich young man. You remember he was an attractive, fine young man. He followed the ethics of the Old Testament. And we are told that Christ loved him. He was no sinner; he was a good man — as we "Democracies" are good nations.

To the questions of Christ on his way of life, he replied that he had

followed the Commandments. You remember Christ's answer. He said there was only one thing lacking: "Sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor." And the young man "went away grieved: for he had great possessions."

I am not here speaking literally, although a very good case can be, and has been, built up for the "Have-not Nations" deserving more share in the possessions of the world, largely in the hands of the "Have Nations." Many of the most intelligent minds in the United States, England, and France, years before the war, argued this case courageously and well. Perhaps had they been listened to earlier, had postwar Republican Germany been given more support and aid by the "Democracies," had reasonable territorial and economic concessions been made to a moderate government, there would have been no Nazism and no war.

I do not believe that this case, right as it may be, excuses the methods of aggression and war; but it does to some degree explain them. Frustration and privation *explain* theft; they do not *excuse* it. However, I am not now arguing on so literal or particular a plane. What I am trying to analyze is something far more profound and fundamental than national rights and wrongs.

I am trying to answer my own question: "*Why* has this come?" And I am trying to find a deeper

and truer answer than the superficial and facile one, given so freely today: "It has come because the German people are innately evil, and are led by a few individuals who happen accidentally to be a scourge of mankind." But evil does not seem to me to spring without reason in a pure and blameless world; nor scourges rise without some cause. It is this cause I want to fathom.

It is not enough to say: "Pure evil, pure greed." Nor am I satisfied by the materialistic totalitarian answer: "Need for expansion — unjust division of spoils — our turn for conquest and rule — might makes right." One set of arguments seems to me as inadequate as the other. Neither fully explains the present war, nor the last war, nor the Russian Revolution, nor the rise of Fascism. Both arguments seem to me superficial; both ignore fundamental forces and causes.

What was pushing behind Communism? What behind Fascism in Italy? What behind Nazism? Is it nothing but a "return to barbarism," to be crushed at all costs by a "crusade"? Or is some new, and perhaps even ultimately good, conception of humanity trying to come to birth, often through evil and horrible forms and abortive attempts?

What will the historian, looking back on us from the distant future, think of these movements? Will he not class them all together as

expressions of a common movement in the history of mankind — a movement perhaps, in some measure, caused by our material advance at the expense of our moral and spiritual one; by our faulty attempts to digest and use, for the benefit of more of mankind than hitherto, our scientific accumulations and discoveries? From this ultimate point of view, the war might be only an expression of one of those great mutations in history which we do not recognize as such.

Something, one feels, is pushing up through the crust of custom. One does not know what — some new conception of humanity and its place on the earth. I believe that it is, in its essence, good; but because we are blind we cannot see it, and because we are slow to change it must force its way through the heavy crust violently — in eruptions. Some of these eruptions take unrecognizable and terrible forms. "Great ideas enter into reality with evil associates and with disgusting alliances. But the greatness remains, nerving the race in its slow ascent."

No, I cannot see the war as a "crusade." If I could label it at all, I would label it part of a vast revolution. I am not defending the forms this revolution has taken: aggression, terror, class or race persecution. I oppose these as deeply as any other American. But I do feel that had the world been able, by

peaceful revolution, to foresee and forestall the changes, to correct the abuses that pushed behind the Communist and Fascist revolutions, we would not now have to come to them by such terrible means. The world has been forced to its knees. Unhappily, we seldom find our way there without being beaten to it by suffering.

I CANNOT SEE this war, then, simply and purely as a struggle between the Forces of Good and the Forces of Evil. If I could simplify it into a phrase at all, it would seem truer to say that the Forces of the Past are fighting against the Forces of the Future. The tragedy is that there is so much that is good in the Forces of the Past, and so much that is evil in the Forces of the Future.

This is not to say that "might makes right," or that it is Germany's "turn to win," or to give any such literal and facile explanations. It is not to claim that the things we dislike in Nazism *are* the forces of the future. But it is to say that somehow the leaders in Germany, Italy and Russia have discovered how to use new social and economic forces; very often they have used them badly, but nevertheless they have recognized and used them. They have sensed the changes and they have exploited them. They have felt the wave of

the future and they have leapt upon it. The evils we deplore in these systems are not in themselves the future; they are scum on the wave of the future.

This has happened before in history. Consider the leaders of the French Revolution, the Dantons and the Robespierres. No one today defends the atrocities of the French Revolution; but few seriously question the fundamental necessity or "rightness" of the movement. Yet, had we been living then, I am sure the majority of us would have been profoundly shocked — so shocked that we would not have been able to see beyond our emotions to the necessity that lay beneath.

The forces of evil are sweeping out the forces of good, is the tenor of Burke's denunciation of the Revolution. What hope is there for the world, he pleads, in the face of such "frauds, impostures, violences, rapines, murders, confiscations . . . and every description of tyranny and cruelty"? And as I read his beautiful words now, in defense of the falling aristocratic rule of life, I, myself, am moved to his point of view, even as we are all of us moved today by equally stirring pleas in our magazines and newspapers.

"The age of chivalry is gone . . . and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever." What beautiful and irreplaceable things were not lost in the French Revolution — what beautiful things are not

always lost in the dying of an age!

For who does not feel, today, the world I love is going down, and all the things in it that I cherish? No matter how the arguments may sound to one's mind, there remains the plain fact that emotionally most of us prefer the old world of England, France, and the United States to the new world of Fascist Europe. I feel this way myself. I have lived in both France and England, as well as in America; and it is their way of thinking, living, speaking, and acting that I prefer; their codes and their laws that I respect. They were not perfect, perhaps, but they made possible a mode of life I shall look back to always with nostalgia.

What I question is the confident assumption that this way of life — in which I include our own here in the United States — will still be there after the war is over, even if Great Britain wins; or that it would have continued for long, unchanged, had there been no war. A world in which there were widespread depressions, millions of unemployed, and drifting populations, was not going to continue indefinitely. A world in which young people, willing to work, could not afford a home and family, in which the race declined in hardiness, in which one found on every side dissatisfaction, maladjustment and moral decay — that world was ripe for change. That it had to die in violence is the catas-

rophe; that it had to die in misery, error and chaos; that it had to fall, dragging down with it much that was good and beautiful and right, spilling the blood, wasting the lives, warping the spirit of many who were needed for the reconstruction of the new world; that it had to die in war, which carries in its train those very miseries it seeks to escape.

I ALWAYS HOPED war could be avoided, or that an early peace would still save some part of a world I loved — that the good of a dying civilization could be bequeathed in comparative tranquillity to the new one; as, in nature, a flower dies, but the plant puts forth a new bud from the old stem. All chance for peaceful transition passes more irretrievably with each day that the war continues. The old world we loved is going, and I doubt very much that what immediately follows — if every nation blazes in the same conflagration — will be appreciably better, even in the “Democracies,” than what we have witnessed in Germany lately.

In other words, I do not believe the things we condemn in Germany are innately German; but rather that they are born of war, revolution, defeat, frustration, and suffering. They are evils which may come to every nation under the same

conditions — conditions that are increasing in likelihood for the majority of the world with each day this war is prolonged.

What, then, is your conclusion? may be justly asked of me. Do you urge a defeatist acceptance of the inevitable? Do you want us to concur in the violent forms (you say you oppose) of the revolution now going on in Europe? Should we go against our hearts, our faiths, our beliefs — all we love — and encourage the things we hate, in order to follow a will-o'-the-wisp, fatalistic and planetary conception that “All is for the best in the best of possible worlds”?

No, I cannot pledge my personal allegiance to those systems I disapprove of, or those barbarisms I oppose from the bottom of my heart, even if they *are* on the wave of the future. Nor do I propose the surrender of our basic beliefs. But I do feel that it is futile to get into a hopeless “crusade” to “save” civilization. I do not believe civilization can be “saved” simply by going to war. Neither can “democracy” or “liberty” or “our way of life” be saved by any such negative point of view. If we do not *better* our civilization, our way of life, and our democracy, there will be no use trying to “save” them by fighting; they will crumble away under the very feet of our armies.

It seems to me that our task is to work toward a peaceful reformation at home rather than to crusade

abroad. This change will not take the form of a German, an Italian or a Russian revolution. Our answer to the world's problems is not their answer. It will not be the answer France is trying desperately to work out at this moment — and I have such faith in the French that I feel convinced that their ultimate contribution to the future will be even more beautiful than their contribution to the past. It will not be the answer that England will eventually find — though one cannot doubt that the great qualities of the English will help to build the new world after this war is over.

Our answer should be a solution peculiarly and saltily our own. It should be as American as the white steeples of New England or the skyscrapers of New York; as American as a boy's slang, as backyard life in small towns, as baseball and blue jeans. As American as our red-brick schools, standing like staunch citadels along our country roads; as white clapboard houses with green blinds; as unhedged gardens and open fields; as our stratoliners and streamlined trains; as our air-beacons, necklacing a continent at night, with their golden beams. As American as October — which has no resemblance to its sister in Europe, "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." It is not Keats' autumn we have here, mellow and golden and dreamy. It is peculiarly American, crisp, clear, tart, sunny, and crimson — like an American apple.

As our country and our people and our climate, our answer must be purely and wholly American.

To desire a purely American solution is not to advocate strict "isolationism." In national as in personal life, strict "isolationism" seems to me a miserable ideal. But in both levels of living most of us feel that our *first* duty — not our only duty, but our first duty — is to our own family and nation. Only by following this precept can we effectively give to the outsider. In national as in personal life one can give only out of strength, never out of weakness.

You may say that this is too theoretical. If your nation is invaded you cannot go about with your head in the stars and survey your world as if from a planet. What good would a planetary view like yours have done France during the march on Paris; or what good would it do England under a rain of fire?

This is a just riposte and I agreed with you. It would, of course, do no good at all, once war had begun. If I had been a French wife, waiting for word of my husband at the front; or if I were an English mother, shunting my children into a bomb-proof cellar, I would say impatiently, angrily even, "Yes, yes, a new world — the wave of the future — reform of abuses — certainly; but *first* we must win this war; *first* we must save our husbands, our children, our homes. *Then*, we can stop to think about such things."

But we are *not* in the war here in America, and if we cannot take a planetary view of the world's troubles, who can? A planetary point of view is necessary at times. If one never looks up to find the great dipper above the treetops, how can one be sure one is heading true north? The belligerents of this war can hardly help feeling hate, horror, shock, and anger. We ourselves cannot help feeling shock and horror; but at the same time we in America are in a unique position to judge the tragedies clearly. Surely our task is not voluntarily to surrender this point of vantage by climbing down into the maelstrom of war, where we can only add to the chaos; but rather to see as clearly as possible how to prevent such tragedies from happening here, and how best to assuage the sufferings caused by them abroad.

But if we are not now in the war, we *will* be, cry all the alarmists. Can't you see we will be invaded as surely as Belgium, Holland, and France? They, like you, didn't want war either. They, like you, had their heads in the stars. Can't you see that the Maginot Line was our first line of defense, that the British fleet is all that now stands between us and foreign invasion?

The gigantic specter of fear is growing daily, whipped up by such arguments and fanned by the terrible tales of war and suffering that come to us like parching winds each morning from the pages of our news-

papers. There is more fear here today than in the countries which lived under the shadow of war for years in Europe. I know, because I was there. There is even more panic now, in some places in America, than in the nations that were actually under fire. A brilliant French woman, lecturing last winter among us, remarked:

"There is no fear in Britain, in France," she said, "probably no fear in Germany. Extraordinarily enough," she continued with devastating simplicity, "fear has gone somewhere else — to the countries which are not fighting, which are not menaced, to the countries 'at peace.'"

Perhaps fear is a good thing, you say? Perhaps their lack of fear led them into danger and our possession of it will make us better prepared for our ordeals? Perhaps. But wherever fear and panic have appeared in Europe, they have only detracted from the strength of a nation.

I DO NOT believe one should turn one's eyes or one's mind away from possible dangers. There is always possibility of danger, especially to a nation unprepared; and in spite of our potential strength we are at this moment unprepared both materially and spiritually. The people who argue that the Allies are our first line of defense cite many in-

disputable facts. These facts cannot be brushed aside. Their excellent arguments should be faced squarely. But they should not be allowed to loom so large that they block our view completely. They should not be built up so close to our eyes that we cannot see around them.

One can quite logically line up navies, armies and forts like a boy's game of tin soldiers, and say convincingly that we are outnumbered. But this seems to me to omit all the intangibles. It is perfectly true; but not the whole truth, because if this war has taught us anything it is that we cannot put our faith in material defenses *alone*. An impregnable Maginot Line, a matchless army, an invincible navy — of what avail are these in themselves? Germany has won as much from the national spirit incited in her people as from her mechanical strength. I am not now supporting the means by which this spirit was generated nor the direction in which it is turned; but, whether or not one likes it, one cannot deny its existence. It is the same spirit that the French military leaders tried to rouse at the eleventh hour in France. It is the same spirit Churchill inspired in England with his magnificent speeches: "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat." Without this spirit of courage, self-sacrifice, and determination, it is doubtful whether any people can win a war — or avoid one.

I do not believe we need to be de-

fended against a mechanized German army invading our shores, as much as against the type of decay, weakness, and blindness into which all the "Democracies" have fallen since the last war. We are in danger — yes, not so much from bombing planes as from those very conditions which brought on trouble in Europe, and will inevitably bring on trouble here if we do not face them.

There is no fighting the wave of the future, any more than as a child you could fight against the gigantic roller that loomed up ahead of you suddenly. All you could do was to dive into it or leap with it. Otherwise it would surely overwhelm you and pound you into the sand.

Man has never conquered the underlying forces of nature. But he has learned to understand these forces, to move erect among them, and to use them for his own ends. He cannot stop or bring the storms; but he can irrigate the desert and dam the flood. He cannot successfully defy nature, but he is able to follow, influence, and speed her course. And in doing so he has learned to halt disease, to lessen suffering, and to increase his capacities for health and the appreciation of life.

Before he learned to use these natural forces, he was hopelessly at their mercy. He had to bow blindly before them or be swept along in their path. Today, is it not conceivable that he must again learn to use forces growing in the world — human forces this time; that he

must learn not to resist the inevitable push of progress, but to make his life conform to it?

Before this war started, there were scattered elements trying to direct the course of progress in Europe. There were moderate forces working toward the future. There were idealists who wished to correct life peacefully, within the existing pattern, without completely destroying it in the process of improvement. These men and these forces are now overrun by a bigger and more violent force which, one may well argue, was unnecessary. That the efforts of these pioneers should apparently be wasted is one of the great calamities of our age. They were a leaven of the future in the lump of the past. The tragedy is that there were not enough of them or — for many reasons — they were unable to bring about changes with sufficient speed to forestall the coming violence.

We in America, however, might be able to succeed where they failed. With our isolated geographical position, our potential strength, and our particular gifts of temperament, it seems to me that we might be able to meet the new order without the violence we abhor — if only we could open our eyes to our present failings and admit our problems.

It is true that many of the things we love are going down. It is true there are dangerous and difficult times ahead. What do we intend to do about it? That is the problem

facing all of us at this moment. No one is wise enough to give a concrete answer or a complete solution, but we may well question our directions, our motives, and fears.

THE WAVE of the future is coming and there is no fighting it. What is our course to be? Must we jeopardize the reforms already started here in our own country by plunging into the turmoil abroad? Are we afraid, not only of German bombers but also of change, of responsibility, of growing up? Are we afraid of paying the price of peace? For peace has a price as well as war. The price of peace is to be a strong nation, not only physically but also morally and spiritually. It is to build up not only a static strength, but a strength of growth, reform, and change. For only in growth, reform, and change, paradoxically enough, is true security to be found.

The United States has a heritage of reform. Its early settlers were inspired reformers. Its nation was built on ideals, prayers, and the dream of making a better world. Not only is this genius for progress in our tradition and in our veins, but we have been blessed with rare leaders in our history — practical visionaries who were not implacable fanatics or tyrants as so many leaders of the old world; but men of intelligence, tolerance, and spiritual beliefs.

Because of this tradition and this heritage, many of us have hoped that in America, if nowhere else in the world, it should be possible to meet the wave of the future in comparative harmony and peace. It should be possible to change an old life to a new without such terrible bloodshed as we see today in the process in Europe.

We have been a nation who looked forward to new ideals, not back to old legends. A nation who preferred pioneering new paths to following old ruts; a nation that pinned its faith on dreams rather than on memories. Surely, among all the nations of the world it could best be sung of us:

We are the music makers

And we are the dreamers of dreams.

And as the poem goes on to say:

Each age is a dream that is dying

Or one that is coming to birth.

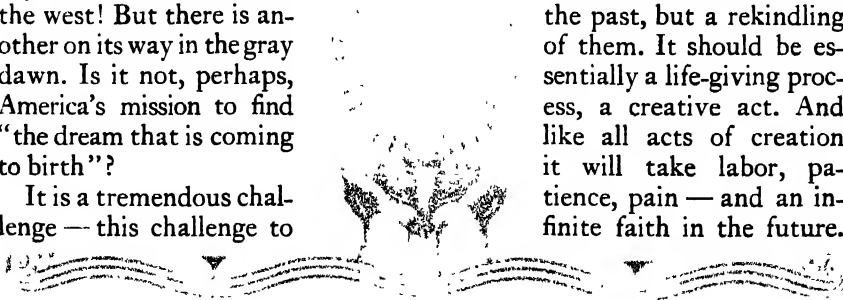
Unhappily, we are living in the hiatus between two dreams. We have waked from one and not yet started the other. We still have our eyes, our minds, our hearts, on the dream that is dying — how beautiful it was, tinting the whole sky crimson as it fades into the west! But there is another on its way in the gray dawn. Is it not, perhaps, America's mission to find "the dream that is coming to birth"?

It is a tremendous challenge — this challenge to

bring a dream to birth in a warlike world; to work out in moderation what the rest of the world is fighting out in bloodshed, intolerance, and hate. The task before us may mean sacrifice of selfish interests; it may mean giving up part of the ease of living and the high material standards we have been noted for. But it might also mean a heightening of more important standards that are not material. It might mean a gain in spirit, in vigor, and in self-reliance, for which no price could be too high. The prospect of applying to reform at home the same spirit those nations abroad are applying to war should not discourage us. We have faced as difficult ordeals before in our history. We should go out to meet such a test of our system, our beliefs, and our faiths, rejoicing "as a strong man to run a race."

Reform need not mean abandoning our fundamental principles, but rather a re-examination of them to determine whether we are following the dead letter or the living spirit which they embody. It should not

mean forsaking the beacons which have led us in the past, but a rekindling of them. It should be essentially a life-giving process, a creative act. And like all acts of creation it will take labor, patience, pain — and an infinite faith in the future.



☐ With the ordinary microscope scientists can see the typhoid germ; with the new super-microscope they study its whiskers.

30,000 Times Life-Size!

Condensed from Science News Letter

Watson Davis

Director, Science Service

MAN'S EYES are being sharpened by a new kind of super-microscope, that peers far deeper into the secrets of the infinitesimal than science ever penetrated before. Using electrons instead of rays of ordinary light, and magnetic fields as lenses instead of glass, it reveals a world hitherto invisible.

There are now three kinds of microscope. The familiar one, which uses ordinary light, takes us into a world where things are magnified at most 2000 times. Less known is a microscope which uses ultraviolet light. Ultraviolet rays are so short they are invisible to us but they do affect photographic plates; and with that microscope we get photographs 5000 times life-size. The

new electron microscope, using still shorter rays, magnifies objects 10,000 to 30,000 diameters. What is more, the images have such fine detail that photographic enlargements up to 100,000 and even 200,000 times life-size are possible. Objects are seen that are only one fiftieth the size of the smallest heretofore visible.

Two great electrical companies lead in the development of the new instrument, Siemens & Halske A.G. in Germany and RCA. The Germans got started first. RCA, which considers anything in the electron domain as its province — radio, television, the “electric eye,” the new phonograph — started its own research. A group of specialists joined RCA's Dr. V. K. Zworykin. Dr. Ladislaus Marton came from the University of Brussels, James Hillier from the University of Toronto. Arthur W. Vance developed the electrical circuits.

The first instrument they turned out was big as the side of a house. The latest streamlined model can be carried through any ordinary door, and it retails for a modest

WHILE A STUDENT at George Washington University, Watson Davis worked as an engineer and physicist in the U. S. Bureau of Standards. Since 1922 he has been director of Science Service, an institution for popularizing science, and editor of *Science News Letter*. He has also conducted industrial research work and contributed to popular magazines and engineering journals. His latest book, published this year, is *Science Picture Parade*.

\$9500. It operates on ordinary house current. Potential customers are the medical, physical and chemical laboratories of research foundations, universities and industries.

Scientists are always cautious in publicizing new discoveries. But hints of what they are seeing in this new world are filtering out of the laboratories. Familiar bacteria are sitting for more intimate portraits. Disease-causing organisms which up to now have completely eluded the camera are being photographed. The typhoid germ, it is discovered, has wavy flagella sticking out from it. No one knows what they do. Streptococcus germs have rigid and continuous outer membranes that bind them in chains. Whooping cough germs show a curious internal structure. These bits of knowledge are too new as yet to be put to practical use. Having photographs of murderers, however, is frequently a long step toward sending them to the chair. Just so, the electron microscope holds out hope for further conquest of disease.

Industry is intensely interested in the new development. Scientists from industrial laboratories are flocking to the RCA plant in Camden, N. J., bringing specimens to be examined. They depart excitedly, whispering among themselves about their new vision of the real structure of, let us say, a synthetic textile fiber. A suggestion of the way the new tool may be used seeps out of Germany, where a similar micro-

scope has been built. There the manufacture of cement already has been improved, and a study of mine dusts now under way may solve the problem of miners' health.

The electron microscope is not impressive in appearance — not nearly so impressive as the 200-inch Palomar telescope, though it may prove to be more important in extending man's knowledge of his universe. It looks like a pillar about six and a half feet tall, set on a desk, with knobs and dials. That's all you see. Inside there is a hairpin filament of tungsten, at the top of the column. When current flows through this filament it emits streams of electrons. Electrons are affected by magnetic force, and just below the filament is a difference of voltage which accelerates their downward speed. Further along are magnetic fields which bend the streams, bringing them to a focus.

The interior of the column has to be airless so that the electron streams may flow freely, and one of the tricks in making the apparatus has been to devise an air lock so that specimens can be placed in the microscope without destroying this high vacuum.

A fluorescent screen at the point of focus allows the human eye to see in great detail the shadow cast by the specimen in the path of the electronic beams. The final image is $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches across. One disadvantage is that the beam is deadly to living things; the electron microscope

gives a still, killed image contrasted with the moving, living picture under an ordinary microscope. Replace the screen with a photographic plate and you get a permanent image, to be examined at leisure. This is not photography, for no "photons" or light particles are used. So meticulous scientists have coined the phrase "electron micrographs" to describe the permanent images.

The first electron picture ever made was a crude thing — the shadow of a dollar bill laid upon a photographic plate under an intense beam of cathode rays. That was 15 years ago.

It is a deep dive from that picture to a micrograph of the viruses, those borderline substances, either living organisms or mere chemical molecules, according to which scientist is talking at the moment. Whatever they are, they cause influenza, common cold, smallpox, infantile paralysis and — who knows? — perhaps cancer. We are about to have our first look at them, new pictures to enlarge the rogue's gallery of medicine.

We also are about to photograph vitamins and enzymes too small for any previous instrument to see. There will be hundreds of surprises in the common substances around us and within us when a sufficient number of electron microscopes are put to work.

But the possibility which gets the scientists most excited is that they

soon may see the molecules of matter. That is just now a little beyond the horizon of the instrument, but it is theoretically probable: the super-microscope will only have to reach particles one hundredth the size of those it now easily photographs. Lifetimes of labor and millions of dollars are being spent on chemical methods of getting circumstantial evidence as to molecular design.

Chemists have been like clever blind men, using their brains instead of eyes. If they could really see how molecules of various substances are put together, it almost certainly would speed up enormously the advance of organic chemistry, the science which already has given us nylon, rayon, synthetic rubber, the plastics — whole new industries.

That it can be done may be demonstrated in this fashion: how small a thing we see depends upon the wave length of light we use to do the seeing. The shorter the wave, the smaller the object it can trap.

The wave length of electronic radiation varies according to how fast the electrons are traveling, and that depends upon the voltage spurring them on. The electron microscopes in use have a range of 10,000 to 90,000 volts, giving wave lengths down to 50 Angstroms (an Angstrom is one ten-millionth of a millimeter); and that is about the size of objects now being seen.

But a million volts whiz electrons along at more than 175,000

miles per second, giving a wave length of about one hundredth of an Angstrom. Atoms are some two Angstroms apart in a molecule consisting of carbon and hydrogen atoms. It is not an impossible task to build up a million volts. That is

why scientists believe it probable that molecules may be photographed.

This suggests the horizon toward which scientists are pushing. The hard, exciting trail toward the infinitely small beckons them. A new era of exploration has begun.



Democracy at the Crossroads?

John W. Davis, Solicitor General, 1913-1918; Democratic Candidate for President, 1924: The traditional limitation of two terms of no more than four years each comes to us with overwhelming endorsement of the patriots who have held the presidential office, and many lesser men who have considered the subject. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Cleveland, Buchanan, William Henry Harrison, Andrew Johnson, Rutherford B. Hayes, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, and perhaps other Presidents have spoken in its favor in no uncertain terms. It is clear from this roster that it has not been treated as a party question. We have the right to believe that a tradition so long established, and so universally accepted as this, has sound reason behind it. History and experience leave us in no doubt what that reason is.

James Truslow Adams, Historian, Author of *The Epic of America*: I need not remind you how the President's powers have been increased to an unprecedented and almost incredible extent, never dreamed of when the framers of the Constitution failed to limit his length of service; how the number of Federal employes alone has increased from the few score in Washington's day to around a million; how millions upon millions of other citizens are receiving money from the government and bureau heads whom the President appoints; how he has billions of money at his disposal. Even in the United States the power of one man has become almost overwhelming. The longer it lasts, the more strongly entrenched it may become. If we break with usage and tradition and allow a man to retain such powers for 12 years instead of eight, why not for 16, 20 or for life? Our world is changing fast and it can always be said that there is a crisis.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, in 1932: A great man [Woodrow Wilson] left a watchword we can well repeat: "There is no indispensable man." I still know that the fate of America cannot depend on any one man. The greatness of America is grounded in principles and not on any single personality.

Later

A Short Story

Condensed from *Cosmopolitan*

Michael Foster

Author of "The American Dream"

IT'S QUEER, the things you remember when life has crumbled suddenly and left you standing there, alone. It's not the big, important things: not the plans of years or the hopes you've worked so hard for. It's the little things you hadn't noticed at the time: the way a hand touched yours, and you too busy to notice; the hopeful little inflection of a voice you didn't really bother to listen to. . . .

John Carmody found that out, staring through the living-room window at the cheerful life of the street. He kept trying to think about the big important things; but he couldn't quite get them focused sharply in his mind. All he could remember now was something his little girl had said to him one evening, perhaps three weeks ago.

That particular night he had brought home from the office the finished draft of the annual stockholders' report. Things being as they were, the report meant a great deal to his future, to the future of his wife and his little girl. He sat down to re-read it before dinner.

He had to be sure it was right; it meant so much.

Just as he turned a page, Marge, his little girl, came with a book under her arm and said, "Look, Daddy."

He glanced up and said, "A new book, eh? That's fine."

"Yes, Daddy. Will you read me a story in it?"

"No, dear. Not just now," he said.

Marge just stood there, and he read through a paragraph telling the stockholders about certain replacements in the machinery of the factory. And Marge's voice, with timid, hopeful little inflections, was saying:

"But Mummy said you would, Daddy."

He looked over the top of the typescript. "I'm sorry, Marge. Maybe Mummy will read it to you. I'm busy now, dear."

"No," Marge said politely, "Mummy is much busier upstairs. Won't you read me just this one story? Look — hasn't it a lovely picture, Daddy?"

"Oh, yes. Beautiful," he said. "But I have to work tonight. Some other time."

Marge stood there, with the book open at the picture. It was a long time before she said anything else. He read through two more pages explaining in full detail the shift in markets over the past 12 months, the plans outlined by the sales department for meeting these problems, and the advertising program which had been devised to increase the demand for their products.

"But it *is* a lovely picture, Daddy, and the story looks so exciting," Marge said.

"I know," he said. "Some other time. Run along now."

"Will you, some other time, Daddy?"

"Of course," he said. "You bet."

She put the book down on the stool at his feet and said, "Well, whenever you get ready, just read it to yourself. Only read it loud enough so I can hear, too."

"Sure," he said. "Sure. Later."

That was what John Carmody was remembering now — the way a well-mannered child had touched his hand with timid little fingers and said, "Read it loud enough so I

can hear, too." And that was why, now, he put his hand on the book and took it from the table where they had piled some of Marge's playthings, picking them up from the floor where she had left them. He opened it to the lovely picture.

Reading that story, his lips moving stiffly with anguish to form the words, he didn't try to think any more; and for a little while he even forgot the horror and bitterness of his hate for the half-drunken driver who had careened down the street in a second-hand car — and who was now in jail on manslaughter charges. He didn't even see his wife, white and silent, dressed for Marge's funeral, standing in the doorway, trying to make her voice say calmly: "I'm ready, dear. We must go."

Because John Carmody was reading:

"Once upon a time there was a little girl who lived in a woodcutter's hut, in the Black Forest. And she was so fair that the birds forgot their singing from the bough, looking at her. And there came a day when . . ."

He was reading it to himself. But loud enough for her to hear, too. Maybe.



*Y*OU CANNOT prevent the birds of sorrow from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair.

— Chinese Proverb

Boy in a Spitfire

Condensed from Collier's

Quentin Reynolds

By radio from London

AT ONE of the airdromes near the Channel there was a squadron of 12 Spitfires. It was six in the morning, the kind of morning when it feels good to be alive. The pilots were in their tent listening to a portable radio and the ground crew was playing soccer.

The squadron leader, quite young, had downed 18 German planes and had ribbons on his chest. "I want you to meet a new kid who joined us yesterday," he said. "Today will be his first show."

The new pilot was Art Donahue of Laredo, Texas, one of the 30 Americans in the R.A.F. We hadn't spoken a dozen words when the telephone rang. The ground crew stopped kicking the ball around.

Collier's sent Quentin Reynolds to Europe last May. He arrived just as the fireworks started; saw the French front lines dissolve, the French armies and people flee. At Bordeaux he boarded a freighter for England, and found himself in the front lines again. A few days after he sent this article off by radio a bomb demolished his apartment. Before Reynolds joined the staff of *Collier's*, in 1933, he was a newspaperman, and on one of his assignments covered the rise to power of the man whose bombers he now ducks daily — Adolf Hitler.

The leader answered the phone. "Twelve or more heading for convoy off Dover. Yes, sir."

I looked at my watch. It was exactly 6:05. All the leader said was, "A scramble" — the R.A.F. term for a fight.

The men climbed into their planes and put helmets on. They didn't look like kids any more. In the helmets are earphones and a microphone. Each pilot can talk to any other member of the squadron. But mostly he listens to his leader, the boss of the show.

It was 6:09 as the last plane got off the ground. Flying in sections of three, they circled to gain height, went up to 10,000 feet and headed for the convoy.

Down at the other end of the airdrome, 12 Hurricanes roared off to join the fight. They would be back soon, for fighters carry gas for an hour and a half only. But time passed very slowly.

It was just seven when the Spitfires reappeared. I watched them; there was something uneven about the formation. Then I realized that one of them was missing.

They landed and taxied up to

the tent. According to routine, the leader reported to an intelligence officer. Then each pilot gave his personal report. In that way a good idea of the damage to the enemy is obtained.

The leader said: "We met half-way over the Channel, at 14,000 feet. There were 20 Heinkels and 21 109's and 110's. We came out of the sun and I sent a four-second burst at a Heinkel. It drove toward the sea, smoke pouring from it. A 110 got on my tail, and I banked into a cloud. Angling up another thousand, I ran into two Heinkels. I sent a three-second burst into one of them. He crashed into the sea. The other dove and I sent two bursts. He was badly hurt and I followed him all the way down. At 500 feet he burst into flames. There were no other enemy aircraft in sight. I collected the squadron and we came home."

"Is that all?" the intelligence officer asked.

"Yes. Except Isaacs failed to return. He got separated from the squadron. I don't know how."

"I saw him." The pilot who spoke was a lad named Douglas — tall, slim, with a baby face. "I saw him with two 110's on his tail. By the time I got to him he went down. He had no chance to bail out."

One by one they told their stories. "I make it seven confirmed enemy casualties and four unconfirmed," the intelligence officer said. For a plane to be listed officially as shot

down the pilot must pledge his word of honor that he has seen it crash. When you see a story saying that 20 German planes were downed, the chances are that eight or nine others suffered the same fate.

Donahue, the American kid, looked at his Spitfire. There was a hole in the fuselage you could stick your fist through.

"You put up a great show," the leader said to him. "When did you get hit?"

"When I was on the tail of an Me.110," he said ruefully. "I felt a jar and then my controls went haywire. Even my sights were acting funny. I sent one burst at the Me. but didn't get him. But it was fun while it lasted."

Donahue turned to me and grinned. "Seven weeks ago I left Texas, went to Ontario, enlisted and within three days was on a boat."

"He had 1800 hours," the leader said. "He needed only a week's training in order to handle a Spitfire."

A lone Spitfire taxied up to the tent. A pilot climbed out and saluted the leader.

"I was told to report to you, sir."

"Righto; meet the boys and have some tea."

There was a silence for a moment. Everyone was thinking of Isaacs. Now the squadron was a squadron again.

Young Douglas said to me rather shyly, "Would you like to see how a Spitfire works?"

He was like a child showing off a new toy. When he explained things his face lighted.

I sat in the plane and handled the controls. The bulletproof glass in the windshield is nearly three inches thick. At the top of the windshield there is a rear-view mirror.

"That's a big help," Douglas grinned. "The mirror tells us if an airplane is on our tail."

"What do you do then?"

Douglas laughed. "Pray and get the hell away from him."

The "stick" on a Spitfire is a wheel about five inches across. There is a small button on the wheel. While flying you hold the wheel in your right hand, the throttle in your left. When you sight an enemy you get your back to the sun and peer through the sight, a heavy oblong glass with a red circle and crossing lines. When the enemy plane is covered by the crossed lines, you press the button with your thumb and eight guns bark. You can't see the guns, because they are flush with the wings.

"This wireless is wonderful," Douglas said. "This morning, we didn't sight the Jerries until we were about ten miles over the Channel. Then the squadron leader saw them and yelled to us, 'Tallyho! Tallyho! There they are!'

"I was after a Heinkel when one of the lads called to me: 'You'd better look behind you!' I did and saw an Me. coming at me. I did a

sharp vertical climb and got away. Then I saw the lad who'd warned me and damned if there weren't two on his tail. I yelled back: 'So had you!'"

"Did he look behind?" I asked.

"That was Isaacs," he said simply.

It was a job for me to get out of the small cockpit. I asked Douglas how it was possible to bail out.

"Three days ago my ship was on fire," he laughed. "I couldn't get out of the darn' thing. Then I found a swell trick. I unfastened my belt, turned the plane on its back and just fell out. That Channel water is damned cold, too."

"Who picked you up?"

"One of those little motor torpedo boats. The squadron leader had the nerve to tell me I bailed out just to get a new uniform."

We went back into the tent. It was almost ten. At ten this squadron would be through. Then they'd fly inland for an eight-hour rest.

But at 15 minutes to ten the phone rang. The squadron leader said, "Yes, yes; that's all right; we don't mind. Twelve off Folkstone. Righto."

The motors roared into action. I gave Douglas a boost into the cockpit.

"Good luck, kid," I shouted.

"I might need it," he yelled back, grinning.

He needed more luck than I had to give him. Fifteen minutes later the boy was dead.

❏ A Detroit high school teacher who was
"the Enemy of the Good"

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met



BACK IN THE '90's, Henry Sherrard taught Greek in Detroit High School. He didn't have to teach school. He was a person of means who insisted on teaching only because he loved to teach. In appearance, as in personality, he was a freak. His six feet four inches of ill-clad, awkward height were topped by a red-brown thatch of untamed hair. From the unsymmetrical jumble of bones and teeth which formed his face shone blue eyes, nerve-racking in their penetration. His clothes were a clutter, thinly covered with chalk-dust. He was a walking scarecrow, a myth in baggy pants.

When I fell into his hands, I was

WALTER B. PITKIN maintains the high level of literary excellence created by previous contributors to this remarkable series. The famous writers who have already made their "most unforgettable characters" truly unforgettable to our readers include Sherwood Anderson, Stephen Vincent Benét, Kay Boyle, Roark Bradford, A. J. Cronin, Sophie Kerr, Peter B. Kyne, André Maurois, Kathleen Norris, Pierre van Paassen, Channing Pollock and Stefan Zweig. Mr. Pitkin, author of a score of books, including *Life Begins at 40*, has been professor of journalism at Columbia University since 1912.

16, impressionable and eager to know things. He hammered at me for two solid years, as a blacksmith hammers on the anvil. For Sherrard was that rarest of humans, a perfectionist whose devotion to perfection was itself perfection. He was forever troubling the Board of Education and the other teachers because he wouldn't compromise. He had his own ideals of teaching, his own ways of pursuing them. And he would go his own way through hell and high water.

His favorite methods of teaching were contempt, intimidation, and a kick in the pants. He used these, however, only after the victim had received every opportunity to learn his lesson as Sherrard insisted it be learned — 100 percent correctly.

Our first day in class Sherrard solemnly contemplated us for a long time. Then he said with the utmost gentleness: "So you want to learn Greek? Well, it's a praiseworthy ambition, but I hope you know what you're up against. I must explain. I am the Enemy of the Good."

A boy tittered nervously. Sherrard eyed him and went on.

"I am not joking. I do not like good students. I like only the best. I do not like a good translation. I like only the right translation.

"You either know something, or you don't know it. You either can do a thing, or you can't. I shall do my best to teach you Greek. But that forces me to see that you do your best to learn it.

"Now for procedure. Every day you must make a perfect score. You must pronounce perfectly. You must translate perfectly.

"To help you become perfect, I shall insist that you write on the blackboard, 10 times over, the correction of every single mistake. If, after you have worked on a mistake thus, you again commit it, you will write the correction 100 times. And now let us begin Greek."

Thus started two decisive years of my life. Sherrard's game excited me. If one could be perfect, even in a small thing, might not one become perfect in another thing, and then another? In time one might be perfect in many things, and that would be marvelous.

Other pupils went to class trembling. I went as to a gladiatorial contest, to see the Christians thrown to the Lion. When the Lion rushed at me roaring, I grinned. Then the Lion winked. And I knew I was on the right track.

Sometimes, after I'd covered a blackboard with sentences, by way of correcting a wrong accent, I'd erase the stuff and do it all over

again. This paralyzed the Lion. To think that anybody, driven to write something 10 times, would write it 20! If the Lion only knew that I used to go home and cover sheets of wrapping paper with Greek sentences, just to beat him at his own game!

He blue-penciled every least error in the papers we handed in daily. He wrote savage comments on bad blunders. He never overlooked one line. How he did it, I cannot imagine. Yet he did it year in and year out, without faltering.

Our second year we attacked Homer. Every day five lines committed perfectly to memory, or else. . . . Every day we arose and sang off the first book from the opening line through the day's quota. One sloppy pronunciation and we had to begin all over, which grew irksome when you had to go back 200 lines.

I never had been able to learn prose or verse. I hated to recite set pieces. Something in me rebelled. But Henry Sherrard drove me through the first two books of the *Iliad*, line by line; and had me, at the year's close, intoning them complete, knowing every word I uttered and having the feel of the whole business, almost as if it were English.

Those who wouldn't play the game of perfection had a hard time. "So, Mr. Jones," Sherrard would leer at a sinner, "you do not seem to care whether the adjective agrees

with its noun. If you leave quietly, Mr. Jones, and never show your face around here again, I'll not kick you. But go fast, Mr. Jones. Get a job unloading watermelons down at the docks. Watermelons don't have to agree with anything. Now get out, Mr. Jones, before I crack your skull."

But if a poor soul really did his utmost, Sherrard was courteous to the last. He understood when the will strained and the mind creaked like an overworked harness. He believed the weak should be treated humanely, and he sent such failures on their way to oblivion in a kindly manner. He'd lay his hand on the youth's shoulder, beam, ask him to look in sometime when he was passing, and bid him Godspeed.

I played the game of perfection and won. But did Sherrard pat me on the back? Did he say: "Well done, young man"? He did not. You did a thing to perfection. How silly to praise you or it!

We read the last lines of the *Iliad* on a hot, sticky June day. Sherrard closed the book, looked out of the window, shuffled to the door, and was gone. I never saw him again.

But now, half a century later, I still measure people — teachers, pupils and others — according to his rule: "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. Whatever is worth doing well, is worth doing perfectly."

I decided to study writing as I had studied Greek. Soon I was fin-

ishing, in a few minutes, daily themes on which we were supposed to spend hours. Next I took to writing themes for the lame ducks, to kill time. I tried the method of perfection on Hebrew, on Arabic, on sociology. Try sitting in an ordinary classroom after two years of Sherrard!

I have found two classes of men who were satisfied with nothing short of perfection — the truly great scientists who fight for accuracy down to the fifth decimal place, and the officers of the German General Staff. As a student in Germany I came to know several generals and many younger officers. They thought and lived as did Sherrard. Toward themselves they were as ruthless as toward subordinates. Either you know or you don't know. Either you can or you can't. If you don't know, or if you can't, then out with you!

As the German army overran France, I thought of Sherrard.

Everyone, at least once, ought to fall under the spell of a fanatical perfectionist. Only thus can the common man come to realize his own astounding possibilities. To watch a man completely devoted to the highest possible ideal is more than an education. It is like a religious conversion. To see in action a man who is the fierce enemy of the good because he loves only the best is to see the whole world in a fresh and startling light. To understand that it is possible to hate

half-knowledge, half-skills, half-hearted ideals, sets fire to something inside you.

Our world perishes under the misleading of stupid people who disbelieve in perfection. Calling themselves realists, they are actually victims of the vulgar myth of man's supreme, invincible incompetence. Deeming people to be much worse than they are, these so-called leaders become compromisers, shirkers, or false liberals who spout words and choke on deeds.

"You can't make people perfect,

or the world perfect," they object. But men, by trying to perfect themselves, their business and their government, may make all these 10 times better than they now are. Wouldn't that be worth the effort?

Forgotten is most of the Greek Sherrard taught me. But unforgettable is the passion for perfection that inhabited that sorry jumbled frame of a man. Ten thousand years after I have gone that strange fire will be burning in other races and peoples. If it dies out man will be no more.

Let's Call It Christmas

Vick Knight protests:

Never do I see the letter X substituted for Christ's name in the word Christmas without flinching a little. I'd like to start a movement to bar this abbreviation from our language. X is the algebraic symbol for an unknown quantity. In my opinion Jesus Christ is very much a known quantity.

Legend has it that the usage began with printers, among whose symbols X most closely resembles the Cross. It's easy to understand in this age of haste and headlines how such a short cut came into general use. But I don't believe there's anyone in America who can't find time and space for proper reverence to the Name of Our Lord. Let's call it "Christmas."

WE AGREE with Mr. Knight in preferring "Christmas." But actually there is no legend involved and printers were not responsible for "Xmas," which was first used in 1551. The New Testament came to us in Greek. The Greek word for Christ is "Christos" (Χριστός), "X" in the Greek alphabet being equivalent to our "Ch." Early scholars frequently used the forms Xt for Christ, Xtian for Christian and Xmas for Christmas. — The Editors

As a Child Sees—

Excerpts from
The New York Times Magazine

Epigrams of children 5 to 12
years of age, recorded by
Laurette Howard, a teacher in
New York City's public schools

GOD SEWS UP the buds of flowers
very tight and after awhile He
lets the sun and rain open the stitches.

SMELLS are things to know about.
When people do good things, they
smell sweet. When they do bad things,
they do not smell sweet at all. Dogs
know about this.

I LIKE the country because it is so
peaceful. Out there the quiet just goes
sliding along.

♦

GOD MADE Abraham Lincoln a kind
man. His nose was nice. It was so big
and strong. He had happy eyebrows.

WHEN fathers and mothers love
each other, it keeps them from fighting.
If they make nice faces at each other
and put their arms around and kiss—
the mother's tears go away and the
father's eyes look shiny.

BABIES are soft like milkweed silk.
Everybody should have a baby. They
make people joyful.

♦

I DON'T LIKE to see ladies smoke
because it makes them frown up. I like
to see them look nice and clear.

WHEN waves come in on the beach
they look like big, open mouths ready
to gobble up things. Sometimes they
look like white, lacy arms hugging
the whole world.

SILVER MONEY is jolly. It dances and
hums. Paper money crackles like dead
leaves.

CATS HAVE very sad faces. They look
at you a long time and think about you.
They are peaceful to have around.

♦

WHEN I say my prayers I ask God
to bless all the old men with canes and
all the old ladies with no pocketbooks.

♦

I HAVE a gang of pennies in my bank
and I'm going to take my father and
mother to Hollywood to be movie
actors. More fathers and mothers
should be movie actors.

Favorite odors:

Jack: Disinfectants. Pancakes frying.

Lois: Sauerkraut. Laundry soap.

Billy: Roses. American cheese.

Jennie: Fat ham roasting. Perfume.

Fred: Gasoline. Oranges.

Charles: Clean rain on dusty sidewalks.
Hot dogs.

How a group of people, given up by their doctors, are cheating death, paying their own way, and having the time of their lives.

The Borrowed Timers

By

Alfred Prowitt

Chicago Daily News

NEAR Ellensburg, Washington, in a thinly populated ranch country, live the Borrowed Timers, probably the world's strangest organization. Each one

of them has been given up by doctors and should have died from one to four years ago. But since the colony started in 1936 not one has died. And they are paying their own way by their own work, they are caring for each other, and they are happy. No one who had not seen them would believe that a group of 15 doomed invalids could be so light-hearted.

This seeming miracle is due simply to the will to live, and to live helpfully. It is a glowing illustration of the power of mind over body.

The idea of cheating the reaper originated with Guyer D. Thomas, now president of the group. An engineer well known in Washington, he had worked on a project for settling rehabilitated war veterans

Newspaper men and women in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida: Please read the announcement on page 30.

on the land. He thinks the germ of his borrowed-time inspiration came as he watched the revival of hope in these broken men when given useful tasks. Five years ago

he was operated on for cancer, and most of his stomach was removed. Given only weeks to live, on a milk and cream diet, he answered an advertisement offering room and board at a farm near Ellensburg, hoping to pass there his few remaining days.

His landlords, Jess and Nancy Green, were struggling to keep their 40-acre farm. Nancy was spending much of the time on a cot in the living room, getting up occasionally to do a little housework or help look after her five children. The doctor had told her that her heart would stop within a year.

The Greens had a friend, Mrs. Lucille Bolding, who had been told she could count her life in months — a serious "stomach case." One day she collapsed while visiting them. It was then that Guyer Thomas sprang his idea. "There are others around this valley in the

The Reader's Digest sent a staff investigator to Ellensburg to verify carefully every detail of this story.

same fix," he said. "Each of us has some good parts left. If we could get together, the ups could look after the downs until the downs felt like getting up. Also the ups, by working together, could do something toward their own support."

As word of Thomas's plan spread, the original three were joined by a dozen other "hopeless" cases — pernicious anemia, heart trouble, sleeping sickness and orthopedic cases, one of them uncured after 23 operations. Doctors had given all of them but a limited time to live. The rambling ten-room farmhouse was full indeed. How they were to support themselves was the problem.

One night after the colony's children had been put to bed the adults remembered with shame that the youngsters had not said their prayers. The Borrowed Timers are not a religious sect, being members of different Christian faiths, but they all believe in the efficacy of prayer. It helps them withstand pain and strengthens their desire to live. Thomas in particular, propped in a chair by the fireplace, mused over the children's forgetfulness. After the others had gone to bed he had an inspiration.

In the morning, when the group gathered for breakfast, they saw on the wall a white cardboard cross about two inches high, mounted on blue felt. Thomas told his companions to take the cross into a darkened room. There, out of the gloom,

it shone with the brilliance of a star. Thomas explained that he had used luminous paint. The cross could be placed in a child's room as a bedtime prayer reminder.

The adults, too, used the cross. Awakening in the night, often in pain, they found comfort in its message.

Here was something, they agreed, that most of them could help make and then try to sell. But the group could dig up only 80 cents in cash. Already Jess Green had sold all but three cows to meet expenses.

The 80 cents was used to buy chemicals and blue felt on which to mount the crosses. To provide backing for the felt, the children raided telephone poles and fences, gathering cardboard placards from an election campaign. "We got 36 crosses out of a county clerk and only 24 out of a sheriff," laughs Thomas.

When the first dozen prayer reminders were finished, one of the girls, 11 years old, went out to sell them. On her way downtown she stopped at the firehouse. The firemen were teasing her when the chief came in.

"If you don't buy a cross," exploded the youngster, "I won't go to any of your fires."

The fire chief bought them all.

Crosses offered at church bazaars sold like hot cakes at 15 cents each. A radio minister offered them over a station in Yakima; a Portland, Oregon, station followed suit. A

flood of orders came in — and produced a crisis. They hadn't money enough to buy materials.

As a last hope they went to an Ellensburg banker to whose wife Nancy Green had once sold eggs. The banker listened in a daze as they asked for \$100. "You've given me the world's three best reasons why I should not lend you money," he said. "You want to invest in an uncertain business, you have no security, and death is at your elbow." The petitioners, abashed, started for the door. The banker added, "But I'll let you have it."

Now the Borrowed Timers have paid that debt and all others, and have \$2000 in cash. They have sold half a million prayer reminders.

John Hix, syndicated cartoonist, devoted a "Strange As It Seems" cartoon to them, and sales boomed. A radio station brought Nancy Green to Hollywood for a nationwide broadcast, and they boomed anew. A national religious supply house circularized a leaflet about them, and 400 dealers in religious materials sent orders.

Applications to join the group have come from all over the country — but, as Thomas explains, the size of the farmhouse limited their number to 15. Since last spring, when the house burned to the ground, the Borrowed Timers have lived in rented houses until they find another farm or can rebuild. So an expanded membership is still for the future.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the Borrowed Timers is their mirth. As the "ups" among them sit around the table, mounting crosses, with one member detailed to dial the radio or to read aloud, it is a rare quarter-hour that does not produce a hearty laugh. Life itself is a joke, something to laugh about, now that they have cheated death.

Talk about their disabilities is not allowed unless absolutely necessary. When anyone needs care, one of the more able does the nursing. The group shifts almost daily, as one of the "downs" becomes an "up" or vice versa.

Commenting on the survival of this group, Dr. Irving S. Cutter, dean of the School of Medicine at Northwestern University, says, "When a physician is compelled to predict death, he realizes that the reaction of the individual may upset his estimate. If the patient reacts morbidly, his distress disturbs physiological processes and shortens his life. The Borrowed Timers seem to have achieved a life-preserving philosophy. By accepting fate, by resolving to make their last days useful, by discovering the self-helping outlet of helping others, they extend their own lives.

"Many invalids in hospitals and charitable institutions could be up and about, enjoying days that they might prolong into years, if they had this will to live. Just as the well man, by wise and hygienic living, can extend his years beyond the

average span, so can the ill, the doomed, stretch and improve his existence through his mental outlook."

"We've discovered that the things we enjoy most are right around

us," says Nancy Green. "When we know they may be taken away any time, we cherish them all the more. I guess a person has to get into trouble over his head before he learns how to enjoy life."



Announcing a Contest for Newspaper Men and Women

A NEWSPAPERMAN wrote "The Borrowed Timers." The Reader's Digest paid him \$1200 for it.

Ellensburg is a small place, yet Alfred Prowitt of the Chicago *Daily News* found there a story so unusual, so humanly warm, that it deserves to be read by everyone.

There must be other stories yet untold which are just as human and fascinating. The Reader's Digest wants to find them. More than any other magazine, we think, this one reflects the truly American scene. Not so much its mere oddities, but the people who work, singly or together, in such a diversity of ways to make America what it is — an infinitely rich panorama of absorbing interest.

In the hope of finding more such articles, we announce a series of regional contests. The first is open only to newspaper writers and editors in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. For each manuscript acceptable for publication, we shall pay \$1200.

Manuscripts (typewritten) must reach us by December 1, 1940, addressed to Contest Editor. Your newspaper connection must be given. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

¶ The tough boss of a gentle art makes
the headlines — and gets results

Petrillo, Dictator of Music

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Geoffrey Parsons, Jr., and Robert M. Yoder

JAMES CAESAR PETRILLO was born in the slums of Chicago, 48 years ago, the son of Italian immigrants. Now he draws salaries which total \$46,000 a year, maintains offices in Chicago and New York, and holds a public post on the side.

Petrillo's story is pure Horatio Alger — with a modern twist. He is that most modern of Big Business tycoons, the head of a powerful labor union. He is the highest paid labor leader, earning more than William Green and John L. Lewis combined. And he gets his money and his power from one of the gentler arts — music.

Jimmy Petrillo has been president of the Chicago Federation of Musicians for 17 years. Since last June he has been president also of the American Federation of Musicians. As autocrat of 750 union locals in the United States and Canada, with a total membership of 158,000, he controls almost all the music we hear. The musicians in the celebrated dance orchestras, in Hollywood, in the theaters and on the radio, are all union men. Small-town saxophone players and great

conductors like Toscanini, Stokowski and Stock are equally Petrillo's "boys."

For running Chicago Local No. 10, Petrillo got \$26,000 a year. His recent promotion to the national presidency made him the most powerful man in music, but meant a salary cut of \$6000. The Chicago musicians saved Petrillo from this sacrifice. They asked him to remain head of Local No. 10.

"Why the hell shouldn't a guy get paid for two jobs if he's doing two jobs?" asks Jimmy.

In addition to his town house he has a \$25,000 summer home in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, a gift from Local No. 10, which also provides the boss with a bulletproof Lincoln car and a bodyguard and chauffeur. Further to relieve him of worry, the union pays the income tax on his Chicago salary. It irks Jimmy that the government calls that additional sum part of his income and taxes it also.

Jimmy agrees that the boys do well by him. All he says is that he does well by them, too. "I give the boys service," Petrillo says. He does.

Appointed a Chicago park commissioner — an unsalaried job — in 1934, Jimmy spent \$53,000 of the union's money to put on free concerts in Grant Park. Their popularity was so great that the next year he was able to persuade the park board to appropriate \$65,000 of public funds for concerts.

"The public pays to feed the animals in the zoo," he argued; "why can't they pay something to feed my boys?"

Band music in outlying parks and a nightly "Music Under The Stars" concert in Grant Park are now summer fixtures. Some 4,000,000 people attended them in 1940. The union engages top-notch soloists at its own expense, paying as much as \$3000 for a Jascha Heifetz or a Lily Pons. The Park Department's fund, now \$80,000, pays Petrillo's union boys — jobs every night in the slack season at \$10 a head.

Combatting the onslaught of the robot musicians — radio, phonograph and talking picture — Jimmy has been tough and ingenious in finding jobs for his men. He forces Chicago's legitimate theaters to hire a minimum of five union musicians every night they are open, whether they play or not. He also invented the "pancake turner" — a new kind of musician. You've heard him perform. When the radio began to use phonograph records on a wide scale, Petrillo served notice on Chicago stations that only

union musicians would be permitted to put records on and take them off. Today there are 49 union pancake turners in Chicago.

Jimmy can detect what he considers an unfair invasion of his jurisdiction a mile off with the wind against him. When he heard that five non-union musicians would appear before a convention in a Chicago hotel, he demanded that the interlopers be replaced with union men. It was explained that the musicians were star pupils playing for a convention of music teachers. This put a different light on the affair. They could play, Petrillo ruled. But the hotel must hire five union men to stand by.

He feels the same way about radio amateur hours. Whether the performer is a housewife who plays the kettledrums or a four-year-old piccolo player, Petrillo makes the sponsors hire a union standby for each amateur. Because Jimmy showed the way, the standby is now standard in most cities.

One kind of music Petrillo can't bear to hear — free music. Posing for pictures after a sponsored radio broadcast, Alec Templeton, the pianist, struck a few chords. Tommy Dorsey joined in on the trombone. Petrillo sent the radio agency a bill for \$33 overtime.

For years musicians had relaxed after a night's work by dropping into some musicians' hangout, usually a frowsy little café, to play in "jam sessions." It was a frolic

for the musicians, but the cafés were getting better music than they paid for, and capitalizing the fact. Out went a Petrillo command. The boys jammed no more.

In Chicago, each of Petrillo's 12,000 men pays dues of \$16 a year and a tax based on his earnings. Nationally, a per capita tax, bolstered by three percent of the base pay of name dance bands when they are traveling, provides money for Petrillo's pay check from the big federation. Members pay or they don't play.

All orchestra bookings must clear through Petrillo's office. No orchestra would dare to hold an extra rehearsal without Petrillo's authorization. Petrillo even decides whether a stringed bass player may double on the xylophone. He runs the whole show; there is no Number 2 man.

Jimmy's iron rule benefits employers in certain ways. He insists that his boys play the very best they know how. Employers all agree that Jimmy's word is good. His boys don't break contracts. Nor will he tolerate a musician who arrives drunk or late. A word from the employer is enough; Jimmy will fine an errant musician, no matter how big.

Petrillo is a man of strong enthusiasms. In 1936 he was pro-Roosevelt. "I contributed \$8000 to his campaign," he says, meaning that the local did. "I threw anybody out of the union who said anything

against Roosevelt." When the President came to Chicago a 300-piece union band headed the welcome.

He went to the opposite extreme with John L. Lewis. The CIO chief was mentioned in two shows playing in Chicago last year. "Take it out," Jimmy told the managers. "He can't be mentioned." The offending lines were censored — with unexpected results. Public and press roared. Jimmy lifted the censorship.

"They said it was dictatorial and un-American," he says innocently. "I never intended anything like that. I just thought I'd push Lewis around a little."

The tough boss of America's music-makers is strictly West Side Chicago, where in his day they had to be tough to survive. Jimmy sold papers and peddled peanuts before he was old enough for school. Then he took advantage of free music lessons at nearby Hull House. He played the cornet and drums. Later he took out a union card and played professionally.

One night a union brother said to Petrillo, "You make a good speech, Jim. You ought to run for president."

"I knew what he was getting at," Petrillo explains. "I was so lousy the boys would rather have me president than playing with them."

Chicago employers were soon aware of Jimmy's talent as a getter. Loud and scrappy, he won successive wage increases and shorter

hours. He got the first musicians' contract with a radio station when he signed up WMAQ almost 15 years ago. At that time a union man got \$8 for two hours of radio work. Today he gets \$25. In many other branches of the business wages have more than doubled under Petrillo's leadership.

Jimmy insists that his career has been as peaceful as a July afternoon. One frequently printed report annoys him. "There isn't any gun in my desk," he says. "Go look." Yet Jimmy did not get to the top and stay there without a struggle. There is money in music, and in Chicago's prohibition days there were people who eyed Jimmy's job and its graft possibilities with envy. Back in the '20's an unexplained bomb damaged his house. In 1932 it was rumored that he had been kidnaped and ransomed for \$100,000. And once Jimmy traded in his armored car, with sinister cracks in the glass. Reporters were told, "We fired a couple of shots at it to see if it worked."

Jimmy Petrillo no sooner had become the union's national president than typical Petrillo remarks fell on some cultivated and unaccustomed ears.

"They're through," said Jimmy, referring to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the only major non-union orchestra in the United States. "We've taken them off the radio and off the records." He threatened Jascha Heifetz, José

Iturbi and Efrem Zimbalist with a similar fate unless they gave up membership in the American Guild of Musical Artists — a fellow A. F. of L. union, largely of singers — which he claimed had invaded his jurisdiction when it signed up instrumentalists. "They're musicians and belong to me," said Jimmy. "What's the difference between Mr. Heifetz and the fiddle player in a tavern?"

Petrillo's battle with AGMA was still being fought in the New York Courts last September. AGMA had obtained an injunction temporarily restraining Petrillo from enforcing his drastic edicts against its instrument-playing members. Lawrence Tibbett, the famous singer of the Metropolitan Opera and AGMA's president, announced a plan for a concert by the greatest collection of musical genius in history as a protest against Petrillo "dictatorship."

Accounts of the legal battle made the front pages of the New York newspapers, despite heavy competition from war and a presidential campaign. And Petrillo, according to his custom, promptly demonstrated again that there is nothing too good for Petrillo or "his boys" — never mind the price! For counsel he hired Samuel Seabury, distinguished president of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, whose investigation of New York graft forced Jimmy Walker out of City Hall.

Petrillo's chief worry is the

nickel-in-the-slot phonograph which in the last five years has blossomed by the hundred thousand in saloons, restaurants and roadhouses. A billion-and-a-half nickels a year go into the juke boxes without appreciably increasing the amount of work for Jimmy's musicians. "People want music — and they ask us to make it for them and play ourselves right out of a job," he says bitterly.

Leave it to Jimmy Petrillo some-

how to prevent such a calamity.

Chicago grumbles about his high-handed ways. Other cities will grumble in the future. But Jimmy shrugs it off. "With conditions like they are," he once remarked, "we got to be a little mercenary."

With candor America's best-paid labor leader says, "I don't steal. When I want anything I ask for it and the boys get it for me. They take care of me and I give them service."

The Log Cabin Myth

THE LOG CABIN, pictured in otherwise accurate histories as dotting early American villages from Virginia to New England, actually had no more existence there than it had in England; neither Captain John Smith, Governor Bradford, nor any of the founding fathers ever saw one. The earliest English colonists first built temporary shelters of tents, Indian wigwams or huts covered with bark, turf or clay, replacing them as soon as possible by frame houses such as they had in England. The only early log buildings were a few forts and blockhouses.

The log cabin, common in Scandinavia, Russia and Germany, was introduced by the Swedes who settled on the Delaware River in 1638, and there it stayed, except for a few sporadic transplantings, until well into the 18th cen-

tury. It was not generally used by the pioneers pushing westward until the time of the Revolution.

The tradition of the log cabin originated in J. G. Palfrey's *History of New England*, published in 1841 — the year after the ballyhoo of William Henry Harrison's Tippecanoe Campaign for the Presidency, when the log cabin and hard cider were used as symbols of simple living to discredit Martin Van Buren's Wilton carpets and maroon coach. Thence it invaded the textbooks, and the log cabin, then universal on Western frontiers, became an American symbol, identified with democracy, the pioneer spirit and the dream of the common man.

— Adapted from Roger Burlingame's *March of the Iron Men* (Scribner) and *The Log Cabin Myth*, by Harold R. Shurtleff (Harvard University Press)

Should Schools Teach Sex?

Condensed from Liberty

Ann L. Crockett

IN MY 15 years of teaching in public high schools I've noted an alarming tendency of the schools to usurp, unbidden, the privileges of parenthood. I've seen table manners, health habits, "respect for parents," and all the common virtues taught by bewildered teachers. I've tried to teach these ideals myself, under the guise of "guidance." But when modern educators propose to introduce sex education into the public schools I protest.

The entire movement seems to be based upon the naïve belief that sexual delinquency is due to ignorance of the consequences of trifling with the most potent force in human nature. The well-meaning crusaders reach dangerous conclusions by oversimplification of an extremely complex problem. They quote statistics to prove that there is an alarming amount of sexual delinquency among boys and girls of high school age or even younger. They tell us that from a certain junior high school in New York City an average of two girls every

month go to homes for unmarried mothers; that of 80,000 illegitimate children born last year almost half were born to girls between 15 and 19; that rape and venereal diseases are increasing among the young.

But do these statistics prove that there is need for sex education in the schools? They prove merely that among millions of high school youngsters there are some who lack a proper sense of moral values, of personal restraint. In no case from my school — and I've known of dozens — was the offender ignorant of the consequences of the sexual act. Boys and girls of high school age know where babies come from.

Granted that an occasional boy or girl *might* be saved from disgrace and ruin by being taught in schools the facts concerning venereal diseases and childbirth, such classroom education would cost far too much when measured in terms of harmful effects upon normal boys and girls. For the subject of sex offers more pitfalls, more opportunity for irreparable damage than any other subject.

Far more important than the ac-

* For a statement of the other side of the case, see "The Necessity for Sex Education," The Reader's Digest for May, '39, p. 95.

quiring of physical facts is the deeply psychic experience which attends the child's learning of these facts. Biological information cannot be taught like an irregular verb or the multiplication table. It is intensely personal, charged with potential nutriment for the future emotional life of the child. To ignore the child's warm emotional education, to let him learn sex in cold objectivity, is to risk immeasurable confusion.

How can the proponents of sex education think of pupils as containers into which we teachers can pour exactly the right amount of information at exactly the right time? Here, as in no other course, is needed the psychologist's knowledge of "individual differences." What Bill needs Sam can't use. What Ruth needs does not fit the case of Mary.

Take my class in senior English. There are 35 individuals ranging from the furtive to the bold, from the thoughtful introvert to the brash extrovert. There are 35 different emotional and development stages, racial, religious and temperamental differences. There are sensitive spots and past sex experiences hopelessly beyond my knowledge or control. The sex problem of the 35 in front of me is not one problem; there are as many problems as there are boys and girls.

It is also a mistake to assume that there is any definite age or grade when sex teaching might be-

gin. The only appropriate time is when the child makes a comment or asks a question. This may come at five, at ten, or later. Whenever it comes — and it may come again and again — the mother has her chance to begin building a bond of confidence between herself and her child. What chance has a teacher to ascertain the time when a pupil feels the *need* to know? Would it not be profoundly upsetting to have a cold, scientific presentation of sex shoved at a child before he was ready for it?

Further, the program would often have to be carried out by emotionally immature spinster schoolteachers and callow young men. I shudder to think of the consequences. Only one out of six teachers throughout the country is married (most women teachers can't marry and hold their jobs); and, of the unmarried, one in three admits she is unhappy in her spinsterhood. According to a recent survey, the chances are seven to one that a pupil will have, in 12 years of schooling, at least two teachers who are neurotic or downright psychopathic. Need I point out what emotional twists our public school children might acquire were they taught the facts of life by random schoolteachers if — as our crusaders insist — sex facts are to be faced wherever they arise, whether in French class or domestic science?

If, on the other hand, sex teaching is to become a specialty, with

teachers trained to handle the work, I can see little prospect of the public schools ever being able to employ the paragons of wisdom, tact and understanding that the job would require.

By whom, then, should sex be taught? The parent is the only one close enough to the child to understand him. And the parent has countless opportunities to enrich the parent-child relationship by presenting the facts of mating and birth as a happy fulfillment shared by mother and father.

Sex instruction is not so simple as it sounds. Indeed, it is often so difficult that parents, through embarrassment or lack of confidence or sheer unwillingness to face the barrage of questions that the subject invites, neglect it entirely.

There is one way our schools can help. If parents want to instruct their children but lack the talent for formulating the information, the schools can give them informa-

tion in a suitable form. Let me cite one example.

At the request of a committee of mothers, a superintendent of schools formulated a plan with such notable success that it has been copied, within two years, by six neighboring towns. The superintendent invited a physician and two ministers to join the parent-teachers association in a frank discussion of sex education *in the home*. As a consequence, large groups of mothers now meet regularly to study and discuss the perplexities confronting them and their children. Teachers explain specific biological and hygienic problems, doctors present facts about venereal diseases, and ministers help articulate constructive motives for proper sexual conduct.

The stouthearted effort these mothers are making may gather strength enough to halt the reformers who would put sex in the classroom. I hope it will.

Bon Voyage!

*M*ANY YEARS AGO, the reluctance of seamen to sail on a Friday reached such proportions that the British government decided to prove the fallacy of the superstition. They laid the keel of a new vessel on Friday, launched her on Friday, named her H.M.S. *Friday*, and sent her to sea on Friday.

The scheme had only one drawback — neither ship nor crew was ever heard of again.

— *Our Navy*

He Who Laughs, Lasts

Five That Never Fail Me

By *Eddie Cantor*

THIS ONE actually happened to me, many years ago during a road tour with a musical comedy. Saturday night, after having given both a matinee and evening performance, I went back to my hotel and to bed.

I was pleasantly drowsy from counting the bows I had taken (that's the actor's way of falling asleep) when I heard a heavy scuffling in the corridor and a loud knock on my door. Opening it I found a Saturday-night celebrant standing there.

"Shorry, buddy," he mumbled thickly. "Wrong room." And he zigzagged down the hall.

Fifteen minutes later came another heavy tap on the door. Again my intoxicated friend was there. He groped for his hat and tipped it politely.

"Sho shorry, ol' man," he said. "Wrong room." And he went away.

Twenty minutes later there he was again, murmuring apologies for "wrong room." By then I was furious; it took me all the bows from three matinees to get sleepy once more.

When at 3:30 I heard the familiar footsteps and knock on my door, I leaped out of bed, opened the door wide and shouted: "Well?"

"Fevvensakes!" cried the drunk. "Do you have *every* room in this hotel?"

A VISITOR to an insane asylum was stopped by one of the inmates, who seemed to be in a playful mood, for he

cupped his hands as if he were holding something in them and challenged the visitor: "What do you think I've got here?"

"A million dollars?" guessed the visitor, eager to coöperate.

The inmate stole a look at the palms of his hands, and answered triumphantly, "No. Guess again."

"A yacht?"

Glancing once more at his invisible treasure, the inmate answered: "No. Guess again."

"An airplane?"

"No," said the inmate after another peek.

"Is it a horse?" the guest finally ventured.

Furtively the inmate eyed his cupped hands again. Then he looked coyly up and asked: "What color?"

"**I** THINK you'll pull through," said a doctor to his patient, "but you're a pretty sick man."

"Please, doctor," begged the patient, "do everything you can for me. And if I get well I'll donate \$50,000 to the fund for your new hospital."

Months later the doctor met his former patient on the street.

"How are you?" he asked.

"I'm feeling marvelous!" replied the man.

"I've been meaning to speak to you," continued the doctor, "about that money for the new hospital."

"What *are* you talking about?"

"You said that if you got well," the doctor reminded him, "you would contribute \$50,000."

"I said that?" the former patient exclaimed. "Now you can see how sick I was!"

I LIKE the story about the ventriloquist who was in theatrical parlance "between engagements" — which means between meals, or broke.

But he was ingenious, and a fine ventriloquist. So he spent his last dollar to buy a little dog and with the dog under his arm he made for the nearest bar. Here he took the bartender aside and said, "I have nothing in the world but this talking dog of mine. Would you give me \$20 for him?"

The bartender was immediately on the defensive.

"Whaddya mean, a talking dog?" he asked.

The ventriloquist went into his act. Apparently from the mouth of the puppy came a shrill bark, and then, "Sure I talk! I could say plenty about the free lunch in this joint. It's terrible! I've been here before!"

The bartender scratched his head in amazement. The ventriloquist smiled tenderly at the dog, and entreated the bartender: "I hate to give him up, but I've got to have the dough. How about it?"

"Twenty dollars is too much even for a talking dog. Here's ten." And the

bartender lifted his apron and dug into his pocket for the money.

Our ventriloquist was in no position to quibble. He grabbed the bill, mumbled, "Thanks, pal," and hastened out.

But as he reached the door, the animal shouted at him: "I'm only worth ten bucks, eh? Just for that I'll never say another word as long as I live!" And he didn't.

A HILLBILLY heard that the job of watchman at a railroad crossing was open.

"You'll have to undergo a strict examination," the man in charge said.

"Ask me anything!" bragged the hillbilly.

"All right," spoke up the examiner. "Supposing you are at the crossing and two trains are coming along 60 miles an hour — head on. What would you do?"

"Waal, I'd blow m' whistle."

"Yes, but supposing your whistle was out of order."

"I'd always wear a red shirt and I'd take it off and flag the train."

"Let's say this happened at night."

"Then I'd swing m' lantern."

"But suppose you had no oil in your lantern."

"In that case," said the hillbilly, "I'd call m' sister."

"Your sister? What for?"

"I'd just say to her, 'Come on down, sis, and see the goldurndest wreck you ever saw in all your life!'"



I DEAS are funny little things. They won't work unless you do.

— Columbia Record

¶ The epic of one man's struggle -
and a parable for the rest of us

Peasant's Progress

Chronicles of Americanization — II —

By

Edwin Muller

I MET my neighbor, Nick Janeski, the other day, busy repairing his fence, a job he always does himself although he is well into his 60's and has several hired men.

I complimented him on the new flag pole that he'd given the school, a 70-foot pine his men had felled.

He was pleased: "Yes. Is nice picce of timber," he agreed.

Nick's face, weathered by Connecticut winters and the July sun, breaks up into soft crinkles around his blue eyes when he smiles.

Nick arrived from Poland 40 years ago, with \$4 and a small bundle. When he tries to describe the chaos of his arrival in America his eyes grow troubled, he makes shrugging, helpless gestures. The piled-up buildings, the noise, the crowding throngs of people "dressed like the rich." Above all, the blank frustration of having no word of English, of staring dumbly at impatient questioners.

He carried a card bearing the address of his cousin, Stefan Dubrowski, who worked on a Connecticut dairy farm and had promised to get him a job there. Eventually, after

many mishaps, Nick was put on the right train.

He was dog-weary, and in the pleasing, stuffy warmth of the day-coach he fell asleep. When the conductor woke him he was 20 miles past his station.

They put him off the train, and presently he was plodding back down the road. There may be bleaker regions than the Housatonic Valley in late November but certainly not when a chill rain is falling, slowly changing into sleet. The abrupt, shaggy hills must have been strange, even terrifying, to a man who had lived all his life on the plains of Galicia. The farm-houses seemed very large compared with the hovels of his own village. He thought they were dwellings of the nobility.

When darkness fell he was driven to ask for shelter. You can't altogether blame the farmer's wife who came to the door. Nick, with his outlandish appearance and unintelligible jabber, must have frightened her. The door was banged in his face. At the next farm too he was repulsed.

He wasn't outraged. He had the peasant's feeling that trouble is the natural order — anything else would be surprising. He just plodded on.

The sleet was freezing on his clothes. At the next farm he didn't try the house, he went around back. There was a low shed — the pig-pen. Nick crept inside. Here in this strange land was something familiar — he knew pigs.

"I talk to those. They understand. Sure." Anyhow they didn't squeal and give him away. He'd had nothing to eat all day. He made a meal on an ear of corn that had escaped the pigs and huddled among them for warmth. At dawn he was on the road again.

His troubles were just beginning. He found the farm that was Stefan's address. But Stefan was gone — to the factories in Bridgeport or Ansonia, no one knew just where. This Nick learned through Wladek, another Pole on the place. There was no work for Nick.

The farmer said Nick could sleep a few nights in the barn and gave him a loaf of bread and other food. That loaf of bread seems to stick in Nick's mind more than his troubles. White bread it was — "such as the rich ate in my country," he says, still amazed after all these years.

That was a tough winter. The farmer let Nick stay on in the barn. Wladek and the few Polish hands in the neighborhood got him enough food to keep him going. Every day

he tramped the roads looking for work.

He must have been desperately homesick and he got the rough edge of a good many tongues: "Here comes that damn Polack again." But soon people began to like him. He'd go to the men on the place early in the morning, bowing low with that shy, eager smile of his, bringing out triumphantly the few words of English he was picking up: "Is work today?"

Sometimes there was, mostly odd jobs cutting firewood. He was a stout man with an axe. Nobody in the township could cut and stack more in a day.

One thing surprised him. Nearby in the valley there was a Pole who owned his own large farm — 50 acres. Yet 20 years earlier this man had come from Poland just as Nick had, without friends or money. Nick, excited, kept turning this over in his mind.

In the spring he got a steady job — with Lathan Bassett, a dairy farmer in the main valley. Bassett and his wife were getting on in years, were having a struggle to keep up the place, which had descended from father to son for five generations. The house, still lovely, built in dignified old New England style, was sinking into rackety shabbiness.

Nick worked for Bassett weekdays and Sundays from five in the morning till seven at night. It never occurred to him to complain —

even to himself. That was the way things were. That's how the peasants worked in Poland. And now in working hard he had a purpose — ever since he'd seen the 50 acres of that other Pole. He spent hardly a cent of his \$18 a month.

Nick worked for Bassett four years, then reached for another rung on the ladder. Thirty acres of Bassett's farm were down the road, separate from the rest. It was poor land, unused, with boulders thick as raisins in a pudding. Bassett willingly sold it to Nick along with half a dozen of his young cattle for a little cash and a note. There was a leaky barn and a one-room shack on the property.

Anna, Nick's betrothed, was summoned from Poland. To judge from the wedding photograph which Nick showed me proudly, she was a husky young girl, with charm and bright-eyed suppressed gaiety. You can still see that charm in old Mrs. Janeski. But there wasn't much scope for gaiety that first year. Two weeks after she arrived, Anna was in the field heaving at a crowbar with her strong shoulders, grubbing a potato patch out of a stony pasture. Nick was patching the roof of the barn. She heard a startled exclamation — a sliding, scraping sound — a heavy thud. When she ran to Nick his face was twisted with pain, one leg doubled under him.

It was eight weeks before he could work again. That in plowing season, when urgent jobs crowd on

the farmer. I can't tell you how Anna managed. I know she was out in the field with the first streak of dawn, worked long hours by moonlight.

To meet the first payment on the note they sold two of the cattle — were lucky not to lose the place.

Years followed, one day very like another. Work — hard, unending work from dawn to dark. Side by side in the corn rows, in the cabbage patch, milking, haying, breaking the routine occasionally by meeting other Poles of the neighborhood for dancing and gaiety. The village store got little business from them. Potatoes and cabbage, cabbage and potatoes. They never thought of eating the cash crops — milk, bull calves, eggs, went to market.

There were good years and bad. One year tuberculosis got into the herd and inspectors shot three of their best milkers. Once a neighbor let Nick have a pedigreed Guernsey cheap because it was sick. Nick nursed it back to health and sold it for \$400. That was the year he was naturalized. They gradually paid off the note and there began to be money in the bank.

The big milestone in Nick's career was when he took over the Bassett place. The old couple finally gave up and went to live with a son in Ohio. The ghosts of the 18th-century Bassetts must have shuddered when they saw the shabby household gear in the perfectly pro-

portioned old rooms. Mostly the Janeski family lived in the kitchen. The move brought no improvement in their standard of living. They worked harder than ever, even though they had a hired man and the children to help. There never was much cash: "When one penny comes in, see already an expense waits for it."

There were setbacks. Lightning struck the main barn and it went up in smoke together with most of the winter's hay. Nick tried to get the stock out, but six of his cows died in their stanchions. Year by year, however, the Janeski family got ahead. Sometimes Nick would stand in his barnyard and look around at his buildings. He'd watch the herd come single file down the long meadow for the six o'clock milking. There'd be an expression of childlike wonder in his eyes.

Today Nick owns 250 acres free and clear. His barns and dairy equipment are the most modern, his herd of 60-odd is one of the best in the township. He's a man of weight in the community.

The house isn't rickety any more. The Bassett ghosts would give their qualified approval to the way Anna's daughters-in-law have fixed it up inside.

Of Nick's boys, the oldest has gone to Danbury where he owns and operates one of the best garages. The second son is the leading plumber in the neighborhood. His younger brother, who married a girl

of the old Yankee farmer stock, is his partner.

The Janeski family has built itself solidly into this community. It wasn't easy. The old Yankee stock is still the leading group and it has been hard for them to accept immigrant families on equal footing. But last year Steve, Nick's second son, was one of our selectmen. They watched him closely. It was freely predicted that he'd load the town payroll with Polacks. But he didn't, and he served his term to the satisfaction of his fellow citizens.

In some ways Nick is still the Polish peasant, especially in his feeling that trouble rather than joy is the destined lot of man. It shows in his attitude toward the war. When Hitler's machine tore Poland to pieces Nick was grieved, not surprised. Poverty and suffering and death are the natural order — except in this astonishing land of the U. S. A. The time to be surprised is when good fortune comes.

Often, in talking with you, Nick will stop short in the middle of a sentence, look at you shyly, give a sort of delighted chuckle, and then go on. It distinctly is not a chuckle that indicates pride in his achievements. In his opinion his sons have accomplished far more than he. He doesn't see anything unusual in his record of endurance, resourcefulness and unending toil. It's the way the peasants did in Poland. Only they got nothing out of it except a bare and precarious living.

Whereas here — —

He looks around at the good things that have come to him. Not only the material ones; more important is his standing in the community, his right to be a free and equal citizen of this land. He drives his car to town. He sees the names of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Janeski engraved as patrons of the local Art Exhibit, sponsored by the summer colony. He can't contain his delighted amazement that there should be a land where such things can happen to a man.

Then the chuckle breaks out. Hit-

ler has said that this country will fall apart because of the strains and cleavages between the different classes and races of which it is composed. When you observe Nick Janeski and his American children, when you see how they have built themselves into this community, you know that Hitler is wrong. If the United States ever falls apart it will be because Nick's grandchildren — and those of the native stock — will drift into assuming that good things come as a matter of course, good things that were created by the toil and courage of Nick and his like.

Louisiana Purchase

THE Post Office Department at Washington, searching the titles to post-office sites in Louisiana, was dissatisfied with one because it went back no farther than 1803. To the Department's request for earlier information, the attorney for the owners replied as follows:

Please be advised that the Government of the United States acquired the Territory of Louisiana, including the tract to which your inquiry applies, by purchase from the Government of France, in the year 1803.

The Government of France acquired title by conquest from the Government of Spain.

The Government of Spain acquired title by discovery of Christopher Columbus, explorer, a resident of Genoa, Italy, who, by agreement concerning the acquisition of title to any land he discovered, traveled under the sponsorship and patronage of Her Majesty, the Queen of Spain.

The Queen of Spain had received sanction of her title by consent of the Pope, a resident of Rome, Italy, and ex-officio representative and vicegerent of Jesus Christ.

Jesus Christ was the son and heir apparent of God.

God made Louisiana.

I trust this complies with your request.—Contributed by Walter F. Dillingham

☛ Uncle Sam is hot on the trail of radio spies who, from hideaway stations, send reports and receive secret orders from foreign powers.

Treachery in the Air

Condensed from *The American Magazine*

Donald E. Keyboe and John J. Daly

IN THE Baltimore radio monitor station, Federal Communications Commission experts were listening in for their nightly checkup of commercial broadcasts, police signals and amateur conversations. Suddenly a queer jumble of signals poured into one operator's phones. As he jotted it down, his partner flashed the Boston monitor station. A quick cross-bearing showed the transmitter to be in Europe. The operator relaxed. Probably some warring power contacting a submarine.

Then he sat up with a jerk. An answer in the same code was crackling. Another swift cross-bearing. That foreign power was being answered from a secret station in the United States!

Within three days crack radio sleuths of the FCC traced the signals to an office in an Eastern city. Bursting in, they found a foreigner busy at the key of a portable transmitter. Investigation revealed that, posing as a traveling salesman, he had canvassed aliens living near munitions plants and shipyards. Deciphered, the messages from Europe proved to be orders to

a "fifth column" in America — signed by a high official of a totalitarian nation.

Spy radio conversations began jamming the airways as soon as America's defense program speeded up. Secret stations sprang up along the Atlantic coast, the Mexican border. As case after case was broken, agents found that trained radio spies were serving as "message boxes" throughout the United States, collecting information which they flashed to their chiefs in Germany and Italy. And they were receiving secret orders to prepare saboteurs to wreck American production of planes and military equipment.

Squeezing in among the 55,000 licensed amateur stations, spies have "pirated" on amateurs' wave lengths and used their assigned call letters, which doubles the difficulty of running them down. The situation has grown so serious that the FCC has greatly expanded its checkup system and prohibited all amateurs from communicating with foreign operators, even in neutral countries, and from using portable transmitters, favored by spies. FCC

listening posts are being established in Alaska, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, in addition to seven already located at key points in the United States, and field inspection offices have been increased from 26 to 32.

Pirate stations — from spies and criminals to youngsters ignorant of the law — are tracked down through cross-bearings and measurements of signal intensity. It would seem impossible to run down transmitters which spies transport in small suitcases, but when operators move they often are recognized by their “fist” — their individual touch on the transmitter key. Day and night, skilled operators listen in, checking everything on the air. Suspicious messages are transcribed on records for court evidence. Secret codes, prohibited by law, are easily spotted. Foreign-language conversations, still permitted, are closely monitored.

More than 300 illegal stations were tracked down last year, and the number is increasing. Tips from people noticing unusual interference in radio reception sometimes lead to secret transmitters nearby; other tips come in from helpful amateurs. When the offender is a thoughtless amateur he is warned or fined a small sum. Penalties of \$10,000 and two years in prison *can* be imposed.

An alert private citizen aided in breaking one case recently. For weeks FCC monitors at Boston had heard mysterious ciphers coming

from northern New England, but the station always shifted before the agents could close in. About this time a man who gave his name as John Howard drove up to a hunting party in Maine and explained that he had lost his way. Invited to remain overnight, he proved a genial companion and was persuaded to stay on.

One morning an FCC inspector dropped into the camp and asked if anyone had a radio transmitter. The owner said no. But his suspicions were aroused. He followed Howard into town that evening, discovered that he made a long-distance call, then drove to a lonely road. There he connected a portable transmitter to his automobile battery, and started tapping the key. The owner sent a telegram to the FCC agents who set a trap and caught Howard red-handed a day or so later after another long-distance call was traced to a spy “message box” in New York.

In another case, an operator at a Coast Guard station in Florida heard a peculiar cipher. Working with other Coast Guard officers, he learned that the station changed its location frequently. The trail led to Miami, thence to Havana, and meanwhile experts solved the code. The messages were orders to Gestapo chiefs in Brazil, Uruguay, and Colombia, coördinating fifth-column activities in Latin America with those in the United States. When the station shifted back to the

United States, FCC agents ran it down within an hour and the spy operator was arrested.

Recently secret code signals were detected being sent from Detroit. Before inspectors could close in, the station shut down. A week later monitors picked up the same signals, this time emanating from around Washington, D. C. The operator's individual touch on the key was unmistakable. A prowler-car equipped with special directional antennae located the secret transmitter on the upper floor of a swank hotel just a few blocks from the White House. One evening inspectors saw the wife of a foreign military attaché emerge from an elevator, rap on a door, hand an envelope to a man, and depart. "A message they don't dare send by embassy cable," whispered a concealed inspector. Two minutes later the secret station came on the air. The agents trapped the operator before he could switch off his transmitter. Documentary evidence found in the room provided important leads to a subversive group in Washington.

Another time, peculiar messages were picked up from a transmitter believed to be at least 50 miles out of New York harbor but well within

our 300-mile neutrality zone. Experts conjectured that a U-boat was lying offshore, or that a boat operating out of New York was relaying information on Allied freighter sailings to a U-boat farther at sea. Soon after, on a day when a large shipment of planes had left for England, the mystery station was heard again. Loop-antenna bearings guided a Coast Guard vessel to a disreputable-looking fishing boat 100 miles offshore. When Coast Guard officers boarded the boat they found a hidden transmitter powerful enough to reach Europe.

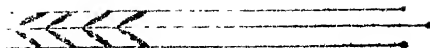
If America went to war, fifth-column broadcasters could direct sabotage groups, as they did in Norway, Holland, Belgium and other invaded countries. They could issue false orders to conflict with official proclamations. They could stir up panic with lying stories of invasion, defeat of our armed forces. Our efficient monitor-search system, however, is prepared for all emergencies. The radio spy will find it increasingly difficult to maintain communications with his foreign chief. Sooner or later the quivering hand of an inspector's telltale meter will point him out. Then by car, plane, boat, or on foot the FCC sleuths will track him down.



A SUCCESSFUL marriage is an edifice that must be rebuilt every day.

— André Maurois

Dollars and Sense



*Abraham Lincoln refuses a loan to
his stepbrother, John D. Johnston*

Dec. 24, 1848

DEAR JOHNSTON:

Your request for eighty dollars, I do not think it best to comply with now. At various times when I have helped you a little, you have said, "We can get along very well now," but in a short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What that defect is, I think I know. You are not *lazy*, and still you are an *idler*. I doubt whether, since I saw you, you have done a good whole day's work in any one day.

This habit of wasting time is the whole difficulty; it is vastly important to you, and to your children, that you should break this habit. It is more important to them because they have longer to live, and can keep out of an idle habit before they are in it, easier than they can get out after they are in.

What I propose is that you shall go to work, "tooth and nail," for the best money wages you can get. And to secure you a fair reward, I now promise you that for every dollar you will, between this and the first of May, get for your own labor, I will then give you one other dollar. I do not mean you shall go off to St. Louis, or the lead mines, or the gold mines in California, but I mean for you to go at it close to home — in Coles County.

Now if you will do this, you will soon be out of debt, and what is better, you will have a habit that will keep you from getting in debt again. But if I should now clear you, next year you will be just as deep in as ever. You say you would almost give your place in Heaven for \$70 or \$80. Then you value your place in Heaven very cheaply, for I am sure you can with the offer I make get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work. You say if I furnish you the money you will deed me the land, and if you don't pay the money back, you will deliver possession —

Nonsense! If you can't now live *with* the land, how will you then live without it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not now mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth more than eight times eighty dollars to you.

Affectionately, your brother,

A. LINCOLN

"A Treasury of the World's Great Letters," edited by M. Lincoln Schuster, is copyright 1940 and published at \$3.75 by Simon and Schuster, Inc., Rockefeller Center, N. Y. C.

¶ The gift of a packet of seeds to a Chinese neighbor —
and the strange fruits that grew therefrom

Transaction in Tahiti

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

James Norman Hall

SOME YEARS AGO while living at Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, I found myself so low in funds that I retired to a one-room house on two acres about 35 miles from town, which I was able to rent for \$3 a month. The land was so fertile that I decided to make a vegetable garden.

The experience was disillusioning. Millions of tiny red ants carried away most of my seed and land crabs ate the few things that did grow. After three months all I had to show for my toil was two cobs of sweet corn from which rats

had eaten the kernels, three small tomatoes, and one squash. Adding my time at 20 cents an hour to the expenditure for tools and for seed which I had imported from America, I found that these vegetables cost me \$15.50 each. Nevertheless I resolved to try once more, and obtained from the States a small quantity of new seed.

But when I cleared away the weeds preparatory to planting, and saw the battalions of waiting ants and land crabs, I lost heart. "I'd better go back to writing," I thought. That afternoon I was cleaning my rusty typewriter when a Chinaman named Hop Sing, who lived nearby, drove past in his dilapidated spring-wagon. I knew that he had a garden in which he raised sweet potatoes, watermelons and field corn, so I hailed him and gave him my seed. I explained what each packet contained — lettuce, beans, squash, tomatoes, Golden Bantam corn. He grunted and said, "How much?"

"Nothing," I replied. "A present for you." He grasped the seat of the wagon to steady himself and his black eyes glittered, but he displayed no other evidence of emotion.

UNTIL JAMES NORMAN HALL wrote this story, in 1925, he was virtually unknown — a man approaching middle age, living on a remote South Pacific island, writing many stories and selling few. Then things began to go better. Publishers accepted three books, and he collaborated with Charles Nordhoff on those smash hits, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, *Men Against the Sea*, *Pitcairn's Island* and *The Hurricane*. Iowa-born, Hall fought in the World War with the British army and the Lafayette Escadrille, where he met Nordhoff. After the war he and Nordhoff sought peace and seclusion in Tahiti. His latest book, published this year, is *Dr. Dogbody's Leg*, a collection of tall tales of adventure.

I forgot Hop Sing forthwith, being engrossed in the problem of how to live on my capital of 128 francs — about \$5 — until I could write and sell an article or story. Even though a manuscript sent to America were accepted at once, I couldn't hope to receive a check for three months.

My rent was paid for three months in advance, but what about food? To live three months on 128 francs was impossible, so I decided not to try; I spent 25 francs for native tobacco (if I was to write I would have to smoke) and invested most of the remainder in sweet potatoes and tinned beef. When this food was gone — well, I'd worry about that when the time came.

Three days later I was struggling vainly to write an article on my recent experiences in the South Seas when I was aroused from my mood of profound dejection by a knock at the door. It was Hop Sing. From his wagon he brought in three watermelons, a bottle of wine, a basket of eggs, and a hen.

"Littly plesent, you," he said, and quickly drove off.

His generous gift was a life-saver. My tinned beef and sweet potatoes were nourishing, but by now I could hardly endure the sight of them. At once I planned a chicken dinner, but on second thought I tied the hen to a stake in the yard, found some coconuts partly eaten by rats, and fed her. After dining on a six-egg omelet I

went back to my writing with enthusiasm, and in a few hours had finished my article.

The monthly steamer from New Zealand to the States was due at Papeete early next morning and I determined to put my manuscript on that ship myself. To save money, I decided to walk into town. Fortified with another six-egg omelet and a glass of the wine, I set out.

It was brilliant moonlight, and as I followed the winding road the silvery smoke of waterfalls festooned lofty precipices, and on the coral reef great combers broke in lines of white fire. From native houses came snatches of French and Tahitian songs accompanied by guitars and accordions. Toward midnight I found myself again thinking of food. As I was passing a thatched hut, an old native offered me some of the food he and his wife were roasting in the coals of their driftwood fire. The dish was delicious. To my amazement the old man said it was made of land crabs — the very pests that had aided in ruining my garden — and mapé nuts — which were abundant on my place. I hadn't known that they were good to eat. He showed me how to catch crabs with a fishpole and line baited with hibiscus leaves.

I reached Papeete at dawn, just as the steamer entered the harbor. At the post office I mailed my precious parcel with a silent prayer, then breakfasted frugally. I was strolling along the colorful water-

front when a bald, fat little Chinaman came running after me.

"You know Hop Sing?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "Hop Sing live close me."

"Hop Sing brudda-law me. He send me letta; say you give seed, make garden. My name Lee Fat — keep store there," and he pointed down the street. "When you go home?"

"Go this morning on bus."

"Goo-bye," he said, and rushed away. While waiting for the bus I sat on the Beachcombers' Bench, usually occupied on steamer day by strays from all parts of the world, waiting for letters containing money — which almost never came. "Three months hence," I thought, "I'll be sitting here nursing the same forlorn hope." Well, I'd have nine francs left after paying my bus fare; with the land crabs and mapé nuts I shouldn't starve, and meanwhile I'd work hard at my writing.

When I got off the bus at home the driver handed me a box. "You've made a mistake," I told him, "that's not mine." He explained that a Chinaman had paid for its transportation to my place. Prying off the lid I found a penciled card: "Mr. Hall, for you. Lee Fat." In the box were two pounds of chocolates, some litchi nuts, a quart of champagne, two silk handkerchiefs and a pair of silk pajamas.

I lowered the champagne into my cistern to keep it cool, then went to attend to my chicken. She

had worked herself loose, and after a search I found her under the back steps, where she had laid an egg and was sitting on it. This egg was unfertilized so I took it out, made her a nest of excelsior, and put in it the remaining five eggs of Hop Sing's gift. The hen settled down on them with contented cluckings.

I thrived upon the crabs and mapé nuts. Owing to worry and my diet of tinned beef and sweet potatoes, I had been very thin, but within six weeks I gained 14 pounds. Meanwhile my hen hatched five chicks. In my absorption in crab and chicken farming, and in my writing, I had forgotten the champagne, but one day when my landlord and several of his children dropped in, I shared the bottle with him and gave Lee Fat's chocolates to the children. The next morning I found on my veranda a bunch of bananas and a sack of oranges and mangoes. Thereafter I was never without fruit or fish from my landlord and his wife. I was overwhelmed with benefits and remembered with deep gratitude that I owed them all to Hop Sing.

His garden was now flourishing, and gave promise of a bountiful harvest under his patient care. Hop Sing was a baker as well as a gardener, and four times a week he left at my gate a crisp loaf or a pineapple tart. Nothing I could do or say dried up his fountain of gratitude for my little gift of seed.

The third incoming steamer since the posting of my manuscript was due almost before I realized it. Once more I walked into town and waited on the Beachcombers' Bench for the distribution of the mail. Finally, summoning all my resolution, I went to the delivery window. At first the girl said there was nothing for me. But as I was going, she asked my name again. "Yes," she said, "there's one letter. Fifty centimes due."

When I paid this I had only a 25-centime piece left, the smallest coin in French Oceania. But the letter contained a note accepting my manuscript and a check for \$500!

To me this was a fortune. It would pay all my living expenses for several years. On the other hand, it would enable me to leave Tahiti; and I knew that if I didn't go now I might never again have enough money for a steamship ticket. I walked the streets in an agony of indecision. At last, as the town clock was striking two, the decision was made. I would go.

On the day of my departure Hop Sing and Lee Fat came to see me off. Hop Sing's parting gift was a basket of big tomatoes and a dozen ears of Golden Bantam — the first fruits of the seeds I had given him. The two Chinamen smiled good-byes as the steamer backed away from the wharf.

I asked the cabin steward to have the corn prepared and served for my luncheon. My only companion

at the table was a tall, spare man with a drooping white mustache and bilious complexion. He sat down without even a nod. From his dour expression as he looked over the menu card I judged him hard to please in the matter of food. When the steaming sweet corn was brought in he looked at it in astonishment, pushed the rest of his lunch aside, and helped himself. After finishing his third ear he reached for another and said, "Steward, where does this corn come from? It's not on the menu."

"It's a gift from the gentleman opposite you."

He gave me a quick glance as though he had just then become aware of my presence. "Consider yourself thanked, sir," he said to me brusquely. When I left the table he was still eating corn. On deck half an hour later, watching the mountains of Tahiti disappear below the horizon, I saw my luncheon companion approach.

"Young man, that was delicious," he said. "I ate six ears! You see, I have dyspepsia and sweet corn is one of the few things I can eat without suffering afterward. Now then, tell me about your island. I didn't go ashore. Useless to try to see a place in six hours."

I told him of the beauty of the island and of the native life, and at length cut off short, thinking he might be bored.

"Not at all," he insisted. "You've had an interesting time, evidently,

and you've made good use of your eyes and ears. Ever try your hand at writing?"

I explained that writing was my trade, and when he asked to see some of my stuff I brought him six short manuscripts. He settled down in his deck chair. I left him for an hour or so, and when I returned he said, "These four are not bad. What do you want for them? I forgot to tell you that I'm manager of a newspaper syndicate in America."

I was about to ask if \$100 for the

four would be too much when he interrupted me. "Give you \$150 each for them. That satisfactory?" I admitted that it was—quite satisfactory.

That night, looking back on the steady flow of good fortune that had come my way ever since my modest gift to Hop Sing, I doubted whether bread cast upon the waters had ever brought anyone so abundant a reward.

And it all came from a dollar's worth of seed.

False Conclusion

Contributed by Donald MacGregor:

IN British East Africa a Bishop needed a set of false teeth. He consulted his dentist.

"Are you sure," he demanded, "you can make some that won't hurt me?"

"I'm positive," the dentist insisted.

"Go ahead, make 'em."

The Bishop put them in his mouth a week later and bellowed as loud as King Lear. "Christ!" he exclaimed. "Jesus!"

The dentist's face grew red. "Why Bishop," he hastened, "if they hurt you that badly, take them out and I'll fix them."

The Bishop looked up in surprise. "The teeth are fine," he announced. "Frankly, this is the first time in years I've been able to speak those beautiful words without whistling."



It's All in Your Point of View

A MEMBER of a London bomb-disposal squad, lowered carefully into the crater of an unexploded German bomb, sat down calmly on the bomb and began removing its fuse. Suddenly he yelled:

"Get me out of here! Pull me up!"

His colleagues hauled him up in record time and ran for shelter. The man, however, remained at the edge of the crater, pointed downward and exclaimed: "Look at that big rat down there!" — *The Newspaper PM*

¶ Newly discovered Vitamin K stops fatal hemorrhages in newborn children and in certain types of surgical operations

They Need Not Die

Condensed from McCall's

J. D. Ratcliff

THE INTERNE watched helplessly while life seeped from the infant before him. Internal hemorrhage, cause of 25 to 40 percent of all fatalities among the newborn, had claimed another victim.

Could nothing be done, the young doctor wondered, to prevent this horrible seepage of blood into the skull, that killed babies or — worse — paralyzed them so that they might better have died? Was there a chance that newly discovered Vitamin K, which had miraculously stopped hemorrhages attending certain types of surgery, might work on these infants?

Dr. Dupont Guerry, the interne, and Dr. William W. Waddell, Jr., associate professor of pediatrics at the University of Virginia, made the trial. The new vitamin stopped bleeding from a wound in a newborn baby within a few minutes. Administered routinely to 400 infants, bleeding occurred only four times; withheld in 219 cases, there were 23 hemorrhages.

The life-and-death drama of clinical success frequently overshadows the painstaking research leading up

to it. These infants in Charlottesville, Va., could not have been spared without a laboratory accident in Denmark several years earlier. Henrik Dam, research scientist at the University of Copenhagen, was experimenting with newly hatched chicks to find how dietary fat is utilized. One morning he found a number of them dead. A finger run through the feathers exposed a network of hemorrhagic blood vessels. Blood had seeped into the skin from internal organs; the chicks had bled to death. Dr. Dam had been feeding his chicks a diet which presumably contained all necessary vitamins. Examination showed their blood to be almost completely lacking in prothrombin — one of four substances essential to blood clotting. Dr. Dam tried other foods and found that hog liver and alfalfa meal would cure the tendency. He named that mysterious substance which was missing in the other diet *koagulation* factor, or Vitamin K.

Meanwhile similar work was progressing at the University of California, where a group headed by Herman J. Almquist found that

this chick bleeding could be cured by *putrid* fish meal. Fresh meal did no good, indicating that the bacteria of putrefaction had manufactured Dr. Dam's Vitamin K.

These assorted facts were the raw material for an epochal piece of scientific research. One day a young graduate student at St. Louis University medical school, Ralph McKee, read to a group of colleagues a paper summarizing the work with chicks. Dr. Edward A. Doisy, head of the biochemistry department, was so interested that he called his research group together — MacCorquodale, Thayer, Binkley, Yglesias, McKee — and told them that they were going to isolate this mysterious K stuff in its pure form and see what could be done with it.

Thayer was to raise chickens — 30,000 were to come under his care before he was through. McKee would see what possibilities he could find in the putrid fish meal. Binkley could work with alfalfa. Mac, Yglesias and Doisy himself would handle the chemical end. Their search began in 1936.

The first job was to find something which would dissolve the vitamin out of alfalfa and fish meal. Trial-and-error chemistry finally produced it: petroleum ether, a dry-cleaning fluid. Week by week the group got closer to its prey; substances produced got more and more potent, and smaller amounts would magically stop the blood seepage in Thayer's chicks. Might it also

work with men? Answers came almost simultaneously from three groups — in Iowa City, at the Mayo Clinic, and in Copenhagen — which had made clinical trials with impure extracts of Vitamin K. In certain types of surgery it acted as dramatically as it did with chicks!

Vitamin K, it developed, was a fat-like substance. Fats are digested in the intestines with the aid of bile. Let anything happen to the bile-producing apparatus — infection of bile ducts, gallstones, degeneration of the liver, certain tumors — and Vitamin K cannot be digested and absorbed into the bloodstream. When this occurs the body lacks the stimulus to manufacture prothrombin, without which surgery or even relatively minor wounds can cause fatal bleeding.

Once clinicians had this knowledge, corrective procedures were apparent. Before operating, the patient is fed extracts of K along with bile salts to aid absorption. This fortifies the blood with clotting factors. Surgeons found that within a few hours K would, in most instances, stop seepage from surgical wounds; that in even less time it would stop hemorrhages of a type formerly fatal.

These results were obtained with impure extracts. Doisy's group worked feverishly to corner the pure vitamin: Sundays, holidays and every day lab hours were 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. After two years they got a yellow oil only a few steps from the pure

vitamin. Then one morning the oil refused to work on the chicks.

There was only one explanation: in its pure form this vitamin was sensitive to light. Rays from the sun, or from light bulbs, destroyed it. They got roofing paper, covered all lab windows. That summer the place became a smelly inferno. McKee's percolating fish meal gave off a maddening stench. From working long hours in semi-darkness their eyes became painfully inflamed. But after another year's work the pure vitamin — a lemon yellow oil — was isolated. The group determined its chemical structure and synthesized it — learned how to make it artificially. By a curious coincidence synthesis was announced simultaneously by L. F. Feiser of Harvard and Almquist of California, thus corroborating their work.

One of the greatest indicated uses for Vitamin K is in childbirth. For unknown reasons probably half the newborn infants have abnormally small amounts of prothrombin in their blood. The slightest injury during birth or in the first few days of life can have fatal consequences. Work aimed at reducing these casualties is progressing rapidly. In some cases mothers are dosed with Vitamin K during the last month of pregnancy; in others newborn infants are given precautionary doses.

One of Guerry's cases shows the vitamin's effectiveness. Blood was found in the nostril of a three-day-old girl. This indicated trouble. A puncture was made in the heel, to draw blood for analysis. It took this blood 11 minutes to clot, and seepage from the wound continued 12 hours! A tiny amount of Vitamin K was administered by mouth. Within a few minutes blood seepage from the heel stopped; within 90 minutes, clotting time was cut in half and continued to fall until it stood at a normal three minutes.

One question naturally occurs: Will Vitamin K remedy hemophilia, the bleeding disease of the Spanish royal family? Doisy checked and the answer was no. Hemophilia traces to a deficiency of a blood-clotting factor other than prothrombin. Victory here would have made headlines but would not have been as important as the successes already noted. Hemophilia is a rare disease. Bleeding in the newborn and hemorrhage in surgery are not.

Vitamin K will never be a material we keep on the shelf to gulp casually, as we take other vitamins. Its lack appears only under special circumstances. Its use will be restricted to delivery rooms and surgeries, and its job will be to give life to those who otherwise would have little chance of survival.



¶ One church is enough for one town, says Oakmont, Pa., if you have the Rev. James H. Feely, ex-salesman.

Thirty-Six Churches in One

Condensed from Christian Herald

Guy McConnell

PRAYER MEETINGS at Grace Chapel, in Oakmont, Pa., are so popular that parking space in the neighborhood is hard to find. In my home town the tradition of Wednesday-night prayer meeting is barely kept alive by an elderly handful. Grace Chapel has prayer meeting every night, including Saturday. How many churches draw 200 to 300 members on Saturday night? Or, in a small town, 1000 on Sunday morning?

In a day when the churches are criticized for being more dead than alive, or for resorting to sensation to attract a crowd, Grace Chapel, using no vaudeville tricks, demonstrates by its spiritual and practical success what can be done when there is leadership and earnest effort. And common sense.

Grace Chapel is not Methodist, or Presbyterian, or Baptist. It is just Grace Chapel, a true community church, run by its own congregation, without any superior body at all. Its members have come from 36 different denominations.

James H. Feely started Grace Chapel in 1913. He was not a Reverend then; he was a star motor-

truck salesman, and he kept his job while he organized 77 people to meet and worship in a tiny chapel they built themselves. Now Grace Chapel has an immense plant — church, auditorium, meeting rooms, classrooms — and 1900 members.

Oakmont itself, situated a few miles west of Philadelphia just off the Main Line, may be called a typical middle-class suburban town. The Reverend Mr. Feely says the church has merely grown with the community. But it is clearly something more than that. Grace Chapel has power. It is the power of sincere and vigorous religion, made effective by a businessman's excellent sense of organization.

In the usual small town a number of churches struggle desperately to make ends meet. Cliques form; members of a denomination which is locally strong enjoy undue social and business advantages. Mr. Feely believes that these facts create local disharmonies and weaken the spiritual force of religion. Oakmont evidently agrees with him. All efforts of denominationalism to gain a foothold there in recent years have failed flatly. Except for a Catholic Church

and a Friends' Meeting House, both long antedating Grace Chapel, there are no other churches in the community.

Grace Chapel's theology (Mr. Feely wouldn't call it that) is simple and fundamental, the Bible as written. "We have no time for modernism," he says. "We want our people to get the realization of God, to be born again." Mr. Feely brings to Grace Chapel the best visiting preachers. But he never strays from the main theme, set forth on the bulletin on the church lawn:

"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life."

In addition to the personal appeal of the simple religious approach, Mr. Feely makes his church a living force in the community. His telephone rings constantly; someone needs a job, someone wants a maid, someone wants tenants for rooms. He finds the job, the houseworker, the tenants; he sets the wheels in motion to provide food, fuel, clothing, medical aid, back rent. He believes that social security is an inseparable part of spiritual security, and that the church — not outside agencies — should carry the responsibility of looking after its members. Throughout the depression, Oakmont's congregation has not had a family on relief longer than it took the social vigilance committee to learn about it. When there is one church instead of a dozen, it can become the focus of community good will and Christian charity.

In Grace Chapel there is true democracy of worship. Lawyers and doctors share pews with unskilled laborers and household servants. All members over 15 vote on policy and in the annual elections, including that of their pastor. From among themselves they select 15 trustees and a Council on Religion, of 30 men and women. These two groups set up their own system and form of worship, and alter either as they so desire.

Core of that system is education in the Bible, pursued methodically and with continuity. They begin with tots from two to four years. Even babies get used to church surroundings by being "checked" during services. Bible study proceeds by ten regular grades, with formal annual promotions. A post-graduate course is attended by 900 men. Sunday School enrollment exceeds 1500, with 87 highly trained volunteers leading the different groups.

Oakmont's seven to nine prayer meetings weekly are not gatherings of 20 or 30 people; they are congregational. Services are simple. There are hymns and a 20-minute talk. Anyone so moved can pray, and a number do. Sometimes the pastor leads; often he does not. "We have people who know how to pray," says Mr. Feely. And so they have. Members have developed a form of worship on broad lines of tolerance and coöperation. Mr. Feely, himself ordained by the Chester, Pa., Presbytery after Grace Chapel was

a going concern, will baptize, marry, or bury, according to any church ritual requested. This respect for sentiment strengthens the feeling that no sharper denominationalism is needed in Oakmont.

My home town has five struggling churches. Grace Chapel has never had money trouble. Soon even the mortgage on its \$200,000 plant will be paid off. Yet it has no rich benefactors. Unification has made economies possible. The salary budget — covering Mr. Feely, the music supervisor, and the sexton — totals \$6750. There is no parsonage. The pastor owns his own home, pays his own taxes. Twice a year he renders a terse business statement from the pulpit, and the collection plates bring adequate answer. The church gives \$50 monthly to each of 12 missionaries in Africa, China, Peru, Costa Rica, the Virginia and Kentucky hills, Texas, and Montana. In Montana, Mr. Feely's son conducts a cowboy church of the air, with 200,000 listeners.

Because Grace Chapel is strong enough not to need drives, bazaars,

or cake sales, it has just that much more time and energy to give to community service. The absence of what Mr. Feely calls "these needless nuisance tasks" enables members to direct their efforts toward the Chapel's main job. For example, the Ladies Aid, instead of putting on church dinners, helps maintain an indigent old folks home.

Despite his disclaimer, the key to the position of Grace Chapel is Mr. Feely. No roaring revivalist, he is a good executive and a simple Christian. As you converse with him you are aware of an alert mind and a quiet poise which would make him at home in any group. He is a worker, with his heart and soul immersed in his work. He knows himself to be a servant of God.

Could other communities create similar churches, powerful and alive? Mr. Feely thinks they could, but there must be give and take at first, until the denominational feeling wears off and real unity is developed. The price, he says, is small, and the reward is great. For in unity there is strength.

Short Short Story in the Ads

FROM "Personals" in the *Chicago Tribune*:

GLADYS — If conscription passes, you lose me for a year.
Protest to your Senator now. — FRED

FROM the same column the following day:

FRED — Are you man or mouse? A country worth living in is worth fighting for. Don't be a pantywaist. — GLADYS

¶ A land of weird beauty and strange-talking people—
where Ol' Man River rolls at last to the sea

River's End

Condensed from Woman's Home Companion

Ben Lucien Burman

Author of "Steamboat Round the Bend," "Blow for a Landing," etc.

A DEEP FOG lay over the New Orleans waterfront; the steamy streets, heavy with the smell of spice and rotting hemp, were bleak and deserted. The great docks rose out of the mist like gloomy prisons of the ancient Spanish days.

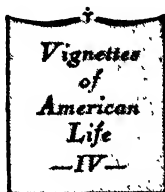
Dim ships creaked at their moorings. Shadowy figures moved vaguely. All my life I had wanted to look at the Mississippi where it flows into the sea, and now I was trying to find the little boat which would take me there. A dock watchman gave me directions. "I'd like to see that country, too," he said. "Mighty funny people in them bayous and islands. I thought French-talking people was funny, but these here people talks something ain't like no talking you ever heard. And the place is full of smugglers and opium and Chinese, they says. There's killers hiding from the law down there'd murder their own mothers for a nickel. Used to be pirates hid in the swamps but these fellers is worse. Better take a gun with you."

To me the Mississippi had always been America in its most native expression. It had meant Negroes toiling in fields of cotton and rustling sugar cane, drawling bottom farmers of Missouri and Arkansas, and blue-eyed shantymen drifting down from the Kentucky hills.

But the crew of the little boat which I boarded, and of all the boats we saw later, and many of the shore dwellers as well, were Yugoslavians. The captain, a dignified figure, led me to a cabin

where half a dozen men were talking the explosive Slavic languages of the Balkans. They were dark men with long black hair and flashing black eyes. But their faces were friendly.

When we set off I went outside. A heavy perfume swept over the water, the fragrance of unseen orange groves along the banks; clouds of mosquitoes assailed me fiercely. I stood at the prow with Nikola, the giant mate, and he told me how this strange colony had come to the Mississippi.



Some years after the Civil War a Dalmatian fisherman, weary of his troubled land, chanced to reach the region. So cursed was it with mosquitoes, so hostile to humanity that no one would remain except the wandering hunter or the hardest Cajun.* But the fisherman was accustomed to difficulty. Day and night he worked; oysters and shrimps were plentiful and in time his long-empty pockets were filled with money. Other Dalmatian men joined him; their wives followed, and their children, and then pretty girls for their sons to marry. They were a happy people, and they brought their gaiety, their legends and superstitions with them.

I went to sleep with the distant foghorns blowing a troubled symphony. But in the morning the fog had vanished and the world had changed. Everywhere as far as eye could see lay desolate green marshes, so low they seemed on a level with the water. The air was softer now and touched with the sea. Flocks of cranes and pelicans flew silently overhead; great man-of-war birds sailed over, giant black wings outstretched against the sky; porpoises rolled and tumbled as in escort before us.

A fishing boat neared us and our pilot blew the whistle sharply. The porpoises seemed to leap out of the water in response, and Janko, the pilot, a fat, jolly little man, thrust his head out of the tiny pilothouse.

*Of Acadian-French descent.

"Every time I blow the whistle they jump this way. They are like children with the whistle." He laughed delightedly.

"Once," he went on, "I saw the porpoises do a strange thing. A man working at the government jetty was washed out to sea. Five days they searched for him. Then one morning I saw two porpoises swimming. They were holding up out of the water the body of the man who had been drowned. And behind were many other porpoises, swimming slowly. Yes, the porpoise is the friend of man. He must be, because he was once himself a man, a bad man who had killed other men. The captain threw him into the water and as he was drowning he prayed to his God, and his God took pity on him and turned him into a porpoise."

Suddenly a storm swept over the water. The wind shrieked, lightning flashed, and water streamed in torrents everywhere; each board, each rope was a gushing Niagara. In the cabin the cook, a massive, round-faced Negro wearing a yellow turban, shook his head. "This ain't a natural river down here," he murmured. "The birds ain't natural, the water ain't natural. And the storms ain't natural, neither. I don't know why I cook on this boat," he continued, watching another Negro shooting dice, who before each play carefully touched something in the pocket of his tattered coat. "Even the hoodoos around here ain't nat-

ural. Like the time that fellow come out with a big shotgun."

"He means the time the man shot his work," said Nikola. "This man was a good-for-nothing. And one day he comes out of the cabin carrying a shotgun. 'Who is it that you are going to kill?' I ask him. 'I'm going to kill my work,' he answers. 'I am too tired of working.' And he goes up on deck and shoots the gun into the sky. Since then he does no more work. He stays in a little place up the river where the shrimp fishermen come, and sits and plays the guitar and sings."

The boat stopped at a shabby wharf where a few fishing craft were anchored. While the roustabouts, quiet, repressed Negroes lacking the gaiety of their fellows up river, carried flour ashore, I learned from the fishermen some of the mysteries of the river here: how one night the catch will be strange fish from the deep sea and next morning in the same ten feet of water it will be the buffalo and yellow cat of the Mississippi. I learned how fish were the truest of all weather prophets. When the fisherman could catch nothing he knew that a bad storm was coming; the fish had swum far out to sea so that the huge waves would not dash them ashore. I heard the troubles of the oystermen: how schools of drumfish rush into the seed beds the oystermen have laboriously prepared, attach themselves to the shells and suck out every

oyster with a sound like the beating of a drum.

As the boat glided on down river, the water lost the coffee color typical of the Mississippi and became a dull gray. Wind and rain ceased; the clouds overhead began piling up in white fleecy mountains, the beautiful clouds of the Gulf.

We stopped at a landing where a boat of the government Biological Survey was waiting, and put ashore groceries for the bronzed youths who were ferreting out the secrets of the marshes. A great ocean freighter showed ahead and on the bank beyond it two low frame buildings stood on piles over the water. A man carrying a suitcase emerged from the nearest building, stepped aboard a little boat and headed toward the freighter. We had reached Pilot Town.

It was a melancholy place, like an outpost far up some jungle-bordered river in Africa; the pilots themselves seemed weighed down by the loneliness of the green wastes. There were two groups of steersmen here: river pilots who took ships to New Orleans, and bar pilots who steered through the mouth and beyond the shoals to the Gulf.

We steamed on under a brilliant sky, the water almost green now, the current so mild that the river looked like a glassy lake. Then ahead of us the channel divided sharply into wide gray arms of water stretching into the distance and fringed by the endless green marshes. We were

at the Head of the Passes, where ships that sail to the west or to the east take their separate ways.

We chose the pass that led westward; and soon the Gulf was visible, a vivid blue under the blazing tropical sun. The flat shores seemed to sink even closer to the water, and grew always narrower, till we appeared to be traveling between two thin ribbons of green sod. A little settlement came in sight, a bleak pile of bare frame buildings. It was Burwood, last outpost in the marshy wilderness, headquarters of the Army engineers. Here they watched the battle between the river and the sea, while the river slowly laid down the rich earth of Ohio and Wisconsin and Nebraska, and built its shores farther and farther into the Gulf.

They were a kindly people, like all engineers, with a generous wel-

come for the stranger. But it was a sad little settlement, its boardwalks ending after a few hundred yards in swamps steaming with mosquitoes. Its inhabitants possessed an air of permanent melancholy, like homesick Englishmen I had known at desolate stations far off in Arabia.

We went on our way. Toward sunset a solitary building high on poles showed far ahead. It was the Advanced Pilot Station, where steersmen wait for incoming ocean vessels.

The gray water beneath us still bore here and there a touch of yellow as though the Mississippi, stubborn, reluctant, fought against dissolution. On the other side of the thin green dikes enclosing us stretched the brilliant blue of the Gulf, and far out on the horizon the masts of a wrecked ship rose starkly. This was the river's end.



It's All in Knowing How

RALPH WALDO EMERSON had read philosophy, science, poetry and histories, but none of them had said anything about an effective and harmonious way of pushing a female calf into a barn. His son Edward grasped an ear, the father pushed diligently from behind, and together they tried to propel the animal. The heifer resisted with calm obstinacy. The pale face of the sage reddened and perspiring beads gathered on his high white forehead. And then an Irish servant girl came by. With an amused glance she thrust a finger into the animal's mouth, and the calf, seduced by this maternal imitation, at once followed her into the barn. Edward grinned, but Emerson was already absorbed in thought. After cleansing his hands of their hairy, bovine smell, he recorded this telling declaration in his journal: "I like people who can do things."

—Phillips Russell, *Emerson, The Wisest American*

❧ Britain's all-important aircraft supply depends on a once unpopular Canadian who now rates second only to Churchill

Little Lord Beaverbrook

Condensed from articles in *Life* (by Noel F. Busch) and *Time*

IN AIRCRAFT production more than in any other war effort lies Britain's chance of beating Hitler. And if Britain succeeds in producing sufficient planes, it will be the triumph of the spindling, gnome-like Canadian who last May was appointed Minister of Aircraft Production in the war cabinet, William Maxwell Aitken, Baron Beaverbrook.

Before Beaverbrook took over, the job of producing planes rested in many hands, largely military, and could proceed only after endless consultations. The Beaver, as everyone calls him, took everything into his own hands, then parceled out responsibility to committees and personal advisers, largely outsiders and self-made like himself. Using emergency powers, Beaverbrook told directors' boards that their authority would be suspended for the duration; company executives were replaced by foremen and engineers recruited from the factories and responsible not to stockholders but to the government.

To coördinate production, he portioned out raw materials as they became available, giving plants what they currently wanted. One Saturday he needed some cotton material to complete a batch of planes.

The mills in Lancashire were closed for the week-end. He called the police, who rounded up the mill managers on golf courses and tennis courts, searched parks, pubs and cinemas for the workers. By Sunday morning the mills were going and Lord Beaverbrook got his cotton on time.

He speeded up plants by stopping all design changes once a plane was in production, military fussiness having caused incredible delays. He concentrated, like Hermann Göring, on a few proved types. Every manufacturer found himself accountable to one of Lord Beaverbrook's committeemen once each day.

He turned the neat flawlessness of the ministry offices into something resembling the newsroom of his *Daily Express*. Once-prim civil servants were told to take off their coats and roll up their sleeves. By nagging, harrying, wheedling, he gets underlings to assume responsibility. One subordinate whom he bawled out wrote a stiff request for a transfer. The Beaver read the note, muttered cozily: "My frightful temper," and sent the offended secretary three dozen bottles of liquor and (in case he didn't drink) a dozen of ginger beer. With them

went a note: "From a bad Minister to a fine Under Secretary."

It is reported that Beaverbrook has a stooge who comes into his office whenever an important visitor is being entertained. Beaverbrook shouts at the stooge: "Get a week's pay! You're fired!" He then remarks calmly to his visitor: "You see? That's the way I run this office. No red tape."

When Winston Churchill created a new ministry for him last spring, Lord Beaverbrook considered himself the most unpopular man in Britain. In the 31 years since he came from Canada, a rich Colonial with a twangy voice and loud suits, he had been phenomenally successful in politics, utterly unsuccessful in getting himself liked. He was an outlander and could get things done, and for one thing as much as the other stodgy Britons mistrusted him. In Britain "brilliant" is an opprobrious term.

For the same reason they once mistrusted Winston Churchill. But last May, when the House of Commons preferred the brilliance of Churchill to the dignified ineffectuality of Chamberlain, it acquiesced in a revolution in British politics. It was the beginning of the end of the Old School Tie. At that time the British wanted things done, and the Beaver proceeded to do them. Within three months after he took office, the production rate of airplanes had doubled, standing in August at 1800 a month.

Brought up in genteel poverty as

one of nine children of a Presbyterian preacher at Newcastle, New Brunswick (pop. 3000), Beaverbrook quit school at 18. He washed drug-store bottles, studied a little law, ran a bowling alley, sold insurance and stocks, then got a job as secretary to a Halifax investment banker named John P. Stairs. Always a live wire, Beaverbrook helped Stairs negotiate a bank merger. Stairs and his friends liked Beaverbrook's style and gave him free rein. He achieved a string of mergers and promotions that would have been impressive in Wall Street 20 years later, and climaxed these by consolidating practically the whole Canadian cement industry. At 30 he was a multimillionaire.

By the time of his marriage to the daughter of a Canadian Major-General in 1906, Beaverbrook was enough in the public eye to become a political scapegoat. The press and financial world accused him of launching a vicious monopoly. "I was bitterly hurt by the injustice of these attacks," Beaverbrook later wrote, explaining that he was really a public benefactor. It seemed wiser, all the same, to go to England, where his talents for benefactions might be better understood.

Colonials in London can be either meek and polite, in which case they are snubbed, or aggressive and eccentric, in which case they are regarded as rare freaks. Beaverbrook chose the latter course. He got elected to Parliament in 1910 and six years

later engineered the coup which made Lloyd George Prime Minister. After the war, having acquired knighthood, and then a baronetcy named after a village near his home town where he used to go fishing, Beaverbrook was bored. He bought the decrepit London *Daily Express* for \$85,000, took up residence in a loft above its city room, and by uncanny knack for journalistic showmanship built up its circulation to 2,600,000 — by far the biggest daily circulation in the world. The property, which had been losing \$2,000,000 a year, was yielding a neat \$1,000,000 profit annually when the war broke out.

Most newspaper publishers are obscure souls. Beaverbrook soon found a way to overcome this. Realizing that readers would resent nice things his paper said about him, he gave his staff permission to ridicule him in print and picture. Low, Beaverbrook's brilliant \$50,000-a-year cartoonist, never loses a chance to portray his boss — whose sparse figure and face of a sad goblin make perfect caricature material — as an imp, an insect or a devil. Treatment of this sort tickles Beaverbrook so much that he has even showered premiums on outsiders for particularly effective insults to himself. When an editorial in the Manchester *Guardian* strongly attacked him, His Lordship promptly hired the author of the diatribe, novelist Howard Spring (*My Son, My Son!*), to write editorials for the *Daily Express*.

While editing, publishing and expanding the *Express*, Beaverbrook found time to organize a new political party, advise the Duke of Windsor about his marital affairs, start a racing stable, write several books, and moan intermittently about his asthma. Actually Beaverbrook's asthma is a psychic prop which serves as an excuse to gain attention, either by calling in a regiment of doctors or by taking a long trip that will serve to divert his mind. Before he became Minister of Aircraft Production, His Lordship's asthma was in dreadful shape. Since May he has rarely remembered to wheeze.

Working 16 or more hours a day, Lord Beaverbrook has stopped giving his oldtime big dinners, now invites a few aircraft men to dine once or twice a week. After dinner he sinks into a big blue chair, turns a spotlight on himself, leaving his guests in the dark, and goes over his papers, firing questions at the guests. In the midst of their answers he picks up a telephone and barks: "I want 20 lorries," or "Get me Montreal . . . I want 50 pilots there tomorrow morning."

In a lifetime devoted to picking up new trades, Beaverbrook has demonstrated a genius for first learning all about and then organizing and promoting any undertaking to which he turns his hand. By what must have been an oversight, he has never been an airplane manufacturer, but he has been an ardent

aviation buff for years. His Lordship has owned half-a-dozen planes of assorted sizes and once tried to learn to fly himself, but without success. His eldest son Max took to the air and became an expert. When old Max was throwing the British aviation industry into high gear, young Max, a squadron leader in the R. A. F., was dog-fighting over Dunkerque harbor. Last June he got the Distinguished Flying Cross.

The British public likes its Minister of Aircraft Production. It considers him as securely settled in his job as Winston Churchill is in his. Critics call him a dictator, point out that the government would be in a frightful mess if all the ministries were run like Beaverbrook's. That does not worry the Beaver. They complain that he has put industrial leaders in control of supplies used in their industries. The Beaver says his men are efficient. They complain that he has stolen publicity from other ministries with stunts such as his "pots for planes" campaign (in which housewives

brought aluminum pots, pans, thermos bottles, coat hangers, shoe horns, etc., to be made into Hurricanes and Spitfires). They complain that he is, on the other hand, tight with legitimate ministerial news. The Beaver says: "My job is to produce airplanes, not publicity." And to keep Britain's aircraft factories running during a blitzkrieg is a job comparable to running General Motors' 38 U. S. plants in an earthquake.

That such a bawling, boasting, gauche little man from the Colonies could secure a hold on British public opinion second only to Winston Churchill's; that, since the illness of Conservative Leader Neville Chamberlain, he should become behind-the-scenes leader of the Conservative party, is a definite sign of the social revolution that is proceeding apace in Great Britain. Says William Maxwell Aitken, Lord Beaverbrook: "Nobody would have believed it. It's as likely they'd have predicted I'd be Archbishop of Canterbury."

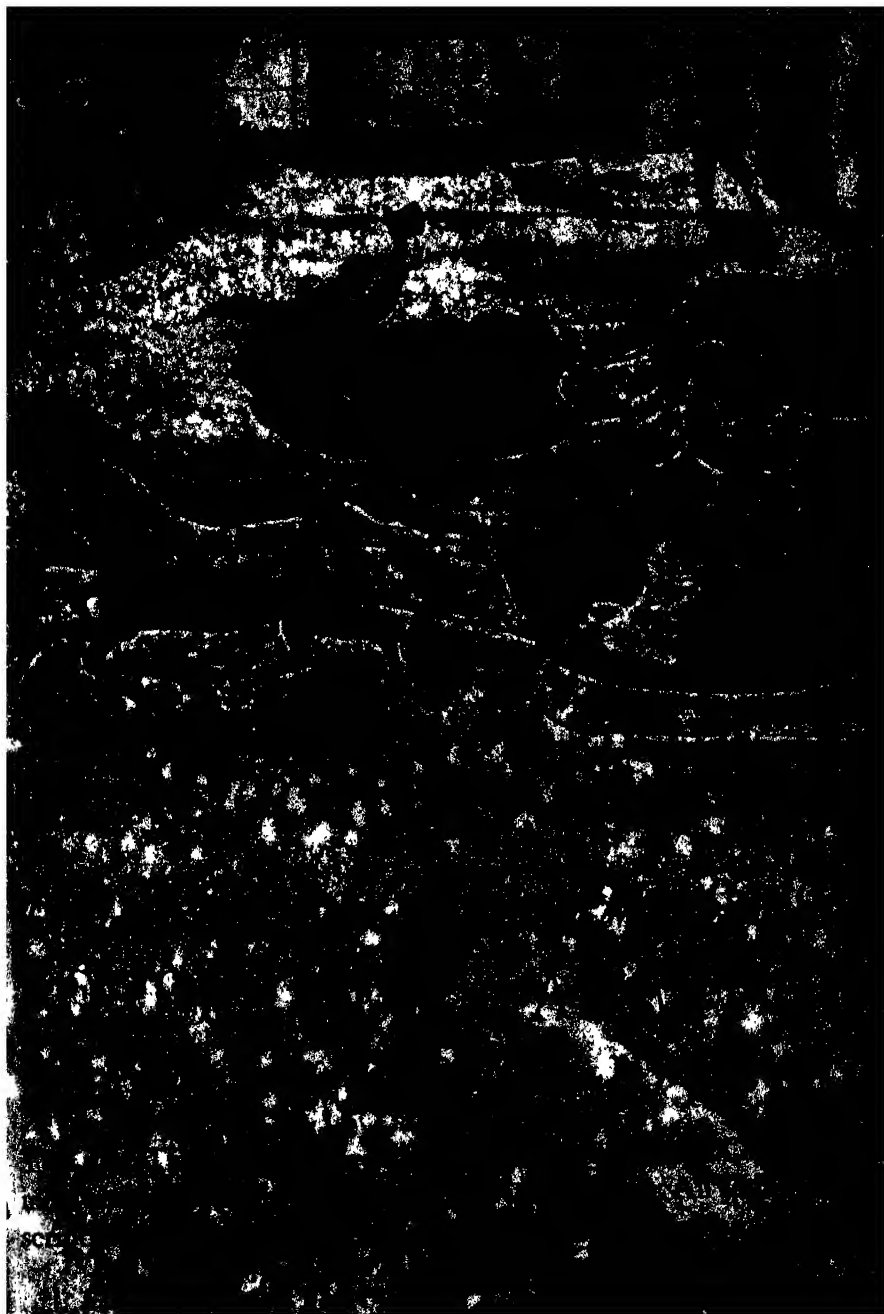


Sign in a yard near Lake Arrowhead, Calif.: "Worms with Fish Appeal."

Connecticut road sign: Drive like hell, and you'll get there.

Sign before a country house: Agents, solicitors, collectors, etc., keep out. Beware of the wolf at the door.

— *Christian Science Monitor*



¶ In shedding pounds, a woman learns a lot about human nature — her own and others'

Once I Was Fat

Condensed from Scribner's Commentator

Anonymous

FOURTEEN months ago the relentless scales read 224. Today they read 162. Sixty-two pounds gone. (I have 24 more to lose.) But the scales do not tell the best of the story: when you have been a fat woman all your adult life, and then reduce toward normal size, you enter a new world.

All overweight people live in a realm of unreality. You are insulated by your fat and never feel the full, invigorating impact of human experience. You appear abnormal to everyone and this is expressed in a patronizing, half-pitying, half-mocking attitude. Try as you may, you cannot be taken seriously. You are a comedy character.

When I no longer looked like a figure of fun, I was surprised to find that people expected me to act differently. The first sharp realization came when an incident caused the end of a friendship I had treasured for years. I "carried on" about it.

"Snap out of it!" said my sister, in a tone she had never used to me before. "Why can't you take people the way they are?"

I had never taken people as they

are. I had reveled in my fat woman's license to be sentimental. I began to learn that in many respects it is harder to be normal than neurotic. More is expected of you.

But your release from bondage is worth it. For, despite making allowances for tantrums of sentimentality, people expect a fat woman to be easy-going, undemanding and protective. They spill their troubles to you because you are not a part of their world, nor in competition with them. The hours I've spent being an Ear or a Sofa!

Formerly, if I had to wait in a railroad station, someone would be sure to ask me to mind the luggage, or the baby, while he or she strolled off. Fat and kind-hearted, I beamed at the opportunity to be helpful.

Not long ago I deliberately went half an hour ahead of traintime and settled myself in the waiting room. It was a sultry afternoon. The man sitting next me fanned away with his hat.

"I don't know why anyone sits here when that drugstore is air-conditioned," he mused aloud. "Think I'll get a drink."

For one agonizing second I thought he was going to ask me to mind his suitcases. Then I saw his eyes scan the opposite bench and rest on a "comfortable-looking" woman — say 190 pounds. After a word with her he deposited his bags at her feet. I recognized the smile with which she received them. Then he came back to me. "Maybe you'd feel like coming, too?"

Never in my life have I enjoyed a lemonade so much. At 43 I was having a novel experience. I was finding it very refreshing to be taken for a woman.

My family, however, showed a perverse unwillingness to have the child in their midst grow up. When they decided that this time I was dieting in earnest, a conspiracy arose among them. They showered me with delicacies, told me that "fat runs in the family," that dieting would injure my health.

Their arguments and their gifts might have defeated me had not my doctor warned me that this would surely happen. It was not that he knew *my* family, he explained. He knew all families.

The day-by-day experience of reducing was itself highly educational. I should have liked to believe that my overweight was due to some glandular unbalance, but the doctor's tests proved that those 224 pounds were the direct result of years of persistent overeating — as is true of most overweight men and women.

I used to eat to satisfy a sense of frustration. Anxiety, loneliness, disappointments I appeased with candy, ice cream and double cream in my coffee. I celebrated little triumphs with an extra rich luncheon. If the day's work had been troubling I made up for it with an ice cream soda on the way home. My case was comparable to that of the chronic alcoholic. One third of my eating was neurotic, compensatory. Now, my frustration gone, I no longer need such compensations.

I shall have to work harder, it is true. Men have an instinctive aversion to doing business with a woman. But when they find she is fat, and therefore something less than a woman, their dislike is lulled. More than one stout woman has been able to put across a shrewd deal because a man could not believe that anyone with such a waistline could have wits equal to his.

When you are fat, other women will graciously grant you the privilege of amusing their husbands over the after-dinner coffee. And they'll generously tell you that Henry likes you better than any other of their women friends. No woman would ever say this to any woman she considered her equal. I used to receive many of these doubtful favors. I don't get them now.

For years I have been a frequent visitor at the home of Margaret and Jim. Margaret's plaintive voice would come over the wire: "I'm depressed and Jim shows signs of

running a temper. Can't you come out to dinner and stay overnight, and cheer us up?" Fat women eagerly fall for this sort of thing. Sentimentally you tell yourself that this is real friendship. You're pathetically eager for appreciation of any sort.

I had dropped off 50 pounds since I last saw Margaret. She was at first loudly enthusiastic about my improved figure, then increasingly thoughtful. "It's simply unbelievable what it's done for you."

"Wait till I take off the next 20 pounds," I crowed.

A suspicion of a frown appeared between her brows. "Oh, I don't think you should reduce any more," she objected. "After all, it isn't your nature to be thin."

I let that one go over my shoulder. I was learning things.

With Jim's arrival my new model came in for more applause. "You know, you're a dam' fine-looking gal. Isn't she, Mart?" said Jim.

"Mmmm," Margaret conceded, and switched the conversation to Japanese beetles.

That evening I didn't do any work at all. My job was to entertain Jim, but Jim entertained me. And he never once mentioned his sinus, which had been our conversational standby for years.

It was the first evening I remember when Margaret did not doze off in her corner of the sofa after dinner. Jim was showing me a new solitaire game when, out of the

corner of my eye, I saw her loosen her sleeve and let it fall back from the arm she stretched along the top of the sofa. Margaret has beautiful arms. Jim once said he first fell in love with her arms.

That gesture was my accolade, the reward for 14 months of self-denial. (And no matter what you are told, dieting is not fun.) I gained something I never had before — confidence in myself as a woman. My guess is that the next time I am invited there for dinner Margaret will also ask that bachelor with whom Jim goes fishing. It will be the first time in 15 years she ever accorded me the honor she pays her other women guests.

My relation to other old friends has shifted its basis. I do not receive so many confidences from women about their husbands. I remember once watching three wives gang up against an attractive young divorcée at a party. Without one word being exchanged — or a look that I could catch — the three closed ranks around their men, and dared the invader to come on.

I do not aspire to such high honors, but as the weeks go by I am getting a view of my women friends that would have horrified and overcome me a year ago. To-day it entertains me. I can now take people as they are. In giving up my fat woman's enjoyment of sentimentality I have discovered the delights of living with reality.

Fred Harvey Girls — Civilizers of the Southwest

Condensed from The American Mercury

Clifford Funkbouser and Lyman Anson

WHEN Fred Harvey started turning a shoe-string potato into a 2500-mile string of railroad eating-places, he unconsciously launched a "matrimonial bureau" which played a major role in civilizing the Southwest.

As your streamliner eases to a stop at some pleasant desert oasis, it is hard to visualize what hell-holes these remote division-points used to be — the ugly shacks, saloons, dance halls, gambling dens. Yet here, perforce, were the temporary homes of hundreds of "boomers" on whom the railroads depended for rushing perishable freight from field to market.

Many were just kids a long way from home. When they busted loose and broke the laws of God and man, often it was to hide inner longings for the companionship of decent women. That was where Fred Harvey came in, and the new type of girl he was shrewd enough to transport for waitresses as his string of eating-places pushed westward along the Santa

FRED HARVEY landed in New York in 1850. Nobody would then have thought that this gangling British youth was destined to be the great civilizer of the West. He had little education and no money, but he had energy, and his first job — washing dishes in a restaurant — was in line with his destiny. He saved enough to buy a ticket as far West as St. Louis, and later got a job as a mail clerk on the Burlington railroad. He came in contact with the traveling public, eating soggy sandwiches out of paper boxes or acquiring indigestion in fly-infested eating-places. He suggested a series of restaurants where good food should be cleanly served. The Burlington had no time for visionary notions, and finally, to get rid of him, said: "Why don't you take your scheme over to the Santa Fe?"

"That's a good suggestion," said Harvey, and followed it.

In 1876 the first Harvey Eating House was opened at Topeka. It was followed by others as the tracks were laid westward until they dotted the line all the way to Los Angeles. The Harvey idea went beyond good food and cleanliness to include such service as the West had never known.

—Ema Fergusson, *Our Southwest* (Alfred A. Knopf)

Fe. Harvey reasoned that good food would be doubly palatable if served by young women pretty and intelligent. And that was the kind he picked from the hundreds who answered his Kansas City and Chicago

ads. He engaged only those between 22 and 30. Refined, educated, unmarried, many were small-town schoolteachers tired of routine. All were eager for a change of scene, the sight of new faces, a chance for romance.

The girls were housed in attractive dormitories, presided over by sensible, mature "housemothers." Trees were planted, a tiny park laid out, the nucleus of a beauty spot in the midst of desolation.

During their 12-hour shifts Harvey girls had time for a bit of social life. Every passenger train meant pleasant words with well-groomed strangers fresh from civilization. But the train always pulled out again. Had it not been for the lowly freights, lasting romance would have passed by many of these girls.

The girls themselves were sights for sore eyes. Feminine tones fell soothingly on the ears of young men who had almost forgotten the sound of a decent woman's voice. Meetings over a spotless lunch counter led to the exchange of confidences between homesick young folks.

Dates were hedged about with rules. The young people might see

each other in the living room of the dormitory or on its large porch. They might go walking in the park until half-past ten. Social highlight of the week was the Friday-night dance run by the girls. A man could accompany his girl to Wednesday prayer meeting without causing comment, but if they were seen at Sunday-morning service — well, that was practically announcing their engagement.

Little by little Fred Harvey's "matrimonial bureau" swung into full stride. Not only freight hustlers, but cowboys, miners, ranchers and others came courting. In Emporia, Newton, Dodge City, La Junta, Las Vegas, Winslow, Needles, Gallup, Seligman — everywhere in the Southwest there are today permanent homes which are monuments to the Harvey girls.

How did these romances pan out? All along the route of the Santa Fe you can talk with fine young college men and girls proud that Mother once worked for Fred Harvey and met Dad over the pie counter. Almost every substantial family in the Southwest boasts a Harvey girl in the family somewhere.



OH, LEAF, that yesterday was green
But now is blushing rosy red,
What happened to you overnight?
Why not to me, instead?

— Doris Black

Industry Beckons Youth

Condensed from *Woman's Day*

Webb Waldron

YOUTH's best opportunity for work today is in the factory. With America's increasing industrialization, white collar jobs are becoming proportionately fewer, and — a fact of equal importance — the widest road to the executive desk starts at the bench.

I recently asked the top man in each of 50 outstanding industrial corporations, "Where would you suggest that a young man try to get a start?" Replies were impressively overwhelming: "In the shop, if he is ambitious."

The notion that a mechanic is a robot, endlessly and unthinkingly repeating one set of motions, is so ridiculous that it is hard to see why it persists. Thousands of white collar jobs are more monotonous and offer less in the way of advancement. The man in the shop is constantly pushed ahead if he shows ability. He may become a master craftsman, with a skill as delicate as any surgeon's; or through his intimate knowledge of machines, the products they make, and the men who make them, he may progress to management. He need never stop learning, and no wall bars his progress.

The extent and variety of opportunity in industry never cease to

astonish me. Take, for example, the Bullard Company, a large machine tool plant in New England. The president, general manager and sales manager all started as machinist apprentices. It is a fixed company policy to move promising youngsters in the shop from job to job, with no limit to advancement save their own energy and talent.

E. P. Bullard told me a story that might serve as a parable of American industry. A friend, a professional man, asked for a job for his son. "Send him around," said Mr. Bullard. "I'll start him as a machinist apprentice. There's a good chance to go ahead." But overalls didn't appeal to father or son, and the boy went to work in a bank. When his father died the son was earning \$11 a week; he needed more pay so he could help at home, and again he asked for a job.

"You've lost a lot of time, Henry," said Mr. Bullard, "but I'll start you as an apprentice and push you ahead as fast as possible. Or, there's another opening — clerk in the stockroom. Not much chance for advancement, but it's cleaner work." Henry chose the stockroom. Still there, he now earns \$35 a week.

But Bill, same age, who took the apprenticeship when it was

first offered Henry, is now in the western territory, making \$25,000 a year.

"I don't say Henry would have gone as far as Bill," Mr. Bullard commented. "But if he'd started in the shop he certainly would be farther along than he is. The chances now are even better than when Bill started."

One of the problems of the Bullard Company, as of many industrial concerns, is to keep its good men. They go out to show a customer how to operate a new machine he's bought, and they're hired away. That happened to Bill, and Bullard had to tempt him back. Another former demonstrator is now mechanical engineer for a big automobile company, a third is assistant works manager for a company that makes automobile wheels. Young men with mechanical training are in demand.

Mass production puts a special premium on individuality and ideas, because industry must continually find quicker and better ways of doing things. Manufacturers offer prizes to employes for suggestions. In one refrigerator plant I know, the prizes run as high as \$500. Winners are seldom office men. Several recent prize-winning mechanics have been promoted, one to head his department.

Opportunity to develop pride in workmanship, one of life's great satisfactions, is offered by jobs in industry. The metal-working trades,

for example, call for skills and craftsmanship of the highest order. At one Ford plant I found a group of machinists making precision gauges, some of them working to an accuracy of eight millionths of an inch (.000008). Since that plant opened ten years ago, not one of those men had been laid off. They are too valuable.

Shop experience is excellent for boys who are going on to engineering college, giving them a background they cannot otherwise acquire. Some boys have worked in machine shops and gone to engineering school in alternate years. One such young man that I met is obviously on his way to a top position in his industry.

Here, then, are opportunities. What are public schools and parents doing to help youth take advantage of them? Too often parents are obsessed with a curious prejudice against the mechanical trades. If a boy has a strong bent for law or medicine, certainly he ought to be encouraged. But few are the youths with unswervable bent. Mostly what youth wants is a job with security and a future.

This is where schools fall down. They are preparing 90 percent of their students for ten percent of the jobs. The result is bound to be bad. Our public schools have not taught the diversified opportunities open to boys with mechanical training. Only seven percent of our high school graduates have occupational

training of any kind, and many of these are trained for white-collar jobs such as bookkeeping and stenography.

What all school systems might well do is illustrated by the intelligent job one of them is doing.

In the industrial town of Williamsport, Pa. (population 44,000), the public school has remolded itself to serve present-day human-industrial needs. Early in the depression, unemployment was increasing, yet local industries were short of skilled and semi-skilled workers. Why, businessmen asked, couldn't the high school vocational department pick likely unemployed men and train them for these vacancies? The department director, George H. Parkes, mechanic by trade, hopped to the idea.

The school started with 35 students. The city contributed the night use of school buildings. Industries lent or gave machines, and lent foremen to serve as teachers on half time. The electrical class started in a coal bin. The automotive group got part of the dressing-room space under the football bleachers. The news spread; students poured in. By the end of a year there were a thousand.

The school has now trained 4000 men and women into steady jobs. Some were out of work, others were employed but wanted to advance themselves. At the largest plant in town, that of an aircraft company, half the present working force of

1200 came from the school. The company's recent decision to build a \$6,000,000 plant addition in Williamsport was vitally influenced by the fact that the Re-Training School could furnish a steady stream of trained men.

When most towns were slashing budgets unmercifully, Williamsport built a new vocational school to accommodate the increased enrollment. Aside from that, the program has been carried out with the financial resources of an average community plus the use of state and federal aids for vocational education available in every state since 1917. Incidentally, every year thousands of dollars of these funds are turned back to the federal government by other communities, unused because of lack of interest.

The Re-Training School has grown till now it has more students than the daytime high school. Its success has influenced the attitude of both parents and students. A few years ago there were only 100 daytime students in vocational courses. Now 450 take vocational training as part of their studies. "There would be a thousand if we had room," said Parkes.

Re-Training School courses cost nothing, have no set length. A man wanting all-round machine-shop training may come to school four hours a day for a year; a man aiming at electric welding may become proficient in a few weeks. Parkes promises a job to every student

who follows his directions — a thing no other vocational school has dared do.

Teachers must have six years' experience earning their living at the jobs they teach. Seven coordinators make constant rounds of industries in the area, study job requirements, report openings, follow up those already placed. They are full-time employees of the school system. That shows how the public school in this Pennsylvania town has assumed an obligation to the community.

I halted beside a turret lathe at the aviation plant. The operator turned up his intent face. "Went to the school? Sure! That's how I landed this job. Hitchhiked 40 miles each way, every day for six months. Mister, I'd been shoveling limestone in a steel mill and gettin' nowhere. Now I'm goin' places. I'm goin' to take more school and get to be a toolmaker."

A man on WPA for four years — with a wife and two children — started in at the school a year ago. After a few weeks the school landed him a job as a laborer. He continued his night studies and was taken on as a machine operator. Promoted twice more, now he's an inspector. Again and again, in various plants, I found graduates of the school who had been promoted repeatedly.

Over at the school, in the evening, I ran into six young men employed in an upholstery plant 20 miles down the river. Out of the plant at

4:30, they dash home for dinner, then drive to Williamsport and work from 6 to 10 p.m. "I've been in that upholstery shop 14 years," said one, "and I'm just about where I started. I got a family and can hardly make ends meet. I want something with a future."

"They're all doing good work," Parkes told me afterward. "They'll get ahead."

Could one not find in any community this same eagerness and earnestness to get training for a job, if the way were offered? I believe so.

The success of the Williamsport plan, and similar programs here and there throughout the country, stimulated John W. Studebaker, U. S. Commissioner of Education, to go after and get a \$15,000,000 appropriation to use in all trade schools for the after-school-hour training of men for defense industries. Already dozens of schools are offering short intensive courses. But this is an emergency program. It does not touch the basic maladjustment of our education to our industrial destiny. The hard fact remains that if these men had been trained for jobs in youth they would not have to be trained now.

Here stands industry — eager for the energy and ideas of youth. Here is youth — fumbling, uncertain, eager for a future, for security. The eyes of youth must be opened to the magnificent future of industry and its opportunities, and to the importance and excitement of being

a part of it. That is the job of parents and schools. Schools furthermore must provide the training that will enable boys to step into industry. You can help remold the point of view and the program of your

community's schools. Let us return to the ideas of the founders of our country, who held that every parent should teach his child two things if nothing more — reading and some skill of work.



Personal Glimpses

¶ WHEN President Roosevelt was a young lawyer just getting started in New York, he was retained to handle a difficult civil case. The opposing lawyer was a very effective jury pleader and completely outshone his youthful rival in the argument to the jury. However, he made one fatal mistake: he orated for several hours. As he thundered on, Roosevelt noticed that the jury wasn't paying much attention. So, playing a hunch when his turn came, he rose and said:

"Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence. You also have listened to my distinguished colleague, a brilliant orator. If you believe him and disbelieve the evidence, you will have to decide in his favor. That's all I have to say."

The jury was out only five minutes and brought in a verdict for Roosevelt's client.

— Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen in *Washington Merry-Go-Round*

¶ EIGHT YEARS AGO, when many people were saying Hoover should be denied a second nomination and that Calvin Coolidge should be drafted, George Horace Lorimer received a telephone call from Mr. Coolidge. Mr. Coolidge wondered if Mr. Lorimer would be interested in buying an article from him stating his attitude toward Mr. Hoover and the Republican convention. Mr. Lorimer was definitely interested and sent Thomas Costain to Northampton to talk with Mr. Coolidge.

"How much are you prepared to pay me?" asked Mr. Coolidge right off the reel.

"Ten thousand dollars," said Mr. Costain.

Mr. Coolidge studied his shoes for a while, then left the room. Five minutes later he returned. "Ten thousand two hundred and fifty dollars," he said, "and not a penny less." And walked out again.

Mr. Costain swooned. Had Mr. Coolidge asked for \$12,000 or \$15,000 — but \$10,250. . . . He looked helplessly at Mr. Coolidge's secretary. The latter smiled. "You don't seem to realize," he explained, "that Mr. Coolidge comes from Vermont. He figures that a thing worth \$10,000 can be sold for at least 2½ percent more."

— Frederick Van Ryn

¶ With sensitive touch, England's pre-eminent essayist depicts the atmosphere of embattled Britain

“*The Cliffs of England Stand*”

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

H. M. Tomlinson

FROM THE SUMMIT of this steep English upland I see only a white fleet of clouds drifting on its course, resplendent and serene. The ocean below is still, a dark floor tilted against the bright vault. Not a ship, not a smear of smoke, marks the emptiness of one of the world's busiest highways. There is not a movement anywhere of the business of men. Far below on the beach, where the children played last summer, are endless coils of barbed wire. It looks odd, with nobody in sight where the fun used to be.

The earthworks and barrows of a folk long gone are about me. Today a young friend found a

FEW PEOPLE could have reproduced the atmosphere of the war in Britain so vividly as H. M. Tomlinson does it here. The *Manchester Guardian* has called him “the greatest living master of tersely comprehensive description.” And this famous English essayist and novelist is by no means a dweller in ivory towers. During the first world war he was for three years the official correspondent at the British army's general headquarters in France. Mr. Tomlinson has written nearly a score of books, and his *London River*, *The Sea and the Jungle* and *Gallions Reach* are recognized classics of our time.

token of them — a flint arrowhead. The man who lost it lived here when Abraham journeyed south to Egypt. For this English promontory has witnessed much. Upon it one night a beacon flared, when at last the Armada of Spain was in the Channel. Not long after that a ship called the *Mayflower* was insignificant in the distance, bound for what no watcher on this height could say. And when Napoleon's army was over the way, ready to cross and march on London, from here another ship was watched, the *Victory*, fading west and south on her way to Trafalgar.

The horizon is sharp and perfect, and the sea is bare. That news seems trifling. Yet wind and weather have acquired significance. From out there comes a threat that our ancient ways of life are to be ended. Beyond the horizon is hate. So we must keep watch upon it once again in the way of our forefathers.

It is not easy to believe a threat of extermination. But the map assures us the enemy is northward of the Shetlands, is actually in the Arctic, and comes south by Holland to the narrow seas and the French

coast. What, to France? Yes, and it is hard to explain what that means to us. We still ponder it with incredulity. For long and easy years we looked to the French cliffs as to the porch of another home, and a welcome; but now the enemy is there.

SOMETHING happened then. The atmosphere was displaced. The rock at my back was jarred. The guns! We could see neither smoke nor target. Then my companion points to what over the sea, at a blinding height, appears to be a scurry of rooks at remote and leisurely evolutions. We hear the rapid fluttering of machine-gun fire. Raiders are up there, and our men are among them; but all dissolve in the radiance. The strangest thing in war is that earth and sky remain aloof, unaffected. They make no sign that they are with us, or against us. The sea thrift nods its head drowsily, as in peace, and a gull is poised and then sheers obliquely. We see and hear no more. We wait for the next thing. In what shape will it come, and when, and where?

We scramble down the foreland. Below, in a wooded valley, the only signs are of immemorial tranquillity. This place once waited the coming of Napoleon, a boggy still surviving locally in nursery rhymes; there is even a legend that the great man landed near here one night and was seen and recognized. But now, across a mead, a girl is

getting the cows home, and a husbandman is hoeing among his man-golds. Yet there in a hedge, added to the tangle of honeysuckle and bryony, is a vine more determinate, its roots in the hidden hut of a signaler.

A young sergeant in battle dress stops us and wants to know what we saw on the foreland. He wears a decoration, but is too young to have won it at Ypres or on the Somme. He is perfunctory about it. “Dunkirk,” he explains. But he does venture a little of what was done by his small body of British volunteer infantry, really in their last ditch, to a mob of young Germans who continually chanted “Hitler,” as if tranced, but did not use their weapons. And his story was shockingly discordant with an ancient setting which seemed not to have heard of war.

We are confronted by a revolution against all those traditional sanctities without which we could not imagine communal life. Honor, in the enemy’s language, can mean the same as treachery, and an altar is to him as any gaming table. This new revolutionary ardor is not for liberty but appeals to the innate baseness of men.

I still think war an obscene outrage on the intelligence. But this challenge by the Nazis is ultimate. If they have their way, then there will be no right or wrong, neither good nor evil; even the priest at the altar may be one of the secret

police. Slavery is bearable, but the mind in chains is not. The heritage of the Renaissance and the Reformation — the foundation of Christendom, if you like — either will be kept on the British coast or will perish in Europe. I know that British traditions and affairs may perish if this is resisted, but they will surely perish if no resistance is made. That is all the choice we have.

We have but one certainty today, apart from a multitude of simple and dutiful men such as that young sergeant. We can depend only on the faith and resolution we can muster for another and a better beginning.

Through most of the hours of May and June of 1940, our earth reeled underfoot. Any faint hope for better tidings on the morrow was mocked. We listened to official news at midnight, and remained awake with those awful facts next to the pillow; and in the morning we had to muster courage to attend to the first broadcast. We did not want to hear it but we had to.

YET HOW LOVELY was the early summer in England! There never was a more vivid burgeoning. One could hardly believe it. What, still with us, the comeliness of life? Not in mourning for us? It seemed to be a mockery, like all else. Cherry and apple blossom, hawthorn, lilac, laburnum. One had to turn away. It was in the garden we knew, but it

was not ours. It belonged to a settled world, which had gone. We were in another dimension, conjured into it diabolically, where all was lies, except evil. Evil was true. It was curious, after listening at the radio to more news and worse, in those two months, to look around vaguely, only to see that the objects in one's own room were as usual. They were unaffected, so far. Had they not heard?

The implications of those laconic messages from France needed courage to confess aloud. That was so especially to a listener who had been in the other war. The places named had associations which gave them, to some men, the sound of an incantation. It was useless to talk about them, for they meant more than could be said. Away they were going now, out of sight, dead litter in the storm. One day, without a prelude, we were advised coolly by an impersonal voice that Arras and Amiens were occupied by the enemy. Why, was reality monstrous? Amiens in flames? That cathedral?

The news ended. A man in the room with us rose, a man of peace, called a pacifist by the careless. "They are getting behind our fellows," he muttered, and left. He returned in uniform, to say farewell.

A few evenings later, after the Belgians had uncovered our army's left flank, we listened, unable to look each other in the face, while our Premier told us, "Fighting is

going on in and around Boulogne. There is no need to explain what that means."

No. No need at all. We did not move or speak. Was the end coming so soon? A girl in the room, to be married the next week, broke the silence when nobody else knew how to do it. "Can our army be saved?" she asked quietly. And one was forced to answer her. "I don't see how it is possible." Nobody thought it was possible that terrible night, nor the next day, because it was an evident impossibility. We were within an hour of disaster. Wedding feasts, too, had lost their meaning.

We began to breathe freely again on the evening when we heard we stood alone; on the night when we had to confess, "Because there is none other that fighteth for us but only thou, O God." Confidence returned. A neighbor peered over his wall next morning and remarked to me, "Now we know where we are." Now we had nobody but ourselves to lose. It was amusing, when midnight was at a standstill, and as black as the pit, to know that the people around were beginning to find themselves, were bracing up; to hear subdued grim laughter. When the outlook is worse than dark, when the sky is like the prelude to downfall and eclipse, then for youth to cheer what confronts it may be as good an intimation as any other of immortality.

It was clear they must fight for their lives. For their lives? That had

become a lesser matter, past considering. It was for the treasure of life they must stand up, not for themselves. If the right to use the mind were to be lost, as over most of Europe it was already lost, what apology would be left to mankind for its occupation of the earth? With reason no longer attempting to guide the affairs of men, who instead would be driven by the engines of power and pride, then death already had come; the adventure of mind under the stars would be at an end.

So NO MORE content in the hours of the day. No more a book in solitude at midnight. Even day dreams, in which the future is occasionally shaped, are broken when the warbling note is heard to direct us to seek cover. Our ways of life could not have been more disrupted by an earthquake. Yet how resilient is common human life! Their work done, villagers leave home of an evening to patrol their fields and hills. At dusk one meets them sauntering off, with rifles and shotguns, not knowing what may drop from the sky while their families sleep.

Despite all doubt, and the sad fallibility of news, and despite the dismaying certainty that our enemy is such that he overwhelmed the formidable army of France in 12 days, we have found that we must continue to live by faith. We British still believe that there were no better soldiers in Europe than the

French. Then how befell their tragedy? Faith had left them, and they were unarmed. For us there was Dunkirk. Though the "encirclement with fire and steel" of the British army was triumphantly announced, what was impossible was accomplished. Dunkirk, as a sort of miracle, stayed us.

We see our troops, for they live around us, but very little of our seamen and airmen. Occasionally they show, but only distantly. I look seaward to the weather at dawn — for another day has come, and we are still here — and glimpse one good reason why our night was undisturbed. On the skyline the far shapes of the naval patrol show black in the pallor. We don't know what our ships are doing, for distance gives them a casual and melting presence; but occasionally window curtains bulge, the air is displaced by gunfire, when distant haze veils a convoy of merchant ships and the navy has put its arm round them.

Yesterday afternoon was stormy, with breakers plunging over the rocks. It was not the day for invasion. We have reason to love the sea more than ever. Nor was it a day for flying; the ceiling was too low and dark, and only the flashing of the combers showed where the ocean was. Then an object suddenly appeared, skimming just above the smother of black and white, like a sea bird easy in the tumult. One of our Spitfires. What madness, to be

at play in and out of the spume! I watched him, in wonder and alarm, while he circled round and then mounted to disappear in the scud. An hour later I learned that the moment when I saw him first he had sent an enemy bomber into the waves, and was searching for any survivor to report.

Faith is but knowledge surpassed. Well, we have some knowledge on which to support our faith. Enough has happened at sea to tell us that what Englishmen used to do with ships can still be done by our seamen. It is as if our mariners have never lost the abrupt disconcerting wit of youth. Perhaps freedom, salt, and sunlight are preservative. We have also learned that the kind of men who long ago drove the Spaniards up-Channel, have taken their lively devices to the clouds, and spend day and night cruising the sky between our land and Germany.

Democracy is not old and worn. Never believe it. It is still in its early stage. In such an adventure as this it shows its juvenile adaptability, sprightliness, and temerity.

BACK IN LONDON, long after midnight because sleep will not come, I look at the sky, crosshatched with the bright beams of searchlights. They interlace and move away as if day had come in narrow sections, trying desperately to unify into morning but frustrated by an immovable mass of night.

When will morning come?

You See Her in the Ads

Condensed from *The New Yorker*

E. J. Kahn, Jr.

NEW YORK gossip columnists occasionally mention a nightclub habitu  by name and say that he was seen out with "a Powers model." This vagueness signifies no special desire to respect the girl's privacy; it is merely an admission that columnists cannot tell one Powers model from another. Few people can.

There are 400 beautiful girls who work through the modeling agency run by John Robert Powers and many of them look so startlingly alike that they are often unable to recognize their own published pictures. Even old friends of Celeste Gheen, who has been a Powers model for over four years, now and then fail to identify her when they see her with other Powers models.

Miss Gheen has been dubbed America's Most Versatile Model. Her face has launched a million Camels, Old Golds and Spuds, though she smokes Chesterfields, which she has worked for, too. She has lent her charms to Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham jewelry, Community Plate, Cellophane, Log Cabin Syrup, Schaefer's beer, Packard, Buick, Beech-Nut, Rinso, Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses, Ipana, and Cas-

toria, which she never touches. She has decorated the covers of many magazines. She has posed at nearly every hotel in New York.

Mr. Powers, who thinks she would be equally at home, in a professional way, in Park Avenue or in a coal mine, once called her "the typical-American-girl type." She is undoubtedly typical in that she has to work harder for a living than she wants to, is susceptible to masculine attention, and lives with her mother.

A dark ash blonde of 26 with gray-green eyes, she hasn't the sort of breath-taking beauty that compels small boys to whistle involuntarily when exposed to it, but she is decidedly attractive, with delicate, neatly arranged features and a lot of poise. Upon her figure Mr. Powers likes to bestow such adjectives as "liquid" and "flexible."

One of her most noticeable features, from a sidewalk fan's point of view, is the solid, bulky black hatbox she carries as a receptacle for garments, accessories and makeup kits. It's a safe guess that a pretty girl carrying a hatbox is a Powers model if the box is from John Cavanagh's Park Avenue hat store. Cavanagh, although a hatter for

men, gladly gives its hatboxes to the models, knowing that both will be looked at.

Miss Gheen has been feeling bad about her Cavanagh, as she calls it, ever since its bottom fell out on a Madison Avenue bus, exposing to public view such personal items as a set of long, woollen underwear — handy on outdoor jobs — and a pair of “binoculars,” the professional name for the deceptive apparatus a model wears when a client demands an impressively bosomy shot.

Commercial photographers are inclined to take a detached attitude toward models. “They are just clothes-horses made of light and shadow and folds,” one photographer said unromantically when pressed for a judgment on all the loveliness he had seen. While posing, a model is continually doing such forthright things as perspiring and fainting under the intense heat of the flood-lamps. It is all a photographer can do to keep her dry and upright, let alone pay her compliments. To stave off fainting during long poses, a model leans back against a slim metal support invisible to the camera, and chews gum furiously.

Miss Gheen averages about three hours' work a day. Her jobs are irregular and unpredictable. She nets a little more than \$50 a week, 10 percent going to Mr. Powers. Models are paid on hourly rates. Miss Gheen is a \$5-an-hour girl, having promoted herself two years ago from the \$5-an-hour-and-a-half class.

A model raises her price whenever she thinks clients will pay more. About 20 girls get \$10 an hour; some of these average \$100 or \$125 a week.

The three principal divisions in the modeling field are high fashion, illustrative, and catalogue or low fashion. Miss Gheen sometimes works for expensive dress designers and smart magazines (high fashion) but catalogue and illustrative are her specialties. Every recent Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogue has used from 20 to 30 pictures of Miss Gheen.

Illustrative work includes all those pictures of girls stepping out of automobiles, bragging about their teeth, or being shunned at parties. Miss Gheen gets along nicely in this because by adjusting her hair and makeup she can look anywhere from 18 to 35. She has turned up in print as the loving mother giving a cookie to a rather large child, although she is not fond of child models and has been known to take a healthy swat at a juvenile colleague to keep him in his place.

Certain types of illustratives, such as photos for depilatory and deodorant ads, are known as objectionables, and models get double and more for them — as they do for posing in bathing suits, brassières, and step-ins. The most objectionable objectionable Miss Gheen ever had anything to do with was a photograph taken for a projected campaign advocating baths in Colman's mus-

tard for health or sore backs or something. The idea was abandoned but not before Miss Gheen had taken a bath in rich, clinging mustard, and felt that she fully earned the \$55 she got for the job, especially since it took hours to scrub the stuff off.

Models are occasionally paid extra-large fees *not* to pose, mostly by cigarette and knitwear companies. Lucky Strike, for example, has taken the understandable point of view that it is a bad policy to spread a girl's face on countless Lucky Strike billboards and then have her turn up a week later looking fondly at a Camel. Models receive extra pay, too, when their names are used in ads — usually \$50.

Powers models, as a rule, are not alumnae of any of the schools that undertake, for a steep price, to transform hopeful girls from the sticks into glamorous mannequins. Miss Gheen, like many others, sprang into the profession suddenly. She was born in Cleveland and while working as a secretary for a paint company there she went, one day in 1934, to have her picture taken. The photographer suggested that he put her in a General Electric ad he had been commissioned to illustrate. The job paid her \$5. Advertising men, on the lookout for a fresh face, noticed her picture in the ad and asked Mr. Powers to produce her.

As soon as he learned Miss Gheen's identity, he began writing beseech-

ing notes. After a year of negotiations by mail, she came to New York to see Powers, having made him promise that if she didn't prove satisfactory as a model she'd be taken on as a secretary.

For a while Miss Gheen was highly suspicious of her new profession. When instructed to go to a photographic studio one afternoon, she told a friend to call the police if she didn't come out after a reasonable time. Miss Gheen told the photographer what she had done, to let him know how matters stood, and he, expecting the police at any moment, became so distraught that he was unable to focus his camera. She has since decided that artists and photographers are as chivalrous as any other men. She has, in fact, found photographers not only gentlemanly but helpful. They showed her elementary tricks of posture, like keeping her stomach in and her shoulders back, and they built up her confidence, which led to more poise on her part and more demand for her services on the part of other photographers.

Miss Gheen has had relatively little trouble with men who see her pictures and try to get in touch with her, though she has had a number of bids to college proms, three of them from students who addressed her merely as the Dr. Scholl's Footpads Girl. After a whirl at gay society, she has concluded that a model can't stay up till four o'clock every morning and look

fresh enough a few hours later to affect the American housewife's purchasing habits. She therefore gets eight hours' sleep if she has a morning job.

Since a model is expected to wear her own clothes in illustrative work, Miss Gheen spends \$750 a year on clothes. When buying an evening dress, she worries not only about how it will look at F    's Monte Carlo but also in a color shot for Spam. She has posed in gowns from Bergdorf-Goodman and Saks-Fifth Avenue, but she buys most of the clothes she wears professionally from Klein's, a downtown bargain-counter store. Miss Gheen has ten evening gowns, 25 day dresses, five suits, five coats, a dozen suitcases filled with slacks and bathing suits, 19 hats, 28 pairs of shoes, and innumerable belts, blouses, sweaters, and other accessories.

Like any typical American girl, Miss Gheen wants more than any-

thing else to get married, preferably to someone fairly wealthy. It cheers her to think that there are ex-Powers models now happily named Mrs. Woolworth Donahue, Mrs. Marshall Hemingway, and Mrs. Winthrop Gardiner. Though there are others named Joan Bennett, Joan Blondell, Barbara Stanwyck, and Norma Shearer, Miss Gheen has given little thought to the movies. If someone offered her a job as a secretary with an attractive, steady salary, she would probably quit modeling. She thinks that life as a secretary might be duller, but it would be less complicated and more restful. Plenty of nice, normal girls have been hugely successful as secretaries; they are, she feels sure, rarely beset by the occupational worries that beset models. She is often amazed by the elevated standards of her own profession. "You have to be practically God to be a good model," she says.



A TRAPEZE BALLOONIST, making an ascension at a county fair in the deep South, was carried several miles by the wind and came down with his parachute in a field where Negroes were picking cotton. One devout old man took off his hat and bowed reverently to the splendid apparition in its silver-spangled tights landing from the heavens.

"Good day, Marse Jesus, sir," he said. "How'd you leave yo' Paw?"

— Julian Street

   Rastus, after being reprimanded by the judge for deserting his wife: "Jedge, ef yo' knowed dat woman like Ah does, yo' wouldn't call me no deserter. Ah's a refugee."

— Pathfinder

Initiation

Condensed from Liberty

Burton Rascoe

WE WERE out at Charlie Hawk's cabin in the Kiamichi Mountains. The dinner dishes were done and Charlie had got out the cards for our nightly session of poker. Scotty took a long time cleaning out his pipe. Then he lighted up and aimlessly shuffled the cards. We knew he had dredged around in his memory and was coming up with something. He said:

"Did I ever tell you about the time we was down in San Antone? All through the fracas our cavalry troop had a different status from any other outfit in the service. We had all signed up with the understanding that we wasn't going to have none of that West Point fold-out and a lot of unnecessary drilling to harden us. We was plenty tough as it was. All of us was ranchers, cow hands, blacksmiths, peace officers, and such.

"Well, they kept us down there in barracks a long time, and give us some horses to ride and get acquainted with. I never seen a meaner horse in my life than one mustang in the bunch. He threw the best bronc buster in the outfit so hard he crippled that cow hand something terrible.

"We was restless, just sitting around. Nothing to do except gripe. We griped plenty when we heard that we couldn't pick a boss from our own outfit but was going to be bossed by some bird from New York. To make matters worse, the rumor got around that he was a danged flatfoot. We was *sore*.

"Then one day crates of rifles arrived. A West Point shavetail, who was temporarily running things, rationed them out.

"Jake Amorine, from Perry, Oklahoma, was there when the first case was opened. He picked up one of them guns and could tell by the looks and feel of it that it was no good. They was those Civil War Springfield. Jake just turned around and wrapped the barrel of the rifle around a tree.

"They put him under arrest. Serious offense, destroying United States property. When they was leading Jake to the guardhouse, Bill Alexander yelled, 'Wait a minute, I'm coming with you!' And darned if Bill didn't grab one of them guns and wham it against the tree.

"They was leading Jake and Bill away, when a short stocky man, with queer-looking duds on and wear-

ing specs, shoved his way through the crowd. He yelled, 'Release those men! Come here!' Not until then did we notice that he rated a salute.

"This little cock sparrow asked Jake to explain his conduct. Jake looked him straight in the eye. 'I ain't going to fight no war with no damned firecrackers, not for you nor nobody else, mister.'

"I nearly fell over when Jake said that. But danged if that little cock sparrow didn't put out his hand and shake Jake's hand and then Bill's. He said, 'You're the kind of men I want in this outfit, men who know guns and have the guts to say so. Charges dismissed. At ease.'

"Not until then did it dawn upon us that this was the new boss, the guy that was supposed to be a New York cop. He told the shavetail to ship them guns back where they came from.

"Then he said he would like to look at the horses. At the corral he asked for a bridle and saddle. When they came he made right for that mean mustang.

"He bridled that mustang. Then he did something that made us know he was no flatfoot. He untied the bandanna around his neck and blindfolded the horse. Any good

cowboy knows if you blindfold a wild horse while you saddle and mount him he will stand still.

"Well, Four-Eyes blindfolds the horse and saddles him. Then he mounts, leans over and snatches the bandanna away.

"I've seen some bucking and some riding; but I never seen no meaner bucking and no better riding than that. Four-Eyes not only stuck on; he rode hell out of that mustang. When it was plain that the horse had enough, Four-Eyes dismounted and the horse just stood there. We knew that guy knew horses and, what's more, we was ready to follow him through hell and high water. Jake and Bill and I went over to him.

"We saluted and hemmed and hawed and said we wanted to apologize. The new boss acted like he didn't know what we was apologizing for; and that embarrassed us because we didn't know either. Then I said, 'Sir, we maybe didn't get your name just right. Are you Colonel Rosenfeld?'

"He smiled and showed a lot of big white teeth and said, 'You can call me that if you like. The name is Roosevelt. But I imagine you all will soon be calling me Teddy, at least behind my back.'"



YOUTH is glorious, but it isn't a career.
— Editorial in *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

Smokehouse in the Woods

Condensed from *Coronet*

Holman Harvey

TWO DOZEN plump golden-brown turkeys hung from iron hooks inside a small brick cubicle, one of two smokehouses in a pine-woods clearing near Ossining, New York. They swung around slowly, aromatic applewood smoke cooking and flavoring them. My host, 82-year-old Isaac Kamm, told me that they went in at sunrise and would come out, a finished delicacy, at sunset.

Old Isaac is a Beidermeister German who has been in this country 65 years. Most of his life has been lived in modest obscurity, but now in his old age his skill has become the talk of American gourmets.

"Before the smoking is the curing," Kamm told me. "That makes the wonderful taste."

He took me over to a small low building. Inside was a miniature refrigerating plant. Sterilizing rays such as are used in hospital surgery bathed a white-enameled curing vat in violet light. In the vat were 100 dressed turkeys immersed in clear brine which had a faintly sweetish tang that made me think of autumn woods and nut-brown ale.

The curing process takes two weeks, during which the turkey

shrinks to half its original size. The formula for the brine is a secret, handed down for generations from Kamm father to son. Today, only three people know it. "I tell two others here because I am old," said Isaac, but he continues to mix the brine himself.

Isaac's sense of perfection decrees also that he raise his own turkeys. In a large run nearby were several hundred hens and gobblers, pure-strain Holland Whites, Bourbon Reds, and other more common varieties. A tiny office completes the set-up of this amazing little business. Nowhere was there noise of machinery. There was no sense of hurry or pressure, but everywhere there was order and evidence of that pride in work which distinguishes the craftsman. How, I wondered, had all this come about?

In Ossining, John Brown's meat market has long catered to the carriage trade. One day seven years ago an aged millionaire, Robert W. Schuette, came in, followed by his chauffeur carrying a turkey that had been cured as well as Schuette's cook could do it. Did Brown know somebody who would smoke it? Brown recalled an old

German who had a smokehouse on his farm and who, he thought, smoked turkeys for his own use. His name was Isaac Kamm. Schuette became excited. Could this be a relative of the man for whom he had searched Germany in vain — a Meyer Kamm who, according to legend, had a superb formula for smoking turkey?

It was, and soon Kamm smoked turkey was introduced to guests on the Schuette estate. In New York Schuette saw to it that the Waldorf and the Voisin on Park Avenue and the Old Cedar Chop House in the financial district kept the delicacy on hand. All three restaurants jealously guarded the secret of where they got it.

Then Schuette died. The three restaurants still ordered, but in small quantities. Four years ago Kamm was smoking a mere half a dozen turkeys a week. It satisfied him — that and fishing.

Then a favored patron of the Old Cedar Chop House insisted upon getting Kamm's address — and found to his surprise that he was a neighbor. And so Max Blitzer, retired in early middle life because of a breakdown, sought out Kamm. The old man was obdurate: spring had come and he was going fishing. He smoked turkeys only in the winter anyhow, because he had no refrigerating plant.

The canny Blitzer went fishing with Kamm throughout the spring and summer, even though the subject of turkey remained taboo. Then

one day Blitzer brought Kamm a bunch of dill, grown on his own place. This was an open sesame to the old man's heart. He loved dill pickles, cured in his own brine. "Now I smoke turkey for you," he said.

Isaac Kamm came out of retirement. Blitzer put up the capital for the plant and for a breeding flock. They named the place Pinesbridge Farm. Restored to health, Blitzer manages the business, with Kamm supervising every step of production. This year Pinesbridge Farm will ship about 6000 turkeys, at \$1.35 per pound.

Those who enjoy smoked turkey agree that its taste eludes description. Many insist that it is best eaten cold, in slices, with only ground black pepper added to taste, and with a bottle of claret to bring out its rare flavor.

President Roosevelt serves it, chopped into his favorite scrambled eggs, for Sunday-night supper. William Knudsen, Edsel Ford, J. P. Morgan, Charlie Chaplin, Booth Tarkington, Myrna Loy, Lanny Ross, are other patrons. Two of Kamm's birds go each month to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

"More and more they come to me now," muses old Isaac. "It was a long time." The world has beaten a path to his door but it has not changed him. He will not be hurried. Nor will he depart a hair's breadth from the slow and exact routine which is producing one of the world's great delicacies.

There's Money in Stamps

Condensed from "All About Stamps"

Mauritz Hallgren

THE UNITED STATES is printing and selling this year some 100,000,000 bright new postage stamps which will never carry mail. They will be laid up in dealers' stocks or stored away in albums of the millions who have made philately the world's most popular collecting hobby. In the United States alone there are 30 or 40 collections worth more than \$500,000 each. Some 4,000,000 smaller collections bring the country's stamp investment to more than \$225,000,000.

Men have spent on stamps money that should have gone to pay their debts, have swapped automobiles and even homes for stamps. A Los Angeles woman recently obtained a divorce because her husband gave all his time to his stamps and none to her. A New York man was found dead of starvation in a barren room, with a \$5000 stamp collection beside him. Last year a distinguished Indiana philatelist, Major Guy A. Camp, died of shock after his collection, one of the finest, was destroyed by fire.

Since the appearance, 100 years ago, of the first adhesive postage stamp — England's famous Penny Black — the various countries have issued about 80,000 varieties, 50,000 of them in the last 20 years.

Public interest in stamps was greatly stimulated by the World War, when millions of men overseas sent home letters bearing strange postal labels. Later, governments added impetus to the movement by issuing victory, charity and commemorative stamps, and these unconventional designs were snapped up so eagerly that some governments began to issue fancy labels made specially to be sold to collectors.

The depression actually proved a boon to the stamp market. In February 1933, at the peak of the financial crisis, a Philadelphia broker sold a block of four American rarities at a price 24 percent above that attained in 1928. Such increases in the stamp market attracted thousands of security-owners who transferred their holdings from stocks to stamps, resulting in a broad gain in stamp sales.

The totalitarian states soon saw the propaganda value of stamps. Italy poured out hundreds of gaudily printed labels to advertise the grandeur that was Rome and the supposed glories of modern fascism. The Soviet Union brought out one series after another to whip up public enthusiasm for national defense, collective farming, and even pig-iron production. Germany's stamps,

publicizing Hitler's various projects, are as much an integral part of Goebbels' propaganda machine as the radio or the controlled press.

The number of American collectors today has been estimated as high as 9,000,000. Stamp clubs have been started in public schools throughout the country. A course in stamp-collecting was established at the University of Minnesota. Ivory Soap has put a stamp program on the air three times a week over a coast-to-coast network, and other companies have fostered employes' stamp clubs. The U. S. Post Office actually drums up trade among the collectors, sending a huge truck, equipped with a model stamp-printing plant and a display of American stamps, around the country.

Nassau Street, New York City, center of the philatelic trade, deals in postage stamps much as Wall Street deals in securities. The stamp market has its bid and asking prices, its changing quotations, its dope sheets, tipsters, and professional market analysts.

Beginning collectors often assemble stamps indiscriminately, in the hope of forming general collections of all the stamps in the world. More advanced collectors know that this is impossible. Even if one could obtain a copy of each of the major varieties, the cost would run into millions. Many are so scarce that the world would have to be ransacked, and some classics cannot be obtained from their present owners

for love nor money. Hundreds of stamps are in the thousand-dollar class, and some very rare ones are worth \$10,000 or more.

Rarity alone is the factor controlling stamp values. In 1856, during a stamp shortage in British Guiana, a local printer was commissioned to produce emergency four-cent labels. By error a few one-cent labels were included. Sixteen years later an English schoolboy, finding one of them on an old family letter, persuaded a friend to give him six shillings for it. Within ten years that owner sold it in London for £25, and in 1922, as no other copy of the erroneous issue was ever found, Arthur Hind, an American upholstery manufacturer, paid \$38,500 to add that one-cent stamp to his collection.

Accidents have produced most of the costly classics. Stamps marked with one value have been printed in the color of a differing value; pictures have been printed upside down. Such things can happen when the central design and the frame are printed from different plates. Ten existing "inverted swans" of Australia are worth at least \$5000 apiece; while a hundred 1918 United States 24-cent air-mail stamps with the airplane upside down are worth upwards of \$4500 each. One unique Swedish stamp was printed yellow by mistake, instead of green. It was sold to a London collector in 1937 for \$25,000, making it the second most valuable stamp in the world.

Such accidents usually are discovered before the stamps reach the public; but occasionally a few get by and are scooped up by eagle-eyed dealers or collectors. In 1938 two dealers found, in a Brooklyn branch office, 40 sheets of six-cent air-mail labels with the horizontal perforations missing. They promptly bought the 2000 stamps for \$120, their face value. These stamps later went on the market at \$100 a pair, or \$100,000 for the lot.

But not all stamps containing an error are valuable. New Zealand once produced a stamp with a view of Lake Wakatipu and misspelled the name. Collectors laid away many sheets on the theory that the error would in time be worth money. So great was the demand that the New Zealand post office obligingly ordered a bigger printing of the uncorrected stamp, and today there are as many copies of the error as of the normal stamp.

The bane of philately today is the doctored stamp. Crooks prey on the unwary by changing ordinary stamps to make them look like rarities. But no collector need be swindled. He can obtain assistance from experts for a small fee — usually 25 cents per stamp — and he has at his disposal the facilities of modern science: doctoring stands out clearly under chemical analysis and photography through microscopes.

Probably three fourths of the American collections are made up primarily or exclusively of United

States issues. And in view of the tremendous rise in stamp prices, for the careful collector there is money in such specialization. Had an American schoolboy of the last generation bought a block of four of each ordinary United States stamp at his local post office, beginning in 1900 and continuing until 1920, he would have spent \$169.48, an average annual expenditure of about \$8.47. His collection would have included no rarities, or printing accidents; yet today it would have a catalogue value of \$3773 — a return of 2000 percent. A few foresighted American collectors have profited in just this manner.

Some philatelists collect by topic or theme. A motorcar manufacturer has put together stamps portraying vehicles; a doctor has filled an album with stamp scenes treating of medicine and healing; an army officer has adhesives depicting battles and military history. Theodore Steinway, piano manufacturer and a foremost philatelist, has a collection dealing only with music and musical instruments.

The real philatelist always seeks out the salient facts concerning each of his stamps: the reason why it was issued, the date of issue, the story behind it. These highlights are often inscribed on the album page. Thus a page of portraits will list the important dates in the lives of the persons portrayed and describe their roles in history; a page of commemorative stamps will describe the

events celebrated by the stamps. This adds life and meaning to what otherwise might be a pointless collection of postal labels.

Best known of American philatelists is President Roosevelt. His collection goes back to 1862, when his mother visited Hong Kong and while there put away a number of stamps from that area. These were turned over to Franklin Roosevelt when he was eight, and he has been collecting ever since. His 30 albums contain an enormous variety.

Most famous of all collectors was the incredible Count Philippe von Ferrary, of France. He spent 56

years gathering the biggest and most valuable stamp collection the world has ever known. He bought new issues of practically all countries, and swallowed whole the collections of other enthusiasts. One such purchase set him back \$45,000. In his later years he became so uncontrolled in his desire to add to his albums that his secretary stepped in; thereafter every Monday morning the secretary handed Ferrary \$9750 to cover his philatelic purchases for the week. Even thus limited, he managed before he died, in 1917, to spend \$20,000,000 for those little scraps of paper called stamps.

Americanization of the Turkey

Excerpt from *Frontiers*

Paul Russell Cutright

THE American turkey, since 1621 associated with our Thanksgiving Day, is not a native of New England, as most people think, but a much-traveled bird. It was a popular domesticated fowl in the realm of Montezuma, in southern Mexico, when the Conquistadores arrived, and later crossed the Atlantic to Spain in the caravel of Francisco Fernandez in 1519. From there it moved to France and Italy and reached England in the reign of Henry VIII. A century later, when the Pilgrims sailed to America in the Mayflower, they took the turkey with them in the hold, back to its native continent.

The bird which graces ten million American dinner tables at Thanksgiving still shows its Mexican ancestry in its white-tipped tail and rump feathers, which are quite unlike the chestnut-colored tips of the wild turkeys native to the Allegheny Mountains. And today all over the world, in faraway New Zealand and South Africa, as well as in America and Europe, strut the much-traveled turkey gobblers.

The Recruit

Condensed from Coronet

Michael Wilson

IT DID NOT take him long to get used to the noises of peace. He no longer stiffened when he heard the rush and clatter of the El. He learned that the police sirens were not warning him, and that all the roaring airplanes were on his side.

Sometimes the nights were bad. Sometimes he cried out from a sweating dream, *Mamen, Mamen*, and his father stroked his forehead, and then he awoke and remembered that *Mamen* was dead in Warsaw with her legs crooked and blood all over her dress.

Daytime was better. Afternoons he walked the streets of the new city alone. Best of all he liked the empty lot around the corner. The lot was sheltered from the street by a large signboard. He liked to peek through the green latticework beneath the sign at the boys playing in the lot.

The boys were his own age — nine and a half, ten, eleven. Written across their shirts was *HAWKS*, in red letters. They had a ball and a big round stick, and one Hawk would throw the ball and another would try to hit it with the stick.

He watched for three afternoons and nobody bothered him. The

Hawks, busy playing, didn't even see him. Sometimes they wrote on the back of the sign with chalk. He wondered what they had written.

One day he got to the lot before any of the Hawks came. He looked around. Nobody was watching him, so he walked right up to the signboard and tried to read it. It was in English printing:

THE HAWKS
OFFICIAL TEAM

BLACKIE MARINO — CAPTAIN AND
PITCHER

FUZZY DOYLE — CATCHER
IRVING GOLDBERG — FIRST BASE

And six more of them. He could print his name too. His father had taught him. He traced the letters with his finger: D-A-V-I-D L-A-N-D-A-U.

"What cha doin'?"

David whirled around.

"Hey, Blackie," yelled Fuzzy, "here's a guy foolin' around our sign."

"What cha want, punk?" asked Blackie.

"Mine name is David Landau," he said weakly; "I am not spic-ing English yet."

Blackie shoved him back against the signboard.

"*Ich lerren zich*," David began.
 "*Ich lerren . . .*"

"Listen to 'im," Blackie said;
 "he's a foreigner."

"He talks like Oiving's old lady,"
 said Fuzzy. "Hey, Oiving, what's
 he sayin'?"

Irving put on his fiercest scowl
 and faced David.

"*Hay, voo vainst do, ingle?*"

"*Ich cum foon Varshaw. Dort
 iss . . .*"

"What's he say, Oiving?"

"He says there was a war where
 he lived."

"Ask him if he got bombed,
 Oiving."

"Jeez, I can't ask 'im ever'thing."

"You want me to smack you?"
 said Blackie. "Go on, ask 'im if he
 got bombed."

"*Aut men zich gevorfen bombes?*"

"*Mein mamen aut a bombe getro-
 phen*," he said.

"Jeez, you guys," yelled Irving,
 "his ma was hit with a bomb."

All the Hawks were staring at
 David and nobody said anything.
 Irving started smacking the ball in
 his mitt.

"Listen, Oiving," Blackie said,
 "ask 'im can he play baseball."

"O.K. *Spieltst du baseball?*"

"*Hair, ven ich vell veren an Amer-
 icaner, vell ich skpielen baseball.*"

"He says he is going to be an
 American and play baseball."

"Then he's got to talk like Amer-
 icans," Blackie said. "Tell 'im to
 say somethin' in American."

"*Tu eppes Americanish, ingle.*"

Blackie sneered. "Come on, dope,"
 he said, "do somethin'."

"Fourscore and twenty yihs ago,"
 David said, and stopped.

"Go on."

". . . our foddahs brought fort
 on . . . on . . ."

"Pipe down," Blackie said. "We
 hoid ya. C'mere, you guys. All you
 Hawks c'mere."

When David saw all the Hawks
 in a circle, talking about him, he
 was afraid. Blackie looked mad.
 Maybe they were going to beat him
 up. He started to run.

"Grab 'im," yelled Blackie.

Fuzzy tripped him as he ran by.
 They were all yelling and Blackie
 held him down and the rest slapped
 his behind. He tried to lie still and
 pretend he was dead or hurt bad.

"O.K., you guys," Blackie said,
 "that's enough."

David got to his feet sobbing.
 The Hawks were all laughing now
 and Blackie was grinning and push-
 ing toward the signboard.

"Quit cher ballin'," Blackie said.
 "Ever'body in the Hawks gets
 initiated."

Irving handed him a piece of
 chalk. "*Gay scribe dine nomen*," he
 said. "You're playing in the Hawks
 now."

His hand was trembling but he
 printed carefully, in large letters.

Then Blackie took the chalk and
 wrote a word behind his name.

DAVID LANDAU · PIGTAIL

'Come on, you guys," Blackie

said, "we got to practice." He turned to David. "You talk American now, all the time, see?"

David wiped his nose on his sleeve and nodded. The Hawks were running on to the field. Fuzzy was putting on his mask and Irving was swinging a bat.

"You're pigtail, see," Irving told him. "That means you're to shag the ball when it goes in the street."

David nodded and squatted behind home plate. "I got to talk American," he thought. "I got to. And when I learn I'll stand up there and hit the ball clear over the building."

"Play ball," he whispered, so low that no one else could hear him. "Play ball."

He took a deep breath. "PLAY BALL!" he yelled. "STRIKE 'IM OUT!"

❏ A small Texas town wakes up, achieves state-wide fame, and finds that it pays.

Here's Howe

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

Lewis T. Nordyke

TWO YEARS AGO Howe, Texas, was a weedy, down-at-the-heels village. Today it is distinguished as one of the beauty spots of northeastern Texas. Miss Mame Roberts, a local schoolma'am, became indignant because a Dallas radio program of "Salutes to Texas Towns" mentioned no little towns. She determined to make Howe so attractive that it would be recognized. Picking its ugliest spot, a dumping ground opposite the business row, she and a few recruits removed tin cans and rubbish, hoed and weeded, and planted zinnias.

"What's the use?" objected many people. "The town's gone to the dogs anyhow. It's hard enough to make a living. We've no time to fool with flowers." But even before the first seeds sprouted, the improvement in the unsightly spot and Miss Roberts' enthusiasm had fired many people to repair and paint fences, plant lawns and flower gardens. The editor of the *Howe Messenger* lifted the face of his own building and transformed the lot next door into a lawn, with a garden and fountain. Other business men followed until the noise of hammer and saw was

heard throughout the town. The appearance of almost every building was improved.

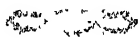
Enthusiasm swept the little town. Funds were scarce, so they all rolled up their sleeves and worked. The city ruled that delinquent taxes and water bills might be paid by work on the new project. Vacant lots, alleys, ugly corners, were cleared of rubbish and planted with climbing roses and flowers. Even the humblest homes were surrounded with flowers. Vines were planted to cover walls and fences.

The first garden, on the main street, became a favorite meeting place, where men and women chatted in the cool of the day. An unused wedge of land between two highways, long a jungle of signboards and weeds, was converted

into a rose garden and park; another plot belonging to the county has been laid out as a picnic ground. Today Howe leads the nation in parks per capita — six for 560 people.

Soon the charm of the little village on the highway to Dallas began to attract attention. Residents of neighboring towns came to praise, tourists stopped to see; and they spent money. New business also came to town: two oil companies built stations designed and landscaped in keeping with Howe's beautification program.

The commercial possibilities in beauty hadn't occurred to the people of Howe while they were working to make a pleasant place in which to live. But they have learned since that it pays.



Their Natural Habitats

DIRECTOR David Butler, who loves company and has plenty of it, calls his house *Butler's Pantry*.

ALLAN DWAN, who prefers privacy, calls his place *Dwan Away*.

OVER THE DOOR of the log cabin retreat of the superintendent of schools of Phillips, Wis., appears the legend: *Bored of Education*.

ERNEST PAGANO, Paramount script writer, christened his estate *El Rancho Costa Mucha*.

A METHODIST MINISTER, retiring, happily built his first permanent home and named it *Dunmovin*.

That's Hollywood

by

PEGGY McEVOY

A HOLLYWOOD mogul who has never learned to read or write has managed nicely by signing his checks with two crosses. His banker called him recently. "How about this check, here, it's got three crosses?"

"My wife has social ambitions," explained the mogul. "She thinks I should have a middle name."

"How do you like your new father?" asked Buster of his pal.

"Oh, he's all right, I guess."

"Sure — he's a good egg," agreed Buster. "I had him last year."

W. C. FIELDS bought a ranch in California, gave orders that before he set foot on the place he wanted it completely planted with everything full grown — no waiting around for nature to do her stuff.

The day of his initial visit, he induced Director Gregory La Cava to accompany him. Everything was just as the comedian ordered. The groves were popping oranges and lemons, the flowers were in full bloom.

The foreman conducting them around led them finally to the rose garden. The roses were only in bud. Scowling fiercely, Fields stalked through the rose bushes, slashing at them with his cane, barking: "Bloom, damn you, bloom!"

MAE WEST, who writes her own screen plays, handed her producer the script for a picture co-starring Victor McLaglen and herself. The producer read it and went screaming to the telephone.

"Mae!" he wailed. "You've killed off your co-star in the second reel! You can't do that!"

"Why not?" asked Mae in deadly calm.

"He's your co-star!" he shouted again. "All great authors let their principals live longer than that. Why even in *Romeo and Juliet* Shakespeare let Romeo live until the last act."

"Yeah?" drawled Mae. "Well, Shakespeare had his technique and I have mine."

TO THE 14-year-old son of a friend, Hedy Lamarr gave her photograph, and signed it "To Johnny, with love." Later, when Hedy visited her friend, the picture had gone from Johnny's room. Hedy was surprised. The apologetic mother explained: "I've only just found out that Johnny rented your picture for \$2 over Sunday to another boy called Johnny."

— Contributed by Stanley High

❏ The Manitowoc Plan stimulates first voters
to get the facts before they go to the polls

Young Democracy in Action

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Karl Detzer

SOON AFTER Jimmie Jackson's 20th birthday, three young neighbors drove up to his door in Manitowoc County, Wisconsin, to invite him to a meeting on a nearby farm. "We're organizing against Hitler," they explained.

Jimmie went to the meeting. So did a dozen other young men and women who would cast their first votes at the next election. The three who invited Jimmie conducted the meeting. They were 21, already had voted once. A middle-aged man and woman, school-teachers, sat in the rear of the room but offered advice only when asked.

To Jimmie's surprise, no one mentioned Hitler. Instead, the leaders talked excitedly about the coming county elections.

Jimmie learned that a spirited three-cornered fight was in progress for the office of supervisor. Fourteen men, some obviously unfit, were running for sheriff. He heard a heated argument over the location of a proposed bridge. He also found that his own first vote would help decide an old controversy over the taxes on his father's farm.

"We'll dig deeper into this tax

question next meeting," one of the leaders said. "Meanwhile, why don't we sound out these supervisor candidates on how they stand?"

Not till the meeting was over did Jimmie get up nerve to ask: "But what about Hitler?"

"Just this — Hitler got his start by organizing young fellows like us into gangs. He pumped 'em full of his ideas. Stalin and Mussolini have their gangs, too. Call 'em 'youth fronts.' We are organizing our own front — for democracy. We've got to know what democracy's about before we can vote intelligently. So we're starting with things close to us. After we understand *them*, it'll be time to dig into national affairs."

That same week 37 other groups of young voters held meetings for future citizens, one in each of this Wisconsin county's precincts. Always these meetings were held in homes or schoolrooms. These cagey youngsters decline all offers of free halls — they want to be beholden to nobody, especially to no organization of their elders. Jimmie attended meetings all winter, learned

a great deal about his county government. Then one May afternoon — while bands played and civic organizations, war veterans and labor unions paraded — he and 700 other young men and women were sworn in as citizens by the chief justice of the state supreme court.

This method of assuring an alert, understanding electorate is becoming widely known as the Manitowoc Plan. It began as an experiment three years ago, was so successful that the Wisconsin legislature last year directed school superintendents in all counties to help start programs. Already 19 counties have complied. Nearly 100 counties in 24 other states have followed Manitowoc's example. Congress endorsed the idea last spring by setting aside the third Sunday in May as Citizenship Day, and urging all civil and educational authorities to "institute full instruction of future citizens in their responsibilities and opportunities."

The Manitowoc Plan was born when Dr. R. J. Colbert of the University of Wisconsin first suggested it to an adult class in municipal government at the Manitowoc vocational school. Under Dr. Colbert's guidance the school trained scores of teachers and civic leaders to act as volunteer instructors of first voters.

As textbook, university experts prepared a 26-page mimeographed *Guide to Young Voters*, containing

facts any citizen should know to cast an intelligent vote on local issues and candidates.

Hugh S. Bonar, superintendent of the Manitowoc city schools, believes adoption of the plan by all our 3100 counties would safeguard America not only from fascism and communism but also from other unsound schemes promoted by selfish or misguided factions.

"More than half the 2,500,000 young Americans eligible to cast first votes each year are without permanent jobs," he explains. "Three quarters of them, disheartened because democracy appears unable to give them economic security, are ripe for any crackpot scheme that promises more money for less work. Most of them don't even take the trouble to vote. Knowing this, the foes of democracy are working skillfully and determinedly on this age-group to get recruits."

Manitowoc County challenges these forces by vitalizing youth's interest and makes its participation in government personally important. On Citizenship Sunday, the churches conduct special services, and the sermons deal with the democratic ideal; in the afternoon a rabbi, a Catholic priest and a Protestant clergyman participate in the swearing-in ceremony, as proof of our freedom of worship and absence of intolerance. The parade which precedes the induction ceremony, in which all new voters march, township by township, has

as its theme some phase of freedom under the Constitution. Merchants contributed floats to the first parade, but the next spring the youngsters built the floats themselves at a cost of not over \$15 each.

The new citizens immediately plan how to help next year's class. Committees of volunteers, without pay, spent their leisure hours for seven weeks last spring combing the birth records at the courthouse, going from door to door inviting new voters to meetings.

In many parts of the county 20- and 21-year-olds have formed permanent organizations to continue their self-instruction. The Young Citizens' League of Manitowoc meets twice a month to discuss the facts its members unearth. Recently members asked the candidates for county office, "What qualifications fit you better for the office than

your opponents?" Many a candidate was furious at "those young upstarts," but when he discovered that the county newspapers had agreed to publish the results of the survey, he reached for his pencil.

The youngsters never make recommendations. Their only interest is to present such facts as will help the average voter cast an intelligent, thoughtful vote.

By experience, Jimmie Jackson and his hard-working partners in the Manitowoc Plan have learned the value of their ballots, and they intend to keep those ballots free. By studying, by teaching, and by doing, they are making democracy an exciting adventure, are keeping it alert and powerful in their community. When the plan has spread to all American counties, our country, they believe, will be safe from dictators.

Contest Winners — Vacation Jobs

IN OUR July issue, the editors asked for unique and practical examples of high school and college students creating their own jobs during summer vacation. For the most interesting contributions, \$25 each has been awarded to Norma Abbett, Hammond, Ind., and Arthur Emlen, Germantown, Pa. For the ten next best, each of the following readers received \$10: Mrs. Raymond Donovan, Lincoln Park, N. J.; Frederic E. Fox, Flagstaff, Ariz.; Mrs. A. Holecek, Orland, Calif.; Mrs. Janet Jackson, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Bess Janata, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Lillian Marota, Jenkintown, Pa.; Miller C. Mercer, Philadelphia, Pa.; Isaac N. Payne, Chicago, Ill.; Arthur Riehl, Scarsdale, N. Y.; Miss Laura Whitehorn, New York, N. Y.

Why I Favor Private Enterprise

Condensed from Forbes

H. E. Coffey

WHEN I mention the freedom of opportunity that the American system of free private enterprise offers, critics often try to tell me that our frontiers are gone. "Where is opportunity for the poor man?" they ask. "Look at the great army of the unemployed."

I cannot believe that private enterprise is responsible for this condition. Since the last war I have seen my country drifting away from free private enterprise into the clutches of governmental control and of giant monopolies; I have witnessed the government's power to stifle, and even to destroy, private enterprise grow to alarming proportions. I believe these checks on private enterprise are basically responsible for our present social problems.

Our land frontiers are gone; however, this age is not an age of farming, but of science. New frontiers are being conquered today by new pioneers — our scientists, engineers, inventors, educators. These pioneers, like those of early days, work

This is a prize-winning essay in a national contest held by *Forbes Magazine* on the subject of whether we should preserve the system under which our country was developed. It augurs well for the future of the American tradition that a high proportion of the 600 entries came from relatively humble people — who unqualifiedly endorsed our system of free enterprise.

best under a system of private enterprise. Some of the most talented men and women of Europe have fled here because America offers the freedom that private enterprise alone can offer. I favor it because of the encouragement it extends to talent of every kind.

I am an individualist. I would never be happy to be a mere cog in a wheel, to live in a house precisely like every other house in the neighborhood. I would never be happy in civilian uniform, or if every choice concerning my life were made by someone else. To me the monotony of standardization, of regimentation, would be unbearable. Under private enterprise there is more education, freedom of conscience, liberty to choose one's occupation — in short, more freedom of the will. Give me America, where private enterprise yet holds sway.

HEBER E. COFFEY describes himself as "a poor man." He was born and reared on a Texas ranch. For eight years he was a rural schoolteacher, for five years a beekeeper. He now lives in Karnes City, Texas.

Because my philosophy is that of self-reliance, I favor the system which allows me to choose my own path to success, to be my own boss. It rewards honest effort, just as it penalizes laziness and lack of courage. Self-reliance has never failed me, but without our system of private enterprise I would have precious little chance to exercise it.

In America I am part of the government as well as part of the governed. My ballot and the ballots of my fellow citizens speak louder than the thunder of dictators. I cherish the privilege of voting for whom I please. I can criticize the government without fear; when someone knocks at my door cold shivers do not run up and down my spine. I want this peace and security preserved.

I believe in economy and thrift. Private enterprise encourages these and stimulates the average person to do his best. A maximum of goods and services is therefore produced, and as a result there is more for all of us. That is one reason this is a land of progress, superior to lands under other systems. Public enterprise, on the contrary, encourages the individual to do the least that he can get by with. Under such a system less is produced, so there is less for all.

I have observed that free private

enterprise makes the benefits of discoveries and inventions available to the people of America more quickly than they are to the people in any other country. Therefore, poor as I am, I may have an automobile of which a king would not be ashamed, and my home is equipped with radio, electric refrigeration, and many other conveniences denied to all but the upper classes in other lands. Under the large degree of private enterprise still left in America, I daily enjoy butter, meats, fruit juices and pastries — foods scarce in many other countries — and never have I been compelled to use soap sparingly.

The principles of private enterprise, like the principles of Christianity, are old. At the same time they are eternally young and true. They have brought America to a high state of civilization and I believe that they must continue to be our guiding principles if we are to maintain that civilization. Other principles — socialism, communism, fascism — claim to be modern and superior. Yet they too are old, as history proves; and they, like the forces of hate, militarism and fear, will never be best for mankind.

Yes, even though I am poor, I favor private enterprise because I love freedom and all the privileges it brings me as an individual.



❏ A new postal service drops mail
from the skies

Air-Mail R.F.D.

Condensed from Business Week

INCOMING MAIL dropped from the skies, outgoing mail snatched by a plane traveling 100 miles an hour — these feats are just part of the job to All American Aviation, Inc., which is extending Uncle Sam's air-mail service to small towns off the commercial air routes.

All American is headed by 30-year-old Richard C. duPont, aviation enthusiast and champion glider pilot. He organized the company two years ago, when Dr. Lytle S. Adams of Irwin, Pa., inventor of the pickup apparatus, interested him in the idea of an air-mail R.F.D. Shortly afterward the company won a \$200,000 Post Office Department contract to operate two experimental routes in Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

During a year of test flights, All American's five single-motored Stinson Reliants flew 400,000 miles, completed 23,000 pickups, and handled 75,000 pounds of mail. The service centered over sections of the Alleghenies called "the graveyard of aviation"; yet not a plane or a pilot was lost.

At first, mail bags to be picked up were suspended on a rope between poles 30 feet high and 60 feet apart. As the plane approached a station, a "sky clerk" or "pickup

man" paid out two ropes. One, carrying mail to be dropped, was released just before the station was reached. The other had a grapple hook which yanked the outbound mail from its suspensions.

The pickup device has been steadily improved. The first ground suspension poles were steel; new ones are light bamboo, which a plane can strike without damage. The 55-foot pickup cables swayed and sometimes missed; the new 14-foot rigid wooden booms allow such accuracy that a pilot can pick up containers from poles only three feet apart.

The company was granted a permanent certificate by the Civil Aeronautics Authority and regular commercial service was instituted in August on three lines radiating from Pittsburgh, taking in small towns between that point and Huntington, W. Va., Jamestown, N. Y., and Philadelphia. Towns high in the hills which have never had railroads are now getting air mail. Smallest of them is Glenville, W. Va., with 799 inhabitants. In some places mountain tops were skinned of trees to give planes a path for pickups. Since the pickup planes don't have to make landings, they often fly their routes when other

air transports are grounded by dirty weather. During floods in the Ohio Valley, service was maintained when all other transportation was drowned out. Rowboats were used

to place mail bags on the pickup poles.

With two other routes to be added, planes will take mail by air to 139 communities in seven states.

Democracy at the Crossroads?

¶ *Senator Robert La Follette:* The feeling with regard to the third term of a President is not based on idle fear. The power and prestige of the Chief Executive have grown continuously since the foundation of our government. Students of politics, both American and foreign, properly regard the President of the United States as the most powerful individual in the world. Establishment of the precedent that one man may continue to wield this power for longer than eight years would make a definite step toward the abrogation of popular government. Once the precedent has been broken that no one should hold the office for more than eight years, it will be difficult if not impossible to prevent re-election for 12, 16, and perhaps 20 years.

¶ *Grover Cleveland:* When we consider the patronage of this great office, the allurements of power, the temptations to retain public place once gained, and more than all, the availability a party finds in an incumbent whom a horde of officeholders, with a zeal born of benefits received and fostered by the hope of favors yet to come, stand ready to aid with money and trained political assistance, we recognize in the eligibility of the President for re-election the most serious danger to that calm, deliberate and intelligent action which must characterize a government by the people.

¶ *Dean Young B. Smith, Columbia Law School:* Now for the first time in American history a President has been nominated for a third consecutive term and there can be no doubt that if once an exception is made the restraint of the third-term principle will be gone forever. The situation calls for a critical analysis of the soundness of the basis for this principle. If it has a sound basis and if it is — or may in the future provide — a safeguard to our form of government, it should not be thrown aside, especially at a time when democratic institutions throughout the world are giving way to dictatorship and tyranny.

❧ Grimly and magnificently, Canada is playing her part in the war — and achieving a new attitude toward the United States.

Friends to the North of Us

Condensed from *Current History and Forum*

Jerome Beatty

Author of "Americans All Over"

CANADA a year ago was a nation of disjointed racial groups of varying loyalties. The 3,500,000 French-Canadians, a third of the Dominion's population, are not French and decidedly were not pro-English. Add a million Canadian Irishmen, 500,000 Germans, 300,000 Ukrainians and 140,000 Italians, and almost half the population was something less than sympathetic over England's woes. And so for nine months Canada's war effort was much too leisurely to please the English and Scotch elements, afire to help the Mother Country.

Then France fell. Suddenly it became clear to all Canadians that they were fighting, not for England, but for Canada — the land where English, Irish, French, Germans and Ukrainians could live side by side as free men. Here was something to fight for!

When the Dominion really got going last June, Parliament passed a bill providing for conscription of wealth, industry and labor. It likewise ordered the registration of every person more than 16 years of age. Montreal's Mayor, Camillien Houde,

sounded off in a key formerly popular. Parliament, he said, had no mandate to vote conscription, and he would advise people to resist registration. Police slapped him into a concentration camp quicker than you can say "Quebec." Registration went smoothly. The Mayor had not been smart enough to see how completely the temper of his own neighbors had changed.

Parliament also appropriated \$700,000,000 for war expenses. That's a lot of money for Canada; \$64 per capita, which would be more than eight billion dollars with us.

It is only human to squawk about taxes, but Canada is paying taxes that *are* taxes and complaining little enough. With hardly a murmur 1,000,000 workers will pay income taxes for the first time. A two percent deduction from all wages hits even the scrubwoman, the shopgirl and the messenger boy. There are sales taxes on almost everything. There is a processing tax even on bread. Cigarette taxes are so high that many Canadians are rolling their own. The average man will

pay at least 30 percent of his income for taxes — and buy a lot of war savings stamps, too.

Generous Canadians have given \$1,500,000 outright for war work. Other gifts include jewels, a 400-acre wheat farm, 40 cents raised by kids with a show in a barn, and money from a group of Japanese fishermen "loyal to the land of our adoption." Old men are returning their pension checks and militiamen are refusing their pay.

Fifth columnists were working desperately in Canada long before the phrase was invented. The United States can join in thanking the Royal Canadian Mounted Police for years of unsurpassed detective work. Today the leading Trojan horses are interned.

A few years ago a clever man made himself so popular among the 180,000 Communists — 70,000 of them Ukrainians — that they elected him secretary of the party and he served for three years. They seem to have been disconcerted to learn that he was a Mountie. At least the Reds have since kept rather quiet.

German agents, when the war broke out, thought they had done a slick job. Their activity had been even more ambitious than in the United States. Apparently they hoped to undermine Canada, like Norway and Denmark, to prepare a disorganized country from which the United States could be attacked. In 1937 they openly an-

nounced a four-year plan to create a solid Nazi unit which was to spread disloyalty among other groups. The four-year plan ended ignominiously in its third year when the police stepped in.

The Italians concentrated on youth, and police say they had the most dangerous organization of all. One of Canada's richest men, an Italian shipbuilder with war contracts, was interned soon after the war began. His shipyard now is working under government supervision.

As in the United States, a sturdy majority of Russians, Germans and Italians are loyal to their new homeland. The others have been halted in their tracks by the grim and heart-warming work of the mounted police. Traitors to Canada have learned that democracies eventually become fed up with enemies within, and when the police get tough they get good and tough.

The crisis, too, has produced a change in Canadian attitude toward the United States. They find themselves liking us. It is a little startling, but explained by the new realization that the fate of the two countries is indissolubly linked. Many Canadians resented our airs, our domination of the screen, the radio, and even the front page of their newspapers. There was some suspicion that "the States" would like some day to take over the Dominion.

A year ago the Roosevelt-Mac-

kenzie King joint defense board would have been looked upon by many leaders as a defeatist policy, indicating that Canada was preparing to desert England and run for protection into the arms of a covetous nation. But when the board finally was set up, Canada roared its approval. Almost the last die-hard succumbed to the Good Neighbor policy when Britain got the 50 destroyers.

Canadian good will is the more remarkable because we promoted irritation by requiring passports and visas of visiting Canadians, and proof of citizenship from returning Yanks. Ensuing confusion was terrific, and it is estimated the regulations, before they were modified, cost Canada \$75,000,000 of our customary tourist expenditures. Eventually the United States decided to issue permits at border towns, and the exasperating situation ended. But Canada kept its temper and throughout persisted in its efforts to bring about a genuine friendly attitude for the good of North America.

The fall of France coincided with the end of the college year, and Canada was encouraged by a rush of our youngsters to enlist in the Canadian army. At first, because of the required oath of allegiance and consequent loss of U. S. citizenship, they were accepted only when they gave Canada as their residence. The recruiting officers helped.

"Where are you from?" an officer would ask.

"New York City."

"Ah, from Montreal, eh? A fine city, Montreal," the officer would grin. The recruit would grin back and all was well.

In August, Canada waived the required oath and our boys were openly welcomed. Because so many are registered as Canadians there are no accurate figures, but in mid-summer the Air Force reported that about 15,000 had applied. Good pilots from the States are snapped up; hundreds who can fly blind are being hired to fly new fighting planes to England, at \$150 a week.

Britain has handed to Canada the vast job of training most of the Empire's airmen. Student flyers were to come from England, Australia and New Zealand, but most of them were to be Canadians. Ultimately the schools were to have a personnel of 40,000 and turn out 500 pilots a week.

The plan was hardly started when there came the ghastly news of the German drive. England needed every airplane and would be unable to send to Canada the 1500 training planes it had promised. A shipload of aircraft bound for Canada was called back in midocean. Instead of getting planes, Canada sent across almost all it had.

Still, Canada realized that it must carry on the job. Pilots can't train properly in England. Black-outs prevent night work, fighting makes day training a hazard and fogs ground flyers for many days

through the year. U. S.-born C. D. Howe, Minister of Munitions and Supply, cut red tape and performed miracles. By August, 22 schools were in operation, with 2643 pupils.

The United States could help greatly in this program. More training ships are needed desperately. Moreover, winter weather will sharply curtail training activities. If flying fields in our Southern states were made available to the Royal Canadian Air Force, as they were even before we entered the last World War, Canada's war effort would receive terrific impetus

— and eventually Hitler would have fewer bombers for a possible thrust at the Western Hemisphere.

Even though Canada's new unity and its attitude toward the United States are inspired by fear of an invader and may be tempered some day by peace, there will remain a new Canada, a more harmonious family north of the border. Only crackpots in the United States have any desire to annex Canada or to lessen her loyalty to the British Empire. We want a strong, united, friendly nation up there — and that, now, we have.

Moments of Humiliation

§ IN MY high school football days, I was a lowly and undersized substitute on the first team; never had I played in a game, nor ever expected to.

It was the big game of the season. Came a shrill whistle, the game stopped, our team gathered in an ominous huddle. The captain was down. The quarterback ran to the sidelines, yelled, "Send in Rose," and raced back again.

With wobbling knees, but determined to do or die, I galloped onto the field. The situation must be desperate or the quarterback would not call for me.

"Take off those pants," snarled the quarterback. "Somebody's ripped the seat out of his." In the seemly shelter of a huddle we swapped pants. I left the field holding my rear elevation like a man with a misplaced attack of lumbago. The game went on.

— Don Rose

¶ AT A DINNER some years ago in honor of the newly elected president of the University of Chicago, Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, a visiting educator who did not know the young president remarked to the lady at his side, "So *that* is the new president!"

"I beg your pardon, but do you know who I am?" the lady asked stiffly. The visiting dean admitted that he did not. "Well," she remarked icily, "I am Mrs. Hutchins."

The stranger was stricken dumb for a moment, then said, "I'm sorry. Do you know who I am?" Mrs. Hutchins shook her head.

"Thank God," the dean responded weakly.

— Milton Bacon

Wood Waste Magic

Condensed from American Forests

O. A. Fitzgerald

AN INVENTIVE young Idaho engineer has produced out of Western forests something new in fuel — an artificial log compressed from sawdust and shavings formerly burned as refuse by lumber mills. Clean, handy, highly efficient, these “Pres-to-logs” are giving coal and natural wood a merry race in hundreds of Western towns. Last year 30 million logs were sold. That’s 120,000 tons subtracted from our annual waste of a great natural resource.

Pres-to-logs produce neither smoke nor sparks, leave practically no ash, and require no kindling — just a few chips from one end of the log itself. Each log contains the equivalent of an armload of ordinary wood. In stoves, with the damper turned down, they burn uniformly at a snail’s pace; two logs in a fireplace will throw out abundant warmth for three hours. Half a dozen railroads use them in dining-car galleys; a steamship line is one of the biggest customers; an army of housewives buys them — often from the corner grocer or automobile service station. A lumber company even takes them back into its own log-

ging camps, to burn in cookstoves and donkey engines — for, being sparkless, Pres-to-logs are not a fire hazard when woods are dry.

Everyone with a fireplace is a potential customer, particularly for “Rainbo Logs,” that burn with a blue, green and violet flame. They decorate Christmas hearths as far East as New York.

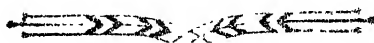
The lumberman wastes half to two thirds of every tree he cuts down. A few years ago one of the world’s largest mills — Potlatch Forests, Inc., at Lewiston, Idaho — was producing 350 tons of sawdust, shavings and planer waste every day. Clearing it away or burning it was expensive and a challenge to the company’s 33-year-old chief engineer, Robert T. Bowling. His idea of turning this waste into salable fuel was not new, but his method was. Squeezing wood waste into a compact piece is easy. Making it stay squeezed is something else. Earlier attempts to hold wood briquettes together with sticky binding materials, string, or wire were unsuccessful. Bowling evolved a machine that crushes the waste into a thin layer, completely

collapsing the cells of the wood, and then forces it into tubular molds under terrific pressure. The process heats the molds to 350-450 degrees, and they are then water-cooled, solidifying the wood particles. Nature makes coal in much the same way. The resulting logs, four inches through and a foot long, are smooth and heavy. Toss one into water and it will sink.

So successful is the new fuel log business that other large Western companies with waste problems

sought the machines. Some 35 are already in operation. A box factory in South Africa has purchased one, and another was ready to go to Australia when war interfered.

Bowling's machine is probably the most conspicuous attack yet made on the problem of waste in lumbering. And not only lumbering, for pineapple husks, wheat and flax straw, and peanut shells have also been used. Almost every fibrous agricultural waste has been successfully smashed into fuel logs.



Mr. Chrysler Makes His Debut

WHEN Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, for years uncrowned queen of Palm Beach society, invited Walter P. Chrysler, Sr., and his wife to dinner, it was something of a debut for the Chryslers and a depressing prospect to the big ex-mechanic. Wandering glumly about Palm Beach that afternoon, he heard a fife-and-drum corps and followed it to its headquarters. "How much do you boys want to hire out for the evening?" he asked.

"Five dollars an hour," answered the leader.

"You're hired," said Mr. Chrysler. "Have you got a uniform that will fit me?"

That night Mrs. Chrysler, not liking the idea of a fife-and-drum corps, went to the dinner with friends; but Mr. Chrysler's sensational entrance on the stroke of eight, uniformed and supported by the entire corps pounding and blowing, was a complete success. A master of the drums during the Civil War, Mr. Stotesbury loved martial music and was always ready to pound a drum at the drop of a hat. He promptly got out his drum, and what had started out as a staid dinner party ended in a riot, with host, hostess and guests having more fun than at any time since their first circus.

— Inez Callaway in *Cosmopolitan*

Behind the German Lines



BY DONALD Q. COSTER

*L*AST MONTH The Reader's Digest printed an account of the experiences of an American ambulance driver with the French army, in the great retreat toward Paris. In that article, Harold B. Willis described how four of his comrades re-entered burning and bomb-torn Amiens for a last load of wounded civilians — *and failed to return to the unit.*

For several weeks they were thought to be dead. Actually they were caught by the swift German advance. This account gives a memorable description of what they saw behind the German lines.

BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES

AMIENS, as our two ambulances re-entered it, was a blazing inferno. Every second building was in flames. The streets were blocked with fallen wires, wrecked cars, dead horses, bomb craters. German bombers still roared overhead in wave after wave, dropping their eggs all around us. There was no sign of French antiaircraft resistance.

We got through to our objective, the Châteaudun hospital, just as the worst bombardment of all broke loose. The hospital received a direct hit, and the French doctor-officer in charge ordered everyone below to the *abri*.

The four ambulance drivers whose story follows were members of the American Field Service.

Donald Q. Coster (the author) — Princeton '29, and unmarried — was sales manager of an advertising firm in Montreal.

Jack Clement was an honor student and ice-hockey star at Harvard, and was studying in France when the war broke out.

George King left a job with a textile firm in England to join up. He had attended Cambridge University, and was married to an English girl.

Gregory Wait, father of 10-year-old twin sons, ran a model dairy farm in Vermont.

All were "posthumously" awarded the Croix de Guerre.

We crowded down there, 150 of us — doctors, internes, nurses, soldiers, a few civilian women and children — in a small, clammy, windowless room, while the terrible, ear-splitting bombardment kept up for an endless hour. Even in the shelter, you could feel the shock of the exploding shells like punches against your chest.

And then all at once there was a complete hush.

I can't tell you what an eerie feeling it was — this utter silence after an hour of inferno. You could hear this silence — almost see it — with a tiny, muffled noise underneath, which was your own heart-beat. At last it was broken by the clopping of heavy boots overhead. For terrible long minutes we held our breath, waiting for a grenade to be thrown down into our shelter. When none came, I suddenly decided that if I was to be killed, I wanted to be above ground. So I climbed up the stairs to the exit.

Daylight was a shock after the darkness of the shelter. I walked into the courtyard, and there for the first time saw the gray-green German uniform. The soldier's rifle

was aimed at a line of French prisoners backed against a wall.

I can't speak a word of German, but I waved my Geneva identification card while I walked toward him. He turned his gun on me, and seemed to be considering whether to squeeze the trigger. But the answer, at least for the moment, was no. He took my card, tried to read it, then shook his head and stared at me. King, who spoke a little German, now approached and demanded that we be taken to an officer. The private agreed, called another guard to take his place and led us out to the main road, about 50 yards away. There we were greeted by the most awe-inspiring sight I have ever seen.

It was the famous German mechanized column entering the city.

You may have seen photographs of a Panzer column. But you haven't seen the endless stretch of it. You haven't seen its speed — roaring down the road at 40 miles an hour. Giant tanks with officers standing upright in the turrets, sweeping the landscape with binoculars. Mean little whippet tanks. Armored cars with machine-gunners peering out through the slits. Motorized anti-aircraft cannon with their barrels upward-pointed and crews ready for action. Armored touring cars with ranks of alert soldiers, stiffly holding rifles. Guns of every caliber, on pneumatic tires or caterpillars. Motorboats and rubber rafts mounted on wheels; fire engines; engineer shops on wheels; camouflaged trucks

loaded with petrol — all ready at the first hint of resistance to disperse across the flat fields and take up positions of defense or attack. Overhead were reconnaissance planes.

Near where we were standing, the French had thrown a pitiful wooden barricade across the road, which the column had mowed down like matchsticks: nothing yet invented by man, you felt with a shock of despair, could possibly withstand this inhuman monster which had already flattened half of Europe.

Our German guard waved to a stop an officer driving an armored car. He pulled up at the side of the road, leapt down with his hand on his pistol-holster, and after a long cold regard, like a naturalist observing some strange new species, asked in good French why we had presumed to stop him.

I replied that we were American ambulance drivers seeking permission to return with wounded civilians to our headquarters at Beauvais. The officer's answer was to hustle us into his armored car. He roared up the road with the rest of the column.

The odds are pretty high that we were the first non-Germans ever to ride in a Panzer column. But I wasn't thinking of this now. I was thinking that we were prisoners of the most ruthless army in history, bound none of us knew where.

The men of this division were all in their early '20's, amazingly fine-

looking specimens. They gave, both now and later when we talked to some of them, the impression of knowing exactly what they were doing and of doing it with precision, force and speed, unhindered by any scruple. One example of their efficiency was that the drivers, at their first entrance, were perfectly familiar with the streets of Amiens. We learned later a more impressive example: all the men of each unit belonged to the same blood group, so that transfusions could be made on the field without the delay of blood tests. Their marching songs, as we heard them later, were so written that the beat of the music aided the rhythm of breathing, thus alleviating fatigue. Their officers were only a few years older than the privates; the pre-Hitler veterans were given less important posts, with the second-line column. Obviously, this advance guard was the cream of the army — fresh and confident and ruthless.

We pulled up soon outside a big French farmhouse which had been taken over by the general in command and were led inside. Lying on the floor was the owner of the farm, shot through the stomach but still alive.

The general was a broad-shouldered, tough, six-foot-three mountain of Prussian efficiency. He listened to us with polite impatience. But either our French or the general's was not too good because he took us for American *doctors* and

scribbled an order that we were to be placed in charge of the Château-dun hospital, which we were to put in scrupulous order for use as a "German-American" hospital. We were dispatched at once, under guard, with our first *blessé*, the wounded farmer.

The Germans had already begun to gather up wounded and deliver them to the hospital. Every one of them was tagged, like an express package, with the time, place and nature of his wound, and with details of his field-treatment.

Where were we to begin? We had had no food since a sandwich the day before and no sleep since the night before that. But there had been an all-too-obvious "or else" in the general's voice when he gave his order. I applied to a German guard who took me to a line-up of French prisoners and let me pick as many as we needed to help us. We set to work at once.

Our patients at this point were all civilians. The single sign we had seen of military resistance to the Germans was a pair of "seventy-fives" drawn up on either side of the road, with two dead French gunners lying beside each.

At about eight o'clock that night, the Germans told us that a battle had been fought on the outskirts of the city, and that we were expected to bring in the casualties. They assigned a driver to take us out to the battlefield in a captured truck. It was a real battlefield. Fortu-

nately it was too dark to get the full effect. A company of young Tommies had attacked the main column of the mechanized Germans — like mosquitoes attacking a locomotive — and been wiped out. Among all the dead and terribly wounded British, we didn't come across a single German casualty; if there had been any, they had already been removed to maintain morale. The story was current that Germans who fell were at once flown back into Germany to hide them from their own comrades.

Tired as we were that night, we hardly slept. The French, realizing a little too late that Amiens was a key city, kept up a continual artillery bombardment, and soon after dawn a German officer woke us with the laconic information that there were some more *Englischer* to bring in from the outskirts of the city. This time, we could see the carnage by daylight. Two companies of British, protecting the line of retreat, had been surprised by the Panzer column. The thing that impressed me about that battlefield — while a choking feeling rose in my throat — was its resemblance to the old painrings of battlefields I had seen. Under a hot, cloudless sky lay a wide field of high grass, simply covered with English dead and wounded, and wounded and dead cattle. The British boys had been massacred by the tanks, as they had no artillery, only a few light machine guns to supplement

their rifles — about as effective against a tank's armor as a peashooter. Their only hope had been to score a lucky hit through a gun slit. Here, as last night, we didn't find a single dead or wounded German. Out of possibly 300 British, we picked up maybe 25 or 30. The rest had all been killed. Many of the wounded had been run down by tanks, their bodies flattened like pancakes. Others, caught by the cross machine-gun fire of the encircling tanks, had been almost cut in two before they fell. Every fourth or fifth bullet from these guns is a tracer which burns through the body like a white-hot poker.

It was hard to locate all the wounded in the high grass; the hot sun was overhead when we got the last of them up, and I don't have to remind you what that means on a battlefield. I must admit that the Germans were of great help to us getting these boys in, and helping them over their bad moments with water and cigarettes. Even the Germans must have been impressed by the fact that not a single one of the Tommies, no matter how badly hurt, was ever heard to whimper. "Very brave," one of the Germans remarked to me, "but very, very stupid."

I happened to be wearing a pair of fine leather gloves at this time, and as I was loading one of the Tommies onto my stretcher, a German officer, taking me for a Britisher, came up behind me and

grabbed the glove off one of my hands, muttering a scornful: "*Englisch*." Without thinking, I angrily grabbed it back. In the fraction of a second, his revolver was denting my stomach. I pointed to the American Field Service band on my arm and explained: "*Amerikanisch*." The officer sprang to attention, saluted me, shook my hand and walked off.

This was almost the only time my nationality was treated with anything more serious than an amused contempt. The Germans seemed to consider our President an innocuous windbag. And often, to our "*Amerikanisch*" their answer was, "Ah — we never see any of you — on our side."

We had no sooner got this field cleared than we were sent to the opposite end of the town to find more customers for our hospital. But before we ever got there, there was a shift in the German command. Our uniforms, unfortunately, resembled those of British officers. The new medical officer took one look at us and sent us, under heavy guard, to the *Kommandant*.

The new *Kommandant* was the toughest and meanest German we had yet run into. He either didn't, or pretended not to, understand anything King or I told him. At last he wrote out an order, and we were crowded into an ambulance with some other prisoners and driven to another hospital, known as the "Nouvel." There the Ger-

man officer demanded our American passports. We had deposited these in Paris with the Field Service Headquarters, who were afraid they might fall into German hands and be used for fifth-column work. So he arrested us all over again and told us to get to work putting this hospital in order.

The Nouvel hospital had been heavily bombed and the small hospital staff which had remained after the French retreat was completely demoralized. The brave nurses did their best, but there were only four doctors — two very young surgeons, a dentist, and a 70-year-old skin specialist — and these were overwhelmed by the tasks confronting them. The situation was so desperate that our duties became varied indeed — stretcher-bearer, anesthetist, nurse, water-carrier, grave-digger, and even, at times, assistant surgeon. There was a serious shortage of essential supplies. But even worse was the lack of water.

In the whole city there was no electric power and no water for washing or for toilet facilities — not even water for drinking. Many feeble old people, who had been unable to escape from the ruined city, came daily to the hospital to beg for just a cupful. Even so we had to refuse, since we rarely had enough even for the surgeons to boil their instruments and wash their hands. Our nearest source was a small stream over two miles away,

from which water had to be fetched by hand. The old people who came to us had to face the serious menace of great numbers of thirst-crazed dogs roaming the streets. These maddened brutes — once gentle pets — were everywhere, licking the faces of corpses, slaking their thirst with human blood.

In the following days, as patients multiplied, conditions in this hospital became even worse. The Germans had moved antiaircraft batteries and heavy artillery into the protection of the hospital grounds, which were marked with large crosses made of red roof tiles knocked off the building, and these guns soon became the object of regular attacks from Allied bombers. Our doctors had to operate with artillery explosions shaking the whole building. You can imagine how restful it was for the patients, all of whom were French or British.

The Germans had imposed a blackout throughout the town, with the warning that lights shown after dark would be punished first by a shot through the offending window, then by a hand grenade. That they meant business they proved to us one night when a shot chopped the ceiling of the operating room, whose broken window was insufficiently blanketed. The hospital had become so crowded that operations went on most of the night, by the light of a flashlight or oil lantern. We took turns holding

the lantern over the operating table, praying that the fumes from the liquid ether wouldn't explode.

That operating room in the Nouvel hospital was one of the most ghastly things I have ever witnessed. Not a pane of glass was left in the windows. The blankets with which we had to cover them for the blackout cut off all fresh air, so that the odor from ever-present gangrene was overpowering. The walls and floor were filthy, as there was no water or disinfectant to clean up with. The corridor floor just outside was always filled with rush surgical cases, some begging pitifully for the water we did not have, others lying grimly mute. So great was the confusion and hurry that once, when I had carried in a new patient and prepared him on the operating table, the surgeon glanced down and asked me if I could not yet recognize a dead man.

The Germans did nothing whatever to alleviate the conditions under which we carried on, although they were severely critical of our efforts. One day the German medical-chief made an inspection and delegated me to inform our *médecin-chef* that unless his hospital was put in military order by noon of the next day he would be sent to a concentration camp, where he would learn the true meaning of deplorable conditions. The German officer then took me to a building they had requisitioned for some of their own wounded, to point out the con-

trast. They, of course, had ample supplies of medicine, bandages, disinfectant, anesthetics, antitetanus and antigangrene, not to mention a dozen trucks at their disposal to collect food and water. On top of that, they had requisitioned most of our beds, which we had to replace with straw litters. I begged in vain for the use of even one truck to draw water from the distant stream; all we ever got was a broken-down cart with a feeble old horse — this to supply a hospital with nearly 500 patients.

One of our French doctors was an X-ray specialist and he set up a makeshift X-ray machine with a little portable motor. This machine was a godsend in our operating room as it saved experimental probing for shell fragments. But it had been in use only two days when the Germans carried it away to one of their own field hospitals. Our two most competent nurses were also commandeered, and left us in tears to serve in German field dressing stations.

Somehow, by desperately working all night, we were able to meet that German inspection, but I for one was bitterly angry. The only acknowledgment we got for our efforts was the inspector's remark that the French were naturally a filthy people as compared with the Germans.

It must not be forgotten, of course, that in the last war, with established lines, it was compara-

tively simple to send enemy wounded back where they could be given decent treatment behind the battle front. But under the blitzkrieg plan, prisoners, if they are cared for at all, must be cared for under battle conditions. The Germans' stay at Amiens was unusually long, according to blitzkrieg standards. But even so, Amiens was an isolated spearhead, still largely surrounded by French defenses. Under these conditions prisoners were a definite liability.

It was hard for some of our wounded men to realize this. Remembering the last war, where a hospital meant safety and decent treatment, they could not understand the appalling conditions in our hospital, shaken as it was by German artillery fire and often also by the crash of French bombs.

The morale of our few British continually amazed us. Never a whimper while they lay desperately wounded, without water or proper medicine, with guns firing and shells exploding almost within spitting distance of where they lay; and everywhere that unforgettable smell of gangrene. I remember one in particular: Captain Cook of the Royal Sussex. He had lain on the field for two days, and when I picked him up his right arm was so riddled with bullets that I was afraid it would drop off. Finally it came his turn in the operating room; but there were no stretchers to carry him upstairs. So he walked,

with his good arm thrown over my shoulder. We passed a group of French soldiers complaining about all the things there were to complain of in our sad excuse for a hospital. Captain Cook gave them a withering look and said to me, in a clear voice: "What are we expected to do — sail our English fleet right up the bloody Seine to cheer these chaps up?"

Nor shall I ever forget the remark of another desperately wounded Britisher, who had been shot down by a tank. When I asked him his opinion of the German Panzer columns he said: "Beautiful to watch, but terrible to receive."

One morning we saw an unbelievable sight: a woman dressed not in a blood-stiffened, once-white uniform, but in a neat blue dress. We spoke to her, and even our beard-stubble and filthy clothes did not seem to frighten her. She was a Belgian, she said, and with her husband had got special permission from the German authorities in Brussels to drive the first car since the bombardment into Amiens to check up on Belgian wounded for the Red Cross.

When was she going back?

"This afternoon."

"Do you have extra room in your car?"

"Perhaps. But would the Germans let you leave?"

"No harm in trying."

We hurried to the *Kommandant*. At first his answer was definitely

no; but we argued so loudly (and lied so convincingly about the pressure that would be applied by the American Consulate in Brussels when they heard of our plight) that at last he relented. At three o'clock that afternoon the four of us, hardly believing we were awake, piled into the back seat of M. and Mme. Alfred Chambon's tiny Ford car. One soggy toothbrush was the total of our personal possessions.

When we faced the tearful farewells of nurses and doctors we began to wonder if it was fair to leave them; but several French doctors captured in the fighting had recently been sent to work at the hospital, so that our services were no longer so urgently needed.

At eight o'clock that evening, after driving through scenes of universal desolation, we saw a streetcar, not wrecked, but operating; we were in Brussels! Outside the American Embassy an American flag was flying. M. and Mme. Chambon kindly let us spend the night at their home — our first night in three weeks without bombing and artillery fire — and next morning Ambassador Cudahy heard our story and told us we could consider ourselves under the protection of the Embassy. He suggested delicately — standing not too near us — that there might be a few purchases we would like to make, and arranged to cash my check for \$200, which we spent on razors, soap and new clothes.

Brussels seemed scarcely damaged by German bombs; and we heard the surprising story of its occupation. The day before the Nazis entered, a huge swastika appeared in the sky — smoke-written by airplanes. At dawn the next day, the inhabitants watched 2000 parachutes fall from the sky; as they struck the ground there was the rattle of machine-gun fire. It was much later that the defenders discovered that all but 200 of the parachutists were straw dummies, and that the machine-gun fire was the explosion of firecrackers set off by the 200 real troops as they landed. This was followed by a bombardment of whistle-bombs, which have the effect of making anyone within earshot believe the bombs are falling directly toward him.

Now the Germans were working hard to restore the city's normal life. Gasoline being virtually unavailable, street traffic was light, but most of the stores and restaurants were open. German Credit Marks, with an arbitrary valuation of ten Belgian francs, were in circulation, and anyone refusing to accept them was jailed. There was a shortage of vegetables, but meat was cheap; the Belgians were killing their stock wholesale, rather than run the risk of military appropriation.

The German soldiers were always spectacularly polite. Whenever a Belgian woman entered a

streetcar, a dozen German soldiers leaped out of their seats. In the stores, where the Germans were buying huge quantities of lace underwear and other Belgian specialties to send back home, the salesgirls were treated handsomely. Although the educated minority saw through the Nazi propaganda, the gullible majority were obviously impressed by this air of order and politeness.

After two weeks in Brussels, an opportunity arose for me to travel to Paris with Mr. George Kennan of the Berlin Embassy in an American Embassy car that was going through.

Halle, Mons, Cambrai, Peronne, Roye, Compiègne, Senlis. Everywhere the same scene of bombardment and desolation — gaping craters, destroyed bridges, ruined homes. And everywhere dumps of abandoned French tanks, guns, live ammunition, uniforms, which the Germans hadn't even needed to add to their own supplies. We were stopped three times, the last time at the gates of Paris, but Mr. Kennan's pass and his perfect German took us safely through. It wasn't too dark, as we drove to the Embassy, to see the giant swastika flying from the Eiffel Tower, dominating the whole city.

HERE, as in Brussels, the Germans were scrupulously courteous. But just to remind us, low-flying bombers continually thundered across

the city. Although the French were gradually beginning to drift back, Paris was still largely deserted. The Germans tried to liven things up by putting on band concerts in the public squares, at which all the famous German airs were played by steel-helmeted musicians, surrounded by decoy audiences. The curfew was extended to 10 o'clock, and two night clubs opened — smoke-filled basements off the Champs-Élysées patronized chiefly by teen-aged Parisian jitterbugs, who performed before the astonished eyes of crop-haired German tourists. Every day more and more of these tourists arrived by special-excursion trains. They were all over the place, filling the best hotels, shopping with their Credit Marks in the luxury shops; snapping cameras everywhere and jotting down notes in their pocket diaries. Busloads of soldiers made conducted tours of the principal monuments. The telephone was operating, but whenever I used it I heard clicks as the line was opened

through to listeners at German headquarters.

One day I ran across another member of our Ambulance section, caught in Paris with a broken ankle. He looked at me and blinked hard. A French officer had reported that he had come across my own ambulance — Number 20 — blown up at the side of the road, with four corpses beside it. This explained why King, Wait, Clement and I had been awarded the Croix de Guerre — posthumously!

I wasn't sorry when the American Embassy informed me that arrangements had been made to transport me, with other Americans, to Spain. In Lisbon, I met King and Wait, who had been brought down from Brussels. Jack Clement had gone on to Switzerland, where he hoped to get a job with the International Red Cross.

And there was a sight I had often despaired of ever seeing again — an American ship, ready to sail for New York.

The Hitler Handicap

Notices posted recently at golf clubs near London:

"Emergency Rule — Players may pick out of any bomb crater, dropping ball not nearer hole without penalty. Ground littered with debris may be treated as ground under repair." — *Time*

"WILL members please pick up any shrapnel on the course. It might damage the mowing machine."

— *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

Newsbreaks and Wisecracks

Excerpts from
The New Yorker

MISS DOROTHY MORRISON, who was injured by a fall from a horse last week, is in Saint Joseph's Hospital and is covered sufficiently to have her friends come to see her.

—Morristown (N. D.) *News*

Hardly more than a normal precaution.

WANTED: Reliable orchard man for steady job. Don't have more than two children if you can help it.

—Hood River (Ore.) *News*

You tend to your fruit.

The Departure of Clara Adams: Among the first to enter was Mrs. Clara Adams of Tannersville, Pa., lone woman passenger. Slowly her nose was turned around to face in a southwesterly direction, and away from the hangar doors. Then, like some strange beast, she crawled along the grass. —Burbank (Calif.) *Post*

MARJORIE EVANS, a cashier at the bank, was slightly bruised Monday afternoon when the car driven by George Baker struck her in front of the bank. Mr. Baker is to be commended for the consideration he showed for Miss Evans. He stopped the car immediately, picking her up and feeling her all over to make sure no bones were

broken, after which he insisted on taking her home where he could make a closer examination. We are glad to hear that outside of a bruised hip she escaped injury.

—Norwood (O.) *Enterprise*

We're not a little relieved, too!

STANLEY E. BLACK, Palmyra postman, is in possession of a divorce today from Mrs. Almira Black, after Private Detective Frank Miller testified that he had watched William Hale feed Mrs. Black gumdrops and then kiss her for 15 minutes and 34 seconds according to his watch.

—New Haven (Conn.) *Times Union*

And all these years we've not known about gumdrops!

BUT SHE DID NOT need to wear platinum and diamonds to attract the men. She would have attracted them as much if she wore nothing at all.

—From *Magnolia Street*, by Louis Golding

Don't be trite.

NEARBY was the food table, presided over by Mrs. Herbert Cunningham, all in white, and filled with luscious cakes and cookies.

—Boston *Herald*

Untrustworthy, apparently.

CARIBBEAN

Snooze Cruise

By LEICESTER HEMINGWAY and ANTHONY JENKINSON

*P*OKING ABOUT alone in a small schooner, the *Blue Stream*, these two adventurous young newspapermen bring from remote corners of the Caribbean a story of Nazi intrigue in America's front yard. Their report is a warning for this country, and also a yarn spun in the best traditions of the sea.

This is not Anthony Jenkinson's first "snoop cruise." In 1939 he and another correspondent for the London *Daily Express* explored the Mediterranean in a nine-ton sloop. They were the first foreign newspapermen to visit the Balearic Islands since the beginning of the Spanish Civil War. Braving Franco's warning that all strange vessels would be fired on, they entered Palma and stayed two weeks, rubbing shoulders with German and Italian aviators. Their small craft and innocent air gave them access to Pantelleria, Italy's mysterious island fortress, and resulted in sensational scoops on other Italian naval preparations. These reports finally landed them in a rat-infested jail on Italy's island of Rhodes, from which they were released only two weeks before the outbreak of the present war.

British by birth, Anthony Jenkinson began his journalistic career in the United States in 1934 and spent a year in war-torn China for the London *Daily Sketch*. Leicester Hemingway, born in 1915, a brother of Ernest Hemingway, has worked on newspapers in Chicago, Philadelphia and Florida. An adventurer by nature, in 1933 he built an 18-foot boat and with one companion sailed across the Gulf of Mexico.



CARIBBEAN SNOOP CRUISE

LAST JANUARY, when we were in Key West, we heard many rumors of German submarines in the Caribbean. President Roosevelt announced that an unidentified sub had been sighted off Miami; press reports from Trinidad told of a German mother-ship and three subs off northern South America; five U-boats had been reported in the Gulf.

Back of all these rumors, we thought, there must be a good story. In our 12-ton schooner, the *Blue Stream*, we went and looked for it. Cruising for three months in the little-known waters of the western Caribbean, untouched by steamship lines or the United States neutrality patrol, we found signs of a well-developed Nazi refueling system for submarines. We saw preparations for German naval action off the coast of Central America, an area vital to the defense of our hemisphere. On remote islands which could easily menace the Panama Canal, America's lifeline, we discovered Nazi agents, Nazi propaganda, stocks of Diesel oil waiting for Nazi raiders.

We learned how the Nazis operate through isolated individuals —

sometimes officials of Central-American countries. But in no case did we find a Latin-American government directly involved. Also working for the Nazis in this area are ex-bootleggers, alien runners, narcotic smugglers, who make a big profit running drums of fuel oil to lonely keys and islets with sheltered harbors, where subs can have unobserved rendezvous with innocent-looking schooners. Seventeenth-century buccaneers chose these harbors as bases for their raiders; why wouldn't a German U-boat commander choose them too?

Early in February we sailed from Key West to Havana to complete preparations. There we cleared for Belize, British Honduras. In reality we were headed for certain interesting islands off the Mexican coast.

International law requires a vessel to sail to its declared destination without casual stopovers. But in emergencies a ship is allowed to call in anywhere for 24 hours "under protest." This loophole and plenty of liquor for port officials when they come aboard are the chief techniques of "snoop cruising" — techniques which had been

used to good advantage by Tony Jenkinson in the Mediterranean.

The sudden storms of the Caribbean gave us a real excuse for popping into places unannounced. We had other excuses too. We drove a block of mahogany into one of the cylinders of our auxiliary engine, and thus had "engine trouble" whenever we needed it. Another time we deliberately pumped our tanks dry of fresh water.

IN THE STRAITS of Yucatan a norther hit us. We ran before it a day and a night, the *Blue Stream* lifting her stern bravely to each monstrous wave, settling back sturdily as the water hissed away from underneath her. The second morning we sighted Mujeres Island, gray and lonely as the storm smashed great seas against it. There we sought sanctuary, the weather giving us a legitimate excuse.

Mujeres has a naval station, base of a Mexican gunboat, and a personnel of 40 men. Their commandant, a violently pro-Franco Mexican, took us on a tour. As we looked at the power plant, with its Diesel engine, his eyes lit up.

"It is a German product," he said. "They always make the best. Germany, of course, will win the war."

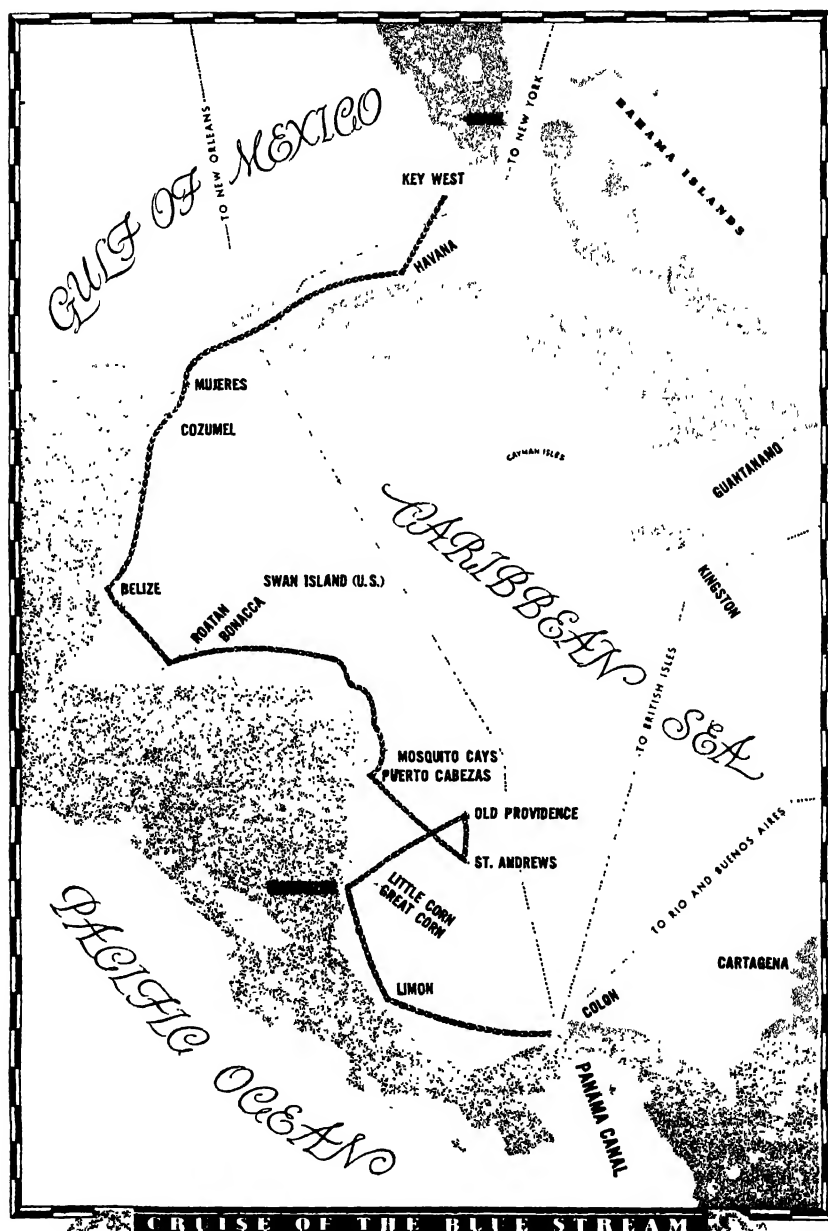
Our first important stop was Cozumel, a large Mexican island off Yucatan. At sleepy San Miguel, the only town, we took soundings. "Not a bad spot for a submarine," said

Tony, swinging the lead. "A perfect lee, an isolated shore, and 36 feet of water practically alongside the beach. The Germans' largest ocean-going submarine could refuel here as easily as Mrs. Jones takes in groceries."

This deep water goes right up to the coral foundations of a newly built concrete shed. Behind its locked doors are stored over 500 drums of Diesel fuel oil, brought in at night, a few at a time, by schooners. The shed is owned by Oscar Coldwell, the town's leading citizen and merchant. In the yard of his store we saw 200 drums more. Here is a total of 35,000 gallons, enough to take a submarine twice round the Caribbean. The oil could hardly be there for any other purpose, as the few Diesel-powered vessels which call at Cozumel burn less than a drum a day, and carry their own fuel.

Cozumel is far from prying eyes. Tourists no longer come there since Pan American Airways abandoned it as a stop three years ago. It is not covered by the U. S. neutrality patrol. It hasn't a hotel. The inhabitants go to bed early. If the contents of those 700 drums were poured into a submarine's tanks under cover of darkness, the news would not spread very far.

Oscar Coldwell is a dark-haired young Mexican — ambitious, energetic and pro-Nazi. He was formerly a radio operator on United Fruit boats. The island's radio is located



above his bar, so he could easily receive and transmit messages for the Germans. Among Coldwell's associates are two "Jewish refugees," anti-Nazi only in name, who came to Cozumel recently.

We asked Coldwell if he wanted Germany to win the war.

"Sure," he replied. "Britain never did us any good and when Hitler wins he will bring order to the world."

Leaving Cozumel, we put in at Belize, British Honduras, for a few days. There the German-born engineer of a Diesel-motored vessel searched the *Blue Stream* frequently in our absence and finally rammed her — "by mistake." With a dent in our stern we sailed for Bonacca Island, off the coast of Honduras, inhabited by descendants of seventeenth-century British buccaneers.

Bonacca's most important merchant is a German. When we passed his store we overheard a group discussing the latest Nazi victories with enthusiasm. On the counter of another store we noticed a pile of Nazi pamphlets. "Take one," said the owner; "they're free. The German Bund sent them over from the mainland. We Spanish-speaking Bay Islanders hate the British. When the Germans have won the war they'll help us make Spanish Honduras into the great country it is destined to be."

The chief harbor of remote Bonacca is so deep and so sheltered that large vessels could lie at anchor

for days without being observed. The U. S. neutrality patrol does not come within sight of these islands.

Sailing eastward, we rounded the tip of Nicaragua. No wilder or more desolate coastline exists in North America. Recently the Nazis began moving into the lagoons and rivers round the cape. A few here, a few there, they cut mahogany and raise bananas, towing their cargoes with powerful German Diesel barges and tugs which could easily be used to refuel a raider. It was near Great Swan Island, only a hundred miles off this coast, that a submarine of unknown nationality was reported last winter. A U. S. possession, these barren, sandy Swan Islands are used only as a weather station and no patrol vessels operate from them.

Dropping down the coast, we sighted the Mosquito Keys, a group of 200 desolate islets, long cursed by navigators because of their dangerous cross currents and uncharted reefs constantly built by the action of the sea. A graveyard of wrecked ships for centuries, these keys provide secluded shelter for raiders and caches of fuel oil. Every one of them, with its lagoon of smooth water or protecting reef to windward, is a potential seaplane mooring. The fishermen who used to come to the Mosquitoes from the Cayman Islands, off Cuba, have avoided these keys since the war. They have heard that the Nazis are about to assemble prefabricated sub-

marines at some isolated spot, and don't want to blunder on the hide-out. Last winter the British schooner *Alston*, sailing through the Mosquitoes, vanished without a trace.

OUR PAPERS were made out for St. Andrews, but we wanted to put in at Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua. What excuse would it be this time?

"How about my head?" Tony said. "After that smack from the foreboom I painted it with iodine and it looks pretty bad."

The port officials were properly impressed. To landlubbers it seems serious when one of a crew of only two is hurt.

Before our cruise began, we had heard of a small German ship that had been prowling around the western Caribbean with a lot of strange scientific instruments the year before the outbreak of war. In Puerto Cabezas we got on her track. She was supposedly shark fishing with secret apparatus, so local sailors were not allowed to go aboard. But these sailors never saw her take in any fish, and when they anchored down wind from her there was no fish smell. Actually, said Krog, the radio operator at Puerto Cabezas, she was taking soundings and making new charts of the whole area. Krog told us of more Germans, about one to each community, living along the coast without visible means of support. The manager of the docks and fuel oil depots at the port was a German.

The second day out from Puerto Cabezas, gray blankets of rain cut visibility to a few yards. Water came up over the floorboards. All night we spelled each other at the bucket. Just as the pale dawn came seeping in under the black scudding clouds, we saw, dead ahead, great combers creaming over the jagged fangs of coral. Another five minutes and we'd have been pounding to splinters on the reef. Beyond the reef was a little key with a lone palm tree on it, like a comic strip cartoon of a desert island.

Old Providence and St. Andrews Island, rarely visited possessions of Colombia, are in a strategic position athwart the vital track of steamers from the United States and scarcely 300 miles from the Panama Canal. The only American living on them is an 80-year-old blind hermit.

We had come ashore in St. Andrews, and were crossing the town's little square, when a metallic voice boomed out: "This is Berlin calling! Our victorious troops struck another smashing blow at the enemy today." The voice came from an amplifier outside the store of Bernhard Regnier, St. Andrews' most influential citizen, who generously provides the English-speaking inhabitants with daily D.N.B. broadcasts.

Regnier is German. He came to Colombia in 1921 but did not apply for citizenship until after Hitler invaded Poland. In 1935 he went to

Old Providence and set up a radio station on the highest mountain. Penniless when he came to St. Andrews two years ago, he has built up his commissary into the island's biggest business. Regnier also has a new storehouse, for fuel oil, right on the waterfront, from which shipment to a Nazi vessel lying in the bay would be quite simple.

Regnier is smartly dressed, and moves with brisk military precision. To find so energetic a man on an island with only 4000 inhabitants, visited only by occasional trading schooners and a weekly mail boat, is amazing. He was a German officer in the last war, first in the army, later in the air force. He told us that he was trying to get an airfield established on the island, and that he himself would have much air mail to send.

We went to call on the Governor of St. Andrews and Old Providence, Guillermo Ruiz Rivas, who said:

"The importance of these islands, on shipping routes vital to the United States, has been almost entirely overlooked. German submarines secretly using our harbors and coves could do terrible damage in the Caribbean. The outer keys are uninhabited and visited only by occasional turtle fishers. Under their lee U-boats could refuel from supply ships at their leisure. Shortly after the outbreak of the war two German submarines were sighted just north of Cartagena. As Colombia has not the financial resources

to patrol these islands, it is up to the United States to coöperate with us."

We asked what the attitude of the people would be to occupation of the islands by the United States.

"There you have a problem," the Governor replied. "Most of the people here, being of British West Indian stock, have Negro blood and they fear that if Uncle Sam takes them over they will be treated as Negroes are treated in Southern States. The Nazis make good use of this in their propaganda."

FROM ST. ANDREWS we sailed northward to Old Providence. Descended from English buccanners, the people speak Elizabethan English. The ancient system of lookouts was still working, for as we rounded the last headland a weird "whoo . . . whoo" was blown on a lookout's conch shell.

Ashore we inquired casually about Regnier's brother-in-law, James Rankin, who was said to be a daring smuggler. His skipper was Eliseo Hawkins, apparently a direct descendant of the pirate, Sir John Hawkins. Everyone agreed that Rankin was pro-Nazi, and that both he and Hawkins were tough customers. We also learned that a year ago a German warship had anchored off Old Providence, catapulting a plane which flew twice round the island. Shortly afterward a foreign vessel cruised about mysteriously for two weeks, until driven

off by the warning shots of a Colombian gunboat.

One morning we heard the "whoo . . ." of the lookout again and a topsail schooner anchored in the harbor. Presently a man rowed ashore, bringing three fuel-oil drums. It was Eliseo Hawkins. Tony walked over to the wharf and greeted him.

"That's a swell schooner you've got, Cap," Tony said.

"Yeah," said Hawkins, not looking up. He was big and he was black and it was easy to see why people feared him.

"You got a Diesel motor aboard, Cap?"

"No. These are water casks. Always bring 'em ashore to get 'em filled up."

"How does water taste out of fuel drums, Cap?"

"Just like mother's milk."

That night we heard that Rankin and Hawkins smuggle a few drums of Diesel fuel ashore every time the schooner comes in. There are no Diesel motors on the island except in the government power plant, which has its own fuel supply.

Tony went into Rankin's store on the pretext of buying eggs and found Rankin and his wife listening to a news broadcast in English from Berlin. When the broadcast ended Rankin asked:

"Why did you come in here?"

"To buy eggs."

"We will have none until tomorrow afternoon."

"I will call for them then."

"How can you call in the afternoon if you are leaving in the morning?"

"How do you know we are leaving?"

"I have friends in the town. Why do you leave suddenly, after saying you would be here for weeks?"

"If we are still here when the season of calms and rains comes we will never reach Panama."

"There are other reasons," said Rankin, "why you may never reach Panama."

Soon after that we hurried aboard the *Blue Stream*. She had been searched. Bunks were pulled up, cushions heaved about. Someone had been monkeying with our electrical system. We pulled the switch, but we didn't blow up. The job had been interrupted just in time.

We had been warned that if we approached Little Corn we would be shot at, because it is the place of exile of seven political prisoners, enemies of President Samoza of Nicaragua. But drinks for the official boarding party smoothed the way and we were allowed ashore, though the sergeant in charge of the exiles glowered at us. The prisoners quickly gathered round. They were thin, and told us that Samoza hoped they would die for lack of food. Later we saw them on the beach, looking longingly at our schooner, but we could do nothing for them. When the sergeant seemed about to make further trouble for

us we went aboard our schooner, on the pretext of getting supplies and magazines. Once there we quietly hoisted anchor and were off. On the beach the sergeant's men unslung their rifles, but in a few minutes we were out of range.

Our next stop was Little Corn Island. This and its companion Big Corn are the United States' least-known possessions. In 1916, anticipating a Nicaraguan Canal, they were leased from Nicaragua for 99 years. But no bases have been built; there is not one American here to report to Uncle Sam how Nazis are active on territory he controls. When we reached Great Corn Island the Nicaraguan commandant, Sub-lieutenant Kruger, brought all the important citizens aboard the *Blue Stream*. Said Jackson, the leading merchant, glass in hand: "It's five years since we've had visitors from the States. Let's celebrate!"

We made friends with Kruger and Jackson. In Kruger's house there was a big picture of Hitler on the living-room wall. Kruger, whose father had been German, called Hitler a "very just and strong man." "*Der Führer* will rule the world," he said. "Europe is only the beginning. With one of my wealthy friends I will build an airfield here. The time will come when it will be very valuable."

As we drank together, Tony asked: "What if the American government sends down a naval de-

tachment to take formal possession of its lease on the Corn Islands?"

Kruger whacked his boots with his riding crop. "They'll never come," he said; "the United States have forgotten that these islands exist. If they do come, it will be too late." All the guests laughed.

LONE ONE NIGHT on the *Blue Stream*, Jackson made us a proposition. "You and I can work together," he said. "Your boat is ideal for smuggling. And there's real money in running fuel oil for the Nazis. Better than aliens or narcotics. With the bunks out of your schooner, you can carry 50 drums — you'll get them from the German docks manager at Puerto Cabezas. There'll be a real refueling job soon, and we must be ready for it. A submarine. She could lie off the bay here, and we can load directly from the schooner. When we finish, the empties can be sunk in the swamp near my coconut grove. Don't worry — you'll be paid in advance."

Then he cautioned us about communicating with him through the mail, named a schooner captain as safe to entrust with sealed messages, and assured us we would be approached by Nazis at Colon (in our Canal Zone), who would complete the arrangements.

By this time we were beginning to see a German behind every oil drum. And on the rest of the cruise they did turn up in surprising places

and numbers. At Bluefields, Nicaragua, the acting collector of customs, Adolpho Peters, was pro-Hitler, of German parents. When we went to get mail, two men ahead of us received letters postmarked Berlin and Düsseldorf. They were talking German. We heard of other Germans traveling about the country without any apparent business.

In Limon, Costa Rica, we were shown a storehouse owned by a German. It was locked and had a "No smoking" sign. We were told of fuel oil officially shipped to ports where it never arrived. An easy guess is that it was sent to some island to refuel Nazi ships. Limon's largest hotel is German-owned. There we felt we were in an outpost of the Greater Reich. A young man

whose photographic store we had visited earlier that day came over to our table.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "have you seen any German submarines? That's what you are looking for, isn't it? Don't worry — if you haven't seen any yet you'll see plenty of them soon."

From Costa Rica we sailed for the Canal Zone. For a day and night the *Blue Stream*, close-hauled, taut and willing like a race horse on the home stretch, plunged into the steep seas rolling in from the northeast. The second night out we picked up the flashing light on Cristóbal breakwater, and suddenly, remembering Coldwell and Regnier and Rankin and Kruger and the others, we knew we were lucky to be seeing it.

DECEMBER 1940

The Reader's Digest

An article a day—of enduring significance, in condensed, permanent booklet form

Report on a revolution, as seen during a 10,000-mile trip through American towns and countryside

Main Street Twenty Years After

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Bernard De Voto

DOWN WHERE the spur track makes a V with the highway U. S. 20, Gopher Prairie still stands, but Main Street has disappeared. Its disappearance was confirmed for me by a recent auto-

BERNARD DE VOTO has for 25 years been a student and observer of the American way of life, particularly as it developed in the West. Born in Ogden, Utah, in 1897, he attended the state university, finished his undergraduate course at Harvard and returned to Ogden to teach in public schools. Later, teaching English at Northwestern University and at Harvard, he wrote books and essays on American frontier life and contributed short stories and articles to the magazines. With *Mark Twain's America*, in 1932, his reputation as a man of letters was assured. He was editor for two years of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and since 1935 has edited "The Easy Chair" department of *Harper's*.

mobile trip through interior America — and seemed the most important fact encountered in 10,000 miles of travel. The trip was made during a time tense with national dread. Yet I returned from my two months' inquiry feeling vastly assured about America's future, convinced that America is better off than I had thought.

The things that caused that reassurance are commonplaces, and their enormous sum has had too little attention in the press. Realization of the extent of the change in American life did not hit me until we were halfway across Kansas, at Great Bend. The sidewalks of this town of 5500 population were thronged. I explained to my companion, a city slicker, that a funda-

mental pulsation of American life brings the farmers to town on Saturday night. "But," he complained, "I don't see any farmers."

Now I was born in a small town and have spent half my life in interior America. I could identify the farmers by their sun-bronzed faces. But I could not spot their wives or daughters. They were indistinguishable from the club ladies and debutantes of Great Bend, who look just like the women and girls on Madison Avenue or Boylston Street. I remembered the wagons and Model T's massed along such curbs as these on Saturday 20 years ago, and the abashed farm women with lumpy shoes, coarse stockings, horticultural hats, and rusty dresses.

In all the small towns we had passed through, shop windows displayed clothes exactly like those in the shops of Oxford, Ohio, and New York City. (Do you remember, in Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street*, Carol Kennicott's pain when she saw Axel Egge's windows? "Heaps of sleazy satins, badly woven canvas shoes designed for women with bulging ankles, steel and red glass buttons upon cards with broken edges. . . .")

And the prices marked in shop windows supported the testimony of the sidewalks. The farmer's daughter was paying \$2.98 for wash dresses, \$2.29 for sport shoes, 31 cents for underwear. Certainly she was not getting undergarments as

good as the expensive ones advertised in *Vogue*, but the rayon does give her skin self-respect. Her \$3 dress was not as good as the \$30 item at Saks that it was copied from, but because it was copied from a Saks model a cause of psychological inferiority has been destroyed. She is no longer dressed in the costume of an outlander. She is dressed in the uniform of the American girl, which makes no caste discriminations between Gopher Prairie and Pasadena.

Twenty years ago the farmer's daughter went swimming in the crick below the pasture, and if she wore a bathing suit, which was not as customary as you may think, it was likely to be a pair of her brother's outgrown overalls. Her cousin in such a town as Great Bend rented a shapeless gray cotton suit when she went swimming at the amusement park. Only the banker's daughter, who had been to a finishing school, had a bathing suit of her own. Now all women have bathing suits, exactly like those worn at Hyannis, Southampton, and Narragansett Pier. And not bathing suits only; the girls of Gopher Prairie have beach robes and hats, espadrilles, hideous sun goggles, and inflatable sea horses. The most frivolous decorations of metropolitan life are an accustomed possession of small towns, and another provinciality has been erased.

Gopher Prairie's hardware store,

its furniture store, especially its drugstore, offer the same testimony. Watching the farmer's daughter buy a depilatory, a pair of huaraches, or a set of nesting cocktail tables for the screened porch over the milk room, one reflects that the past ten years have brought a revolution in rural America.

The revolution has occurred without the coöperation of literature which goes on reporting Main Street as it used to be. In the past 20 years the people of Gopher Prairie have made their town a better place — have given human life more worth. How much has literature had to say about the job they have been doing? That personal devil, standardization of American life, which so enraged the intellectuals of the 1920's, has in reality annihilated much that was deadening and disruptive in rural existence.

Go back to the bathing suit. Twenty years ago if a small-town school board had proposed a swimming pool for the new high school it would have been mobbed by taxpayers. Now the whole expanse of America is dotted with high school pools, municipal beaches at the mill pond, and new parks along the crick. That the taxpayer has levied taxes against himself to pay for these, shows how the revolution has worked out in his thinking about his home town.

Twenty years ago Sam Clark's Hardware Store in Gopher Prairie displayed equipment for four sports

— bicycling, baseball, hunting and fishing. Today Sam sells the paraphernalia of soft ball, skeet, badminton, skiing, deck tennis, and on through the catalogue.

To be young in Gopher Prairie 20 years ago was pretty dreadful. There was so little to do. The organized habits of the pioneer struggle for existence were broken and no other pattern organized to combat the monotony and aimlessness which resulted. You stood in front of the cigar store whistling at the girls, you played pool in Jake's basement, you acquired a thin sophistication about prostitutes and cheap liquor at an earlier age than was good for either you or Gopher Prairie. Frustrated, your futile, balked anger hardened into hatred; and hatred of your home town is decadence. American literature of the 1920's, from *Spoon River* and *Main Street* on, is largely a literature of hating one's home town.

The farmer's daughter skiing down the pasture slope and the small-town youth using the municipal tennis court or flying his model airplane in the park are a reaction from decadence. The lives of Gopher Prairie's children are now vastly colored and enriched. The government offers Gopher Prairie instruction in all the household arts from cooking and cheese-making to wood-carving and weaving. The school board has instituted summer and night classes in electric welding, automobile mechanics, short-

wave radio, photography, and from there on to water color, modeling in clay, and the theory of design. And the extension department of the state university picks up where the school board leaves off. Most important, many organized efforts have arisen spontaneously without support from government.

Once the young had to migrate to the cities to pursue these activities. Now a wastage and frustration of young people in small towns is being grappled with. A cultural soil once thin is now deeper and richer; roots can get nourishment from it. One species of decay has been mastered, and the disparity between small-town life and metropolitan life that was a desperate cleavage in our culture is over: life in small towns has grown finer and more productive.

I eavesdropped on a conversation of high school boys and girls at a soda fountain in Council Grove (pop. 2998). They were talking about the albums of Black Seal records which Kansas City newspapers were distributing by the ten thousand. They were talking about the symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms, and César Franck — easily, naturally, with an intelligent and habituated knowledge. I am sure that the high school children of Council Grove did not talk about symphonies at soda fountains 20 years ago.

It is a commonplace that radio has incalculably increased the pub-

lic's enjoyment of fine music. But the most important aspect of the radio in interior America is its complete coverage of the momentous events the world over — supported by expert analysis, military, economic, and political, such as the small-town press could not afford.

Teton Basin, Idaho, is one of the most isolated communities. Far up in its foothills I met a rancher who began to discuss the war and our relation to it. Through his talk ran a thorough understanding of events; he talked, in fact, very much like friends of mine who teach politics at Harvard College. And the reason was plain: he was getting the same information they were, from the same source. I wonder how well his father understood that other war, in 1917.

Wherever my car pulled up, at restaurants, soda fountains, filling stations, radios were tuned to catch the news. At the principal hotel of Casper, Wyoming, I saw a crowded dining room grow attentive when a customer crossed to tune out a dance-band program and get Elmer Davis. Evening by evening for more than two months I found the lounges of small hotels and the courts of tourist camps a forum where the news from Europe and its meaning for us was threshed out. There has always been this forum in America. It used to gather round the cracker barrel in the general store and on the steps of Gopher Prairie's grange hall. But never be-

fore has it known so fully what it was talking about.

If you believe that this is the most tremendous crisis America ever has had to face, then you are comforted by the knowledge that the Americans know more about it than they have known about anything before it in all their history. If ignorance of events and lack of interest were parts of what we used to call the provincial mind, then here is one more way in which Main Street has been obliterated. If an informed and enlightened public is evidence, then the American democracy is healthier today than it has ever been before.

A trip across America by automobile discloses other solaces. It is invigorating to see the map translated into a loveliness too long forgotten. It is heartening to encounter so many of the national treasures: farms, ranches, mills, highways, dams, mines, forests. The repetition convinces you that the sum of them can stand a far greater strain than has yet been put on it. It is heartening to see the progress made against the forces of disintegration — forests growing in logged-

out areas, dams holding flood water back, land being built up where land had been allowed to blow away. In such simplicities as these there is an assuagement hardly communicable in words. Seeing this change in a way of life is more than a palliative of our daily despair. It reawakens one's belief.

Many basic problems of the American social order remain undiminished, but one has been more successfully solved than the nation has been made aware of. Since the earlier war our rural districts and small towns have been transformed. They are a long way short of Utopia's suburbs still, but during the years when we have feared that our progress had reached an end, a native civilization has grown finer and more vigorous.

That is something to be remembered in the days to come. It may be that the advance of the Hitler juggernaut in Europe marked the beginning of our ebb. If so, here are the abutments and retaining walls to resist it. They are stronger than the phantasy of doom takes account of. They may be strong enough to do the job, and a little more.

“*I*’LL GIVE YOU five dollars if you’ll let me paint you,” said the artist. The old mountaineer shifted his legs from one position to the other and back again.

“It’s easy money,” said the artist.

“Thar hain’t no question ’bout thet,” the mountaineer replied. “I was jes’ a-wonderin’ how I’d git the paint off afterward!”

— Grit

¶ Let those who shield their young and
excuse softness and irresponsibility
ponder the story of John Sager

Child Pioneer

Condensed from Cosmopolitan

Honoré Willsie Morrow

LET ME tell you the epic story of 13-year-old John Sager, as I gleaned it from letters and diaries of Oregon pioneers.

In the fall of 1844, John appeared at the gate of Dr. Whitman's medical mission, in what is now the State of Washington, carrying a starving five-months-old baby sister. He was staggering before an emaciated cow on whose back were perched a sister aged eight, with a broken leg, and a sister of five who helped support the leg. A sister of three and one of seven walked beside his 11-year-old brother, Francis.

Unaccompanied, John Sager and his five sisters and a brother, all younger than himself, had made their way from Fort Hall, 500 miles to the east, over the Oregon Trail,

AT THE TIME of her death last spring, Honoré Willsie Morrow was one of America's best-known writers. She had always been fascinated by our forefathers' westward surge across the continent, and her many novels — among them *Heart of the Desert*, *The Enchanted Canyon* and *The Forbidden Trail* — grew out of her deep interest in the American pioneer scene. She also wrote a notable trilogy on Lincoln, and contributed numerous serials and short stories to the magazines.

then little more than a horse track.

The trail was frequented by predatory Indians and was so difficult that the migration of 1844, which John's parents had joined, went to pieces. Some died en route; others turned southwest into California. But John came through.

The record of this strange children's expedition starts in early July, when Kit Carson came across the Sagers' camping place near the Green River Rendezvous in what is today eastern Idaho.

He rode at a gallop into the camp, two fresh scalps hanging at his belt, flung himself from his horse and told John to put out the fire — a band of Sioux was on the warpath. John sent his brother and little sisters scurrying into the Conestoga wagon, kicked out the tiny blaze of buffalo chips, then looked to Carson for further orders.

Carson described John as a sandy-haired, freckle-faced boy, clad in a hunter's red flannel shirt which came to his knees. His snake-skin belt carried a knife and powder-horn. In reply to Carson's questions he said his father and mother were in the wagon, sick

with the bloody flux; that the remnant of the caravan to which they had attached themselves was two days' travel ahead. Carson told John to hitch the oxen at once and move forward all night and as long the next day as his strength would permit.

We next pick up the Sagers approaching Soda Springs on the Bear River. There were a half-dozen families in this camp and one of the men was a veterinary. On the edge of the camp John halted the oxen and asked for a doctor. He said that for two days his mother had been too sick to nurse the baby and that he couldn't make the little thing drink cow's milk. The veterinary climbed into the wagon. He was out in a few moments. Both the Sagers were dead, he told the waiting crowd. John called the doctor a liar and tried to climb into the wagon, but was held back by a dozen pitying hands.

The Sager orphans stayed with the caravan until it reached Fort Hall, a British trading post owned by the Hudson's Bay Company. The factor in charge of the post was trying to prevent American emigrants from entering the Columbia Valley by deflecting them into California. Great Britain was then beginning her final struggle to retain her hold on Oregon Territory. He told them that the wagon trail to Oregon, made the year before by Marcus Whitman, the missionary doctor, was impassable. The mem-

bers of the caravan, already worn and discouraged and terribly afraid of Indian massacre, decided to go down into California.

John Sager, squatting by the campfire, listened without a word to the council of elders. His grief for his father and mother had merged into one immense desire. Ever since he could remember, he had heard his father talk of making a great farm in the valley of the Columbia, of helping to keep Oregon Territory for America. John determined to go on to the Columbia, to complete his father's life for him.

He would abandon the wagon; the oxen and cow could carry the packs of food and bedding. He had learned from an old woman in the camp how to feed the baby. The next morning he was gone, leaving this note: "I have taken the family back to the States with Kit Carson. He is in a hurry. John Sager." By this false information he made sure he would not be followed and prevented from pushing on westward.

There is a break here of several weeks while John and the rest of the children crept along the valley of the Snake River to Fort Boise, nearly 300 miles beyond. The Snake writhes through a tremendous canyon that slashes Idaho from east to west. Barren plains, brutal mountains, scorching heat by day and chill by night, a pestilence of mosquitoes and fleas—a heart-breaking test for seasoned adults.

Yet, one September afternoon there crept up to the gates of Fort Boise a boy holding a baby in his arms. Except for ragged buckskin pants and still more ragged moccasins, the boy was naked. His sun-faded hair fell to his shoulders in tangled profusion.

The factor in this one-man post was inured to all sorts of hardships, but when he saw John he uttered an oath of shocked surprise. John asked with fierce eagerness if there was a white woman in the fort. Something had to be done for the baby: she vomited everything she ate. The factor, with increasing horror in his eyes, looked down on the unsavory atom in the boy's arms. There was no white woman, and the factor suggested a nursing Indian mother. John declared that nothing could induce him to allow a squaw to wet-nurse the baby. Someone had warned him of the diseases a child would contract through such measures.

At this point Francis came up with the pack-train and there disembarked such a rabble of wild, half-naked little girls as the Scotchman had never seen even among Indians. He ordered his cook to feed the youngsters, and watched while they devoured the venison stew, gobbling and fighting like puppies. John stood aloof and chewed down a hunk of venison which he held in one hand, supporting the baby with the other.

The factor suggested that John

leave the baby and the two next sisters at the fort. John shook his head. The baby's one chance, he decided, was to get through to Dr. Whitman's mission with all speed. The factor warned the lad that the baby looked ready to die any minute, anyhow. John's face flamed; he cursed the factor and began to sob.

The Scotch factor afterward set down his feelings in a letter to his mother.

"My letters to you have contained many strange tales, but none that twisted me like this. They were a scourge to have about, I assure you, but nothing could lessen the pathos of them. That lad John! Surely our Heavenly Father must have been moved by this lad's vicarious fatherhood! Not that he was a gentle guardian. He took no nonsense from any of them. When the girl of eight protested against holding the baby, he jerked the sister across his knees and clouted her until she begged to take the baby. The strain had told on him. He was all nerves and unable to throw off the torture of responsibility. By Jove, he ruled me too, for I sent them on, after a night's sleep, under the care of a pair of good Indians and fresh horses."

They may have been good Indians once, but evidently they regarded the job of guiding white papooses across the difficult Blue Mountains as beneath their dignity. A few days out they disap-

peared, accompanied by the horses.

We have few details of the crossing of the Blue Mountains. The oldest sister slipped under a ponderously moving ox and broke her leg. John used hard-packed snowballs to keep down the swelling. The baby was very low and John was sometimes not sure she was breathing at all. He had to abandon the starving oxen. The cow, which still yielded a small quantity of milk for the baby and transportation for the oldest sister, must come along. With frosted feet, with festering sores due to dirt and emaciation, the children began the last lap of the journey. They made five or six miles a day, huddling together at night like stricken lambs under the lee of a rock or backed against a fallen tree, warmed by huge fires. A thousand times during the trip the younger children shrieked that they would go no farther. John forced them to go on.

It would have wrung my heart, but I wish I might have witnessed the last lap of that immortal journey, though after my many days with the diaries I can see it as clearly as if I had actually come upon them in those mountain fastnesses.

Now they have topped the last crest, and as they stand gazing into the vast valley to the west, the snow is blood-stained beneath their feet. Behind them is a chaos of range and canyon over which they have crept like infinitesimal snails.

Before them, a wide, undulating plain cut by the black and silver ribbon of the Columbia River. A moment to gaze, to shiver, then John moves with fumbling feet down the mountain. His legs are tied in strips of buffalo hide. His long hair is bound back from his eyes by a twist of leather around his forehead. On his back is the two-year-old sister. In his arms the baby, wrapped in a wolfskin, lies motionless as death.

Staggering back of John moans the cow, her hoofs split to the quick. On her back the eight-year-old girl huddles under a bit of blanket which she shares with the five-year-old. Francis, his gray eyes dull with hunger and exertion, buckskin pants reduced to a mere clout and flannel shirt only a fluttering decoration across his chest, brings up the rear with the others.

Stumbling, rising, panting, but in a silence more tragic than weeping, they move down into the valley of the blest and stand at last before the Whitman mission. Narcissa Whitman gave a little cry when she saw them and held out her arms toward the bundle in John's arms. Her only child, a little girl of two, had been drowned a few years before. She groaned as she turned back the wolfskin and saw what lay beneath.

Dr. Whitman looked with her, while the six young derelicts waited in breathless silence. The doctor thought that perhaps the baby was

still alive and Narcissa took her into the house and laid her in a warm bath while her husband herded the others into an outbuilding and began the unsavory job of turning them into human children. All but John. He shook his head on hearing the doctor's order and followed Mrs. Whitman into the house. Bathed, rubbed with warm oil, wrapped in soft wool, the baby showed no sign of life until Narcissa began to drop hot, diluted milk between the blue lips. After several moments of this the little throat contracted and a whimper, something less than a mouse squeak, came forth. At this sound John dropped to the floor, wrapped his arms around Narcissa's knees, laughed, groaned, then limped from the room.

All that night Narcissa sat with the baby on her lap. John, washed and in decent garments, slept on a blanket on the floor beside her. The doctor dozed on a cot nearby. What thoughts passed through Narcissa Whitman's mind that night we cannot know. We do know that she was already worn with anxiety and overwork, and the prospect of adding seven more to her household

must have been staggering. Toward dawn she roused the doctor and told him that she wanted to keep the Sager children at the mission. The next morning Doctor and Mrs. Whitman invited the little orphans to become their adopted children.

And so the heroic Odyssey came to an end. Little John Sager had fulfilled his father's dream of making a home for the Sager family in the Columbia Valley, and of helping save Oregon for America.

Today, corrupted by well being, America needs boys of John Sager's quality as never before in her history. What can we do for the boy 13 years of age that will fit him to fill that need? What can we put into our machine-softened lives that shall harden their muscles, mental as well as physical? I do not know. But I know that love of country is like love of man for woman. It is real, it is fine, only in the degree that it is based on effort and sacrifice. May we draw from John Sager's blood and iron that which shall make of my son and yours living monuments to his achievement.

ONE DAY the telephone in the office of the Rector of President Roosevelt's Washington church rang, and an eager voice said, "Tell me, do you expect the President to be in church this Sunday?"

"That," the Rector explained patiently, "I cannot promise. But we expect God to be there, and we fancy that will be incentive enough for a reasonably large attendance."

— Contributed by John T. Watson

FAMINE FIGHTERS

By Paul de Kruif

BY TRAINING, Paul de Kruif is himself a microbe hunter. After seven years as a bacteriologist, first at the University of Michigan, then at the Rockefeller Institute in New York, he found that the pen could be mightier than the test tube. In such books as *Microbe Hunters*, *Men Against Death*, *Why Keep Them Alive?*, *The Fight for Life*, he has described to an ever wider public the drama, the trials and triumphs of science's struggle for a healthier mankind.

INTO Hillman Hospital in Birmingham, Alabama, certain sick people are brought on stretchers. They are stuporous, demented — yes, sometimes dying — from chronic famine. Ten years ago they would have had a 50-50 chance of not coming out alive. Today our famine fighters work what they dare to call, in cold scientific print, a miracle. Now a few cents' worth of chemical often sends such folks walking home the day they come into the hospital on a stretcher.

It is next door to resurrection.

Here is the beginning of a revolution in medical science. Here is yesterday's vague promise of vitamins, transformed by chemists into life-saving and life-giving power that's as magical as it is unexpected. Out of cheap coal tar these supercooks have refined to crystal purity the B vitamins hidden in the bones

gnawed by cave men, the soups and stews of slaves and peasants, the salads and roasts of kings.

This is the testimony of my own eyes: women brought into the Nutrition Clinic of Hillman Hospital, forgetful, weak, crying uncontrollably, unable to care for their families. Some doctors would have wagged their heads, mumbling "neurasthenia" or "psychoneurosis." I saw how doses of new pure chemicals changed such women from sad to cheerful, hopeful human beings. In a few hours.

Their "nervous breakdowns" were only chemical.

So today at Hillman Hospital hundreds of people are given life and strength they never felt before. They come suffering from that old curse of Southern poverty, pellagra, in one or many of its myriad forms. But here's what's been discovered

at Hillman Hospital: this is no single sickness. It is a complex of hidden starvations for certain chemicals, now definitely known. Here's what's new: this chronic chemical famine masquerades under many long-named medical illnesses — insanities, skin diseases, intestinal ailments, nervous breakdowns.

And it is by no means confined to Southern have-nots. It is nationwide. It's rampant among millions of the middle class who believe their diets to be ample. It's now diagnosed among debutantes, even among doctors who thought their nutrition was balanced, scientific. In short, this chronic chemical famine may be the cause of the vague sickness, the ill health, the half life — of you and you.

You ask: How can I be suffering from chemical starvation when I eat three square meals a day? The new famine-fighting physicians answer that, in the matter of food, nature has played a sinister trick upon her human children. She's stingy with the amount of life-giving B-vitamin chemicals she's put into those foods. Then, to nature's meanness we've added our own stupidity — refining vitamins out of foods in which they were not too plentiful in the first place.

Vitamins keep alight the fire of life. They control, in mysterious ways, the stewings and cookings that go on inside us when we eat. But our body, that wonderful factory for changing bread and meat

into tissue, blood, energy, for making no end of complicated chemicals and juices, just doesn't know how to make vitamins. It has to take them from outside, and keep on taking them, for it cannot store them. So no matter what or how much we eat, if vitamins don't come in with the food, we sicken and in time we die.

Out of 1729 victims of various forms of chronic famine, treated at Hillman last year, not one died. No deaths, mind you, from a chemical starvation that a few years ago killed nearly 50 percent of those ill enough to be hospitalized.

In the hurly-burly of Hillman's Nutrition Clinic you'd never at first glance pick out the director from among the hundreds of patients, nurses, doctors, chemists. Dr. Tom Douglas Spies' coat is off. His collar is open. He wears no tie. Unless you listened to his heart-to-heart talks with his patients, Tom Spies might seem only another husky Texas rancher. But at 38 he's medically world-famous.

Tom Spies' interest in nutrition was first stirred when he was a small boy in Texas and the mother of one of his playmates died of pellagra. After graduating from Harvard Medical School, he became an interne at Lakeside Hospital in Cleveland. There one of his first patients was a pellagrin. It was already well known that pellagra was a deficiency disease, and Spies prescribed the recommended diet. But within

48 hours the patient was dead.

The shock of this led Tom Spies to ten years' investigation of pellagra and other forms of chronic famine. Reading case histories, he found that 54 percent of those seriously ill died. It occurred to him — this was long before the discovery of the pure vitamin chemicals — that these desperately sick pellagrins weren't getting enough in the curative diet. So he crammed into them huge amounts of food, of wheat germ, yeast, liver extract — and brought the death rate down to six percent. In 1936 Tom Spies was invited to Hillman Hospital to test his massive stuffing treatment on 50 pellagrins, all at the point of death. Only three died — from diseases other than pellagra. This was fine, but the treatment was terribly expensive. It required the constant attention of doctors and nurses, and often six weeks passed before patients could leave the hospital. Dr. Spies was on the watch for the concentrated vitamins themselves.

The first of the pure chemicals came into his hands only a year later, when Wisconsin's Prof. Conrad A. Elvehjem discovered that black tongue — the pellagra of dogs — was cured by nicotinic acid. Two months later Spies announced his rapid cure of desperately sick pellagrins by this same chemical.

After ten years of incessant chemical-starvation hunting, Tom Spies finds each new sufferer as fascinating as the first pellagrin he saved

at Lakeside Hospital in Cleveland. He listens with patience to each sick one's story of his jangled chemistry, then links up the tragic chain of events to what he can see — on the backs of their hands, on their tongues, at the corners of their mouths, in their eyes, and by tests of their blood and body fluids.

When the evidence leads him to suspect this, that, or several chemical hungers, he doses his patient boldly with huge amounts of these new magic crystals — the effect of which nobody knew until a few years ago. One of the most miraculously healing of them all, nicotinic acid, though itself harmless, is derived from nicotine, one of the two most deadly of all human poisons. But the patients know Tom Spies would risk nothing on them that he hadn't first tried on himself.

The patients themselves are the most important co-workers in this giant new battle. Hundreds of them, many hardly literate, know they are part of the experiment, and are keenly interested. They are voluntary human guinea pigs for Tom Spies — just because they feel him to be their brother, to be the "old shoe" sort of scientist that's rare in medicine.

In some cases Spies cures his patients, then — and this is fantastic — *un*-cures them, so as to be sure the cure was valid. I talked to Daisy Jones, dragged from the grave by the power of nicotinic acid. Resurrected, she got a job as a so-

cial worker. Nothing was said to her at the hospital about the change in diet that would guard her from relapse. She kept taking tablets of nicotine acid as Tom Spies directed. Then — without her knowing it — tablets of aspirin were substituted. "The doctors saved my life, but I'm not so well; I'm slipping, and I've given up my job," Miss Jones told me. I upbraided Tom Spies for inhumanity. "Don't worry, we'll switch her back to the real stuff and she'll find another job," he said, smiling. She did. She knew what he had done to her, as they all know when at last they are cured.

Two years ago a very sick man came to Hillman Hospital. He couldn't eat, couldn't sleep. He was losing weight and had no strength. His digestion was chronically upset. His eyes itched and burned. There were crawling sensations over his skin and cramps in his leg muscles.

With seeming heartlessness Tom Spies began to work his mercy. He held this deteriorated human experimental animal on his deficient diet. Then our famine fighter began shooting his chemical bullets, one by one, into this ailing body. Each one — with speed and precision new in healing — disposed of this or that particular discomfort, torture, ache. In succession the man was dosed with nicotinic acid, thiamin, riboflavin, pyridoxin, pure Vitamin A, ascorbic acid, and finally adenylic acid. One by one these chemicals made a less and less weak and pain-

racked, then a stronger and a better, and at last a new man — of this victim who had suffered seven separate and distinct chemical starvations since childhood.

It seems only yesterday that lack of vitamins — before the chemists had learned to make them — meant only the beriberi of far-off Orientals, only the pellagra or scurvy of a relative handful of our own have-nots. Now, almost overnight, synthetic vitamins bring promise of a new mankind, promise of relief for human failures to which no one had thought of giving a medical name — stupidity, or laziness.

At Hillman Hospital I saw children who might best be described as little sad old men and women when first brought into the Nutrition Clinic. They were always tired, listless, dunces at school. Then I saw them after they had been transformed into mischievous, energetic youngsters, average students — some even into A students heading their classes. Can it be that the so-called "I.Q." is not completely hereditary, but partly chemical? A research into this portentous question is now about to begin in Birmingham.

This much is already known: chemical famine is not confined to the children of the poor. The son of Dr. William MacQueen, Superintendent of Hillman Hospital, was restless, fidgety, unable to concentrate in his classes. Doses of thiamin, nicotinic acid, and riboflavin turned him into a different lad.

I saw men who hadn't worked for years, scorned as no-gooders, sent back by these same chemicals to hard work, and liking it. Tom Spies told me of one father of five children, on relief. He couldn't hold a job. He couldn't even walk to look for a job. Now he's a shipbuilder for Uncle Sam, doing heavy lifting, working overtime — thanks to nicotinic acid plus thiamin.

Such people, much more than those insane or dying from pellagra, are a major economic burden on society. If our political leaders would give our famine fighters the means for a scientific Gallup Poll test with these new chemicals, there'd be new light thrown on what's called laziness. And millions now chemically starved would get the energy to find jobs, and from those jobs the food to keep them going.

This stirred me most of all in the Nutrition Clinic at Birmingham: the families of what used to be called "poor white trash." Dr. MacQueen told me he is now convinced that no class of citizens deserves the indignity of that name. Their supposed no-goodness is chemical.

Everybody knows that the various preparations of pure vitamins obtainable in drugstores are beyond the pocketbooks of families with modest incomes as well as of the have-nots. But these magic chemicals are getting cheaper. The chemical industry is swinging into large-scale production and learning to synthesize them from such inex-

pensive substances as coal tar. Today nearly every ill of mankind, from insanity to cancer, is being subjected to scrutiny by our famine fighters to determine whether chemical starvation is responsible.

The scientists at Hillman Hospital are probably "farthest north" in this exploration. But our men against death, vitamin hunters, chemists — at the Universities of Wisconsin, Illinois, California, Texas, Duke, New York, and in the U. S. Public Health Service — are making similar hopeful forays into what's been a deadly unknown.

Already the new pure Vitamin K is saving babies threatened by internal bleeding. Ascorbic acid relieves some sufferers from a disfiguring skin disease, others from torture from certain kinds of arthritis. Massive doses of the pure E vitamin — tocopherol — check hitherto inexorable nerve degenerations and progressive weakness of muscles. Thiamin dramatically cures delirium tremens.

In laboratories, mice on high vitamin diets can throw off infections fatal to their brothers famished for specific chemicals. Does this prophesy a mankind strong against microbes? Perhaps even armed against infantile paralysis, which now so mysteriously cripples one child while it sickens others for only a few days? These researches are already in progress. Why does one person get old at 40 while another is vigorous at 70? Is this purely heredi-

tary, therefore inexorable? There is already a hint that what keeps senility at bay is the ability of our body to use certain definite chemicals.

So ill after ill, not formerly thought to be caused by hidden chemical starvation, turns out to be that, and that alone. This knowledge marks a revolution in medical science. It may astound us as well as our doctors. But it will hardly surprise our vitamin-hunting chemists. In their laboratories they have already transformed one animal species — the white rat. In length of life, weight, strength, bounding health, they've made a super-rat out of a miserable, ordinary rodent. Will their magic chemicals — when they've found them all and tagged them — give us supermen and women? This is the vista before us today.

At this moment our vitamin hunters are getting set to fight the chronic famine willed by the world's would-be destroyers. Against hidden hunger, here and in Europe, they are working day and night to devise a simple, powerful supercharge of the necessary magic chemicals and minerals. These experiments are not yet ready to be announced. But here's what they have good hope for —

A vitamin supercharge that can be added to a cheap diet of sufficient calories. Two ounces of it per day, spread on a piece of bread,

will cost not more than 20 cents a pound. *That's less than ten dollars a year for an abundance of the chemicals essential to human nutrition!*

Last year — in Germany before the blitzkrieg — Tom Spies was informed that the German scientists had concocted a vitamin supercharge for food that would keep the men of the dreaded Panzer divisions alert in their tanks for 72 hours.

The German famine fighters today make supermen — for killing other human beings. Our own vitamin-hunting chemists and physicians, if only the politicians who hold the nation's purse strings will let them, are on the verge of a practical science that will make us into new human beings. Just turn these trail blazers loose in their hospitals and laboratories. They'll make nicotinic acid, thiamin, riboflavin, pyridoxin, ascorbic acid and all the other key life-chemicals so cheap that today's chronic famine — which has kept the poor man weak and the weak man poor — will vanish.

And this strikes home to all of us. Even those of us who can buy all the food we need may yet feel under par, living half lives because of our hidden hunger for certain vitamins. From curing this deterioration among millions to the creation of an American of undreamed-of vigor and energy is a shorter step than many of us now believe.

¶ We sail right past life,
without stopping to fondle it

Too Much Going On

Condensed from *Your Life*

Don Herold

AN AMERICAN feels he is most American when he has three telephone receivers on his desk, is smoking a cigar, dictating a telegram and keeping two foremen waiting while he talks long distance.

It is perhaps our chief national characteristic that we feel we are wasting our time unless we are trying to do three or four things at once. We have adopted as our ideal of life Ringling's din-and-confusion formula — the three-ring circus in which there is far more going on than the senses can grasp. We use pandemonium as a narcotic. Instead of satisfying our senses we baffle them. I wonder if the Creator ever contemplated that we should simultaneously get a haircut, a manicure, a shine and a funny story? Or that we should have radios going in our automobiles, or phonographs with us on canoe trips? Or try to talk, read the paper and listen to Charlie McCarthy all at the same time?

We do not go down to the ocean barehanded and singly receptive to Nature's message. We take the Sunday paper, four magazines, a beach

ball, an old rubber tire, an umbrella, portable radio and a camera.

Perhaps I'm growing neurotic, but I often pause and say: "There's too much going on here." I'd like a chance to do one thing at a time *some* of the time.

Certainly we can't prolong or enrich life by doing two things at once all the time. Only by sticking to one thing at a time can we savor it fully. If we never really taste, see, hear anything, we can hardly say we have *lived* it.

There can be craftsmanship in our consumption of life as well as in the making of a shoe, and it is this quality of craftsmanship which we are failing to apply to our pleasures today. We should fondle each item of life more intensively. How can we know what good apple pie tastes like, if we eat it à la mode, between puffs of a cigarette, listening to a piece of jazz and shouting through the clatter of dishes to our friends across the table?

Instead of tearing past a pine wood, catching a mere whiff of it, thinking how pleasant it is, why shouldn't we get out, spend an hour looking, smelling, feeling the spongy

forest floor of dead needles, seeing how sunlight and cloud patterns break up the tree angles? Thus we might store up a full-sided memory, so that years afterward we could sit down and pull that forest around us, feel and smell it, live it twice instead of once or only fractionally. Our present technique is to bolt everything, including Beethoven.

Even our children are victims of this new weakness. Schools are keyed to a three-time tempo. I would be happy if my daughter Hildegarde were going to get only half of the education there is in store for her. Zealous educators have added new subjects to the curriculum until the time which can be spent in any one class is measured in crowded minutes.

And Hildegarde has more appointments after school in a week than my father, a successful small-town banker, had in a year. She rushes from hair-washer to orthodontist to tap-dancing teacher. There are movies and sorority meetings. We are teaching our children to sail past life too fast.

The pace of city life is, of course, partly to blame. We seldom spend an evening with only one or two friends, but must dash from one party to another: rooms full of too many people, all of whom seem uninteresting because we have no time to settle down with any one of them to anything deeper than the silliest superficialities.

I long for the days when it

took all morning to drive a horse and buggy to town and there was no jazz band on the dashboard. And long tramps to the creek and long hours on the bank waiting for catfish to make up their minds. It was almost impossible to do two or three things at once in those days. At any rate, I never knew anybody to fish and get a manicure and shine and listen to a broadcast of a ball game simultaneously. And I may be kidding myself but I feel that it was more fun then and that the soul had more chance to grow.

The only cure for this mad multiplicity of modern life is to walk out on certain aspects of it. You'll be called eccentric, but you'll find a new meaning to life. Deliberately plan evenings in which you've planned nothing. Go to lunch with just one person and see what real talk can be — or go by yourself once in a while. Get over this modern fear of voids, and you'll learn how rich a void can be.

"Let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand," said Thoreau. In the face of this current trend toward hyperactivity, it takes real character to exercise what Thoreau spoke of as "a robust discrimination in wants." This means a selectivity in activities as well as a selectivity in things.

Once in a while I try the experiment of approaching a day with the resolution of doing absolutely nothing, and such days usually turn out to be the richest of my year. Some-

times I turn down week-end dates, and just take a walk with one of my children; and the experience is usually the high spot of my month.

As I get older I sometimes wish something would reduce me to comparative poverty so I could flee the laminated, complicated multiplici-

ties of my life as I have developed it. Or that my house would burn down, so I might be reduced to a toothbrush, three shirts, a nightie, six books and a scratch pad.

What America really needs is more rocking chairs and fewer 70-miles-an-hour sport sedans.

American Newsreel

AN ARTIFICIAL Lovers' Lane at Greenfield Park, New York, has upholstered benches equipped with electric lamps which glow red when the seats are occupied, green when free.

— Danton Walker in *N. Y. Daily News*

AT AN Oregon bathing beach, a smoker may step up to glamorous wooden bathing beauties which stand coyly about with hands on hips, and light his cigarette from electric lighters held between their lips.

— *Popular Mechanics*

TO REASSURE superstitious guests, a Chicago hotel provides a life-size dummy known as Louis the 14th because he takes the jinx from parties at which only 13 guests appear. On such occasions Louis, resplendent in formal morning or evening clothes, is wheeled in, seated, and served.

A GOLF BALL that won't get lost has been invented. Equipped with a short fuse to be lighted just before it is driven, the ball emits a smoke signal as it finds its way into tall grass, ditches or woods.

— Henning Lawrence in *This Week*

TEN-CENT STORES have been selling what they call a Kiss-Timer — a finger ring decorated with a miniature hourglass filled with green sand.

A SHOVEL equipped with a folding seat to permit occasional resting has been invented by the Alphabetical Shovel Company.

— *Albuquerque Journal*

❏ Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labor,
a new portent in British politics

Britain's Labor Boss

Condensed from Life

Allan A. Micbie

ONE MORNING last May, a few days after the Churchill-Labor coalition took over the British government, the new Minister of Labor and National Service lumbered through the portals of the Treasury to pay a call on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Kingsley Wood.

"'Ere comes Ernie," said one Treasury guard fondly as he nudged the other. "I'll wager that in two minutes he gets another bloody £10,000,000 out of Sir Kingsley."

A personal call by one member of the Cabinet on another simply wasn't done in the old red-tape days of office memos and official requisitions. But the spectacle of burly Ernest Bevin, a self-educated trade unionist whose formal schooling stopped when he was 11, barging into the office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was more than an indication that a new government had taken over Britain's war effort at a critical moment. It symbolized the beginning of what may well be a new era in British history.

When it became plain last spring that Chamberlain and associates were complacently determined to

fight the first World War all over again, a democratic people rebelled. They did not stop with installing new ministers. They went to work on the country's social structure. What they have done may presage a social revolution.

Many correspondents have seen deep social significance in the willingness of Eton boys to spend their summer holidays working in factories or of viscountesses to share air-raid shelter with scrubwomen. More important sign of the forces at work, however, is that in assuming dictatorial control over property, production and labor, the government has delegated much of its unprecedented power not to the aristocrats who used to govern England but to representatives of the working classes, like Bevin, Lord of Privy Seal Clement Attlee and Minister of Home Security Herbert Morrison.

England's workers are now squarely burdened with the job of winning the war to save their own skins. As England's No. 1 Laborite and dictator in charge of every laborer in the land, Bevin's job is to see that they do so. Later on, Bevin pro-

poses to see that they are properly rewarded by a new place in the British scheme of things which the World War and, later, Ramsay MacDonald failed to get them. If, as now seems likely, postwar England sees eye to eye with him, the social revolution may well become a fact.

In the five months since France fell, Bevin has wangled, bullied and blustered his way through official red tape and industrial bottlenecks so ably that today industrial production has reached 99 percent of capacity. The responsibility of supplying labor to re-equip the British army after the Flanders debacle and ready the Isles against invasion in an incredibly short space of time was a terrible ordeal for Bevin. In the first place, the strain of the job was enormous. In the second, he had to scrap in a few weeks many of the objectives which it had been his lifework to gain. Having battled for a 40-hour week, Bevin had now to ask workers to carry on at their machines seven days a week. Having built up the country's largest trade union (Transport and General Workers), he had to open unionized shops to unskilled, nonunion labor. Finally he had to bar strikes, the final weapon of all unions, and forbid workers to leave their jobs for others. Having asked these sacrifices of labor, Bevin was pleased to tell employers that there was to be no wage-cutting for the duration and to demand increased wages

and pensions, home allowances for trainees' families and numerous other benefits for workers.

Bevin's awesome power as Labor Minister includes the right to walk into any of the conservative clubs off Trafalgar Square and ask the occupant of any armchair, "Just what are you doing to win this war?" If the answer is not satisfactory, he can say, "Report to your local employment exchange tomorrow morning at seven for a pick-and-shovel job on the Hyde Park trenches."

It would be by no means out of keeping with Ernie Bevin's character to do precisely this. As a young man, he ran for the city council in Bristol, campaigning by night and delivering ginger beer by day. One while driving his ginger-beer Bevin came upon his opponent making a sensationally uncomplimentary speech. Bevin climbed down from his cart, knocked the orator down and threw him in the Avon River. Though he lost the election, he did not lose faith in the system of fast, firsthand action and is still using it. Every morning Bevin's subordinates bring him a list of points which involve some ironing-out with the Ministry of Supply. Bevin picks up the phone, calls the Minister of Supply directly and the two of them go down the list until every point is cleared up. At any hour of the day or night, Lord Beaverbrook, head of air production, may call Bevin and say, "Ernie,

I must have 10 scientific instrument workers right away." Bevin himself telephones labor exchanges to find them.

Born in the hamlet of Winsford, Somersetshire, 56 years ago, Bevin was orphaned when he was eight. Three years later he went to work on a farm for 12 cents per week. He spent his evenings reading newspaper accounts of parliamentary proceedings to his employer. Years later, when he took his seat in the Commons as M.P. for a London district, his colleagues marveled at his knowledge of formal parliamentary procedure.

Going to Bristol, Bevin became successively restaurant page boy, van man and tram conductor. He had so many spells of idleness that frequently he had to steal his food. Meanwhile, he read widely on economics and sociology.

It was not until he had risen to the ginger-beer cart that Bevin met Ben Tillett, then head of Bristol's strong dockers' union and now the grand old man of British labor. Tillett became the guiding influence in his life, getting him first of all a post as a minor official in the dockers' union. Shortly before the World War, Bevin was chosen by Tillett as his chief aid in starting a new union, the National Transport Workers' Federation, the aim of which was to combine the Bristol dockers with labor bodies in other ports. The idea was not popular; dockers in Liverpool could not be

convinced that they had any cause in common with dockers in London. Local unions, built up after generations of struggle, balked at contributing funds to a central organization.

It was not until after the war that Bevin had his chance to develop a central organization, centrally controlled. In 1920 British workers were struggling to make meager wages meet the inflated cost of living, and a government inquiry was set up to decide on the claims of London dock workers for \$4 a day and a 44-hour week. Bevin argued the dockers' case against a superlatively smooth K.C. (King's Counsel). He shrewdly raised his arguments above the level of an appeal for a few shillings' increase for the London dockers. Claiming that every port should come under the new agreement, he based his case on the right of British labor to enjoy a higher standard of living. For 21 days he pleaded, pounded and fiercely cross-examined the employers' witnesses. When counsel for the employers put on the stand Cambridge Professor Arthur Lyon Bowley, then the first statistician in Britain, who contended that a working-class family of five could live on food costing \$2.50 a week, Bevin went out and bought the food, cooked it, showed it to the Court, asking if it were a decent ration for a hard-working laborer. He forced the professor to admit that while he had lived on this diet

for three weeks as a test, he did nothing more strenuous than putter in his garden. Bevin's masterful handling of the case, ending with a powerful 11-hour summation, not only won the \$4-a-day minimum for every port in Britain; the Court in addition recommended the end of the casual system of dock labor and the establishment of arbitration machinery.

This triumph established Bevin as England's No. 1 trade unionist, and thereafter he found his task of creating a strong national union much easier. The Transport and General Workers Union began operating in 1922 with Bevin as general secretary, a job he kept until he joined the Cabinet. Today T.G.W.U. is a combination of 45 formerly separate unions with a membership of 850,000 and a reserve fund of \$4,000,000. Bevin's importance as a political power is due to the fact that as boss of this union, Britain's biggest, he is directing brain of the Trades Union Congress (4,800,000 members), which makes the policies of the Labor Party.

Discreet in use of his power, Bevin never has called a strike for political ends. But he insists that the will of Ernie Bevin be the will of the Labor Party. And since he holds the largest bloc of labor votes, he usually gets his way.

Bevin held his tongue against the Chamberlain government from the start of the war until the spring of 1940. Then on May Day he spoke

out against the "obstruction, lack of drive, absence of imagination, and complacency" which existed. "The British working class want this war won," he said. "They know their liberty is at stake." He wound up with the now-famous "Give Hitler 'ell."

His acceptance speech as Minister of Labor and National Service was straight from the shoulder: "I hope the War Cabinet will not allow vested interests, profits or anything else to stand in the way of maximum production. If that is the policy of the government, I will ask my people to work like 'ell."

As usual, Bevin set the example. He works at home until nine, gets to the office at 9:30, and seldom leaves for home again until nine in the evening, his arms piled with work. "Ernie usually works at home until midnight, but if he sleeps later than 5:30 in the morning he thinks he has wasted half a day," says Mrs. Bevin.

Black-coated civil servants who have coasted along under successive misfits in the ministerial chair are now groaning, "The Ministry of Labor is no longer a government office — it's a foundry!" Favorite quip in the corridors is, "Life is grim, life is Ernest."

Bevin lives a deliberately simple life in an old-fashioned flat. He hates all social functions and his greatest delight is to have some of his "mates" drop in for a cold English supper on Sunday nights. He

has three times refused a peerage. "I'd look bloody silly with a peerage," he snorts. "I'd have to call myself Lord Bevin of Bermondsey" — which would sound as strange to T.U.C. members as Lord Lewis of Gary, Indiana, would sound to members of the C.I.O.

The paths of Bevin and Winston Churchill had often crossed before Bevin was invited to join the Cabinet. In 1926 Bevin was leader of the famous General Strike, Churchill was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Churchill stiffened the weakening Cabinet, persuaded them not to come to terms with the unions. When the Cabinet delivered the ultimatum which broke the strike, Bevin declared hotly, "It will be

a godsend for this country if Churchill is out of office forever."

Nowadays Bevin, more than any other man, is spoken of as Churchill's successor. But though Bevin is ambitious enough to relish the prospect and though he has the reputation of never forgiving a man who has thwarted him, there is no hint of anything but hearty respect and coöperation between him and Churchill. Churchill has long regarded him as the country's ablest labor leader. And Bevin, however bitterly he has attacked Churchill, has now given him his truest mark of acceptance. When he talks to the Prime Minister, he addresses him as he does his oldtime docker friends. He calls him "mate."

Call to the Colors for the Color-Blind

DURING U. S. military maneuvers last summer, a trained air-corps observer and an officer of the field artillery were sent up in a plane to find out where the "enemy" had its artillery concealed. The air-corps man spotted only a few of the camouflaged guns. The artilleryman found them all without difficulty.

Piqued at being shown up at its own job, the air corps investigated and discovered that the artillery observer was color-blind. Other color-blind observers were sent up. Camouflage didn't bother them either. To the color-conscious person peering down from a plane, green-painted canvas hiding a gun looks exactly like the grass surrounding it; to the color-blind, the paint reflects light in a different way from the grass and the canvas shows up like a beacon light.

The air corps has always rejected color-blind applicants for training as pilots or observers, but now it is thumbing through its files in search of color-blind volunteers it once cold-shouldered.

— Bruce Cole in *Des Moines Register*

At Antioch, students work while they learn and find their places in the world before they graduate

From Campus to Dinner Pail—and Back

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Karl Detzer

JIM HALL is studying mechanical engineering at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Mary Davis, another student, wants to be a sculptress. Jane Joyce plans to teach. Henry Morgan aims at journalism.

Right now, in the middle of the school year, these four and 250 of their fellow students are working at paid jobs all over the country, getting practical experience, earning their livings. At the end of ten weeks they will return to the classroom and 254 other students will take their places. Two boys or two girls are assigned to each job, alternating, after freshman year, ten weeks at work and ten weeks in classes. This program is the essence of the Antioch plan of college education.

The Antioch course takes six years instead of the customary four; by that time, however, 95 percent of graduates know exactly what they want to do with their lives. Ten years after graduation nine out of ten science graduates remained in the field in which they started; 70 percent of those who majored in art, education, public

service and the social sciences stayed in them. Of 180 who studied business administration, all remained in that field, though 73 of them changed from one kind of business to another.

Nearly 400 employers in 30 states, including some of America's largest corporations, institutions, foundations, and the federal government, enthusiastically welcome Antioch undergraduates; there are more jobs available than students can fill. These youngsters are not "working their way through college." Although the weekly \$20 earned by the average young man, the \$16.50 by the average coed, is helpful, the reality of pay roll and dinner pail, combined with an equal dose of academic study, is the important thing.

Right now Jim Hall is spending ten weeks on a Ford assembly line in Detroit. Ten other weeks he shoveled scrap iron in a Pittsburgh steel mill. He has worked in a drafting room in Gary, has sweated out a summer in a Chicago railroad car shop, poured concrete on a West Virginia dam and been timekeeper in a Kentucky brickyard.

What textbook, Antioch wants to know, what classroom discussion, what campus laboratory could give Jim half as much down-to-earth knowledge of assembly lines, steel furnaces, or industrial designing as he has absorbed by actually participating, even in a minor role? Where else could he learn as much about machines and men?

When Jim finally goes into the world he will know how much sweat goes into the earning of an honest dollar, and how to make that dollar stretch in the purchase of necessities. For while on the job he must keep a budget, must feed, clothe and entertain himself wholly out of what he makes, and take part of his salary back to the campus if possible.

Students of science, the arts, education, public service and business similarly get jobs in their chosen fields. The musician may spend part of his time at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, part as music leader at a boys' camp or settlement house, and part working in NBC studios.

Mary Davis, who wants to be a sculptress, is spending ten exciting weeks in the catalogue room of New York's Metropolitan Museum. She has helped design gadgets for a toy-maker, has worked in the art department of an advertising agency and in the molding room of a pottery plant.

Jane, who wants to teach, has been a councilor at a summer camp,

has drilled English into foreign children at a settlement house, helped the matron at an orphanage.

As an introduction to journalism, Henry has been copy boy on a Cincinnati paper and mailroom roustabout in Chicago. He has covered a police beat in Springfield, Ohio, solicited ads in Toledo, and worked on a country weekly.

Immediate jobs await most Antioch students when they finish school. Last year 54 out of 56 young men, 30 out of 35 young women, stepped right into positions for which they had been trained, many with employers who had watched them at work. Antioch students earn more than most college graduates — an average of \$2379 a year for the first ten years, against a national average of less than \$2000.

The Antioch faculty tests all incoming freshmen, counsels with them about their abilities, enthusiasms and dislikes, gives them part-time campus jobs in kitchens and dining halls, in laboratory, bookstore, or office. Each freshman must budget not only his finances but also his time; the proper number of hours for lectures, study, work, play and sleep is carefully worked out. At the end of the first year he is supposed to be mature enough to manage his own affairs.

Students are then sent out on jobs best suited to their particular bents, where the faculty watches them closely through regular reports by employers. These employers' re-

ports grade each youngster from "exceptional" to "poor" in the fields of adaptability, maturity and the ability to make friends among fellow employes. The students file confidential reports with the faculty on what they have learned from their jobs, on employer attitudes.

These breaks with academic tradition were made when Arthur E. Morgan, later head of TVA, became president of Antioch in 1920. As a result of his pioneering, Antioch has no varsity football team, no school yells, no fraternities, no hazing. All 700 students pay \$2.75 a week for identical dormitory rooms. They pay \$3.50 to \$4.50 for board, depending on appetite. Complete cost of the freshman year, spent wholly on the campus, is \$800; other years, about \$500. Instead of taking entrance examinations, high school graduates submit "autobiographies." College psychologists study these, check through former teachers on aptitudes and attitudes, then decide which applicants to admit.

Antioch contends that having

boys and girls find their niche, first on the campus, then in strange towns where they must face competition in a glutted labor market, furnishes advantages that no old-fashioned curriculum can offer. Alonzo G. Henderson, Antioch's young president, says: "The fundamental thing about our plan is that it develops maturity and a sense of community obligation. It gives students a chance to explore vocations and themselves, to make decisions based on experience rather than on hearsay or romantic misconceptions. All students must work, all have equal opportunities, equal responsibilities. In today's world, this basis of democracy is all-important."

Despite its breaks with tradition, Antioch holds firmly to an old-fashioned motto:

"Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

These were the last words of its founder, Horace Mann, whispered to his entire student body, grouped around his bedside on the day he died in 1859.

Is It Expensive?

WHILE testifying before the Senate Appropriations Committee recently, General George C. Marshall, U. S. Army Chief of Staff, was asked to give some idea of what Germany had spent in war preparations. He replied that, naturally, the War Department had only rough estimates; but they indicated that to reproduce the material accomplishments of the German war machine under our laws and procedure would require an expenditure of about \$100,000,000,000. One hundred billion dollars is more than twice our national debt.

— Raymond Clapper in N. Y. *World-Telegram*

❏ How Nazi agents are plotting against
the U. S. under U. S. protection

Hitler's Branch Offices, U. S. A.

Condensed from Current History and Forum

Albert Grzesinski

With Charles E. Hewitt, Jr.

AMID all the excited discussion of Hitler's "fifth column" in the United States, the mainspring of his sabotage-machine, gigantic as it is, and in plain sight of everyone, is overlooked.

I refer to his quite brazen exploitation of the international courtesy known as "diplomatic immunity." Under this century-old tradition, diplomats enjoy unique privileges. Their baggage and mail are exempt from inspection. They may not even be tried for murder, nor their houses searched with warrants. In return, diplomats have traditionally behaved with great circumspection.

Then came Hitler, and turned the convenient tradition to his own uses. He sent secret agents abroad

with diplomatic immunity to mask their operations. This perversion of international decency put his chief spies, saboteurs and their files beyond interference.

In America, Hitler is particularly fortunate. Under a special treaty with Germany — the most generous in the State Department's library — scores of Nazi officials here enjoy honors no less exceptional than ambassadors; diplomatic immunity is extended to families of the Embassy staffs and to all consular subordinates right down to the janitor — even to "as yet unlisted workers" at the 29 consulates.

The State Department, clinging to the old "honorable diplomacy" tradition, does not even possess a list of all Germans and their families and servants benefiting from immunities. It has no central file of diplomatic passports. So Nazi propagandists, spies and troublemakers are swarming over the United States *under United States protection*.

In the three years I have been in America, I have seen Nazi "diplomatic representation" trebled here. Consuls' duties are supposedly con-

ALBERT GRZESINSKI was police chief of Prussia and Home Minister for the decade before Hitler. There, and later in France, where he was in charge of all German refugees, he had an insider's seat from which he saw the Nazi machine being built up both within Germany and throughout Europe. His memoirs, *Inside Europe*, published in French, German, and English, are an authoritative account of Nazi methods. Mr. Grzesinski came to the United States in 1937 and has his first citizenship papers.

fined to "aiding their nationals in traveling and business"; and German-American trade is now almost nonexistent. Yet, in New York, the number of officials in the German consulate has risen from 38 to 116. This office has the further frank impertinence to maintain a "political department" — a thing unheard of in pre-Hitler consular services. The roster of San Francisco's consulate, headed by Hitler's friend Fritz Wiedemann, has jumped from eight to 28.

In Philadelphia, German consular work was formerly done by an American lawyer in his spare time. But since the war, Philadelphia has a new consul, no less than Erich Windels, previously chief Nazi diplomat in Canada. In the spring of 1938 a Dr. Gerhard arrived from Germany to unite all fascist organizations in Canada under Nazi leadership. He began lavish distribution of cash and literature to that end. The first circulars exhorted all fascist-minded Canadians to communicate with Gerhard — at Windels' office! Gerhard finally got out of Canada ahead of the police; diplomatic immunity prevented action against Windels. Now the City of Brotherly Love is honored by the presence of Windels in charge of the consulate there — assisted by two other Germans of consular rank!

And what are these consuls with their enlarged staffs up to? Consider the notorious case of Fritz

Wiedemann in San Francisco, with his unique powers over all German "diplomats" in Central and South America. In April last year when a would-be dictator named Busch seized power for a time in Bolivia, Wiedemann was hailed in the Reich press for "this first glorious result of his work in America." His formal assignment, beyond Nazification of weak nations, is to foment all possible friction between the United States and Latin America. Hitler himself wired Wiedemann congratulations "on your fine work in defeating repeal of the Neutrality Act," — which is close to an all-time high in effrontery.

Baron Edgar von Spiegel, a naval officer who is consul at New Orleans, has brazenly offered American universities subsidies to remove anti-Nazi professors. He recently warned American businessmen that they would see no contracts from Germany after the war if they continued to aid England now. The State Department did not even administer a personal rebuke, and throughout South America his unpunished insolence was highlighted as evidence of inability to cope with the Nazis.

As recently as January 4, 1939, the present vice-consul in New York City, Dr. Friedhelm Draeger, was signing letters as "National Leader of the Nazi Party in America." This meant that he was actual Führer of the Bund, the stormtroop camps and the seditious newspapers

in the United States — at the same time that he was an accredited diplomat.

Now the Bund, in America, is part of a better mass machine of spies, saboteurs and cash contributors than the Nazis have had in any country in Europe. Its membership list has never been surrendered despite government subpoenas and energetic F.B.I. investigation. The Bund claims it has no roster or financial records. This is true; both are kept at the consulates.

Every one of the Bund's 40,000 members is, by regulation, an American citizen who nevertheless renews an oath of loyalty to Hitler and the greater German Reich each year on April 20, the Führer's birthday. The founder of the Bund, Dr. Ignatz Griebel, was convicted of espionage in federal court in 1938. The court declared in pronouncing sentence that Griebel was "chief of the biggest spy ring ever found in the United States in peacetime." The ring had delivered to Germany, among other data, the plans of America's newest destroyers, a coding machine just purchased by the Navy, and the blueprints of 12 new airplane types. One of the Bund spies sent to Leavenworth was in active U. S. Army service; two of those convicted had been officers. Griebel himself escaped to Germany. He was at that time a lieutenant in the U. S. Army reserve.

License plates were checked at the Bund camp in Andover, New

Jersey, this summer. When their Nazi drills were over, five members were found to be returning to jobs at Picatinny Arsenal — largest in the nation; 12 to positions in the National Guard; three to the Hercules Powder plant in Kenil; and three to jobs as engineers in New Jersey's biggest power plant. Two months later New Jersey rocked beneath one of the greatest explosions in America's industrial history when the Kenil plant went up. Fifty-two died there. Within the same week a blast at the Picatinny Arsenal killed two more. The F.B.I. is still investigating.

How the abuse of diplomatic immunity works may be seen from the recent incident when the F.B.I. swooped on a Nazi courier, Herbert Hoehne, as he boarded a plane in Los Angeles with a trunkload of secret documents. He carried no diplomat's pass, but the trunk had a diplomatic seal. The contents were suspected to include American military secrets. The State Department in Washington, notified by phone, was still hesitating to violate the sacred seals when a member of Wiedemann's staff rushed up. Warned from the airport, he arrived with diplomatic credentials, and, demanding the trunk, flew it on to Mexico. The United States released Hoehne; in return the German Embassy was kind enough not to make formal protest about interference with its mail!

American branches of all Ger-

man businesses have enlarged as mysteriously as the consulates — despite complete throttling of their trade by the blockade. The Hapag-Lloyd steamship lines have increased their staff in New York and taken over a whole new floor in Chicago. The German Railways Information office (what Americans travel in Germany these days?) still spends its prewar budget of \$160,000 a year. Amerop Travel Service has moved from a modest office to a complete floor on Madison Avenue with 60 employes; public records last year showed it had 20 branches in New York State alone. The confidential files of German business houses are carefully kept out of harm's way — on the sacrosanct grounds of the nearest consulate.

And Hitler is also sheltering his outright propagandists over here under diplomatic immunity. Prince Kurt zur Lippe, de luxe propagandist lecturer who officially records his address as "care of German Consul, San Francisco," carries a diplomatic passport issued back in 1926, in Berlin. The new Nazi commissar of Hitler's public propaganda center in the United States, the German Library of Information, has a visa issued normally to "educators of repute, from whose teachings America will benefit"!

On September 14, this German Library of Information, with a mailing record of over 3,000,000 items since the war began, was haled into

court in New York for failure to register as a business. It had repeatedly disclaimed any connection with Hitler's government. But now that it was in danger, the German Embassy in Washington hurriedly certified that "the Library's staff [over 30 men] are all employes of the Embassy, and thus immune to American law."

And this branch office of Hitler Germany, as crucial as the Bund, remains unknown to the American public — the *Arbeitsfront* (Labor Front). It has still more members and collects more important dues; its membership list and books are also "nonexistent."

The *Arbeitsfront* is a perfect sabotage switchboard in time of war or crisis. In three years of industrious research, it has located every "reliable worker of German descent" — from engineer to chemist to laborer — in American industry. With German thoroughness and Nazi ruthlessness, the *Arbeitsfront* has applied the pressure necessary to insure "reliability."

The essence of secret policing, and the backbone of any large-scale treason organization, is voluminous and accurate reports. The 300 crack Gestapo agents here know more about many American companies than their executives know themselves. These huge files are perforce kept in the consulates — locked against the F.B.I. by immunity.

The use of diplomatic privilege as a prelude to sabotage and treach-

ery was an essential part of Hitler's technique in his lightning conquest of Europe. The same tactics have been going on in half a dozen South American countries. Plans for armed revolution were seized in Montevideo this June. The local Bund chief confessed they were in his own handwriting. The Reich did not apologize. Instead the German Minister promptly dissolved the Bund and took over its properties "in trust" — barring police from seizing records, cash, or membership lists by virtue of the Legation's "diplomatic immunity."

German sabotage in the United States during the last war was run by two gentleman-amateurs, von Papen and von Rintelen, with no previous organization and with meager funds. Yet 34 factories were bombed, six railroad terminals and utilities knocked out and 36 freight ships blown up.

From my experience in German police work and my close study of fifth-column activities in Europe I know that Hitler's abuse of diplomatic immunity is a vital part of his aim to paralyze America. He isn't trusting to amateurs this time. When *der Tag* comes again to the United States it will bring, as in so many unsuspecting European nations, wholesale bombings and confusing

broadcasts, destruction of factories and disruption of railroads, stalling of battleships and breakdown of army equipment. That is the way the Nazi high command has planned it — with the world's finest organizing brains to prepare each detail. Hitler means it when he says repeatedly: "America cannot count in this war." One Bund chief recently boasted: "America is the easiest country Hitler has tackled yet. We will never have to outfight the Americans; we have outsmarted them already."

Yet it may not be too late for America to defend herself against this undeclared war which Hitler is waging through his diplomats. A few Americans are alive to the peril. A vigorous campaign conducted by the New York *Post* against Consul Friedrich Ried, promoted to New York City after flagrant fifth-column work in Brazil, led to his recall. Other newspapers have helped expose the danger. Dorothy Thompson's all-out campaign to "send the Nazi consuls home *now*" is the most hopeful sign of all. But it will take a concerted drive rather than occasional exposures to make the unsuspecting American public realize the extent and determination of the disguised forces pitted against the United States today.

Americana

Excerpts from

The American Mercury

A YOUNG COUPLE gradually got married in the columns of the Mowbridge, South Dakota, *Tribune*:

MISS JENNIE JONES and Bob Henry were married at the Jones mansion last night. The bride is the daughter of Constable Jones who has made a good officer and will undoubtedly be re-elected this spring. He offers a fine horse for sale in another column of this issue. The groom runs a grocery store on Main Street and is a steady patron of our advertising columns. He has a good line of bargains in his ad this week. All summer he paid two cents more for butter than any other store in town. They were married by Reverend Josiah Butterworth, who last week called at this office and gave us a nice order for handbills. He is also going to give some time to the real estate business and will write fire insurance. So say the business cards we recently printed for him. Jennie and Bob left on the 10 o'clock train for Milwaukee to visit the bride's uncle who, we understand, has lots of money.



POLITICAL consciousness comes to the upper crust in Peoria, Illinois,

and is duly recorded in the local *Journal Transcript*:

MRS. S. REAU KEMP, president of the Delavan Woman's Club and hostess to Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, when the First Lady of the Land visited Peoria's neighboring city recently, has had an experience she long will treasure — she slept between the same sheets that her honored guest used!

Mrs. Roosevelt remained overnight at the Kemp country home and Mrs. Kemp drove her to Robinson next morning for another speaking engagement. Upon her return to Delavan, Mrs. Kemp said she began to tidy up the First Lady's bedroom, but an idea occurred to her and she left the same sheets on the bed.

"I slept between them that night, and got a real thrill out of it," the Delavan society leader said.



CULTURAL progress as reported from Marsing, Idaho, by the UP:

AFTER an extended debate, the Marsing Parent-Teachers' Association today passed a resolution which reads. "Resolved: That a flashlight is more useful on a dark and stormy night to a girl than a boy friend."



NECESSARY STEPS are taken to protect members of a church audience from temptation, according to the Commerce, Texas, *Journal*:

"THE Fall of a Woman" will be the subject for Sunday evening at the First Baptist Church. Real facts and truths will be revealed. The 11 fans have been reconditioned and they will help to cool the building.

QUAINT winter practice of rural Southern ladies as sworn to by the *Fulton County Review* of Atlanta, Georgia:

THE WOMENFOLK would be the first up after the main fire was built. They would dress and then go off to the cold kitchen to get breakfast. When breakfast was ready and the menfolks all settled down to eating, the women would return to the fire and stand with their backs to it and hoist their skirts in the rear. There was an art to that skirt hoisting, and profound satisfaction to the hoisters. We used to marvel at the ease with which the women accomplished the operation and the looks of content the procedure brought to their faces.



CHEERFUL though portentous thought, as recorded in the Anderson, Indiana, *Herald*:

"How You Will Look Fifty Years From Now" will be the theme of Rev. O. E. Line's sermon at the Line Gospel Tabernacle next Sunday night at 7:30 p.m. Rev. Line has arranged with Ralph Berryman, funeral director, to have a coffin brought into the tabernacle in the manner practiced at a funeral.

The Line Gospel Tabernacle quartet will offer some appropriate musical numbers, and Rev. Line will preach along the thought that those present will be gone from this life by that time. The coffin has been trimmed so that each person passing by will see his or her reflection and get the correct idea of how they will look under these conditions.

SOUTHERN gallantry is not yet dead, as this item from the *Webster Progress* of Eupora, Mississippi, proves:

STERN-FACED Judge Guynes grinned for the first time in several years, during a court session in Brookhaven last week. Defendant in a family-trouble trial was being cross-questioned. He said he had found a man in the bedroom with his wife when he came home one night. "Did he say anything when you found him there?" asked the district attorney. Pausing a minute the defendant replied: "He said, 'I think I better be going along.'"



THE Colorado Springs *Independent* issues a statistical report on petting conditions in the Great Open Spaces:

A STORY is being told of a tourist who was scouting in the Garden of the Gods when night came. Being unable to get his bearings, he decided to fire a gun he was carrying, hoping that the sound might reach someone who would aid him in returning to town.

Imagine his surprise, following the report of the gun, to be able to count the headlights of 159 automobiles, just turned on.



TOKEN of the march of culture, culled from the Chicago *Tribune*:

WANTED: Couple to get married in 26,000 gallons of diluted cherry juice at the cherry festival July 22. Marriage license, ring and a wedding present. Chamber of Commerce, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

❧ The story of a tireless priest
who broke sectarian lines
in a drive against want

The Maine Line to Security

Condensed from *The American Magazine*

John F. Coggswell

WHEN Father D. Wilfred Soucy arrived in Maine's St. John Valley three years ago, he found 30,000 poor and discouraged people. Many families could not buy shoes and clothing, and had scarcely enough food to keep body and soul together.

Today all that is a dimly remembered nightmare. Thanks to the keen mind and calloused hands of the tireless priest, St. John Valley is a thriving, confident community.

When I first met Father Soucy, he was sitting at the telephone, his clerical robes tucked beneath him. Taking an order from New York City, 700 miles away, he jotted figures on a pad. "A thousand dozen more. Crocheted, four-piece baby sets, \$15 a dozen. Okay."

Figures like that sounded fantastic in the silence of the Maine forest.

"How long will it take to fill that order?" I asked. "A year or two?"

Father Soucy laughed. "Bless you, no! We have 2500 expert crocheters and knitters in our handicraft coöperative and we'll have 5000 soon. We make lots of other things besides baby sets. Women's

knit sweaters, styled by Fifth Avenue designers, bring us \$3 apiece. We've just had an order for 200 dozen. Men's sweaters are going over big, too, and we're making knitted sports costumes and woolen gloves. Everything is snapped up by dealers who are crying for more."

Almost singlehanded, Father Soucy launched this amazing industry. Actually he was just the parish priest for the 65 families living in the straggling, unpainted settlements of Sinclair and Guerette, the lowest-income, leanest parish in the Aroostook. But he knew the job before him involved all the 5000 families in the tiny villages, farms and lonely forest cabins of the valley.

"Saving souls was my business," he said, "but I had to save their bodies first. How could I talk salvation to people whose children were starving?"

Born in this valley, he knew the artistry of the women with crochet hook and knitting needle and the frugality and industry of the men. As a graduate student in a Nova Scotia seminary he had studied producers' coöperatives. So he began to preach to Catholics and

Protestants alike the benefits of coöperation. "Alone you will perish," he told them. "Work together and you will succeed." Then he pitched in and showed them how.

He established credit unions in half a dozen communities. New members paid as little as 25 cents a month, and when they became owners of \$5 shares they could borrow at low interest for the purchase of necessities. That helped spread the doctrine of coöperative action.

To talk to his people he had to go to them, driving his car, paddling his canoe, or snowshoeing over the trails. To speed up communication he asked the telephone company to give him service at Sinclair.

"We wouldn't even get back the cost of the poles in 20 years, with the few subscribers we'd find there," the manager said.

Axe in hand, Father Soucy led the woodsmen of the parish into the forest. They cut poles and set them up along seven miles of wilderness trail to the main road.

"There are your poles without a cent's cost to you," Father Soucy told the telephone manager. He got the service.

Then he went after electric current. It was a struggle, but he got the lines run. "We had to do it in self-defense," the power company's manager told me. "With Father Soucy on our necks, we hadn't time for other business."

These victories persuaded most of the people to trust the young

priest to lead them. Hundreds of them joined his coöperatives. A trial shipment of women's sweaters soon established the reputation of St. John Valley handicraft in metropolitan markets. The demand became so large that teachers are today busy training more knitters.

While the handicraft coöperatives were still being established, Father Soucy had another idea. He talked to the farmers, long and earnestly.

"Up here we have little farms, but the finest pasturage in the world. We should go in for mixed farming."

"But we're too far away from markets for that," farmers objected.

Item by item, Father Soucy showed them that their own Aroostook County, the greatest potato-producing district in the world, was importing butter, cheese, eggs, beef and other produce. The total was about \$1,500,000 every year.

"There's your market," Father Soucy said.

The farmers were convinced. Some of them took out federal livestock loans. They raised \$3000 and bought an old garage. They put in modern creamery equipment, imported an expert butter maker, and began the St. John Valley Creamery Coöperative.

The participating farmers were satisfied with their first-year profits, but not Father Soucy. He urged them to build up the quality of the herds to get bigger returns. The re-

sult was the St. John Valley Ayrshire Breeders' Coöperative. It borrowed money from the credit union and bought a purebred bull to sire more productive herds.

Father Soucy draws \$1000 a year as pastor of the two churches, nothing for his business labors. He never goes to bed before midnight, and always rises at 6 a.m. He gives away all his meager pay, except what is needed to feed and clothe himself.

Although the valley is 95 percent Catholic, and largely French-Canadian, the few Protestant clergymen are giving the priest active support. When I was visiting the valley I met the pastor of a Congregational

church who said, "Father Soucy never asks any person his faith. He only asks how he can help them. Why shouldn't we do the same?"

The home crocheting and knitting industry, turning out \$350,000 worth of fine needlework this year, expects to do a \$3,000,000 business before long. The coöperative creamery, producing 20,000 pounds of butter its first year, is now shooting at a 150,000-pound mark. That's big business for the backwoods. Maine's governor, Lewis Orin Barrows, told me, "Today St. John Valley is the brightest spot in our relief picture. Those folks are well on their way toward solving their own problems."

And So They Married — XI —

Sir Wilfred Grenfell

Condensed from "Forty Years for Labrador"

NOTHING in my life ever came more out of the blue than my marriage. My constant activities had engrossed me so completely that the idea of marriage had never entered my head. Then, on the *Mauretania*, the second day out from England, we met.

I knew neither who she was, this beautiful girl in black, nor whence she came. Indeed, when the proposition was really put, it was a real shock to be told, "But you don't even know my name!" But Labrador seafaring habits had accustomed me to act first and think afterward. "That is not the issue," I answered. "The only thing that interests me is what it is going to be."

Such genius as our family has displayed has shone best on the quarterdeck, and on this occasion it pleased God to add another naval victory to our annals.

— Houghton Mifflin

(Editors' Note: Anne MacClanahan of Lake Forest, Illinois, and Dr. Grenfell were married in 1909, and lived and worked together for nearly 30 years.)

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By
Dorothy Canfield
XV

HE WAS BORN so long ago, my Great-Uncle Zadok Canfield, that he could remember the War of 1812. I never pass a certain grassy bank near our house without seeing a flash of scarlet, for it was there that Uncle Zed saw enemy soldiers who had crossed the ocean and invaded our country. They were prisoners, being marched down the rough Vermont roads; and had stopped for an hour's rest. While they sat there a sharp-eyed little American boy gazed at them, and began a lifelong effort not only to know what was happening in our country but to understand why it happened.

Uncle Zed could even remember what happened before he was born, for the older people in his family had lived through the uncertain,

wavering struggles to make one new nation out of the 13 colonies. The desperate uncertainties of those floundering early days were all part of the story of America he painted to his small great-niece. He did not take this federation of our states for granted, as most of us do. He had an absorbing concern with its fate; he leaned over it, fascinated as by a serial story of adventure, to see whether it was really going to work or not.

"It was nip and tuck," he would say, "whether folks would give in and let themselves be bossed by the Congress, so far away. It was nip and tuck whether the federal idea would really stand or not, and don't you forget it!"

For it was not just defeated, scarlet-coated soldiers he showed you when he pulled up his aged roan at that grassy bank. He went on to tell you how foolishly, only four or five years before that, many people of our state had done their best to loosen that national unity which is our only strength. Potash was the great cash crop of Vermont at that time — potash made from the ashes of the trees cut to clear the land. Potash was sold to England, through Canada. Vermont was glad enough to be one of the United States, yet the very first

FROM THE FRONT DOOR of her little white farmhouse near Arlington, Vermont, Dorothy Canfield Fisher sees the same changeless but ever-changing view of the Green Mountains, their valleys and rocky pastures and little rivers, that the Canfields have seen since 1764. Her great-uncle Zadok was but one of many Canfields in the neighborhood, although it was from him that she derived her fixed principles of duty and patriotism. Mrs. Fisher is not only one of America's most distinguished writers, but a leading authority on child and adult education, and the guiding spirit in much welfare, refugee and war relief work.

time that national unity *cost* Vermonters anything — when President Jefferson laid on the Embargo Act and they could not sell their potash — what happened?

"Did they stop to think that you can't get something for nothing in national life, any more than in any other kind of life?" Uncle Zed would ask. "No, sir, they laid back their ears and all but kicked the harness to pieces, smuggling potash up Lake Champlain with armed forces defending the boats. And proud of it, every darned fool of them! You'll hear a lot of hollering," he would go on, "about the way our Vermonters riz up with pitchforks and scythes to drive back the British. Ready to knock 'em galley west, wa'n't we, to save the country? I swanny! Wa'n't one of 'em had headpiece enough to see that what they'd been doing was attacking the country. When you're *in* a federation and don't abide by its laws, that ain't exactly saving the nation, is it? Fight? They'd fight all right. But have a mite of sense? No, sir, that'd be too hard work."

Sense was what Uncle Zed wanted people to have, just ordinary sense. To accept sound evidence even when it went against your wishes, and to reject unsound evidence even when it "looked pretty," that was his religion. His most frequent text was "Experience is a hard school, but fools will learn in no other." I imagine that he talked so much to

me because he did not exclude my sex from his demand for good sense. "I never could abide a fool," I have heard him say a hundred times. "And I don't like a fool any better for being a woman."

Uncle Zed used to sit on the front porch to keep track of what was going on in the serial life stories of the people of our town. His comments are part of our communal inheritance. One day he saw a young mother leading her eight-year-old past the house. She explained indignantly that the teacher had spoken harshly to young Fred, although he was a high-spirited boy of one of the three best families in town. (At this phrase Uncle Zed snorted ominously.) Fred had run home to tell his mother. "I went right back with him and gave the teacher a piece of my mind," the mother cried. "I told her I would never allow Fred to set foot in the schoolhouse again. I'll make his father have a tutor for him at home."

Uncle Zed leaned back in his chair and told her equably, "Millie, advice is cheap and worth just what it costs, so I'll give you a piece. You tie a stone around that boy's neck right *now*, and throw him in the river. You might's well. You've done for him!"

That mother wore crinoline, but the lesson in parent education given her so long ago is to this day vividly fresh in our collective town mind.

There is scarcely a corner of our

much-loved home valley which does not suggest one of Uncle Zed's marrowy stories; rich with human significance. At a certain turn of the road he used to stop old Dick and point with his whip. "Right *there* was where Eli and I saw the bear." Eli was my grandfather, Uncle Zed's little brother. The two small boys had been sent on an errand. As they trotted around the turn of the road, there stood a great bear. The little boys froze. The bear, after a long moment's stare, scrambled off into the bushes. Uncle Zed always spoke of the incident with pride. He and his little brother did not run home to their mother. They clenched their trembling hands to fists, and went on to do their errand. "That kind of thing's good growing weather," Uncle Zed would tell me. "A young'un turns a corner he'll never have to turn again, once he's had a chance to find out he can go on and get his business done, even if he is scared."

He was always thinking about how to defend his country from its foes inside and out. And *his* country began right at home at Town Meeting. The most dramatic episode in our valley, after Revolutionary times, was the proposition to bond the towns to pay for the first railroad. In the excitement our small, poor, rural towns got sold down the river by slick operators far too smart for our country brains.

But not for Uncle Zed's. He fought the bonding tooth and nail,

with one of his favorite axioms, "Everybody's got to learn how to say 'No!' You're a goner if you don't. Just because a proposition looks good, you don't *have* to say 'Yes.' Let's look into this. There's no hurry."

But the expansion fever was running high and his solitary voice did not prevail. Our town and those to the north and the south did bond themselves for sums out of all proportion to their resources. The vote was carried triumphantly in an excited Town Meeting.

When the proposition turned out to be an exploitation of the guileless towns, Uncle Zed came back to Town Meeting with one idea, repeated as often as old Cato's about Carthage. "We've got to pay off that bond."

"But gosh, Mr. Zadok, those fellows just skinned us alive."

"Never mind about all that. And it isn't them we owe. They've got from under. It's other people who paid good money for our bonds. When you owe money, there's just one thing to do — *pay it!*"

It was sour, unpalatable advice. The more people made faces over its sourness, the louder Uncle Zed shouted at Town Meeting. And presently our town began painfully to pay off those thousands of dollars. Year by year, hill-farmers in patched clothes took out of their lean pocketbooks sweat-earned dollars to put them into the well-tailored pockets of people who did not

need them. Other towns paid only the interest on the bonded debt. Some even let interest pile up. Our town groaningly paid interest and capital. People were in a perpetual rage about it.

Presently the town saw light ahead. The debt was actually less. And then less again. And one glorious day it was paid, gone from our burdens. Other towns were still raising money to pay interest. Our town could put money into a new school. Nothing so very important had happened, only that a group of country folk had accepted, like men, the consequences of their own action. "How do you feel *now*, Mr. Zadok?" they asked the old man, for he was old before the debt was paid off.

"*Pretty good*," he said moderately.

In one of the houses Uncle Zed owned, Colonel Shays had lived for a while, after the years he had hidden from justice in the woods. Whoever drove with Uncle to collect the monthly rent from the people who then lived in the old Shays house heard a good deal about Shays' Rebellion. You won't find much about it unless you look in a very big history book: just that it was an abortive rising by tax-ridden, debt-pinched Massachusetts dirt farmers a few years after the Revolution. But Uncle Zed knew all the details of the muster, rioting, and shooting. He had heard them as a boy from the village eld-

ers. And they had heard them from men who had fought on one side or the other, wondering as they heard whether all that the Revolution had won might not be in danger.

Uncle Zed saw in Shays' Rebellion something more than one of the first attacks on the new government. To him it was a case of rich people bearing down too hard on poor people. "There ain't but one trough for us all to feed out of," he used to tell me, "and when a few crowd out the rest, well, there's no fence can be built that'll hold in that fight when it gets going. Thing to do is not to *let* it get going!"

"But, Uncle Zed, Colonel Shays' Rebellion failed."

"Maybe it failed for *him*. But the rich folks down Massachusetts-way let up on the poor folks after that. They had learned they couldn't go but just so far — not on *this* side the ocean."

It was not from any soft-hearted philanthropy that Uncle Zed spoke, but from long observation of the stresses and strains in national life. Mr. Zadok (as he was always called, because there were so many Canfields in Arlington they could be distinguished only by using their Christian names) was, as a matter of fact, not considered to be very kind to poor people. Especially the thriftless ones. He was feared and sometimes hated for his ruthless analysis of the reasons brought forward by self-pity to explain failures. People in our town said rue-

fully, "My! Mr. Zadok has a *nawful* sharp tongue. He don't make *allowances* for folks!"

But as he lived on and on, sturdy, keen-eyed, razor-tongued, passionately concerned with every detail of the life of our country, he became a sort of institution. Everybody realized that, hard though he might be, he had helped keep up the standard of intelligence and self-respecting independence of the town. Men would come to lean on the railing of the front porch where Uncle Zed sat, to ask him, "Say, Mr. Zadok, what d'ye think of the election this year?" And then stand, their eyes thoughtfully fixed on a distant mountain while the old man set forth what he thought of the election, in a perspective which reached from the Declaration of Independence to that year. He liked to have other people tell him what *they* thought of the election too; but he listened, watchful as a cat before a mousehole, for any sign of muddled thinking, and pounced with a snort on any foolish or inconsequential reason for a political opinion.

At a great old age he went to bed and never got up. It seemed in-

credible. Mr. Zadok had been there as long as Red Mountain — so it seemed to us younger people. We realized with a shock that now we must find out for ourselves what this year's election meant. We must now try to do what he did, pore over American life, seeking to understand each event in its relation to the whole.

After the funeral my aunts put away in the attic the fine linen shirts with the collars that thrust up a long point beside the cheek, like those of Daniel Webster. The clothes and shoes were passed on to the poor. And the lawyer went through the iron box in which Uncle Zed had always kept his papers. He found notes and notes and notes, representing loans made to the needy. Some had a few small payments marked on the back. Most were not paid at all — money which he had loaned to keep a farm from being sold away from elderly owners, to help a bright boy through college, to pay the doctor's bills for somebody whose wife was an invalid. Those, and not stocks and bonds, were what filled Uncle Zed's strong box.

*A*LL PERSONS, including foreigners, who leave Japan must now declare the number of gold teeth, caps, fillings, etc., in their mouths and pay duty for taking precious metal out of the country.

— *Newsweek*

Blood for Britain

Condensed from Hygeia

Edith Roberts

OUT OF the cruel necessities of war has come one blessing — the life-saving transfer of blood “plasma” from a healthy donor to a wounded sufferer thousands of miles away. This new method has enabled generous Americans to send their life’s blood overseas to fight and endure in British veins. It is a tremendous step forward in medical science as well as international good will.

Plasma — the liquid content of blood remaining after the red and white corpuscles are removed — is extremely effective in the treatment of traumatic shock. And shock is not only the commonest cause of death on the battlefield and among bombed civilian populations, but also the cause of death in peacetime explosions, storms, wrecks. Sometimes it even takes its toll in the operating room.

So numerous were the casualties from traumatic shock in the World War, and so little was it understood, that the Surgeon-General of the United States Army appointed a commission to study it. This commission was headed by Dr. Walter B. Cannon of Harvard, who has been at it ever since and is probably the greatest authority on the subject.

The explanation of traumatic shock is this:

When the tissues of the body are injured, there is liberated a chemical which poisons and paralyzes the walls of the minute capillary blood vessels, allowing a leakage of the plasma. Unless quickly replaced, the lack of circulating protein and oxygen in the body soon results in death.

Direct blood transfusion is almost impossible at the scene of any disaster. Extremely difficult, too, is transfusion with blood which has been preserved, for after a few days outside the body whole blood deteriorates. But plasma supplies the lacking protein. And unlike whole blood, plasma does not have to be “typed”; plasma from one human being can be given to any other; plasma can be transported long distances and preserved for months. Under the stress of war the American Red Cross and the Blood Transfusion Betterment Association have developed a technique for collecting and distributing human plasma in quantity.

So we are now sending this precious gift to save the lives of our brothers fighting in the front line of democracy. More than 8000 American men and women have given

their blood for Britain since August. For the present this is done only in New York City, where blood is being taken from about 1000 donors a week, almost equally divided between men and women. As the technique is perfected, the movement will be extended to other cities. The need must be great, for one cable alone from the British government asked for blood from 20,000 donors in 30 days.

Donors must be between 21 and 60, and in good health. The operation of withdrawing about a pint of blood is simple, and after a short rest the donor usually feels as fit as ever. He will again be acceptable in about five weeks, if he desires to contribute another pint.

The spirit in which donors give their blood is touching. There was the woman who remarked simply: "I came because it seemed my duty. It is so easy at this end, so hard at the other."

There was the diffident young chap who said — as so many have said — "I haven't any money to give, and I feel I *must* give something."

An Englishman exclaimed: "If I can't be home, I'll get as near as I can."

"What's a pint of blood here?" cried another. "I'd give my life to see Hitler's head hanging from a tree! *I mean it.*" And it was evident that he did.

There was the little Frenchwoman at the Memorial Hospital, the first

donor after the members of the staff themselves. "Take more," she kept imploring; "take more!"

There was the blind woman in her fifties, one of the earliest to volunteer, who said: "This is the first time I've been able to do something for someone else."

There was Her Highness the Raneé of Sarawak; there were the 800 W.P.A. workers from Staten Island; the 600 employes of the Furness-Withy steamship line who volunteered in a body; there were the mothers of R.A.F. pilots who, as soon as they heard about it, rushed down to give their blood and were heartbroken when refused because of age.

Once drawn from the donor, the plasma is separated, tested several times for possible contamination, mixed with salt solution, bottled, and shipped to England on the fastest steamers and by clipper plane. Every English field hospital is — or will be — supplied with plasma for direct and rapid transfusion at the scene of the injury, an operation never before possible. Thus life will be preserved in shattered bodies long enough for their removal to hospitals. Some plasma is being prepared in England, but the bulk of it must come from us. For in Britain's crowded hospitals there is too little time or space to devote to the careful, tedious process.

Gifts of blood plasma are still badly needed, to aid Britain *and*

America. For the Red Cross plans to build up a vast store of human plasma as a defense measure for our own Army and Navy, and also against future disasters. When that has been done the most remote country doctor will have plasma in

his medicine chest, ready for any emergency.

THOSE who would like to give a pint of their blood, and who live in or near New York City, can make appointments by calling Sacramento 2-8950.

The Talk of the Town

Excerpts from The New Yorker

Spy

A FOREIGN correspondent in Rome became aware that his hotel waiter was a spy. The correspondent is broad-minded about spies, but this one made such a nuisance of himself hanging around, listening for significant conversation, that he finally complained to the manager. The manager wasn't very helpful. "What can I do?" he asked. "I could fire him, but the next spy mightn't be such a good waiter."

Tea Party

WHEN an American importer approached Twining, the famous London tea merchants, to negotiate for the American distribution rights for their brand, an elderly Twining was not too friendly about it. He harumphed and said, "You know, we had quite a lot of trouble over there."

"Trouble?" said the importer.

"Yes," said Mr. Twining, "they dumped a shipment of our tea into Boston Harbor."

Dr. Post

IT IS customary in all big hospitals to notify the staff when an interesting post-mortem is to take place. It would be too blatant to have somebody shout, "Post-mortem! Post-mortem!" through the public address system, and the usual solution is to pass the word along from doctor to doctor.

At one hospital, however, they have found a way to announce it over the loudspeakers. "Calling Dr. Post," the loudspeaker says, whenever something interesting is afoot in the autopsy room. "Calling Dr. Mortimer Post."

Orchid-Running

A MAN who grows orchids was pleasantly surprised when a girl he knows presented him with a flourishing orchid plant from Bermuda. "How in the world did you ever get it past the customs inspectors?" he asked.

"Oh, that was easy," she said. "I just fastened it on my hat."

❏ A great industry freed from dependence
on the rag pickers of Europe

Domestic Paper to Burn

Condensed from Forbes

Don Wharton

HARRY H. STRAUS, a 6-foot-1-inch mountain of physical and mental energy, came here from Germany at 18, intending to stay only long enough to learn English. Liking America, he never went back. And as his contribution to his adopted country he has created a new industry which makes jobs in a region where there were few before, gives farmers a new cash crop, frees America from dependence on precarious imports, and points toward further developments of high importance.

Straus makes cigarette paper. The United States uses \$10,000,000 worth a year, and formerly had to buy it from France. On the precise day this war began, a mill in the Blue Ridge mountains of North Carolina began domestic production — after seven years of heart-breaking experimentation.

Heartbreaking because, of all papers, the cigarette wrapper is about the hardest to make. It must be thinner than a human hair; yet, to work in cigarette machines, it must be strong enough to withstand a pull of eight pounds. It must fold without tearing; must

burn no faster and no slower than tobacco; must be tasteless and not stick to the lips.

French mills make it from old linen rags. For old linen these mills were dependent upon the rag pickers of Poland, Russia and the Balkans. Thus the huge American cigarette industry, the American farmer (whose tobacco crop is second only to his cotton crop in value) and the U. S. government (which collects \$500,000,000 a year in cigarette taxes) were at the mercy of French mills, which were at the mercy of rag pickers, who, as events proved, were at the mercy of Hitler.

When Harry Straus decided, soon after his arrival in 1902, that he belonged in America, he worked for a company making cork tips for cigarettes. Later he became a salesman for cigarette paper and, after a time, came to control a French mill. He was doing well but he didn't like being dependent upon the rag pickers of Europe. He wondered if the paper couldn't be made from American materials.

America's supply of linen rags, it developed, was wholly inadequate. And, anyway, our linen cloth is im-

ported. But why not make paper direct from flax fiber?

Flax straw consists of long, strong fibers sheathing a useless woody core. Linen manufacture has remained in Europe because separating fibers from core has been a tedious hand process, done on peasant farms and too expensive when wages have to be paid. Straus had two problems. The first was to devise a chemical or mechanical process to produce clean flax fiber cheaply. U. S. scientists had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars vainly trying to do just that.

Straus's chemists and engineers had bitter disappointments. But at last they developed a secret washing technique which separates the fibers from the core.

But just as the Straus engineers were reporting this success the Straus agronomists were reporting failure on the second problem. The flax we grow is not the tall kind used for linen, but a short type grown for seed, crushed to make linseed oil. So for years the agronomists tested soils, sought advice from government experts, scoured Europe for promising varieties of linen fiber flax. They planted hundreds of acres in the Carolinas, Virginia, Oregon, Florida and Alabama. On Maryland's Eastern Shore they planted 500 plots, each with a different fertilizer. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent. But whatever the climate, soil or fertilizer, they couldn't get enough

straw per acre to compete with the price of imported rags.

Straus grimly turned from flax to hemp and was making headway when a new federal law suppressing marijuana put hemp out of the picture. Ignoring all advice, Straus then had his engineers experiment with the straw from linseed-flax, hitherto considered useless. It worked and Straus triumphantly had some paper run off in his French mill and showed it to American cigarette makers. It was about the time of Munich, and the big cigarette companies saw the point; together they lent Straus \$2,000,000 to build an American mill.

Never was a site more carefully chosen. The first consideration was an immense and unfailing supply of proper water. It was obvious that the mill should be located in North Carolina, which manufactures more than half of America's cigarettes. Straus finally selected a spot where the Davidson River tumbles out of mile-high Pisgah National Forest. This unfailing supply of water was soft and free of minerals — iron, for example, which would give cigarette paper a taste.

When the mill's 17 buildings were completed, in May 1939, French craftsmen arrived to teach green mountaineers how to make cigarette paper. Here was a weird industrial school, indeed. A machine was put in operation by the Frenchmen. Nearby stood the mountaineers and four interpreters. The

Frenchmen worked, the mountaineers watched, and the interpreters kept the talk between the two groups going. Swiftly the French art, handed down from family to family, was adapted to American factory methods. By September, at the outbreak of war, American cigarette paper was headed for American cigarette factories. All the "Big Five" cigarette makers are using "Ecusta" (Cherokee word: rippling water) paper, currently meeting one third of their needs. Three other domestic mills are now producing cigarette paper from flax straw.

On the first anniversary of mill operation, ground was broken for an addition which will double Ecusta's capacity. By the time reserve stocks of paper are used up, it is expected domestic production will be adequate.

Straus's mill has given the entire region a lift. The Frenchmen are gone and nine tenths of Ecusta's 900 employes are mountain men. The enlarged plant will need 500 more of them. The nearby town of Brevard has had a small boom. The county's bonds, formerly down to 24 cents on the dollar, have now passed 50. There are even more far-flung repercussions. Each day four railroad cars of fiber arrive from decortication plants in California and Minnesota, where most domestic flax is grown; farmers in these states have a new cash crop. This year 147,000 tons of straw were

bought for cigarette paper; 1941 purchases will be higher. Flax farmers used to spend \$1.50 an acre to get rid of the straw, now they receive \$1 for it — a net gain of \$2.50.

Straus's agronomists, with the help of the Universities of Minnesota and California, are developing new strains and helping farmers increase their yields. Farmers have been taught to sow more thickly so the crowded stalks grow taller, producing more straw. By demanding a straw clean of weeds Straus got farmers to cultivate their fields more thoroughly, which resulted in a larger yield of seed as well as straw.

No one knows where all this will lead. Other fine papers, like those used for currency, may eventually be made from flax straw rather than from old linen rags. Already there is increased interest in the use of flax in textiles. And recently Georgia Tech engineers announced a new method of processing flax fiber for spinning.

Straus is trying to develop flax growing in several additional states. And his researchers are seeking industrial uses for the wood removed from the fibers. Four fifths of the straw is wood. Plastics, wallboards, linoleum, fertilizer and powder can be made from these "shives," though not economically as yet.

Straus has turned flax into a double-duty crop and if anyone solves the shives problem, farmers can thank him for a triple play.

One Christmas Eve in Mexico

Condensed from Scribner's Commentator

Sandra Carr

THIS YEAR, when Christmas will not mean peace and good will to all the world, I like to think of one Christmas I spent in Mexico, in a little town so cut off from the rest of the world that its customs had not changed in 300 years. That was where I saw the Christmas miracle; there I learned what faith could mean. And I needed faith. It was the one Christmas when there had been no peace or happiness for me and the future seemed as dark as the fog that wrapped the Little Town.

CHRISTMAS in Mexico is usually gay and exciting. Open-air stalls spring up in every plaza, with smoky charcoal braziers to keep the customers warm, and fantastic toys to delight the children — green and violet glass fish, never spawned in any sea; long-legged birds, made of lacquered gourds as sleek to the touch as rainbow satin and just as perishable. Street orchestras, last of the wandering minstrels, troop behind the shoppers, sawing on their homemade violins and singing long sagas off key about the great days when Pancho Villa turned into a fox to escape his enemies.

Over all looms the piñata. The piñata is the Mexican equivalent of

a Christmas tree. It is a clay water jug as big as the ones in which Ali Baba hid his 40 thieves. At Christmas it is decked in *papier mâché* ruff and feathers to look like a goblin turkey or peacock. It is filled with toys and suspended from a stout doorway.

The breaking of the piñata is the climax of the Christmas game played in every Mexican home. The game begins with a candlelight procession in which every child, down to the smallest black-haired toddler, participates. The children, bearing lighted candles, march through the darkened house, knocking on one door after another and chanting to symbolize the journey of the Holy Family to the inns. But all the doors are closed. There is no shelter to be found, until they come at last to the room where the piñata hangs. That door is open.

A hilarious blind man's buff ensues. Each child, armed with a cane, tries to break the jar. When at last a lucky blow bursts the piñata, the presents tumble to the floor. Not Christmas presents as we know them, with each child's name on a card. Just gay trinkets, bird whistles, or red and green candies for which the children scramble.

This is Christmas in Mexico.

Way back in the hills of San Luis Potosí, in my Little Town, the Journey to the Inns — *Las Posadas*, it is called, after the Spanish word for Inn — is not a game, but a religious festival as real as the Passion Play at Oberammergau. On one side of the plaza was the church with its pink tower, and the bells that rang on holy days. Legend said, and the town believed, that long ago when those bells had been brought from Spain they had proved too heavy for human hands, so they had been hung by the angels. Across the plaza was the rambling *palacio*, built in the days of the Conquest by the first family of the town. The descendants still lived here in tattered, hungry splendor, three old maids as ugly and aristocratic as a Zuloaga portrait.

At the end of a twisted street out of a child's fairy book was the ancient coaching inn. On one ruined wall you could still see the faded map of the *Camino Real*, the Royal Road from Mexico City to California, when the Little Town had been one of the stops along the way. Viceroy's had been entertained here and King's Messengers on royal business. Franciscan monks had prayed in the church. But that was 300 years ago. Now there wasn't even a train, just a ramshackle station wagon that brought mail and newspapers from the States, ten days old. I was there at Christmastime because my husband, a mining engineer, had been sent

down by an American company which reopened the silver mines abandoned by the Spaniards in the seventeenth century.

We were as isolated as if we had been on the steppes of Siberia. The whine of the ore buckets, the groan of the crushers in the mill, were the only sounds, and before me stretched the bleak mountains marching to the Pacific Divide, white limestone plains, barren except for an occasional wall of giant prickly pear, which the natives cultivated to keep coyotes away from their poor, scattered farms.

When December came we couldn't bear to think about Christmas. We were homesick for shopwindows, and snow, and log fires. Then the mists came down from the Pacific Divide, and it was worse. There were days and nights of groping from one house to another, without stars or the sun. The Mexicans called it the "black fog."

But even the black fog did not change the plans of the Little Town. Weeks before, the villagers had chosen the cast for the festival of the Journey to the Inns. The mine superintendent's housemaid was Mary. Joseph, in everyday life, was our water carrier. The barber, the baker, and the shoemaker — tall, dark men who stood head and shoulders above their fellows — were to be the Three Kings.

Every night they rehearsed, until Mary was no longer a giggling

servant girl. She was a woman, grave and set apart, as became the future mother of the Christ. Joseph acquired a new beard and a new dignity. They weren't acting; they were living their parts, day by day, trying to fit into the picture handed down through the ages.

Nine nights before Christmas the pageant of the Posadas began. We could see the tall figures of the Wise Men riding through the fog; riding as if they were protecting Mary and Joseph. Mary sat on a burro; Joseph led the plodding beast first to one village door, then another, knocking for shelter. Always the same reply, in the time-honored chant:

Begone. . . !
Ye may be thieves.
In my Inn tonight
There is no room
For such as you.

I was as weary and heartsick as Mary. It was more than homesickness or the black fog. It was bitter personal bereavement and a growing, gnawing unhappiness in our home, the fruit of exile.

Christmas Eve we had all been invited to the midnight Mass at the church and the final drama of the Posadas. It didn't seem to me that I could go. There wasn't a prayer in my heart. But it was an obligation to a foreign people and their customs.

The fog lifted as we drove down and we saw Mary in her blue *rebozo*, like the blue mantle of a

medieval Madonna. We saw Joseph knocking on the final door, at the last house in the village. We heard his plea:

In Heaven's name,
I beg for shelter.
My wife, tonight,
Can no farther go.

Then we were shivering in the incense-filled church. The candles were burning on the altar. Below were the wax figures of the shepherds, the clumsy wooden cows and sheep, and a manger. The priest chanted in Latin. Mary was kneeling before her child. The bells in the tower began to ring. It was midnight.

Suddenly the candlelight wasn't candlelight. It was a light that had shone 19 centuries ago over a mother and her child. We all saw it. The Wise Men, humbly praying. The three gaunt-faced Zuloaga old maids, who had given up bread to buy the altar cloth. The hard-boiled foreman from the mine. The Jewish storekeeper. All of us.

Kneeling on the cold stone floor, where the Franciscan Fathers had knelt on their long way to California, I learned something they must have known, or they could never have made the perilous journey across an unknown continent. Rich or poor, humble or great, there was one thing we all had in common — faith — if we worked to achieve it as Mary and Joseph and the Three Wise Men of the Little Town had worked for it

through dreary days and nights of black fog. Because they had, all of us gathered here felt faith. Faith in ourselves, in humanity, in goodness, or in God — some form of faith.

As we went into the Christmas starlight, the Little Town with the sparkling white plains beyond looked as the Little Town of Bethlehem must have looked centuries before. Then there had been grief and disaster, Pharisees and traitors, wars and tyrants. But there had also been the Christmas miracle. I real-

ized then that no matter what sorrow or tragedy came to me I could face it, if I held onto my faith.

Now, when so many ideals of courage and integrity have been destroyed, I like to think of that Christmas. I like to remember that for days and weeks the Little Town was hidden by a fog as black as the one over the world today. But through all those days and weeks our village folk strove patiently until the Christ Child — and Faith — was born again.



Music Between Trains

TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO, Mary Lee Read, a director of community sings, waited for the train that would take her to her dying mother in Denver. In the cold, impersonal station, her anxiety and loneliness were almost unbearable. All about her were worried-looking people, and she realized that railroad stations are natural harbors for heart-aches. Then a young man passed, whistling gaily, and something happened to that crowd. People smiled, a child began to sing. Suddenly Mary Read had an idea — it was music the station needed.

Her first program, given in the Denver station at Christmas as a memorial to her mother, was so successful that it became an annual affair and the railroads ran excursion trips from all parts of Colorado and neighboring states for those who wanted to hear her 500 carolers on Christmas Eve.

In New York in 1928, Mrs. Read was struck with the musical possibilities of Grand Central Terminal, with its cathedral spaces and half-million travelers a day. She was commissioned to prepare a Christmas program, and has been Director of Music there ever since, arranging Easter, Thanksgiving and Christmas programs which sometimes feature grand opera stars, boy choirs, or the orchestra and quartet organized by the Red Caps. Mrs. Read and her friends have also played in the majority of large stations in the country, where music now has a permanent place during holidays.

Many travelers write letters and telegrams telling Mrs. Read how much her peaceful, hope-inspiring music has helped them, but her favorite tribute is a Red Cap's: "Mrs. Read, your organ music makes one want to put his arms around the whole world." — Weldon Mellick

¶ It pays to be called "the damndest liar in the world"

"Believe-It-or-Not" Ripley

Condensed from The New Yorker

Geoffrey T. Hellman

A YEAR AGO in Nicaragua, street urchins, recognizing the slightly buck-toothed face of a traveler, ran along beside him yelling, "Reepley! Reepley!" Robert L. Ripley was delighted. He knew he had arrived.

Ripley's "Believe It or Not" cartoons appear now in more than 300 papers in 38 countries, and they enable Ripley to satisfy his consuming passion to become a citizen of the world in the largest geographical sense. So far Ripley has inspected 201 countries out of what he figured, a couple of years ago, as a possible 253. If Hitler continues to swallow up territory Ripley may be able to establish a believe-it-or-not on his own hook — that he has visited more countries than exist.

Ripley draws and describes four to seven oddities daily for an audience of 60,000,000 people. Most of these items are weeded from his gigantic mail, which he estimates at over a million letters a year, or are dug up by a staff of researchers — who once delved through 9832 books to find a picture of one Señor Lascurain, a man who had been President of Mexico for 39 minutes.

Ripley once made a special sea-plane excursion to San Blas, Panama, to check an item on how some white Roman Catholic Indians celebrated Christmas. In 1930, he went to Vienna to verify the origin of *Ach du lieber Augustin*, a famous German song. But Ripley is not infallible. He once stated that Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee were first cousins once removed, only to have a Richmond paper point out correctly that they could not possibly have been closer than sixteenth cousins. And many of his eye-openers rest on technicalities. For example, he has defended the claim that Buffalo Bill never shot a buffalo in his life, on the ground that the American animal is a bison.

Moreover, a lot of the oddities are difficult to check and are accepted by Ripley on faith, such as: "The surgeon Dr. Politman, a native of Lorraine, died at the age of 140, having been drunk each day since he was 25. On the eve of his death he performed a major surgical operation successfully."

The believe-it-or-not item, however, which inspired the greatest disbelief and provoked the most

protests — "Lindbergh was the 67th man to make a nonstop flight over the Atlantic Ocean" — is true. Lindbergh made the first solo nonstop flight, but he had been preceded by one airplane with two men and by two dirigibles containing a total of 64 men. This is one of Ripley's favorites.

As befits a man of his earning power, Ripley was a small-town boy, born of poor parents. He came into the world on Christmas Day, 1893, in Santa Rosa, California. His father, a carpenter, died when Ripley was 12. LeRoy, as young Ripley had been named, helped support his mother, younger brother and sister by polishing gravestones after school. In his teens he began to draw.

Summers he pitched for a semi-pro team, and when the editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin* saw some posters Ripley had done for local ball games he hired him as sports cartoonist at \$8 a week, later raising him to \$10. After a year or so Ripley asked for a \$2.50 raise and was fired. In 1913 he came to the New York *Globe*, where he drew one or two sports cartoons a week and spent a lot of time playing handball at the New York Athletic Club. One condition of his job was that he adopt some other first name than LeRoy. He chose Robert.

In December 1918, Ripley turned in a cartoon which eventually cut down his handball time. In it he illustrated seven unusual athletic

achievements, such as, "A. Forrester of Toronto ran 100 yards backwards in 14 seconds." Ripley entitled this "Chumps and Champs," but just before submitting it substituted the caption, "Believe It or Not." *Globe* readers responded so favorably that he soon concentrated on athletic oddities, subsequently on oddities of all sorts.

In 1923 Max Schuster, of Simon & Schuster, suggested that he get up a collection of believe-it-or-nots for a book. "I'm just a two-cent man," Ripley said when Schuster proposed a book to sell for \$2.50. And he was so dilatory in pasting up samples of his work that the book didn't come out until 1928. Schuster sent a copy to William Randolph Hearst, who immediately wired King Features to outbid all other syndicates for Ripley. In the 18 months following publication Ripley made \$1,000,000 from the syndicate, the book, and movie and radio contracts. His mail assumed enormous proportions, and so many messages were addressed "To the damndest liar in the world," or simply in ripped (Ripley) envelopes, that in 1930 the Postmaster General issued an order: "Such letters hereafter will be either returned to the sender or sent to the Dead Letter Office. Postal clerks have had to devote too much time to deciphering freak letters intended for Ripley."

At first Ripley threw away all mail except letters from his imme-

diate family. Later, advised that this was not conducive to good will, he changed his system. Today nine people read and acknowledge Ripley's mail and give him the important communications. Ripley shuffles through these at his leisure and stores the overflow in his attic, where there are now at least a million unread letters. Whenever he goes on a trip he takes along a bundle. A good many people who wrote Ripley in 1931 were surprised to receive replies from him summer before last, written in Sarawak or Cambodia. He sometimes throws letters he doesn't think worth answering out of the airplane in which he is traveling. Two miles up over the middle of Africa he once disposed of some correspondence in this way, only to find the letters waiting for him when he got back to New York. Some literate natives had found and forwarded them.

Seven years ago, Ripley gave up his quarters at the New York Athletic Club and bought a 27-room house on an island near Mamaronock, N. Y., which he has named Bion (Believe It or Not) Island. To keep from feeling insular between world tours, he has adorned the barroom with the flags of countries he has visited, and has set a large compass in the floor of the sun porch, giving direction and number of miles from his house to hundreds of cities all over the world. When he feels cooped up he goes

to the porch and figures out how long it would take him to get to some place like Istanbul.

Household bibelots at Bion Island include the Iron Maiden of Nuremberg (a famous medieval torture device), a Buddhist shrine, and a wooden self-statue which a Japanese artist made as lifelike as possible by embellishing it with his own hair, teeth, fingernails and toenails. Other objects contributing to the surrealist atmosphere include a roomful of Aztec masks, the three-foot shell of a "man-eating clam," a magnetic clock consisting of a bowl in which a metal turtle, attracted by a concealed magnetic hand, floats to the number indicating the hour, and an aquarium with a fish that swims backward. Ripley values his collection at \$2,000,000. Writes Mrs. Almuth Dold, the middle-aged German lady who presides over Ripley's household, "The most unusual thing in the house is Mr. Ripley."

Among Ripley's peculiarities are a habit of encouraging chipmunks to potter about his desk while he is drawing and a passion for moving heavy objects. He generally works on his cartoons from seven in the morning until 11, selecting the material, indicating the layout and sketching the main figures. He leaves the filling-in and lettering to two assistants. Around 11, Ripley starts moving beds, chairs, statues and shrines from one room to another, never quite able to

figure out how best to arrange them.

To navigate his private lagoon, Ripley has a birchbark canoe; a long, narrow, canopied Kashmir boat propelled by heart-shaped paddles; a gufa boat, which is a circular affair of reeds imported from Mesopotamia and said to be glued together with the same kind of pitch used in Noah's Ark; a straw boat from Lake Titicaca in Peru; and an Alaskan dugout.

When Ripley's face lights up, he breaks into a boyish grin which is enlivened by protruding front teeth. The teeth used to stick out even more than they do now, but by the time he felt rich enough to have them straightened he had decided that his expression was so widely known that people would miss seeing them, and so he had them straightened only part way.

At 47, Ripley gives the impression of being a rather gentle, overgrown adolescent. He feels that he has set an increasingly high standard in the presentation of oddities and is proud of some refinements he has sponsored in the odditorium business, such as having a girl swallow neon lights instead of the old-fashioned sword. He also takes pleasure in the thought that the goings-on at his museum at the New York World's Fair — where men shaved with blowtorches, hammered spikes into their heads and lifted seven-pound goldfish bowls with their eyelids — were less harrowing than were those at

the Chicago Fair. "At Chicago, 100 people fainted every day and we had to have six beds," he says. "In New York we had only three beds and hardly anyone fainted."

Although many of the 40,000 items which Ripley has presented have been of the two-headed fish variety, several have been sober disclosures which have produced reform. The publicity which he gave to the fact that *The Star-Spangled Banner* wasn't officially the national anthem, and that millions of people had been taking off their hats for a mere drinking song, led to a petition bearing 5,000,000 names urging Congress to make it the national air. Another Ripley revelation, that no tombstone marked Byron's grave although one marked his dog's, prompted English school children to take up a collection which paid for a gravestone for the great lover.

Ripley has also delved seriously into Mother Goose and has reported that Wee Willie Winkie was really William III of Orange and Humpty Dumpty was Richard III. It is probably more for such historical and literary contributions than for his diligence in tracking down three-yolked eggs and seven-leaf clovers that Missouri Valley College and Dartmouth last June gave him honorary degrees of Doctor of Letters and Master of Arts, respectively, and that Oglethorpe University has included Ripley drawings in its Crypt of Civilization.

☞ Tom Lamb's simple idea is solving
a Canadian region's relief problem

Muskrat Resettlement Project

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Jerome Beatty

DOLLARS for hungry men and their families are being grown on otherwise worthless marshland on the Summerberry River by the government of the Canadian Province of Manitoba. It is the oddest and possibly the most successful relief project in North America. Last April, 400 needy men harvested \$161,900 in three weeks, which in that land is a year's living for all. The crop was muskrats.

This muskrat farm is 500 miles north of Winnipeg, near The Pas, once a rip-snorting frontier town where fur trappers took off by dog team or canoe for the wilderness. In 1902, the peak year, 850,000 muskrat pelts were brought in; but by 1932 the catch had dropped almost to nothing, and several thousand men found their trap lines earning only about \$50 a year. Closed seasons didn't bring the rats back. Wild-life biologists and trappers alike were baffled.

Then a slender, wiry woodsman named Tom Lamb got an idea. For four heartbreaking years Tom risked his money, strained his back, grunted "I'll show you!" when folks said he

was crazy. But within a few years, because of his persistence, nobody in northern Manitoba will be really poor.

Tom's idea came as he was making a ten-hour trip behind a dog team from his trading post to The Pas. The water in the marshes was getting lower each year, and he mushed across snow-covered land that a few years before had been a lake. Suddenly Tom realized why the muskrats were vanishing.

Most muskrats build houses of reeds and weeds in marshland; others dig in banks. The entrances are under water and in winter the rats keep a tunnel open so they can forage for vegetation under the ice. Tom guessed that because of low water the ice was freezing to the bottom and the rats were starving. Give them deeper water and they would multiply.

Son of a North Country pioneer, Lamb is 42 and strong as a polar bear. Reared at a trading post miles from civilization, with not even a day in school, he has proved that brains and vitality can make a success anywhere.

Ten years ago, even in the wilder-

ness, Tom felt the collapse of Wall Street as it was reflected in low prices for furs and fish. One day the world of radios, trucks and airplanes, so alien to his, struck him in a new light and he resolved to fight the depression with modern machinery. Tom bought a plane, flew trappers in the fall to spots heretofore inaccessible and flew back for them and their furs in the spring. He bought a tractor and a short-wave radio. In winter he got quotations on fish at Chicago. When the price was right he would radio a fishing camp 100 miles back in the bush and tell the Indians to chop holes in the ice and start fishing. He would crunch up there on his tractor, race to The Pas, pulling tons of fish on sleds, and ship them to Chicago in time to get the best prices. In summer he sold outboard motors to fishermen so they could come in quicker with their catches. Because they didn't waste days paddling a canoe, they made more money. So did Tom.

But he wished he could get back the muskrats that once made thousands of dollars for his father. When his idea came he was ready to plunge to his last dime.

At Winnipeg he waited two weeks before a government official would listen to him. Muskrat ranches were in bad odor. Investors had lost millions in slick promotion schemes. Rare was the ranch that paid its overhead, for it costs more to feed the animals than the pelts will bring.

Tom explained that on this ranch the rats would eat wild stuff. He would sign an agreement to sell no stock. "I want to lease that island of 54,000 acres near my trading post," he said. "I'll build dams, and when the river floods I'll let water into the marshes. Then when the river goes down the rats will have five or six thousand acres of good water."

Tom leased the property for \$1084 a year. He spent nearly \$20,000 on his water-control system, worked himself and his men from dawn to dusk. His pay roll maintained the entire Moose Lake settlement of 70 families through depression years. He dug ditches and built dikes, sighting with a two-by-four at rags tied on sticks, examining with a woodsman's eye the roots of trees to tell where waterlevels had been. In the spring of 1935, after four years' work, he was broke and had borrowed all he could from the banks. But every year deep water had been covering more acres and the rats had been increasing. Now he was ready to turn trappers loose to see what a mere 40 families of muskrats had become. If the crop wouldn't pay his bills, he was through.

Leaving thousands for breeding, the men trapped 34,000 rats and sold them at a dollar a pelt. Tom hurried to government officials in Winnipeg.

"There's marsh on the Summerberry River," he said, "that's big-

ger than mine. I'd like to lease that, too."

"Sorry, Tom," they said. "You've proved your point so well we're not giving any more leases to private operators. The Province will develop the Summerberry marsh."

"Who'll get the rats?" gasped Tom, as a fortune flew out the window.

"Families on relief," they said.

He grinned. "Good," he said. "How'd you like to have me help you? I could keep you from making mistakes that almost broke me."

Neglecting his own ranch, Tom helped engineers build gates and dikes better than his own make-shift ones. More money was available and more wardens could be employed to guard against poachers and kill predatory owls and mink. Five years ago a count of rat houses on Summerberry ranch showed only 325 rats in the 130,000 acres. The government spent \$150,000 and by last March the 325 had increased to more than 400,000.

Four hundred selected men were allowed to trap 122,000 as the first crop. The 300,000 or so left will grow to 900,000 next year, a million dollars will be swimming in the swamps, and probably 800 men will be allowed to trap enough to support their families for a year. In ten years the figures may be astronomical. The government, retaining one third of the gross re-

ceipts, will have its money back in three years. It sells the pelts for the trappers and pays them in monthly installments, much to the satisfaction of their families and the regret of the local gamblers and liquor dealers.

Canada produced 2,260,000 muskrats last year, half a million short of its own needs. The muskrat is staple fur and new methods of dyeing are increasing its popularity. Summerberry rats, enjoying plenty of good food, averaged \$1.32 per pelt this year, a high price. Even without the European market, dealers say North America can absorb 2,000,000 more Canadian muskrats without affecting the price.

Using Tom's idea, the Dominion government now has a muskrat development for Indians — 170,000 acres near The Pas. Manitoba is starting another big one near the Summerberry project. Soon almost the entire delta, several hundred thousand acres, will be dammed. When relief problems are solved, trapping will be opened to boys to earn enough to put themselves through college. The Province of Saskatchewan, too, is adopting the Lamb plan.

"We picked Tom's brains," a Manitoba official told me, "and for the good of all the people we kept him from becoming a rich man. The fine thing about it is that he is delighted."

Let's Make Football Respectable

Condensed from *The Gambolier*

Ralph Cooper Hutchison

President of Washington and Jefferson College

TO SAY that football is a part of physical education is absurd. Those who play are not the ones needing physical development. Most players come to college with muscles of iron and shoulders like Grecian wrestlers. Many are already over-developed and need nothing so much as a good long rest. To justify the game for its advertising is unworthy. Any institution which needs football to advertise it had better close its doors.

Football is here to stay, not because it serves mind, body, or the college treasury, but because it serves the emotions. Football is the flag which the college unfurls as the symbol of its loyalties. It integrates the campus emotionally. Around the team and the games are gathered all the enthusiasms and deeper loyalties of college life.

This value of football is of double significance because our higher education has neglected to train the emotions. As a result of this prodigious neglect, youth has centered its emotional expression upon football and its force has developed innumerable stadia, millions of dollars of expenditure, and threatened at times to overshadow the intellec-

tual phases of university education.

Subsidization was from the first inevitable. The flag of the college must wave proudly. To produce an inspiring symbol of college spirit, the best team had to be secured.

Financial inducements are necessary, because almost the only men who can play football are poor. The well-to-do boy of recent years has been raised not on his feet but in an automobile.

The evils of subsidization and commercialism are obvious. Players are recruited by high-pressure methods which tend to implant a wrong educational ideal. Artificial jobs with fat salaries and little or no work are common. Men have been bribed to leave one campus and play at another. Financial and social pampering of players has contributed to their moral deterioration. Many good boys, subjected to this process, have become useless, thinking the world owes them a living. Faculties have wilted under the pressure. Professors hesitate to fail athletes for fear of the subtle and far-reaching influence of the football crowd.

There is another and more serious phase of the matter — the

almost universal dishonesty of players, coaches and college officials concerning football. Only a negligible percentage of colleges which subsidize their players will admit it. High school students receive offers on condition that they shall never reveal the fact. They are told to sign notes with the understanding that such notes will never be called. They are instructed to keep from their fellow students the source of their income. They are taught dishonesty and evasion by the very set-up of the enterprise.

Money for subsidizing is raised from alumni or deflected from college funds by covert methods. University chancellors with big-time football teams will frequently claim ignorance of irregularities well known to the public. In some institutions the matter is handled by alumni groups, in others by so-called stadium corporations. None of these organizations can do the work as wisely or as well as the universities themselves. The players would be better chosen, better governed, better paid under direct university management. The only reason for such organizations is to give the impression that subsidies are not carried on by the educational institutions themselves.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the dishonesty which has become prevalent in university circles is presented in the Middle States Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges. Several years

ago the association took action to deny accredited standing to any college continuing athletic scholarships. The committee invited each president to write a letter stating whether or not athletic subsidies or scholarships were given in his institution. It was his business to find out if he did not know. The first such statements were requested in 1933. All through the East were subsidized teams, some of them notoriously so, and yet every single college and university in the Middle States Association sent in a letter from the president stating that there was neither subsidizing nor athletic scholarships!

The following year the results were the same. The committee chairman stated at the Association convention that, despite this report, his committee was satisfied that there was more subsidizing in the Middle States Association than ever before.

The significance of this simple statement is terrible to contemplate. That such could be said concerning educational leaders is a moral tragedy. That the Middle States Association did not rise up in righteous indignation was an evidence of conscience long caloused to dishonesty in high places regarding football finances.

Here is our supreme problem—that of honesty. Our colleges and universities are supposedly the source of our social morality and idealism. From these institutions we hurl

thunderbolts at the corruptions of politics and the dishonesties of business. What right have professors and college presidents to denounce the deceits of others while afraid to expose the evasions of their own athletics?

College presidents and faculties must evade the issue no longer. The time is ripe for lifting football to a higher plane. Players should be openly given their necessary college expenses. Their pay, sub-

sidies and jobs should be fully published. Thus the college game would at least be brought up to the moral level now maintained by professional football and baseball. In other words, football should be "taken in" and its importance recognized. Its emotional benefits should be used as a part of our educational experience. In brief, the old flag of football needs to be unfurled, placed on the ramparts and waved — honestly.

Personal Glimpses

AT A DINNER in Hollywood to celebrate his birthday, Charlie Chaplin entertained guests throughout the evening by imitating people they knew: men, women and children, his chauffeur, his Jap servants, his secretaries. Finally he sang at the top of his voice an aria from an Italian opera — sang it superbly.

"Why, Charlie, I never knew you could sing so beautifully," my daughter exclaimed.

"I can't sing at all," Chaplin rejoined. "I was only imitating Caruso."

— Konrad Bercovici in *Good Housekeeping*

CORDELL HULL is an extremely cautious speaker, striving always for scientific accuracy. One day, on a train, a friend pointed to a fine flock of sheep grazing in a field. "Look. Those sheep have just been sheared," he said.

Hull studied the flock. "Sheared on this side, anyway," he admitted.

— *American Magazine*

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR., was reared with strict discipline. Upon one occasion, while being punished he succeeded in convincing his mother that he was not guilty of the offense for which he was being whipped.

"Very well, son," his mother replied with grim humor, "but we have gone so far that we may as well proceed. It will be credited to your account for next time."

— Allan Nevins in *N. Y. Times Magazine*

And So You're Drafted

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

Temple H. Fielding

AND so you're drafted. You're in the Army now. I know just how you feel, for I've been through it. Details may vary from camp to camp. I was in the artillery; you may be in the infantry. But the fundamentals of Army life remain the same. This is the way it goes for all save the one misfit in a thousand.

Right now you dread leaving your job and friends and home for a lousy 30 bucks a month. You think "no more dates, no more sleeping in the morning." You think of thick shoes and khaki and sweating in the sun, of saying "Yes, SIR" to people who aren't half as good as you, of greasy tin plates and watery baked beans. All your future seems to be in the past.

Good-byes don't take long. Mother cries a little; Pop and Johnny stand there and say nothing. Your girl — how can they do this to you? It's dictatorship!

A monotonous bus ride to the Post. There you and seven other uncomfortable young men go into a red brick building marked "Regimental Headquarters." Lots of people ask you questions. Then they send you to the hospital, where the

doctors have a field day with you. Nothing is left to the imagination. You are fingerprinted, measured and photographed.

The eight of you are marched along to the Supply Room, where a fat sergeant takes a quick squint at you and hands over clothes, blankets and paraphernalia which cost the government \$90. Then another sergeant lines you up and marches you to your barracks. Inside, you hang up your heavy stuff, dump the rest in the footlocker, put your girl's picture on the shelf, and plug in the midget radio you've brought from home. You put on your uniform and find that it's tight and the lace boots hurt. You sit on the bed (real springs) and chew the fat with the kid from Jersey. You feel rotten.

A bugle blows, and there's a rush into the Battery Street and along to the mess hall. Men in white aprons fill your plate with pork chops, French fries, broccoli and sliced tomatoes. The government buys food by the trainload and gets a lot for its money. American soldiers are the best fed in the world. The plates are thick and the coffee mug has no handle, but the pumpkin pie is tasty.

After dinner you drift down to the Post's movie theater. The ticket is 14 cents. Later you stop in at the Battery Room for a beer, and are handed 22 ounces for a dime. A pack of cigarettes costs 13 cents. Things are cheaper here because the government has no taxes to pay. You take a shower and are crawling between the sheets when taps are sounded.

A bugle stutters. It's 5:45. You climb wearily out of bed, fumble with the bootlaces and curse the Army as you line up outside in the cold gray dawn. But breakfast puts you back on your feet: grapefruit, oatmeal, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee.

At 8 you fall in for drill. A leather-faced corporal explains right face, left face, and stand at attention ("Suck in your belly!"). You learn that "Bythryflaan HÖTCHH" means to march without hesitation in a due-easterly direction. By 11:30, when recall sounds, your knees hurt and you are sweating.

After dinner — roast beef, vegetables, orangeade, pie — you line up again. The Battery Commander says, "No fatigue. Too much to teach you men. Gun drill instead." Later on, you'll be glad he skipped fatigue, which may mean painting, picking up trash, cleaning the latrines or any other job that has to be done.

The guns are fascinating. They're little babies — 75's — streamlined like whippets and with the cold

beauty of barracuda. They bounce along behind a truck at 60. The firing data seem complicated at first, the gun mechanism baffling. But after three days of haze it suddenly makes sense.

Recall sounds at 4:30, and you're plenty ready for it. You write letters, eat dinner, listen to the radio, and before you know it you're in the hay. You don't hear a thing until First Call.

The days march onward. Slowly at first, then faster, then so fast that it's hard to remember the month. You're tougher than you've ever been, with so much exercise, fresh air, good food and regular hours. You're a pistol marksman, with two bucks more a month. You keep your boots like glass. You're chummy with the Mess Sergeant, for obvious reasons, smoke Bull Durham and get two-bit haircuts. You can dress in 73 seconds, and fall asleep with your eyes open and an interested look on your face. You're an old soldier.

You bunk with an interesting kettle of fish. Cliff, the potato farmer, is the strong man and draws all the jobs that require little intellect. Fred, the insurance salesman, is the diplomat, and talks his buddies out of trouble. Dave, the lawyer, acts like a heel at first, but a few arguments with Mike, a plumber's assistant who is handy with his fists, soon straightens him out. All in all they're a bunch you'll never forget — but a bunch that would

never have happened if it weren't for the democracy of military service.

You even like the officers. They're regular fellows, after all. One night you and some friends bump into a gang of sailors at Mulligan's. They're a little too wise, so you go to work on them. The locals break it up, and clap you in jail.

Your captain comes right down, looking fit to be tied. "Don't worry, Sheriff. I'll throw everything in the book at these men." You march back to the Post and line up in front of his desk. He's mad. He threatens to have you hung, to draw and quarter you personally. Then he scowls and says, "Beat it." Out of the corner of your eye you see something that looks mighty like a grin.

There's plenty for your spare time. If you want a workout, there's football, volley ball, baseball, swimming, boxing, or plain walking. If you're socially inclined you have lodge meetings, service clubs, dances or beer parties. If you're broke you can always drop into the Battery Recreation Room and maybe drag in a dollar at pool or penny ante. The officers have tabooed crap games, but somehow there's one always at your elbow.

Saturdays you're through at noon. You can go to town, or browse through the well-stocked Post library, or call on Dodge at the Post hospital and envy him the atten-

tion he gets for having busted a leg. On Sunday you sleep as long as you like, if you don't care about breakfast. You can attend church or not, as you prefer. Any time you're free you can have visitors.

Every day there's something new. Once it's Gas Discipline. First they touch off the smoke pots. You walk through this without trouble. Then they try tear gas, and you lift your mask to see what it smells like. Cursing, you try to keep your tears to yourself. Then you see that everyone else is crying, and feel better.

Difficult Draft is Hell Driving in khaki. You hitch up two trucks side by side, and watch them haul a ton and a half up a 50-degree slope thick with trees and underbrush, pound through mud-holes, jump streams, and then hit out across country with fine disregard for life and property. It's more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

Of course, your life's no bed of roses. When you're on duty you do what you're told, and nothing else. Sometimes this involves intense physical discomfort: you may get wet, cold and miserable, or hot, sweaty and dirty. And every once in a while you'll forget to shine your shoes or break some other regulation and find yourself detailed either to kitchen police or guard duty.

Time goes so fast you can't keep track of it. Lectures in hygiene, movies on military courtesy, sub-caliber practice. In June you're

promoted to Private First Class, with a \$9 a month raise. Two weeks of maneuvers in August, of sleeping in gun pits, and eating from rolling kitchens. You get callouses from riding in trucks, and cracks on your hands from the merciless heat. You're glad to get back to the comparative luxury of the barracks.

Then one day your hitch is up. You turn in your equipment, draw your final pay, stick your honorable discharge in your pocket. Your

civvies don't fit; they're uncomfortably tight. A last beer with the gang and you're off for home, a free man.

Your girl and the family meet you at the station. They're all glad to see you. Down at the shop you sit at the bench that was once so familiar. You think, "It's swell to be here." You see the sun, listen to the kids in the street. You smell the clean air. All of a sudden your heart jumps a little, and you wish you were back.

Remote Control

AT THE New York Aquarium, electric eels are used to discipline the Aquarium's cats, which will not leave the fish alone. The offending cat is given an eel to play with. After one touch of the paw, the cat picks itself up off the floor — reformed.

— *Newsweek*

WHEN thousands of crickets sulkily refused to perform before the camera in a cricket plague scene for the movie "Brigham Young," a sack of jumping beans was rushed to the studio by plane from Mexico City. The energetic beans, mixed with the crickets, soon had them jumping too.

— Ted Gill in Springfield (Mass.) *Union and Republican*

THROUGH portable radio sets strapped to their heads, dogs trained as police or military couriers hear the commands of their distant masters — and obey them.

— NBC broadcast

They Group to Conquer

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

Ray Giles

THE JOB HUNTERS of Boston offer the latest answer — and one of the sanest — to the problem of unemployed youth. Founded by Roland Darling, who originated the famous Forty Plus clubs, the Job Hunters are demonstrating once again that intelligent group action by the unemployed, whether they're men over 40 or youngsters who never had a job, beats solitary job-hunting. Of 620 young men and women who have joined the group to date, 486 have found jobs.

It was in January 1939 that Darling called together six young people long out of work. Realizing that the job does not seek the man these days but must be sought with salesmanship and strategy, the six decided to form a group each member of which would mobilize every means possible to sell himself to an employer. The Job Hunters were to spend every minute not devoted to interviews in assembling material to help the group carry out its aims. Before long membership had grown to 42 and an organization was set up. The Huntington Avenue Branch of the Boston Y.M.C.A. invited

Darling to join its staff, offered floor space, telephones and funds for such vital details as letterheads. Youngsters who hadn't been able to buy stamps for letters of application now had facilities and new zeal. Within three months every one of the 42 had a job!

Another group of 50 was organized and eight weeks later all but two were on pay rolls. A third group got together and worked itself out of unemployment. Darling has found that groups of 50 are best. There are three functioning now, and more will be formed as facilities become available.

The Job Hunters get jobs because they go after work the way a good businessman goes after business. Even after a member lands work he is still an active job hunter for those who haven't been placed. Alumni have started groups in Providence and other cities near Boston. Recently a Job Hunter found work in Hartford. The moment he learned of other openings there he wrote to headquarters. Five young men piled into a car. Armed with a letter to the firm's personnel director, they made their appointment. Armed

further with personal records and a shrewd knowledge of how to conduct an interview, they went to the firm. Two got jobs at once; the other three are going back for a second interview.

Not less valuable than the jobs these young people land is the experience they get in looking for them. A person engaged in purposeful work is far more employable than one rusting in idleness. Headquarters of the Job Hunters is a business organization in miniature, affording precisely what youngsters need to keep up morale and gain office experience. After a few weeks of wandering from want ad to want ad, youngsters get discouraged and feel that there is no chance for a job without a pull. The Job Hunters teach them that the only pull that matters is a pull together.

There are no dues or fees. But every member barter one full day in the office for services received. He pledges to work from nine to five every day getting a job for himself or other members of the group. On his day in the office he is at the service of the others. He will swap ideas about interviewing or aid others in writing letters; some compile valuable job data or study leads and methods of following them. Many have practice interviews with Darling, whose searching questions make him a tough imaginary employer to sell. Reports are made on interviews with prospective employers, on peculiarities of personnel

directors, on qualifications demanded by firms where the applicant failed but others might succeed.

The mutual assistance pact makes it possible to give attention to those tremendous trifles — personality traits or personal habits — that often keep young people from the right job. Darling points out that he has never seen a young man in white shoes land a job. One girl who had an appointment for an important interview was tactfully divested by her fellow members of a gaudy array of school, class and church pins.

Important details of this sort can be straightened out by group criticism — and by getting the employer's point of view. Ninety-three business men and women of Boston, representing every variety of trade and enterprise, have appeared before the Job Hunters for questioning about the employment facts in their businesses. Unemployed youngsters meet employers face to face, size them up. It takes away the terror of interviews. And they get pointers they can use.

An inexperienced person may, for instance, tell an employer he is "willing to do anything." The Job Hunters learn that this approach, from a boss'-eye view, usually means the applicant can't do anything particularly well. So the youngster must aim at a definite target.

Or he may think that employment agencies are chiefly for domestic help; from the Job Hunters he learns that at least a fourth of

the 90-odd employment agencies in Boston can help him find what he wants. He learns that the best time to visit an agency is at the end of the week, when most job seekers have given up and there is more time for a leisurely interview.

The Job Hunters have put together a list of 26,000 firms in New England, the name of the personnel director of each, requirements of employes, number hired annually, and seasonal fluctuations.

Then there are the files — 3250 folders of facts on job opportunities. Classified under art, for example, is a folder on medical illustrations. Many hospitals and physicians employ artists to make pictures of operations and internals. Artists also decorate compacts, dolls' heads, and other toys, paint pictures on bass drums for swing bands. Museums hire artists to make clay models. By a proper use of these files the young out-of-work artist who has joined the Job Hunters with the vague idea that he would like to do commercial work comes to understand what chances he has and how to go after them.

Each new contingent begins its search better qualified than the last, for the experience is cumulative and the files are growing. Out of 400 youth self-help groups sponsored by the Y.M.C.A., the Job Hunters were recently chosen by a national committee — including Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Mayor LaGuardia of New York — as the

organization showing the most ingenuity and enterprise in tackling the youth unemployment problem.

Many other cities have inquired about setting up similar organizations. Darling believes that the essential idea back of the Job Hunters can be applied elsewhere with the same conspicuous success. But he has certain warnings for enthusiasts.

It is important, first of all, to have a good sponsor. This may be a church or service group, a chamber of commerce, or a combination of such institutions. The sponsor should furnish a meeting place, typewriters and equipment, and, most important, leadership. Without guidance from someone who understands young adults, a group will probably fail. But help must not go too far. The youngsters must "run the show" and learn by their own experience. It is important, too, that there be no club or social features, lest these encourage loafing.

"Many people think that young people are looking for special consideration and coddling," Darling observes. "Politicians talk about the plight of modern youth. All this leaves young people cold. They're perfectly willing to work out their own salvation and — given knowledge about employment conditions and selling themselves — they can do it. That is all we are proving. We don't do their work for them; we simply show them the ropes, and they do their own climbing."

Canada's 14,000 War Prisoners

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Andrue Berding

THE close-cropped, sullen German was garbed in dark-blue denim shirt and trousers; on the front and back of the shirt were red circles 12 inches in diameter and down the sides of his trousers ran red stripes three inches wide. He was one of the 14,000 war prisoners in Canada's dozen prison camps. England sent 11,000 to the Dominion because she feels safer with them 3000 miles away.

"The red circles," an officer explained to me, "are to prevent escaped prisoners from passing as workmen. They're dyed into the material; if fugitives cut the circles out of the shirt they'd still be easily recognized, and if they cut the stripes out of the trousers they'd have no trousers left."

About half the 14,000 are prisoners-of-war — German soldiers, sailors and airmen captured in combat. The rest are technically not prisoners, but internees: men from German and Italian merchant vessels or Nazi or Fascist agents seized in roundups.

In spite of prison uniform, strong walls, barbed wire and armed guards, 20 captives, fired by hope of reaching the U. S. and freedom, have managed to escape. So far, every one has been caught by army men

or the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. One prisoner was shot and killed in a break-away and one was shot in the leg before being retaken.

Two Germans escaped on planks laid across the axles of a truck. Other Nazi prisoners at Gravenhurst camp north of Toronto dug a 60-foot tunnel under the walls, through which an airman and a naval officer got out. The inside opening was concealed under a garbage can back of the camp kitchen. The airman traveled 300 miles and was caught near the Vermont border. In the room of the naval officer was discovered a radio set he had contrived from old telephone parts he found in the prison basement and from a tiny earphone which one of his comrades, pretending to be deaf, had obtained permission to buy.

Camp officials now discourage tunneling by letting prisoners know they have planted dynamite charges underground at various unidentified points around the walls.

Canada treats prisoners of war according to the Convention of Geneva, a set of rules adopted by 46 nations in 1929. She must not try to compel them to disclose military secrets; must provide sanitary living conditions and adequate food; must permit them to communi-

cate with and receive mail from families and friends. She may require all enlisted men to work (except on munitions and war supplies) and must pay them the same as Canadian workers. If officers wish to work they must be given something to do. Whether they work or not, they receive the pay of Canadian officers of equal rank. Neutral observers, frequently Swiss diplomats, regularly inspect both Canadian and German prison camps to see that both sides observe the rules they signed.

The prison quarters I saw on a tour of Canadian defenses from Ontario to Nova Scotia were reasonably cheerful rooms containing six to twelve beds. Inmates receive Canadian army rations. They occupy most of their time in making knickknacks such as ship models, which are sold in the prison shop, and by conducting classes of various kinds. At Fort Henry, Ontario, I listened to a class in navigation led by the former second officer of a German freighter. They may organize games, but most of them take their exercise tramping furiously up and down the prison yard. Practically all are well behaved, though sullen and noncoöperative.

A Canadian newspaper is distributed daily, but a different one is chosen each week to prevent outsiders from communicating with prisoners by advertisements in code. Nazis in Germany often radio short-wave messages from relatives to

prisoners. The authorities deliver these if they seem harmless, but change the wording to eliminate possible codes. Many internees have Canadian wives, who may visit them but must not deliver or receive written messages.

Prisoners may write one postcard and one letter of not more than 24 lines each week, censored, of course. Postage is paid by Canada. Letters of military prisoners go to Liverpool for a second censoring.

"All Germans seem to be born secret letter writers," an officer told me. "Some try lemon juice, the message appearing when the recipient heats the paper. Others place wax paper, say a bread wrapper, over their letter paper and write with a sharpened match-end; this can be brought out with tobacco ashes. But we now require letters to be written on sensitized paper that we supply. It shows up invisible writing immediately."

When letters for prisoners are received from persons in the U. S. whom Canadians suspect of being enemy agents, the names of the senders are forwarded to the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington.

Under the Geneva agreement, Canada communicates to Germany and Italy the names of military prisoners. Those of internees are not divulged. Spy headquarters in Berlin and Rome have made several attempts to get these names, since they could then tell which of their

agents are still at large and free to carry out instructions.

One internee wrote to a German steamship company in New York. A few days later he received \$3 and some small gifts from a person in that city. A few other prisoners wrote this mysterious benefactor and received similar presents. Then suddenly 67 Germans wrote to him. But their letters were held up; it was evident that an agent in New York was compiling a list of internees.

Later, camp officials received an offer of a gift of \$4.50 for each internee whose name they would furnish. They countered by stating the total number of internees and offering to see that each got the gift. The money has not been received.

Only a small percentage of the thousands of Germans and Italians living in Canada have been arrested. But militant members of Nazi and Fascist organizations and known secret agents — listed months in advance of war — were taken in one spectacular roundup. The remaining Germans and Italians have to report once a month to the police.

Each camp may choose a spokesman who communicates any complaints to the officers in charge. English-speaking Hans Meinck,

who had been first officer of a German merchantman, is spokesman at Fort Henry.

"Are you men treated well here?" I asked him.

"We are prisoners of war," he replied sullenly.

"Have you any complaint?"

"We get only Canadian newspapers. How can we know what is going on?"

"Have you an idea how the war is going?"

"Sure — Hitler will win easily."

All the Germans are convinced Hitler will win. An officer tried to get a few prisoners to help put some water pipes underground before cold weather set in.

"You won't need to fix any pipes for winter," said the prisoners' spokesman. "We won't be here then. Last year Hitler visited my brother's regiment and said by the end of 1940 all soldiers would be back home. So the war will be over before the end of the year."

Canadians feel, on the contrary, that there will be more, not fewer, Nazis in the Dominion prison camps by New Year's. That is, unless German submarines sink the ships carrying them, as one sank the *Arandora Star* last July with 800 Italian and German prisoners aboard.

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I DIVIDE all readers into two classes: those who read to remember and those who read to forget.

— William Lyon Phelps

¶ The words we use and where they came from — a monumental 20-volume dictionary of American English

The Book America Wrote

Condensed from The Saturday Review of Literature

Edward M. Brecher

“WHEN we Americans get through with the English language,” remarked the celebrated stove-league philosopher, Mr. Dooley, “it’ll look like it was run over by a musical comedy.”

Mr. Dooley was mistaken. We Americans have been manhandling the King’s English for more than three centuries, yet it now looks better than ever. American ingenuity and disrespect for tradition have immeasurably enriched it.

You’ll find evidence of that, laid out in alphabetical order from *abalone* and *absquatulate* through *guy-asticutus*, and *pixilated* to *wunk* and *Zu-zu*, in the mammoth new 20-volume *Dictionary of American English on Historical Principles*, of which 10 volumes are already published. Promptly nicknamed the D.A.E., it proves that our American language has beauty, dignity and precision, as well as the musical-comedy touch.

Scholars at the University of Chicago and elsewhere have been at work on the D.A.E. since 1925. It is quite unlike the ordinary dictionary. In place of the usual definitions, you will find gobs of quota-

tions illustrating the part each word has played in American life. As for spellings, you’ll find so many variations you will conclude that the editors, like Mark Twain, have no use for a man who knows only one way to spell a word.

Instead, for example, of merely defining *democratic* as meaning “of or pertaining to democracy,” the D.A.E. quotes the earliest recorded use of the word in this country, from the Rhode Island *Colonial Record* for the year 1647:

It is agreed . . . that the forme of Government established in Providence Plantations is *Democraticall*; that is to say, a Government held by ye free and voluntarie consent of all, or the greater parte of the free Inhabitants.

By amassing more than 1,000,000 quotations like these, the editors reconstruct the life history of American words and things. Under *Conestoga wagon*, for example, you will find quotations describing how those broad-wheeled *prairie schooners* were built in the Conestoga Valley of Pennsylvania; how they first hauled farm produce to Philadelphia and later ventured far into the West;

how in later years they became peddlers' wagons from which Cone-stoga cigars, now called *stogies*, were hawked.

Like a good novel, the D.A.E. starts off with a bang. Here is the very first quotation, illustrating the letter *A* and taken from the *Maine Province and Court Record* for the year 1651:

Its ordered that Mis Batcheler for her adultery shall . . . be branded with the letter *A*.

Clearly New England was no place to commit adultery. Actual branding passed, but as late as 1837 Nathaniel Hawthorne was writing in the Salem (Mass.) *Gazette* how astonished he was to find "a young woman . . . whose doom it was to wear the letter *A* on the breast of her gown. . . ." The theme haunted Hawthorne for many years, until in 1850 he published *The Scarlet Letter*.

Creation of an American language, the D.A.E. discloses, began as soon as the *Mayflower* reached Plymouth. To parcel out land in the first American subdivision, the Pilgrims decided to cast lots. Thus a man's ground became his *lot*. Most Englishmen will still look puzzled if you say: "I've just bought a couple of lots on Main Street." But Miles Standish would have had a pretty clear notion of what you meant.

Each part of the country similarly added to our store of words. Pio-

neers picked up Indian words like *wigwam* and *moccasin*; Spanish words from Florida and the Southwest spread to Maine and Minnesota — *bonanza*, *ranch*, *tornado*, to name a few. Others journeyed still farther — *barbecue* and *bammock* from Haiti, *chinchilla* and *tapioca* from South America. Still other words got into the American language from nowhere; like Topsy, they just grew. Witness *guyasticutus*.

The *guyasticutus* was the most ferocious, rambunctious wild animal ever exhibited under canvas. For only ten cents, ladeez and gentlemen, you can come into the tent and see with your own eyes this horrendous beast. But no one except its proprietor, alas, has ever actually seen the *guyasticutus*. For just when the crowd around the entrance has bought the last ticket, the proprietor rushes out of the tent and roars, "Run for your lives, ladeez and gentlemen! Escape before you are swallowed alive! *The guyasticutus has busted loose!*"

The late Professor George Philip Krapp of Columbia University collected many such animals, not found in any zoo. A sort of lexicographical Frank Buck, Professor Krapp penetrated the densest jungles of American prose and brought back rare specimens such as the *kickle-snifter*, which lives in old men's beards and circular lakes; the snowshoe-hooved *swamp gaboon*; and the *prock*, or *side-winder*, or *side-bill badger*, whose legs are shorter

on one side than on the other, enabling it to browse comfortably on the steepest mountain sides. The prock is captured by driving it downhill to a level spot, where its peculiar anatomy causes it to run around in circles until lassoed. Such beasts are preserved in the D.A.E. to show that when it comes to concocting animals, Americans are as ingenious as Nature herself.

Collecting quotations for the D.A.E. has kept a large staff busy for 15 years. In charge of the work is Sir William Alexander Craigie, a scholarly Scotsman who was knighted for bringing to completion the monumental *Oxford English Dictionary*.

Many Americans had suggested an American dictionary of the historical type, but it was the Scotch scholar who aroused sufficient enthusiasm to get the D.A.E. project launched, under the auspices of the University of Chicago, with financial aid from the Rockefeller-endowed General Education Board.

The appointment of a foreigner to edit an American dictionary was not too well received. The *Chicago Tribune* greeted him with a headline which puzzled even the learned Oxonian:

MIDWAY SIGNS
LIMEY PROF TO
DOPE YANK TALK

Sir William's colleagues explained to him that the amusement area at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 was called the Midway, and that Midway became Chicagoese for the

University which grew up on the site.

Since Sir William's return to England in 1936, Prof. James R. Hulbert has carried on, but transatlantic clippers take final proof to the learned Scotsman for review.

Preparing such a dictionary is a Herculean labor. Scores of readers must scan tens of thousands of American books, magazines, newspapers, and official records. Professors and students and amateur researchers everywhere have aided the regular D.A.E. staff by reading rare American works.

A Boston amateur, the late Charles W. Ernst, was highly helpful. He had a phenomenal photographic memory which enabled him to call back to mind a visual image of any page he had ever read. If you asked him about such a word as *pixilated* — a word most Americans now believe was coined by a Hollywood gag-writer in 1936 to describe Gary Cooper in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* — Ernst would be likely to reply:

"That word has long been used among the fishermen of Marblehead, Mass., I believe. You might look on page 56 of a novel called *Agnes Surriage* published in 1887 — about the middle of the next-to-last line, if my memory doesn't fail me."

Sure enough, that's where you'll find *pixilated*.

Siang words are included in the D.A.E. only if they became established before 1875. A phrase like

bolding the bag qualifies easily; Thomas Jefferson used it in 1801.

Among the lushest sources of D.A.E. material are the books by Mark Twain, which contain more than 12,000 Americanisms, and reveal that Twain used *wboopee* half a century before Walter Winchell re-introduced it, and gave currency to such poker-game phrases as *passing the buck*, *four-flushing*, *sitting pretty* and *new deal*.

For many of Mark Twain's Americanisms his wife deserves part of the credit. Mrs. Clemens permitted no swearing in her home or in her husband's books, so that Sam was reduced from cursing to cussing. Among the Americanisms engendered by Mrs. Clemens' taboos were *all-fired*, *Caesar's ghost*, *great guns*, *doggone it*, *suffering Moses*.

The D.A.E. has many uses. When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was filming *Gone with the Wind*, the question arose: Did youngsters shoot craps in pre-Civil War New Orleans? In 1843, according to the D.A.E., a man named Green wrote:

The Game of Craps . . . is a game lately introduced into New Orleans, and is fully equal to faro in its . . . ruinous effects.

Impressed, M-G-M purchased a D.A.E. of its own.

The history of some typically American words is surprising. For instance, *baseball* was not invented here at all; Jane Austen used it in

Northanger Abbey half a century before its first American appearance. And *cowboy* was not originally a Western word. Before the days of dude ranches most cattle-herders thought of themselves as *cow-punchers*, or *cowbands* or *buckaroos* (from the Spanish *vaqueros*). The word *cowboy* was in fact an Eastern word, used to describe George III's fifth column in the American colonies. The cowboys of those days were Tory sympathizers who wandered through the woods at night ringing cowbells. Unsuspecting American patriots sallied forth with lanterns in search of the straying bossies and were promptly shot.

Words, like hats, readily succumb to changes in style. Take the many words our ancestors used to describe a hurried departure. Our great-grandfathers *absquatulated*, as in the sentence: "I absquatulated away from that vicinity in a hurry." Our grandfathers *skedaddled*. Many of us in our younger days *vamoosed*. Youngsters today simply *scram*.

Common words, however, constitute the bulk of the D.A.E.'s contents. When you get up from your *rocking chair*, button your *vest*, put on your *rubbers*, dash for the *elevator*, reach the *sidewalk*, and make a *beeline* for the automobile which you carelessly *parked* in front of a *hydrant* when you came *downtown*, you are using words of American origin all along the way.

¶ A simple deed of spontaneous generosity which gained for America a grateful citizen

I Chose America

Percy Waxman

Writer; radio literary commentator; associate editor, *Cosmopolitan Magazine*

IT WAS NOT to escape tyranny or poverty that I became an American citizen. I was born in Australia, educated there in the traditional British manner. Up to my 23rd year even the idea of renouncing allegiance to the Empire would have seemed sacrilege.

Then one day the opportunity came to take a trip around the world. I went first to the United States. After a brief stay in San Francisco I eagerly set out for Chicago, which I had been led by tourist literature to believe was a cross between Paris and Paradise. I arrived there on an April morning — and in the midst of a raging, sub-zero blizzard. That Arctic wilderness did not seem enticing to one who had never before seen snow. A train for New York was leaving in ten minutes, so I dashed aboard.

I immediately found myself confronted by an embarrassing situation. I had left the West Coast with only enough money to last until I reached Chicago, where I could use my letter of credit, for I had been warned that carrying money around America was highly hazardous. So

Chronicles of Americanization

— III —

after paying for ticker and berth to New York I was left with exactly 75 cents. It was a 28-hour run to New York and I had the hollow prospect of going all that time without food.

I asked the porter to tell the dining-car conductor of my situation and find out if I might not open an account with him based on my letter of credit. A few minutes later a middle-aged man stopped where I was sitting.

"I overheard the porter telling the conductor that you were in need of money," he said, "and I thought I'd see if I could help out."

Considerably embarrassed, I sputtered forth the reasons for my predicament, and that man, a complete stranger, loaned me \$10. When I asked him to come to the bank with me as soon as we reached New York he said:

"Oh, I get off at Cleveland. Here's my card. You can send me the money when you get settled."

The fact that the man had *sought me out* to render me a kindness impressed me tremendously. I concluded that a country where such things happen to a stranger was a

country well-worth knowing. One year after this incident I returned to the United States to stay.

I have made my home here for over 30 years. During my first years in New York I took no steps to become naturalized. One day I received notice to serve on a jury. Not being a citizen, I ignored it. A few days later I was served with a summons to appear at City Hall. There I presented myself to a gentleman of the old dyed-mustache school of Tammany statesmen who menacingly demanded to know why I had paid no attention to the previous notice. Somewhat smart-alecky I asked: "What is the penalty for a British subject serving on an American jury?"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" he remarked with Irish fervor and across the face of my summons wrote "Alien" in big red letters, as if he wished to impress me with the full significance of that sinister designation.

On my way home I thought over this experience. At first with amusement, then more seriously. Here I was, living and working in America, enjoying its privileges but not sharing full responsibilities. I decided to be an alien no longer. And now after having been a citizen for almost 25 years I can honestly say that the longer I live here the better I like it. My love for America has nothing to do with that brand of patriotism which a cynical friend defined as "self-interest multiplied by population."

It has often been said that Americans are dollar-chasers. But it has been my experience that one of the characteristics of Americans is the casualness with which they regard money. No people are more generous or extravagant. After having lived in many different parts of the world, I can honestly say that if I were friendless, unemployed and penniless I would rather take my chances asking for help on the corner of an American street than anywhere else on earth.

I can say these things openly where a born American might hesitate. The fact that I am naturalized gives me a sort of detached privilege to speak freely without seeming to talk about myself.

American hospitality is proverbial. Was there ever anything to compare with the open-hearted reception accorded a foreign visitor? Nothing is too good for him. No one bothers to inquire who his ancestors were. In spite of their reputed smartness, Americans are more liable to be swindled by foreigners than foreigners are by Americans.

As for sportsmanship, no people are more ready to give the competing foreigner a break. I have been a spectator several times during Davis Cup matches here and abroad. There is no comparison between the sportsmanlike attitude of the Forest Hills crowd and foreign spectators. At Wimbledon there is, to be sure, a certain aloof polite-

ness toward American players but at Auteuil I have witnessed vociferous demonstrations against non-French contestants that made me wonder at what moment diplomatic relations would be broken off.

This is the only country I know where unsatisfactory performers in the theater are not loudly booed. And where else but in America could the following have occurred:

Some years ago a famous English vaudeville performer came to this country with tremendous advance publicity. New York's Palace Theater was packed the day he made his debut. But his material, so popular in England, failed to click with the American audience. After his third number the actor, tears streaming down his cheeks, stepped in front of the curtain and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am doing my best to entertain you but apparently you do not like what I am offering. I am sincerely sorry." That audience, the so-called hard-boiled New Yorkers, touched by such manifest sincerity, cheered him and from then on his act was a triumph.

These incidents may seem unimportant but it is the trivial happenings, the spontaneous daily incidents that reveal a nation's character. And the character of America is something of which to be proud. In the maintenance of American ideals we who are naturalized have our part to play in gratitude for benefits received. We must do

more than wave flags and sing *God Bless America*. We who chose America must remember that if the privileges we enjoy are worth living for, they are also worth dying for.

I sometimes think that we who chose to be Americans and had to make some effort to achieve citizenship have the greatest appreciation of the true significance of our American heritage. In my own particular circle of friends I belong to the minority group who have read the Bill of Rights, have a nodding acquaintance with the Constitution and don't have to fake along with "Da de da da de da" when *The Star-Spangled Banner* is being sung. Born Americans have more of a take-it-for-granted attitude than the naturalized, perhaps because most of the latter become Americans to escape unhappy conditions in their native land.

On the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty are inscribed the following words written by Emma Lazarus:

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, the tempest-tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

As one of the 38,000,000 of "wretched refuse" (a rather unhappy phrase I think, Miss Lazarus) who have settled here in the past hundred years, I believe that every American should kneel daily and thank God for the privilege of

living in the United States. And if this expression of gratitude applies to those *born* here it is at this fateful hour 50 times more applicable to naturalized Americans.

To me the name America symbolizes an idea and connotes a way of life. And the more I study its history the more significant becomes its genesis and the more far-reaching its destiny. It has become a trite saying that America is the land of opportunity. But it is too often forgotten that the opportunity sought by its original settlers had a spiritual, not a material, basis. This momentous fact has had an overwhelming influence in shaping the destiny of the United States. Despite temporary checks to our economic progress, America can never fail so long as we preserve a free educational system, freedom

of opportunity, a jealous regard for individual rights, and a constantly lessening sense of class distinction.

This matter of class distinction has always seemed to me one of the most important factors in the preservation of American ideals, a factor which distinguishes this country from all lands where hereditary privilege or a titular aristocracy exists.

In America we have a fervent loyalty to a way of life, to a kind of society that presents definite promises to the most humble of its citizens. In this free atmosphere is an electric sparkle that spells hope for every legitimate ambition. And a minimum of class distinction is our guarantee of maximum opportunity for each individual in each generation.

Don't Stop Me

AS THE CROWD of commuters thinned out, the bartender saw an old customer sitting alone at a table muttering to himself. At times he'd laugh heartily and at others cut the air with his hand in a gesture of disgust. He was obviously pixilated.

As soon as he was free, the bartender went over to the table. "Mr. Benson, you've missed your usual train. Mrs. Benson will be worried. What are you doing?"

"Can't I just sit here and tell myself stories?" Mr. Benson asked plaintively.

"Surely, surely," the barkeep soothed him. "But what does that gesture mean?"

"Oh, that," said Mr. Benson, beaming; "that's when I tell myself one I've heard before!"

— Contributed by Carl Brandt

Before I'm Eighty . . .

By

Walter B. Pitkin

I'VE PASSED 60, and there's much I long to experience while I'm still spry and foolish. So I'm planning my next 20 years to be brimful of things I've always wanted to see and hear and taste and smell and know. Here are the high spots on my agenda up to 80:

I WANT to sit in an igloo of unbreakable glass on some West Indies peak, and watch the world go mad with the gray, wet fury of a hurricane. And stand on the wild cliffs of Aran, off Ireland's western coast, while a winter gale out of Greenland hammers the shuddering rock with waves that leap, as they crash and die, 300 feet into the air. And then, fathoms below wind and storm, spend a week in a comfortable seabottom house, viewing the strange creatures of the deep.

I want to see a hundred sunsets more in the lonely heart of the Everglades, where all in the same magic hour the sun slinks away in many-colored fires, and thunderclouds spatter lightning across half of heaven, and timid stars wink down from the untroubled blue.

My ears can ask for little more than they have already heard. All the world's great music has been mine; I've listened to the chants of Bantu and Samoans; I've heard an alpine avalanche grumble its snowy

"BEFORE I'M EIGHTY" CONTEST

WHAT eye-filling, ear-filling, soul-filling things would our readers do if they were to draw up agenda similar to Mr. Pitkin's for their last two adventurous decades? The editors solicit imaginative entries in each of Mr. Pitkin's categories of things to see, hear, taste, smell, and know. Twenty-five dollars will be paid for each item accepted for publication. No single item should exceed 50 words. Manuscripts must be typewritten and mailed to the "Before I'm Eighty" Contest, *The Reader's Digest*, Pleasantville, N. Y., by January 1.

way down 2000 feet of mountain side; my spine has chilled at the unearthly rustle of the aurora borealis as it drags its sky-wide silken skirts across the jagged stars. I've heard a forest fire drown out human speech -- and wish no encore. But before I'm 80 I want to hear: a first-class volcano in eruption; the drum concert of 500 baboons.

Let me whiff, many a time between the end and now, the lilacs of a New England spring, a still night

of blossoms in a Florida orange grove. Let me breathe, over and over again, the lifting cleanliness of salt ocean air. For my palate, give me a few thousand more desert melons, picked as they fall from the stems and eaten before sunrise so that they are filled with the coolness of the night.

And for the thirst and hunger of my mind, give me to know the moon as a wise astronomer will see her through tomorrow's 200-inch telescope. Give me time to learn the secrets of ant and bee; with the help of special amplifiers let me be

a cosmic eavesdropper on their conversations.

But all these things would I gladly give up if only I might gain, before I'm 80, a new insight into human nature and witness a thousand experiments

with the chemicals that control character, and help find the substances that can clear befuddled minds and bring caution to the reckless, life's sparkle to the listless, zeal to the shirker, honesty to crooked souls. For me, life can hold no higher adventure than to see man learn to control his own nature as he now controls the atoms.



Le Mot Juste

AT A DINNER PARTY in New York, a South American visitor was telling about his country and himself. He concluded, "And I have a most charming and sympathetic wife but, alas, no children." Then, as his companions seemed to expect further enlightenment, he continued haltingly, "You see, my wife is unbearable."

This was greeted with puzzled glances, so he sought to clear the matter up: "I mean, my wife is inconceivable." Seeing that this, too, was not understood, and floundering deeper and deeper in the intricacies of English, he finally explained triumphantly: "That is, my wife, she is impregnable!"

Nautically Speaking

A YOUNG ENSIGN, very insistent he must have leave, was asked the reason by his commanding officer.

"My wife is expecting a baby," he replied.

"Listen, young man, remember this — you are only necessary at the laying of the keel. For the launching you are entirely superfluous."

— Contributed by Margaret Johnston

❏ Meet the cop who put cleaners' marks
in a class with fingerprints

Laundry Tag Detective

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Stanley Ross

ONE DAY in 1936 an automobile was found abandoned on a lonely Long Island road. In it lay a discarded pair of pants which apparently had been used to obliterate fingerprints. Gunmen had stolen the car, murdered a bank messenger and made away with \$12,000.

Police Lieutenant Adam Yulch, assigned to the case, examined the pants and found a dry cleaner's mark. Patiently he started on a round of tailors' shops, big and small, on Long Island and in Brooklyn and Queens boroughs of New York City. Three weeks passed. Just when it looked hopeless he discovered the tailor who had last cleaned the trousers. The tailor's identification of their owner quickly "broke" the case.

A few days later Yulch came to his superior with an idea: "Laundry and cleaner marks can be as important as fingerprints in trapping criminals. I've been studying these marks and know they can be indexed and filed so that we can locate any cleaner or tailor in the metropolitan area as soon as we see the mark."

And that's how the country's first laundry-and-cleaner-mark index bureau came into being. Soon it attracted national police attention when Yulch used it to identify a member of Brooklyn's villainous "cellar gang," through whom the rest of the mobsters were rounded up.

It wasn't long before a gruesome torch murder hit front pages. In a lonely spot overlooking the Hudson River was found the body of a man who had been tied to a stake, saturated with gasoline, and burned alive. The corpse was too charred for identification. The one clue was a fragment of sleeve lining which had escaped the flames. Ordinarily a canvass of 11,000 tailors' shops in a 75-mile radius of New York would have been necessary for identification. Now the one-man cleaner-mark bureau was sent for, and three hours later Yulch referred the authorities to a tailor in the Bronx. Checking his books, the tailor quickly discovered who the victim was.

Still more recently an itinerant jewelry salesman of Long Beach, on Long Island, was beaten to

death, robbed, and the body left on a lonely shore. Five blood-stained towels were picked up in the underbrush nearby. Lieutenant Yulch got-busy and directed the police to an address in Long Beach where they arrested an ex-lifeguard who confessed the crime.

When your wash bundle goes to the laundry, or your dress or suit is dry-cleaned, each garment is given a code number for identification. There is no marking agreement among members of the trade, but Yulch points out that each differs from every other in some recognizable way.

In overstuffed cabinets Lieutenant Yulch keeps the "fingerprints" of more than 45,000 laundries and cleaning plants between Washington, D. C., and Binghamton, New York. Philadelphia, Scranton, Newark and other cities have borrowed Yulch to help them start a similar bureau, and he has received inquiries from police chiefs in California, Oregon, New Mexico, Florida and a number of other states.

Many laundries and cleaners use invisible inscriptions which the violet ray alone can reveal. In 1937 well-to-do residents of the Forest Hills section of New York City were terrorized by an elusive burglar whose taste ranged from furs to statuary. For 24 hours the police grilled a suspect, but he refused to give even his address. Then they called in Yulch. He ordered the suspect to take off his shirt, plugged

a queer-looking lamp into a wall-socket, and examined the cuffs under his violet-ray contraption.

Thus the suspect's name and address were secured from the laundry and within an hour the police found in his home stolen goods worth \$100,000. But the burglar gazed at the loot in obstinate silence. Again Yulch was summoned. "This is the man we want," the Chief explained, "but he won't tell where he got these rugs, furs, drapes and all the rest. We want to find out who the owners are." The Laundry-and-Cleaner Index Bureau once more was equal to the task.

Though crime supplies the spectacular phase of the Bureau's work, the ordinary citizen also stands to benefit from it.

"It's a good idea," says Yulch, "to allow the cleaner's tag to remain on your clothing. You can never tell when you may be knocked out in an accident, or run into other serious trouble where identification is important."

The body of a drowned man was discovered in a Philadelphia creek. Finding no papers, the police forwarded to Yulch the cleaner's marks on the dead man's suit. In a short time the family learned what had happened to their relative, and his insurance provided them with the security for which they might otherwise have waited in vain.

A glassy-eyed young woman was found wandering aimlessly about

the streets of Trenton, New Jersey, some months ago. Had Yulch not previously helped the Trenton police set up a cleaner-mark bureau, weeks might have slipped by before this victim of amnesia was restored to her family in Mount Vernon, New York.

The bureau solved 48 of the 51 cases submitted to it last year and has proved effective in dozens of smaller ways, including the return

of lost articles. J. Edgar Hoover has warmly commended its work.

Yulch advocates the establishment of a nation-wide classification of cleaners' marks with a master index at Washington like the fingerprint bureau. If his plan is adopted the identity of millions of men, women and children in America could be established quickly by the cryptic little symbols on their clothes.

¶ An optimistic report from the laboratories on the shape of things to come

Our Future as the Scientists Foresee It

Condensed from The New Republic

Bruce Bliven

IS THE human race being destroyed by technology, which puts terrible new weapons into the hands of contemporary barbarians? Is the scientific achievement of the totalitarian states outstripping our own?

Or, on the contrary, does science reaffirm the democratic way of life? Are we on the verge of discoveries that will vastly increase the satisfactions of man's existence?

During recent weeks I put these matters before the top men of scientific research in the United States. I asked Nobel Prize winners, heads

of departments of great universities, research directors of big industries, searching questions about their work. The result was an amazing "guided tour" to the very frontiers of human knowledge.

The scientists are optimistic — markedly more so than any other group in the country. They do not believe that civilization is perishing, that the Dark Ages are about to return. On the contrary, they think that mankind is on the threshold of a new and better existence. They feel, for example, that most wars nowadays are caused by the

struggle for natural resources many of which we are already able to produce artificially in the laboratory. It is always stupid for men to kill each other; it becomes doubly foolish when they do so for things that they can abundantly obtain in other ways.

The scientists believe firmly in democracy as the only possible way of life. To them the search for truth is of vital human importance, and they know that this is only possible when "the winds of freedom blow." It was the liberalism that came to Europe in the 18th century that made possible the great advances of the past 150 years — advances far greater than in all man's previous history. Scientists believe vehemently that under the totalitarians, with their rigid restrictions on men's minds, progress cannot long continue.

These research experts show little fear that mankind is exhausting our irreplaceable raw materials. Take oil for example. While it is a fact that at the present rate of consumption oil for gasoline within the United States would be exhausted in about 30 years, there is enough oil in shale rock (at a somewhat higher cost of extraction) to last 3000 years. And there is coal enough for 2000.

Tomorrow gasoline may be made from almost anything containing carbohydrate material. In the laboratory of Dr. Ernst Berl of the Carnegie Institute of Technology I saw

a test tube of high-grade motor fuel. It had been made from molasses. Dr. Berl (a great Austrian chemist, now a Hitler refugee) can produce the same result from corn, wood, seaweed, or leaves. Moreover, much greater efficiency may be achieved from gasoline itself by new methods. Already we have almost tripled the amount of gasoline obtained from crude oil. The latest "cracking" process and the addition of ethyl lead save us every year about 1000 times as much power as is produced by all the vast dams of the TVA.

Certain types of waste are just as dangerous as ever. The erosion of our soil would be fatal if it were to continue. Some natural metals are still indispensable. But, broadly speaking, science is now prepared to make an amazing list of things out of something else, and guarantee that they will be just as good or better.

The new soil-less agriculture, in which plants are chemically grown in water or sand, is already capable of broad-scale application by any government which sincerely feels that its neighbors are not giving it sufficient breathing space. Only 12 percent of the world's land area is under cultivation. If this land were all tilled by the most advanced methods twice the present world population could be fed without adding a single acre.

A beginning has been made at the production of artificial foods;

particularly in Germany, sugars have been produced from wood and edible fats from coal. While the march of civilization has resulted in reducing the vitamin content of many foods — white bread for example — we have learned now to restore these vitamins. Some of them can be manufactured as entirely synthetic chemical compounds. The scientists are now inquiring whether modern methods have taken away from our foods precious minerals as well. They hope to know soon whether fertilizer employed on heavily used fields ought to include some 16 mineral compounds instead of the customary three or four, so that we can be sure of getting maximum nourishment from fruits and vegetables.

Said one brilliant research leader in the field of food chemistry: "Think of the most tireless, inexhaustible person you know — someone who goes day and night and is never fatigued or ill. It is quite possible that he has such energy because he instinctively chooses the vitalizing foods and rejects the others. Nowadays such a person is one in 100. We are working to raise the proportion of such people to 20 in 100, then 50, then perhaps everybody except those who are deficient by heredity."

What are the most exciting new prospects on the scientific horizon today? One, that has been realized within the past year or two, is the magical effect of sulfanilamide in

curing a whole series of diseases, supplemented by the equally astonishing results of sulfapyridine and sulfathiazole. It is quite possible, the scientists feel, that what is to come is more remarkable than what has already been witnessed.

Also of tremendous immediate interest is the use of colchicine in artificially creating new varieties of plants. Colchicine, a poisonous drug extracted from the roots of the ordinary autumn crocus, can be used on many sorts of vegetation to speed up enormously — perhaps 1000 times — the process of producing "sports," accidental variations, some of which can be perpetuated. There is good reason to hope that within a year or two your table will have giant strawberries and blackberries, double the size of any present species, and superior to them in flavor. Radishes the size of turnips are to be expected. Garden flowers should soon be available in giant sizes and many new colors. Sugar cane is being bred with stalks several times larger than is now usual, and with a higher vitamin content. Tobacco, cotton and many other plants will be larger, finer and more resistant to disease.

Then there is the electron microscope, which magnifies objects almost unbelievably — 10,000 to 30,000 times; with photographic enlargement, 100,000 to 200,000 times. Within a few months or years many epochal discoveries may be made in regard to the structure of matter

and important new weapons may be found for man's fight against disease.

Vast possibilities in the treatment of disease and in many other fields are envisioned from experiments in the structure of matter made possible by the University of California's cyclotron, or atom-smashing machine. We are on the threshold of new worlds here.

Of greatest potential importance is the release of the titanic energy locked within the atom. Exciting work is being done with atoms of the very heavy metal, uranium. The amounts of energy-producing substance thus far extracted are extremely small, but the process has been greatly speeded within the last year or two. No scientist is prepared to say that atomic energy will definitely be ours in one gener-

ation, two generations, or ever. On the other hand, we may have it in six months or six years.

Release of atomic energy might make limitless quantities of power available at a cost so low as to be virtually free. Every need of humanity could be supplied, with a tiny fraction of the labor now employed to satisfy those needs inadequately. It is possible, of course, that mankind would thereupon destroy itself in the most frightful of wars; or it might live henceforth in a Utopia. At least in the industries where mechanical power is employed, human labor might be limited to a few years of adult life and to a few hours per day or week.

Such are a few of the endless and breath-taking vistas which the scientists opened up to me.



ROSEMARY, one of the many little girls recently sent out of London, was going to bed on her first evening in the country. "Do you say your prayers before going to bed, darling?" her hostess asked. Rosemary said she did.

"Well, then, kneel down and I'll listen as your mother does."

Rosemary repeated the usual "Now I lay me down to sleep," and then improvised a postscript of her own. "And God, please protect Daddy and Mummy from those German bombs. And, do, dear God, take good care of yourself — because if anything happens to you, we're sunk."

Lloyd Shaw and his Cheyenne Mountain youngsters, evangelists in reviving the old-fashioned square dance

Swing Your Partners

Condensed from Recreation

Farnsworth Crowder

THE spontaneous revival of old-fashioned square dancing is a national phenomenon. Beginning simultaneously in a dozen separated corners of the country, it has now swept from New York to California and from Dallas to Detroit. Jitterbugs and businessmen, slum dwellers and society matrons have discovered its pleasures and become hilarious devotees.

One of the most colorful and enthusiastic of the revivalists is Dr. Lloyd Shaw, principal of the Cheyenne Mountain public school in Colorado Springs. Right in his home town he has started 25 different dance groups, all of which keep on growing. Square dances in the municipal auditorium overcrowd the big floor. Night workers, not to be deprived of the fun, have formed an afternoon club.

In the past two years, Dr. Shaw has traveled 50,000 miles, teaching, demonstrating and persuading. Thousands have been infected by his enthusiasm; it would be impossible to estimate the number of square-dance groups that have resulted. By temperament and metabolism, Shaw is a showman and a mission-

ary. To demonstrate the wholesome pleasures and healthy release that group dances provide, he uses troupes of boys and girls from his school. They are by now so widely known that if they filled all engagements offered they would almost never be at home. As it is, they make many short trips and two extended tours annually. They have danced at the University of California and at New York University; in Kansas City and in Henry Ford's Greenfield Village; at the 1940 convention of the Physical Education Association and at the National Folk Festival in Washington, where they stirred crowds of 10,000 to roaring enthusiasm.

Two sets — sixteen dancers — the pick of Cheyenne Mountain youngsters, make up the company. They travel by motor coach (the gift of an admiring patron). Their fee of \$150 to \$200 a performance just about covers expenses. At the University of California last fall these youngsters conducted a class for 200 teachers. At Bennington, Vermont, stars of the modern dance took instruction in Uncle Steve's Quadrille from Rocky Mountain adolescents, and asked for more.

They present European peasant dances, to show the general folk-dance background; early American dances, with the girls in hoops and the boys in tails; dances of Mexico and the Southwest; and dances of the cowboy, with the boys in ranch trappings and the girls in period skirts. The youngsters dance superbly, but retain the unspoiled charm of anxious youth. They wear themselves to a frazzle answering audience demands for "More — more —" And Shaw, as master of ceremonies, is always part of the show.

When Lloyd Shaw at 24 was offered the principalship of a suburban school, people warned him, "It's a first step to nowhere." But staying in that job he has won for himself a couple of honorary doctorates, made himself the most popular speaker in his part of the country, taught on the faculty of the state university, and served as university trustee. He has remained with his Cheyenne Mountain boys and girls partly because he has been well paid, but largely because there he is free to style his career in his own sweet way.

He is a hobby enthusiast. He has led his pupils into nature study, camping and mountaineering activities. He became interested in horses and learned to ride, to rope and wrestle steers. He began to mingle with ranchers and cowhands, particularly the old-timers. And thus he rediscovered the cowboy dances, a rich, almost unexplored province

of true Americans. He studied them through first-hand observation and inquiry. They delighted his youngsters and suited Shaw's noisy, vigorous personality. Henry Ford, square-dance enthusiast himself, threw open his collections of material. Shaw became an expert, can get technical and heated over the differences between the "Rattlesnake Twist" and the "Post-hole Digger Roll." He can call every turn, every pungent line of patter, for 90 different square and country dances.

Directing a dance, he rears joyously back on his heels, his head high. His voice booms forth, now harshly unpleasant, now laughing, now singing off-key, melodramatic, pleading, sentimental, but as compelling at the pit of the stomach as a fog horn or a pipe organ. He is so adaptable that he can run off with roaring success a square dance for hypercritical college youth, for Western ranchers, or for Lowell Thomas's Putnam County friends.

The cowboy dances, Shaw contends, are much closer to American temperament and soil than jazz. Migrants into the Western ranges brought their Kentucky running sets, their New England quadrilles, their Mexican and European dances. From this basic raw material, the cowboy developed patterns to suit himself. Having little patience with over-refinements and niceties, he chucked them. His dances took on a freedom, flexibility and masculine vigor expressive of his restless character.

These are the easiest of the squares to learn, the most fun to do. They neither discourage the beginner nor bore the old hand.

Shaw's book *Cowboy Dances*, which he wrote last year, gives detailed directions, diagrams and calls for 75 of them. So many teachers, far and wide, have requested instruction, that Shaw has had to set aside a part of his summer to accommodate them with a class.

Shaw quarrels with those purists who catch the old dances in traps of codification, rules and authenticity and mummify them. "Let's bring grandfather's old dances back," he says, "but let's bring them back alive!

"This old dancing is packed with hidden treasures," he says. "It is therapy for all of us who are suffering from the creeping lethargies of stale social motions and vicarious recreation. It affords an hour of respite from a world that is too much with us."

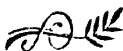
Men particularly enjoy the cowboy dances. Their arms swing and their heels fly. Warming to the fun they grow red in the face, slap their hands, lustily sing, and sweat with the unashamed frankness of harvest hands. Men lost in having such

a whale of a good time simply can't be laughed at. You long, instead, to laugh with them.

Very well, why don't you? Assemble a congenial group or go to it with one already in existence. Find a teacher or procure a manual and tie to an able musician. Select a caller and then hold the threat of expulsion over him if he descends to the nasal twang. And — take it easy. Grandfather's dances are so active that moderns grown soft in sedentary occupations may at first overdo.

You'll like the sweep and freedom. You'll be able to employ the latitude that the old cavortings allow, not only for individual capers but for mistakes. The simple music and the salty idiomatic calls will make rare good listening. And possibly — quite probably — if you bring a little imagination to it, you will meet after a fashion and come to know, with a friendlier sympathy, that folksy, hearty, democratic grandfather of yours who, while subduing a continent, created on the side a marvelous pattern for lusty wholesome pleasure.

Hang up your coat
And spit on the wall,
Swing your partners
And promenade all.



*There are no hopeless situations; there are only men
who have grown hopeless about them.*

— Quoted by Clare Boothe, *Europe in the Spring* (Knopf)

❧ Shall we unite with Britain
for safety now, peace in the future?

Toward an English-Speaking Union

Condensed from Life

Robert E. Sherwood

WE ARE PREPARING for war. Let us also prepare for peace. With the help of the British Navy, the R.A.F., and the threat of the U. S. Navy in the Pacific, we may not have to join in the actual battle. But if we don't soon make known our intention to join in the peace, there never will be peace.

Consider what may happen during the next six months:

Quick victory for Hitler. In this case the future will be simplified. We shan't have to worry about making difficult decisions. They'll all be made for us.

ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD has been writing hit plays for 13 years, and has twice won the Pulitzer Prize. But with *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, last year's tremendous success, and *There Shall Be No Night*, which Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt have now taken on the road after six Broadway months, Mr. Sherwood proves himself more than a playwright who can entertain people. He has communicated to enthusiastic audiences his own burning faith in Lincoln's democratic ideals. His Irish patriot blood makes him a fighter for freedom in deeds as well as words. Wounded and gassed in the World War, he is now at 44 restrained from enlisting again by knowledge that he would be assigned to a desk job.

Decisive victory for Britain. This can result only from a series of miracles: revolutions all over Europe and internal collapse of the Nazi regime.

Continuation of stalemate. This seems the likeliest prospect. Britain's head will remain bloody but unbowed. Hitler will still be dominating Europe and perhaps extending his empire into Asia.

We are now preparing for any eventuality by arming as heavily and as rapidly as possible. But huge defensive systems are no more than illusions unless behind them is a people with a purpose. At the moment we have no purpose except maintenance of the status quo. That isn't good enough. We must think not in terms of months and years but *centuries*. We must form a new conception of the world in which we, our children and their children will have to live.

It is my conviction that the strongest guarantee for this new world is a union of the United States and the six independent units of the British Commonwealth: the United Kingdom, Ireland, Canada, Union of South Africa, Australia,

New Zealand. This may appear, to the suspicious, another blueprint for Utopia. It isn't. It is realization of the destiny for new world leadership which, whether we like it or not, is being thrust upon us.

If we were alone in a totalitarian world — in which the term "cut-throat competition" would mean just that — we might manage to isolate ourselves behind a wall of steel. But we should do so at the expense of our standard of living and, before long, of our faith in democratic processes. We wouldn't stand for that. We'd soon be pushing all those ships and planes and guns and men on to the offensive.

The English-speaking world is big enough to get along happily by itself. It is bounded on the northeast by the British Isles, on the southeast by the Union of South Africa, on the northwest by Alaska, on the southwest by Australia and New Zealand. Its center is the U. S., and under unification that would be the center of foreign and military policy. It would have no involvements whatever in the continent of Europe. Such a union would constitute a power of unsailable magnitude, dominating all the oceans; and this power would be in the hands of 200,000,000 people who speak the same language and believe in the same three fundamental things — liberty and justice and peace.

The supreme government of such a union would decide the broad

policies of the unified member states — policies regulating intercourse among themselves and with the rest of the world. Each state would continue independently to fly its own flag, choose its own rulers, levy its own taxes, enforce its own laws. But all uniting states would have the same immovable constitutional cornerstone: the Bill of Rights. This is the practicable, easily attainable plan for a new world.

The old British policy of controlling the balance of power in Europe has brought the entire British Commonwealth close to the ragged edge of destruction. This has been recognized by that far-seeing statesman, Winston Churchill. On August 20 last, speaking of the negotiations in progress between Washington, Ottawa and London for leasing bases in the Western Hemisphere, Mr. Churchill said: "Undoubtedly this process means that these two English-speaking democracies, the British Empire and the United States, will have to be somewhat mixed up together in some of their affairs for mutual and general advantage. For my own part, I do not view the process with any misgivings. No one can stop it. Like the Mississippi, it just keeps rolling along. Let it roll. Let it roll on in full flood, inexorable, irresistible, to broader lands and better days."

In this remarkable statement, Mr. Churchill, the head of the British government, was saying that the destiny of Britain must be

away from Europe, must center in the New World. He was talking not about an impossible alliance but a possible union.

Such a union is based on sound economic fact: the British Commonwealth is our best customer and we are its best customer. But there are considerations much more important than that.

It was in England that our tradition of civil liberty began. More than 700 years ago Britons demanded and won for themselves an essential right from their feudal overlords — the right of trial by jury. Magna Charta followed, and after it a long and ever more positive assertion of rights, leading to the institution of parliamentary government.

The American Revolution created not only the United States; it made possible the free British Commonwealth as it exists today. Even then members of Parliament said that the Americans were fighting for English liberties as well as for their own.

The enemies of freedom can, of course, advertise effectively the treatment of the Irish and of the American Indians as arrant injustices by both Britons and Americans, but there is one important fact they cannot deny: in every part of the English-speaking world where liberty has been established, it has never been renounced, as it was renounced in Germany when Hitler came to power. It has spread all

over the earth and has been extended to many races. Consider the French in Canada after nearly two centuries under the British flag.

Nazis, Fascists and Communists may say that all the prating about liberty in the English-speaking democracies is hypocritical as long as India and the Philippines remain under British and American sovereignty. But how long would such leaders as Gandhi and Quezon be permitted to live under totalitarian rule? Would any part of Hitler's proposed empire have complete autonomy, as the British Dominions have now? Certainly not! In the "Master State" there will be no "rights" of any kind.

There have been threats of a Master State before in central Europe. During the Napoleonic wars, when it seemed that the conqueror was to extend his influence to this hemisphere, Thomas Jefferson proposed a "union" with Great Britain (he even went so far as to propose a "marriage"). And when the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated by the U. S. in agreement with Britain, James Madison said: "With the British power and navy combined with our own, we have nothing to fear from the rest of the world, and in the great struggle between liberty and despotism we owe it to ourselves to sustain the former, in this hemisphere at least."

That has been the inspiration of our foreign policy from Benjamin Franklin to Cordell Hull.

Hitler has destroyed what isolation we ever had. Americans know that if he conquers Britain he has conquered a part of ourselves and is directly threatening the rest of ourselves.

The British may, by a miracle of heroism and endurance, hold out long enough to give us a chance to prepare adequate defenses for this one continent. We can then say: "Thanks, and good-bye. We're no longer concerned with your fate." But we shall have large problems to face even then. If British sea power is gone we shall be compelled to build our own empire, establishing our outposts dangerously close to Europe, Africa, Asia. Our sense of insecurity will grow as the range of bombing planes increases. Conscription of our youth and billions annually for defense will be our permanent policy.

Such a future for us is unthinkable. We have neither relish nor aptitude for imperialism. Our genius is for union. The successful experiment of the union of 13 sovereign states — which have since become 48 — is the greatest American contribution to human progress.

By union with the British Commonwealth we cannot hope to reform the world, either with moral preachments or at the point of a gun. We cannot expect to redraw the map of Europe at another Versailles. But we can promote our own future security for 100, perhaps 200 years.

We can, moreover, achieve these immediate gains: We can prove that the power of collaborative organization is not all on the totalitarian side. We can end Hitler's dream of world domination through world revolution. All the alliances he may make with the other totalitarian states of Europe and Asia — based on nothing but mutual greed — will be profitless while control of the seas and world trade remains with us. Most important, we can give to the oppressed people of the captive nations proof that at last there is dynamism in the democratic faith; there is alive on earth a mighty unified force ready to negotiate a just peace — not on the suicidal terms of appeasement and not on the terms of the provedly rotten status quo.

And let us not imagine that we can postpone our plans for the future until the future has arrived. It is not alarmism to say that tomorrow may be forever too late. The world may soon achieve coordination which is founded not on the Bill of Rights but on *Mein Kampf*. There is nothing now that can stop this but the collective force and spirit of the British and American peoples.

We are in a mood for great, historic accomplishment. We know that the old world has run down, like a clock that has been shaken by too many alarms. We can and must build a new world, fit for decent people to live in, together, at peace.

Massacred for Millinery

Condensed from Bird-Lore

Robert Cushman Murphy

President, National Audubon Society

and Richard H. Pough

TEN YEARS, five years ago, Americans might have taken it for granted that traffic in the plumage of wild birds for decorating women's hats was only a barbarous memory. But today countless hats are bristling with the long wing and tail feathers of many kinds of large birds. This resurgent cruel commerce involves the slaughter of thousands of the world's most glorious creatures of land and sea — eagles, condors, swans, pelicans and albatrosses — all for the sake of a few stiff plumes torn from a crumpled carcass.

A recent survey of millinery establishments in New York and Philadelphia revealed that the plumage of more than 40 species of wild birds was on sale — including native American species which were supposed to be on the completely protected list in both states.

Public apathy is chiefly responsible for the revival of this traffic. The cruelties of the early 1900's have been forgotten. At that time, proponents of protective legislation could point to depredations wrought upon such birds as the American egret. Paris firms established agencies in Mississippi and Louisiana,

and of an estimated 3,000,000 egrets soon only a handful remained. Forced by legislation to move to South America, the agents killed more than 1,500,000 egrets in Venezuela alone in one year.

When public opinion finally forced protective laws onto the statute books a contented belief set in that the problem was solved. Recent demand for bird plumage, however, has brought to light loopholes in the legislation. One is the provision that bird plumage imported prior to 1913 is legal. Most people would agree that after 27 years these feathers should have done their adorning, but old invoices have been recently produced to establish the legality of large quantities of feathers. Another loophole permits importation of feathers for the manufacture of fishing flies. Such importations began to spurt three years ago, when feathers again came into style for millinery. No corresponding increase in sales of fishing flies has been reported.

A third regulation permits the entry of forbidden plumage if accompanied by evidence that the feathers have come from domesticated birds. But U. S. officials con-

strue as sufficient evidence a mere affidavit sworn to before an American consul by the foreign shipper. Nowhere are there sufficient domesticated stocks to account for the bales of plumes finding their way to the American market.

The evasion of laws forbidding importation of wild bird plumage has encouraged many in this country to prey upon our native birds. The demand for the feathers of bald and golden eagles has already stimulated their commercialization. One publication circulating among hunters and trappers openly contains advertisements offering to buy eagle feathers in "any quantity."

Plainly bird life faces the worst threat in three decades. What's to be done?

The "imported before 1913"

clause should be eliminated and the fishing-fly provision drastically modified. Seizures of illegal feathers should be increased. Any purchaser of bird plumage has a right to demand proof that the feathers on her hat are within the law. When doubt exists — don't buy. The National Audubon Society will coöperate in reporting violations.

The most potent weapon is an aroused public opinion. During the long battle to place the present legislation on the books, a writer stated the case succinctly: "Solely because women will buy hats trimmed with plumage, certain of our birds are nearing extinction: If they declined to buy such hats, there would be no market for the plumage and consequently no butchery. It's up to you, ladies."

Patter

THE District of Columbia is a territory hounded on all sides by the United States of America. — Irving D. Tressler

DANCING is wonderful training for girls; it's the first way you learn to guess what a man is going to do before he does it. — Christopher Morley, *Kitty Foyle* (Lippincott)

SHE shows a lot of backbone in her choice of evening gowns. — Jimmie Fidler

ANGER improves nothing except the arch of a cat's back. — Coleman Cox

IF YOU can't think of any other way to flatter a man, tell him he's the kind of man who can't be flattered. — Omaha *World-Herald*

SIGN in a New York barbershop on 9th Avenue: "Haircuts — 25¢. For musicians — 50¢. — Walter Winchell

❏ A Canadian lad proves that boys
know best what boys will buy

A Boys' Business

Condensed from Saturday Night, The Canadian Weekly

Jerome Beatty

FRANK LUCAS's factory in Toronto, which this year will make more than 1,500,000 model-airplane kits, is a big business run by boys, for boys. Average age of the 40 employees is 19.

Frank started his Ontario Model Aircraft Company when he was 18 and he hires only boys who like to build and fly model planes. Established Canadian toy makers have been unable to compete with him because they think as middle-aged men; their models lack the elusive youth appeal achieved by the youngsters.

In 11 years of steady growth, Lucas has never had a rival in the British Empire, and without our protective tariff he would give American manufacturers many sleepless nights. Frank has agents in London, Singapore and South Africa. Hundreds of thousands of boys — plus girls and grownups — build and breathlessly pursue his planes, some propelled by twisted rubber bands, some by midget gasoline motors. Local and national model-

plane contests produce champions whose names, to boys from Vancouver to Miami, rival those of the Wright brothers.

The youthful factory force is a sure-fire testing ground. When Will Rogers and Wiley Post were killed in a plane crash the force decided to get out a model of that plane. In three days the factory was

shipping kits. Other makers said Frank was crazy — kids would want nothing to remind them of the tragedy. Yet more than 20,000 youngsters built a miniature of the plane in which their heroes had died.

"How did you happen to guess that?" I asked.

Frank shrugged his shoulders. "We just figured that *we'd* like to have one," he said.

When the Germans bombed Poland, Frank set the factory to work on Messerschmitts bearing a big Nazi emblem. "They'll be our best seller," he predicted.

Dealers argued: "Boys won't touch 'em. It's unpatriotic."

Imaginative

Enterprise

—VII—

But Frank had seen his lads at the factory putting on plane fights, joyfully busting up enemy planes as fast as they could make them. He was right; boys did want them.

Frank quit school at 14 to help support his family. When he was 18 a friend told him he wanted to build a model plane but couldn't get balsa wood, the lighter-than-cork material used for models; or banana oil, which makes paper stick to wood. Frank worked for a lumber broker and knew where to get balsa. He bought 60 cents' worth, sawed it into sheets, bottled \$5 worth of banana oil — and made a \$6.35 profit.

The model-airplane craze zoomed through Toronto, and Frank became a main source of supply. In two months, working evenings, he made \$204. He produced complete kits — with directions, sandpaper, rubber bands and cement — selling them for 50 cents as fast as he could turn them out.

Seeking a larger sales outlet, he took a kit to a buyer for Canada's biggest department store, who was startled when the president of the Ontario Model Aircraft Company turned out to be about the age of a college freshman. Frank launched a carefully prepared sales talk, shooting for an order of 50.

"All right," said the buyer, "I'll try 500."

"O. K.," said Frank. He went home in a cold sweat, but with the help of his mother and sister de-

livered the order in ten days, working nights until 2 a.m. He kept his regular job for three years, making kits nights and holidays. Last year he sold 1,000,000 kits, besides quantities of accessories.

The factory now occupies three two-story-and-basement buildings, jammed with enthusiastic boys sawing, printing, making boxes, drawing designs and packing. A profit-sharing plan raises wages as the company prospers. One of Frank's first helpers came as a boy of 16 to deliver a parcel and hung around looking pop-eyed at the models. Today at 20 he is factory superintendent and one of Canada's champion flyers of model airplanes. When boys read "Checked by Ray Smith" on a plan, they know it will work. At weekly bull sessions the whole gang plots new ways of outsmarting senior manufacturers.

In the beginning, Frank put profits back into more efficient machinery. He sold at cost kits that retailed at five and ten cents. If boys once start model-building, he figured, they will scrape up money for more expensive kits.

Frank has written 200,000 letters to boys answering questions, helping them to organize model-plane clubs, urging them to ask their dealers to stock his kits, which they do with a whoop.

From the start he has held out a hand to youngsters. The only "old men" on the pay roll are four salesmen. "Buyers don't like to deal

with kids," Frank says sadly. When he needed better pictures for his boxes he refused to go to established commercial artists. "I'll bet," he said, "there's a boy somewhere who's a born artist and can't make a living at it." He found his artist in a sign-painting shop, a talented chap of 19 who studied art at night.

When Frank needed a draftsman he said to a boy in the shop who showed an interest in designing, "Tom, you learn drafting at night

school and I'll give you a better job." When the business needed a bookkeeper, Frank kept the books until one of his boys qualified.

With Canada at war, 19 of his boys have enlisted in the air force. In all, 36 former employes are building actual war planes or learning to fly them. But most of his force is too young, and the Ontario Model Aircraft Company stays well out in front of competitors because its models are made by boys for other boys.



Ultimates

◀ THE MORNING after Ernest Peixotto arrived at Henry James' home in England he was awakened by the valet, who stood by the bed offering him a small golden bowl filled with a clear liquid. Only half awake, the artist stared at the bowl. Was it a finger bowl? Surely not, at this hour. Was it something to drink? He put his perplexity to the valet as man to man. "What the devil is this?"

"The temperature of your bath, sir," the valet intoned. "Will you kindly let me know if it is satisfactory?"

— Elizabeth Jordan, *Three Rousing Cheers* (Appleton-Century)



◀ WHEN BONAVENTURE, a show place of Savannah, Georgia, caught fire early in the last century, there was a large dinner party in progress. But the fact that the house was burning could not be allowed to interfere with southern hospitality. The dinner table and the guests were moved to the lawn, and the meal was finished by the light of the burning house, with no outward show of vulgar excitement.

— Mary Day Winn, *The Macadam Trail* (Knopf)



◀ LORD LYONS, British Ambassador to France in the 1870's, was so extraordinarily shy that he never dared to look any of his footmen in the face. When dining alone, he used to remember their names by memorizing the contours of the calves of their legs.

— Esme Howard in *The Atlantic Monthly*

Okie Success Story

Condensed from Esquire

Eric Howard

I SHOULD BE the last to suggest that the experiences of John Hannifer disprove the suffering of other dust-bowl refugees who moved from Oklahoma into the fruitful valleys of California. But John Hannifer, as an Okie and an individual, has a story worth telling.

John is a short man, close-coupled, with powerful arms and keen blue eyes. I first met him when I went, on advice of neighbors, to ask about some topsoil to spade into a new garden. I found him in his backyard, tinkering with an ancient dump truck. When I told him what I wanted, he reached into the truck and brought out a handful of black, rich earth.

"Hit's got life in it," he said, and held it in his hand, affectionately. There was something worshipful in the way he said that. Most soil in our valley is stony alluvial deposit. But Hannifer had filled his own lot with rich, leafy loam. It had life in it; it would produce. I arranged with him to bring me six truckloads of the dirt.

At seven next morning he arrived with the first load, having got up at five to load his truck in an oak-filled canyon. He made six trips during the morning, and was gone such a little time between

trips that I supposed he had help at the other end. But he explained that in order to make wages he had to do the whole job himself. "Man, I sure been workin'," he grinned.

He relaxed, squatting in the shade, rolled a cigarette, and told me his story. He had been a tenant farmer in Oklahoma. When things went bad there he and his brother, his wife and three children piled everything on an old car and set out to find work in California.

Their welcome to California was anything but pleasant. Officers pushed them around from one place to another. "We was out o' money," he said, "an' the youngest kid was sick an' my woman wasn't feelin' good. We was all bunched up in a camp on the river. There was sure a lot of misery there, mister."

As rumors of work spread through the camp, people left in pursuit of jobs. But each time it seemed that the jobs were still farther away.

"I begun to see through hit," Hannifer said. "Nobody wanted us nowhere. Ev'ry county jist wanted to git us over the line." Everybody was going north, pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp called work. "And so," he said, "I figgered I better go the other way."

He loaded his family in the old

car and headed south. In Bakersfield he heard of a public camp on the Kern River. He traded everything he could spare for gas and food and drove up river. Law officers tried to steer him away; the region was for vacationists, not for Okies. But he stubbornly kept going. Reaching a public forest camp on the beautiful Kern, he stood on his right as an American citizen to make free use of it.

"Hit was sure pretty!" he said. "Trees an' green grass, an' wild flowers underfoot. If a man had somethin' to eat hit would be heaven. We snared us some cottontail rabbits. Jist about lived on 'em an' corn meal. But the kid got better an' my woman picked up. We felt kind o' free. The forest ranger was tough, first off, but he come around.

"We stayed there a hull month. Me an' my brother cut wood for a farmer downstream. Only a dollar a day apiece, but we made out. We et an' put somethin' away. When we was all feelin' good, an' no more wood-cuttin', we lit out for Los Angeles to look for work."

But here in the valley their ancient car broke down completely. They were 20 miles from the city. Hannifer looked up at the Sierra Madres, brilliant in the light of the sinking sun. "This here ain't bad," he announced. "Mighty few houses up in them hills. A man might be able to live here, if'n he could git work."

"There ain't no orange groves, no farmin'," his brother said.

"Uh-huh. But hit's right pretty."

Old man Baine, who does grading and teaming in the valley, drove by on his way home. "You in trouble, friend?" he asked.

After a little talk, the old man towed the car to his place — he lived alone on a two-acre piece of land. "You can stay in my barn for a while if you don't set it afire," he said.

They stayed there for a month. Old man Baine was able to get John work, at \$4 a day. Hannifer's wife washed and mended the old man's clothes, did his cooking.

"I always heard them Okies were a shiftless lot," Baine remarked. "But I never take stock in wholesale condemnation of folks. These Hannifers are all right."

At the end of the month Hannifer and his brother Joe had a little cash. Baine told them of a small house which could be rented for \$10 a month; and he knew a woman who had some discarded furniture she wanted hauled away. The Hannifers moved in, fixed up the house with the old furniture, and entered two children in school.

Hannifer then bought a truck with \$40 loaned him by Baine. It wasn't much of a truck, but he painted it bright green, with white letters: "Hannifer Brothers. Dump Truck Service. Hauling. Any Work."

Hannifer soon discovered he could sell the dirt he was paid to

haul away from a grading job. A man who wanted eucalyptus trees cut down gave him the wood for the labor; he corded and sold it. He also did some hauling, without charge, of things people wanted to discard. "Why, hit's wonderful," he told me earnestly, "what some folks throw out. One lady got me to haul away an old gas range. Joe cleaned an' painted it an' we sold it for \$6. I felt kind o' like I'd cheated that lady, so I offered to make hit right with her. She jist laughed, like she thought I was crazy. Now ev'ry time she wants a tree hole dug or somethin', she calls us. Reckon a lot o' folks never went hongry or they would not be like that."

There were many times when no work could be found. Then Hannifer prowled around, looking for something no one wanted, drumming up trade for the future. He finally found work with a builder of small houses. He cleared and graded lots, hauled away debris, carried materials and poured concrete. The builder rated him as one of the best workmen in the valley.

In the course of prowling around for business, Hannifer saw a five-room house which could be bought for \$100, if the purchaser moved it to another location. "I hunted me up a lot," Hannifer said. "I bought hit for \$300, ten down an' five a month. Then I went to this here builder I'd been workin' for an'

asked if he would advance me \$100 for the house an' \$150 for movin' it — an' let me work it out. Yeah, he would — an' did. I got right busy an' built my foundation. Man, she's there to stay!

"Some o' the neighbors stuck their noses up an' didn't like the idee of a poor Okie movin' in on 'em. 'Hit don't look like much now,' I told 'em, 'but I'll fix hit up.' Me an' Joe put in all our spare time on the house. I traded work for lots o' stuff. You seen hit, mister. Hit ain't such a bad-lookin' place, is it?"

"No," I said. "It's a good house, as good as any on that street."

"I ain't started yet. Give me another year. I've worked out more'n half o' what the builder loaned me. Them fruit trees you saw — folks wanted 'em torn out, thrown away. I took 'em an' made 'em grow. I ain't braggin'. I can make things grow."

His passionate love of the soil had survived drouth and hunger, bad luck and persecution. Give him soil with life in it and he could make things grow. It was, in a way, his religion.

After knowing Hannifer's story, I have a suspicion that a lot of Okies, perhaps a majority, are just such hard-working, earth-loving men, who, given a chance to work soil with life in it, could produce better fruit than grapes of wrath.

Uncle Sam's Own Blitz Force

Condensed from Current History and Forum

Frederic Sondern, Jr.

THE OTHER DAY I rode in a lurching tank which roared across ditches, crashed through thickets and sheared off 6-inch trees — a spine-thumping experience I won't soon forget. The crew and I wore crash helmets. There were thick rubber pads above the driver and radio operator to cushion the shock when they were bounced upwards. The driver could just barely see through a narrow peep-slot. The tank commander, who stood in the turret, nudged the driver with his feet to indicate direction and speed; command by voice was impossible in that din.

This tank belonged to the 1st Armored Division at Fort Knox, one of the two armored divisions which form the nucleus for our new Army. The public has the notion that our Army is without modern mechanized equipment. The use of trucks as dummy tanks in National Guard war games has spread this notion. But it is erroneous. The tanks and motorized equipment have been kept in reserve for use in training the Regular Army's armored force. A group of far-sighted officers — against indifference and op-

position — have for years been laying the basis for just the sort of up-to-the-minute war machine we need. And this machine is actually in training.

As an American correspondent in Berlin, I had occasion to watch the maneuvers that went into training Germany's crack troops. As early as 1922, when the Germans were forbidden tanks by the Versailles Treaty, they mounted cardboard sides on old trucks and practiced motorized warfare with 200 of these odd monsters under every conceivable condition. The Germans did not wait until they had equipment. They worked with makeshift material.

At Fort Knox I found our men working just as hard, but with greater aptitude. From 6 a.m. to 5 p.m. the tank drivers, artillerymen, machine gunners, infantrymen and mechanics are hard at it. In night maneuvers, hundreds of vehicles charge over the countryside without lights. The officers work day and night learning both the practical and the theoretical sides of this new manner of fighting. For that is what the Old Man — Major General Adna R. Chaffee — demands.

The "Old Man" is now only 56, and looks 15 years younger. Tough and indefatigable, he has the energy of two ordinary men; full of humor, he disapproves of the old spit-and-polish parade ground discipline. But his officers and men snap to it when he gives a command; it is not a good idea to irritate him with inefficiency.

Chaffee demands that every commander be able to do what his men have to do, and do it better — whether that is driving a tank, firing a machine gun, or riding a motorcycle. "More guts, more self-reliance and more initiative," he says, "are required here than anywhere else in the Army."

And day after day the soldiers in the Armored Corps try out these lessons, over all types of terrain, with all the realism of actual war except that the shells are blanks. There is no light-hearted carelessness about the maneuvers. Infantrymen crawl from cover to cover, pushing a screen of brushwood in front of them. The dispatch riders hug the security of undergrowth, though it may cost a broken leg.

When West Pointer Chaffee, then a Colonel, came back from World War I, he brought with him a new military idea. He was convinced that the war of the future would be won by the side which had perfected the use of mechanized units. As a member of the General Staff he kept talking about the "army of the future." Only a few took him

seriously, and these "young men" met stiff resistance from their elders; tanks were ineffective, it was said; trucks for carrying soldiers were far too expensive, and the idea of combining infantry, cavalry and artillery into one unit was fantastic. Chaffee did get permission for the Tank School at Fort Meade to experiment with mechanized warfare; but gasoline cost money, the Army didn't have the cash, and the experiments stopped.

By 1936, disquieting reports began to reach the War Department from various sources. They watched the Nazi Panzer divisions work out in infinite detail the techniques which Chaffee had long been advocating. By this time Ordnance Department experts had produced some very creditable tanks and scout cars. But red tape and interbranch jealousies still strangled Chaffee's long-range program. Not until July 1940, when Hitler's Panzer divisions had crashed through the French army, did the War Department create an American Armored Force, with Chaffee, now a Major General, in command of the 1st Armored Corps. Headquarters and one division are based at Fort Knox. Another division, doing similar training, is at Fort Benning, Georgia.

The plan is to develop a highly mobile army trained to attack an invader in either North or South America. An American army could not be transported rapidly enough

to prevent a surprise landing by a German force in, say, Brazil, but our troops must be able to get there and smash the Nazi advance units before reinforcements can be shuttled across the Atlantic. The blitzers must be blitzed, and we are building the Armored Force to do it.

The Armored Force will have seven Armored Divisions, each consisting of 10,000 officers and men, 287 light tanks, 120 medium tanks, and 1328 other vehicles, including trucks and motorcycles. The Division combines infantry and engineers in trucks, reconnaissance troops on scout cars and motorcycles, highly mobile artillery, and air-observation squadrons, all in a single coordinated unit of amazing speed and tremendous hitting power. It can "march" 150 miles overnight and attack before dawn.

Hundreds of officers have to learn their trade all over again. For instance, it takes 114,000 gallons of gasoline to move one Armored Division 150 miles; the quartermaster officers must be able to distribute this gas where it will be needed, and in places safe from enemy airplanes. The transportation of food and the use of rolling kitchens for 10,000 men advancing at 20 to 30 miles an hour requires the most carefully calculated schedules.

Almost incredible precision and coordination of command are necessary. There are about 500 radio sets in an Armored Division, including "walky-talkies" — compact

receiver-transmitters which a scout can carry. Over this network flows a ceaseless stream of orders and reports. At the same time, in combat, the division is moving forward at 10 to 25 miles an hour.

For every regular officer at Forts Knox and Benning there are four reserve officers who have to work extra hard to learn the bewilderingly many things officers of a mechanized unit must know. Such as how to hide tanks and trucks until ready to move, and then to keep them moving at all costs, for they are easy prey for planes if standing in the open. And how to bear in mind the picture of all the geographical difficulties of the very large area over which the troops are operating at high speed.

Hard as the work is, both officers and men are fascinated by it. Even at mess they talk about little else. Here has been accomplished the miracle of burying the ancient jealousies between services.

The backbone of the blitz army is the tank, and the fire-power of the Armored Division's tanks is enormous. The "light" jobs (weighing 8 to 15 tons) carry three .30-caliber and one .37 mm. cannon, while the 23-ton monsters loose a tornado of metal from a .37 mm. cannon and six .30-caliber machine guns. Behind face-hardened steel plates the crews are safe from rifle and machine-gun fire; but a direct hit on a light tank from an anti-tank gun, or on a medium or heavy one

from a .75 mm. field piece, means flaming destruction.

A skillful driver can turn his tank on a dime and maneuver like a jack rabbit — essential techniques when attacking a field gun, the tank's arch-enemy. The tank must bear down on the artillery crew so quickly or with such zigzags that they cannot bring their pieces to bear. Few artillerymen will stick by their guns when a wave of these steel horrors crashes down on them.

It takes about a year to make a good "tanker," even though the tank crews are specially picked men who must pass a set of tests almost as stiff as those required of airplane pilots. There is a great difference between merely operating a tank and being able to "roll them" over ditches and trees without shattering everyone inside. That comes from long and painful experience.

To fire a cannon or machine gun accurately from a plunging tank requires many hours of practice. The radio operator must also be able to operate a machine gun and to drive the tank in an emergency. Every member of the crew must be able to make repairs.

Our Armored Divisions at present have less than half the number of tanks they are supposed to have. But the factories will be turning out 500 a month by next summer. Moreover, our tanks are better than any European tank.

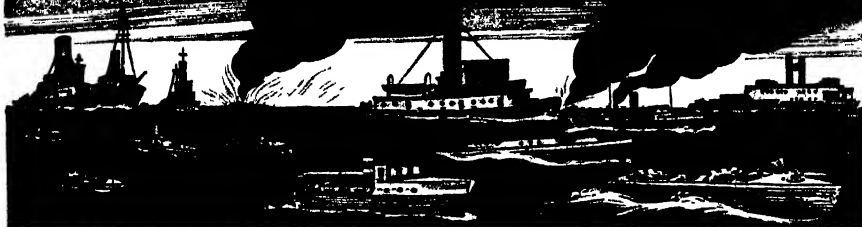
The daily round of the other sol-

diers at Knox and Benning is no cinch either. The engineers build bridges and take them apart again, make tank traps and road blocks, and set land mines until they could almost do these things in their sleep. And like the German *Pioniere*, the mechanized engineer is being taught to be a combatant soldier, armed not only with pick and shovel but with slabs of T.N.T.

The Armored Corps artillerymen, with their truck-drawn 75 mm. guns and howitzers, 81 mm. mortars and 105 mm. howitzers, are learning to unlimber, shoot, limber and disappear at a new high speed. The reconnaissance troops, in fast armored cars and on motorcycles, are rapidly acquiring an eagle eye for traps, mines and ambushes — they have to, because the Old Man likes to plant intricate tactical pitfalls so that nobody will get the idea that "this blitzkrieg business is simple."

The German army worked over its *Panzer-Divisionen* for six years. It will not take us that long. By June 1942 the Armored Force will have its full seven divisions — the same number the German army has now — completely manned, equipped and trained. That means 70,000 men, almost 3000 tanks, 4000 armored cars and carriers, and 9000 other vehicles, ready for action. Given three or four years, the United States Army will have the greatest striking power of any force in the world.

Miracle at Dunkirk.



By

Arthur D. Divine

In preceding issues The Reader's Digest has presented "I Drove an Ambulance" and "Behind the German Lines," the dramatic experiences of American ambulance drivers caught in the Nazi onslaught upon France. Taking its place beside them in what has become a notable series is this first-hand story of a volunteer navigator in the amazing nondescript flotilla which accomplished the epic rescue of the British Army.

I AM STILL amazed about the whole Dunkirk affair. There was from first to last a queer, medieval sense of miracle about it. You remember the old quotation

ARTHUR D. DIVINE has been writing sea thrillers for years, but last June at Dunkirk he took part in an adventure more exciting and heroic than any he had ever invented. And he won a Distinguished Service Medal for the part he played in it. Born in South Africa in 1904, Mr. Divine spent several years knocking about the world in whalers and freighters, and then settled down in England to write. The sea is his passion, yachting his hobby. In 1938, using the pseudonym "David Rame," he wrote the successful novel *Wine of Good Hope*. Other books include *Deeds That Held the Empire*, *Sea Loot* and *Wings Over the Atlantic*.

about the miracle that crushed the Spanish Armada, "God sent a wind." This time "God withheld the wind." Had we had one onshore breeze of any strength at all, in the first days, we would have lost a hundred thousand men.

The pier at Dunkirk was the unceasing target of bombs and shell-fire throughout, yet it never was hit. Two hundred and fifty thousand men embarked from that pier. Had it been blasted. . .

The whole thing from first to last was covered with that same strange feeling of something supernatural. We muddled, we quarreled, everybody swore and was bad-tempered and made the wildest accusations

of inefficiency and worse in high places. Boats were badly handled and broke down, arrangements went wrong.

And yet out of all that mess we beat the experts, we defied the law and the prophets, and where the Government and the Board of Admiralty had hoped to bring away 30,000 men, we brought away 335,000. If that was not a miracle, there are no miracles left.

WHEN I HEARD that small boats of all sorts were to be used at Dunkirk, I volunteered at once, having no vast opinion of the navy as small-boat handlers. I had been playing with the navy off and on since the beginning of the year, mine sweeping and submarine hunting, convoying, and so on. So friends of mine at the Admiralty passed me through without formalities, and within two hours of my first telephone call I was on my way to Sheerness. From Sheerness I acted as navigator for a party of small boats round to Ramsgate, and at Ramsgate we started work. The evacuation went on for something over a week, but to me the most exciting time was the night before the last.

I was given a motorboat about as long as my drawing room at home, 30 feet. She had one cabin forward and the rest was open, but she had twin engines and was fairly fast. For crew we had one sub-lieutenant, one stoker and one

gunner. For armament we had two Bren guns—one my own particular pet which I had stolen—and rifles. In command of our boat we had a real live Admiral—Taylor, Admiral in charge of small boats.

We first went out to French fishing boats gathered off Ramsgate, boats from Caen and Le Havre, bright little vessels with lovely names—*Ciel de France*, *Ave Maria*, *Gratia Plena*, *Jeanne Antoine*. They had helped at Calais and Boulogne and in the preceding days at Dunkirk, and the men were very tired, but when we passed them new orders they set out again for Dunkirk.

They went as the leaders of the procession, for they were slow. With them went a handful of Dutch *schouts*, stumpy little coasting vessels commandeered at the collapse of Holland, each flying the white ensign of the Royal Navy, sparkling new, and each fitted out with a Lewis gun. Next went coasters, colliers, paddle steamers that in time of peace had taken trippers around the harbor for a shilling, tugs towing mud scows with brave names like *Galleon's Reach* and *Queen's Channel*.

There was a car ferry, surely on its first trip in the open sea. There were yachts; one the *Skylark*—what a name for such a mission! There were dockyard tugs, towing barges. There were sloops, mine sweepers, trawlers, destroyers. There were Thames fire floats,

Belgian drifters, lifeboats from all around the coast, lifeboats from sunken ships. I saw the boats of the old *Dunbar Castle*, sunk eight months before. Rolling and pitching in a cloud of spray were open speedboats, wholly unsuited for the Channel chop.

There was the old *Brighton Belle* that carried holiday crowds in the days before the Boer War. She swept mines in the Great War, and she swept mines in this war through all the fury of last winter. I know; I sailed with her then. Coming back from her second trip to Dunkirk, she struck the wreck of a ship sunk by a magnetic mine and slowly sank. Her captain, a Conservative party agent in civil life, got 400 men safely off and at the last even saved his dog.

There was never such a fleet went to war before, I think. As I went round the western arm of the harbor near sunset, passing out orders, it brought my heart into my throat to watch them leave. They were so small! Little boats like those you see in the bight of Sandy Hook fishing on a fine afternoon. Some were frowsy, with old motorcar tires for fenders, and some of them were bright with paint and

The Facts before Dunkirk

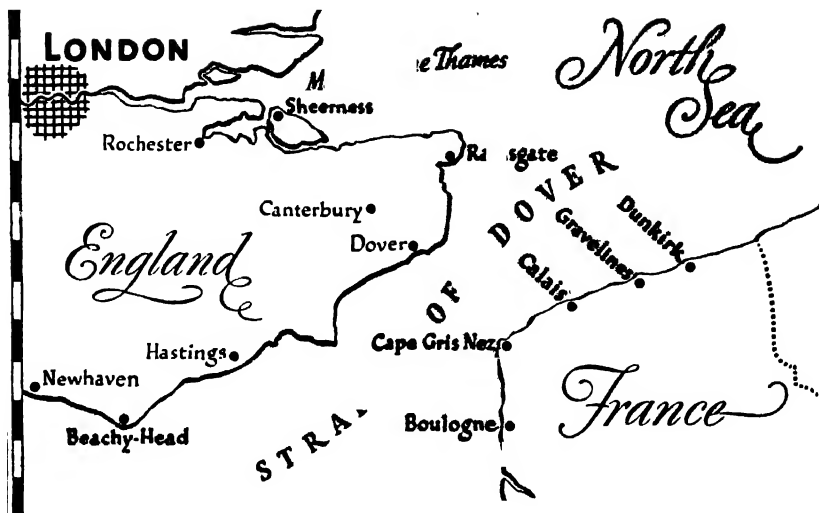
GERMANY invaded Belgium May 10. The British and French at once sent armies to her support. The Germans broke through the French line at Sedan May 14. By May 21, they had reached the Channel at Abbeville. The Belgian King surrendered May 28, exposing the left flank of the whole British army. A half million French and British troops thus were surrounded and Dunkirk was the only port through which there was a chance to escape. The French and British sent hundreds of vessels to take off troops; meanwhile the Germans struck at the retreating men with all their fury, reckless of losses. A stubborn and skillful rear-guard action kept them at bay.

Under terrific air and artillery hammering, the evacuation proceeded steadily for 10 days until June 4, at 7 a.m., when Vice Admiral Abrial of the French navy, the last man to leave, stepped into a launch and zigzagged under fire to a warship.

chromium — little white boats that were soon lost to view across the ruffled water. And as they went there came round from the foreland a line of fishing boats — shrimp catchers and what not, from the east coast — to join the parade.

When this armada of oddments was under way, we followed with the faster boats — Royal Air Force rescue launches, picket boats and the like — and with us went an X-lighter, a flatboat, kerosene-powered built for landing troops at Gallipoli and a veteran of *that* evacuation more than 20 years ago.

It was the queerest, most nondescript flotilla that ever was, and it was manned by every kind of Englishman, never more than two men, often only one, to each small boat. There were bankers and den-



tists, taxi drivers and yachtsmen, longshoremen, boys, engineers, fishermen and civil servants. There were bright-faced Sea Scouts and old men whose skins looked fiery red against their white hair. Many were poor; they had no coats, but made out with old jerseys and sweaters. They wore cracked rubber boots. They were wet, chilled to the bone, hungry; they were unarmed and unprotected, and they sailed toward the pillars of smoke and fire and the thunder of the guns, into waters already slick with the oil of sunken boats, knowing perfectly well the special kind of hell ahead. Still, they went, plugging gamely along.

I had a feeling, then and after, that this was something bigger than organization, something bigger

than the mere requisitioning of boats. In a sense it was the naval spirit that has always been the foundation of England's greatness, flowering again and flowering superbly. I believe 887 was the official figure for the total of boats that took part over the ten days of the evacuation. But I think there were more than a thousand craft in all. I myself know of fishermen who never registered, waited for no orders, but, all unofficial, went and brought back soldiers. Quietly, like that.

It was dark before we were well clear of the English coast. It wasn't rough, but there was a little chop on, sufficient to make it very wet, and we soaked the Admiral to the skin. Soon, in the dark, the big boats began to overtake us. We were in a sort of dark traffic lane,

full of strange ghosts and weird, unaccountable waves from the wash of the larger vessels. When destroyers went by, full tilt, the wash was a serious matter to us little fellows. We could only spin the wheel to try to head into the waves, hang on, and hope for the best.

Mere navigation was dangerous in the dark. Clouds hung low and blotted out the stars. We carried no lights, we had no signals, no means of recognition of friend or foe. Before we were halfway across we began to meet the first of the returning stream. We dodged white, glimmering bow waves of vessels that had passed astern, only to fall into the way of half-seen shapes ahead. There were shouts in the darkness, but only occasionally the indignant stutter of a horn. We went "by guess and by God."

From the halfway mark, too, there were destroyers on patrol crossing our line of passage, weaving a fantastic warp of foam through the web of our progress. There were collisions, of course. Dover for days was full of destroyers with bows stove in, coasting vessels with great gashes amidships, ships battered, scraped and scarred. The miracle is that there were not ten for every one that happened.

Even before it was fully dark we had picked up the glow of the Dunkirk flames, and now as we drew nearer the sailing got better, for we could steer by them and see

silhouetted the shapes of other ships, of boats coming home already loaded, and of low dark shadows that might be the enemy motor torpedo boats.

Then aircraft started dropping parachute flares. We saw them hanging all about us in the night, like young moons. The sound of the firing and the bombing was with us always, growing steadily louder as we got nearer and nearer. The flames grew, too. From a glow they rose up to enormous plumes of fire that roared high into the everlasting pall of smoke. As we approached Dunkirk there was an air attack on the destroyers and for a little the night was brilliant with bursting bombs and the fountain sprays of tracer bullets.

The beach, black with men, illuminated by the fires, seemed a perfect target, but no doubt the thick clouds of smoke were a useful screen.

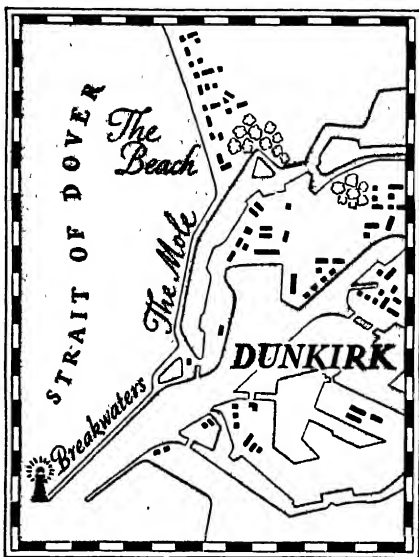
When we got to the neighborhood of the mole there was a lull. The aircraft had dispersed and apparently had done no damage, for there was nothing sinking. They had been there before, however, and the place was a shambles of old wrecks, British and French, and all kinds of odds and ends. The breakwaters and lighthouse were magnificently silhouetted against the flames of burning oil tanks — enormous flames that licked high above the town. Further inshore and to the east of the docks the

town itself was burning furiously, but down near the beach where we were going there was no fire and we could see rows of houses standing silent and apparently empty.

We had just got to the eastward of the pier when shelling started up. There was one battery of 5.9's down between La Panne and Newport that our people simply could not find and its shooting was uncannily accurate. Our place was in the corner of the beach at the mole and as they were shelling the mole, the firing was right over our heads. Nothing, however, came near us in the first spell.

The picture will always remain sharp-etched in my memory — the lines of men wearily and sleepily staggering across the beach from the dunes to the shallows, falling into little boats, great columns of men thrust out into the water among bomb and shell splashes. The foremost ranks were shoulder deep, moving forward under the command of young subalterns, themselves with their heads just above the little waves that rode in to the sand. As the front ranks were dragged aboard the boats, the rear ranks moved up, from ankle deep to knee deep, from knee deep to waist deep, until they, too, came to shoulder depth and their turn.

Some of the big boats pushed in until they were almost aground, taking appalling risks with the falling tide. The men scrambled up the sides on rope nets, or climbed hun-



dreds of ladders, made God knows where out of new, raw wood and hurried aboard the ships in England.

The little boats that ferried from the beach to the big ships in deep water listed drunkenly with the weight of men. The big ships slowly took on lists of their own with the enormous numbers crowded aboard. And always down the dunes and across the beach came new hordes of men, new columns, new lines.

On the beach was a destroyer, bombed and burned. At the water's edge were ambulances, abandoned when their last load had been discharged.

There was always the red background, the red of Dunkirk burning. There was no water to check the fires and there were no men to be spared to fight them. Red, too,

were the shell bursts, the flash of guns, the fountains of tracer bullets.

The din was infernal. The 5.9 batteries shelled ceaselessly and brilliantly. To the whistle of shells overhead was added the scream of falling bombs. Even the sky was full of noise — anti-aircraft shells, machine-gun fire, the snarl of falling planes, the angry hornet noise of dive bombers. One could not speak normally at any time against the roar of it and the noise of our own engines. We all developed “Dunkirk throat,” a sore hoarseness that was the hallmark of those who had been there.

Yet through all the noise I will always remember the voices of the young subalterns as they sent their men aboard, and I will remember, too, the astonishing discipline of the men. They had fought through three weeks of retreat, always falling back, often without orders, often without support. Transport had failed. They had gone sleepless. They had been without food and water. Yet they kept ranks as they came down the beaches, and they obeyed commands.

Veterans of Gallipoli and of Mons agreed this was the hottest spot they had ever been in, yet morale held. I was told stories of French troops that rushed the boats at first so that stern measures had to be taken, but I saw nothing like that. The Frenchmen I brought off were of the rear guard, fine soldiers, still fighting fit.

Having the Admiral on board, we were not actually working the beaches but were in control of operations. We moved about as necessary, and after we had spent some time putting small boats in touch with their towing boats, the 5.9 battery off Nieuport way began to drop shells on us. It seemed pure spite. The nearest salvo was about 20 yards astern, which was close enough.

We stayed there until everybody else had been sent back, and then went pottering about looking for stragglers. While we were doing that, a salvo of shells got one of our troopships alongside the mole. She was hit clean in the boilers and exploded in one terrific crash. There were then, I suppose, about 1000 Frenchmen on the mole. We had seen them crowding along its narrow crest, outlined against the flames. They had gone out under shellfire to board the boat, and now they had to go back again, still being shelled. It was quite the most tragic thing I ever have seen in my life. We could do nothing with our little park dinghy.

While they were still filing back to the beach and the dawn was breaking with uncomfortable brilliance, we found one of our stragglers — a navy whaler. We told her people to come aboard, but they said that there was a motor-boat aground and they would have to fetch off her crew. They went in, and we waited. It was my longest

wait, ever. For various reasons they were terribly slow. When they found the captain of the motor-boat, they stood and argued with him and he wouldn't come off anyway. Damned plucky chap. He and his men lay quiet until the tide floated them later in the day. Then they made a dash for it, and got away.

We waited for them until the sun was up before we got clear of the mole. By then, the fighting was heavy inshore, on the outskirts of the town, and actually in some of the streets.

Going home, the Jerry dive bombers came over us five times, but somehow left us alone though three times they took up an attacking position. A little down the coast, towards Gravelines, we picked up a boatload of Frenchmen rowing off. We took them aboard. They were very much bothered as to where our "ship" was, said quite flatly that it was impossible to go to England in a thing like ours. Too, too horribly dangerous!

One of the rare touches of comedy at Dunkirk was the fear of the sea among French *poilus* from inland towns. They were desperately afraid to forfeit solid land for the unknown perils of a little boat. When, on the last nights of the evacuation, the little boats got to the mole many refused to jump in, despite the hell of shells and bombs behind them. I saw young sub-lieutenants grab *poilus* by the collar

and the seat of the pants and rush them overside into waiting launches.

There was comedy of a sort, too, in the misadventures of the boats. The yachting season hadn't begun and most of the pleasure boats had been at their winter moorings when the call came; their engines had not been serviced and they broke down in the awkwardest places. The water supply at Dunkirk had been bombed out of use in the first days, and the navy ferried water across to keep the troops alive. Some of the water went in proper water cans, but most of it was put into two-gallon gasoline tins. *Of course* some of these tins got into the gasoline dumps, with lamentable results. I ran out of gasoline myself in the angle between Dunkirk mole and the beach, with heavy shelling going on and an Admiral on board. He never even said "damn." But we were lucky. A *schout* with spare fuel was lying a mile or so from the beach, near a buoy. I got to her with my last drop of reserve.

Then, for grim humor, there is the tale of the young sub-lieutenant, no more than a boy, whom I saw from time to time on one side of the Channel or the other. He was sent in the early days of the show to the beach east of Gravelines, where he was told there was a pocket of English troops cut off. He landed at the beach with only a revolver and walked off into the sand dunes to hunt for them. In the darkness he suddenly saw two

faint shapes moving, and called out, "Here we are, boys, come to take you off."

There was silence, and then a guttural, "*Lieber Gott!*"

"So," the boy told me, "I shot them and came away."

He had walked right into the German army.

One of the greatest surprises of the whole operation was the failure of the German E-boats — motor torpedo boats. We crossed by a path that was well lit by light buoys, spread clean across from Goodwins to Dunkirk Roads. Well-handled E-boats could have got among us in the dark and played havoc — either in the Channel or in Dunkirk Roads.

I had stopped once off one of the light buoys when a division of destroyers passed me. They could see me only as a small dark shape on the water, if at all, and had I had torpedoes I could have picked off the leaders. I might have been a German motorboat, and if the German navy had any real fighting spirit I ought to have been a German motorboat. They did send a few boats in, and I believe they claimed one of our destroyers somewhere off La Panne, but they never pressed the attack home, never came in force against our motley armada off the beaches. The German navy lost a great chance.

Germany, in fact, failed in three ways at Dunkirk. Against a routed army she failed on land to drive

home her advantage, though she had strategic and numerical superiority. She failed in the air, though with half a million men narrowed into one small semi-circle, she should have been able — if air power ever could be decisive — to secure decisive victory. And at sea, her motorboats were so lamentably handled that we almost disregarded them. For long hours on end we were sheep for the slaughtering, but we got back to Ramsgate safely each time. There we watched the debarkations, two and three hundred men from each of the larger boats marching in an endless brown stream down the narrow curve of the east harbor wall. Among each load would be five or six wounded. The hospital ships went in to Dover; at Ramsgate we saw mainly the pitiful survivors of ships bombed on the way over — men with their skin flayed by oil burns, torn by bomb splinters, or wounded by machine-gun fire from the air. Most of them were unbandaged and almost untended. They were put ashore just as they were pulled from the water, the most pitiful wrecks of men. Yet they were surprisingly few.

Well, that's the story of Dunkirk, as I saw the show. Just afterward, I volunteered for a new picnic farther down the coast. Our 51st Division had got cut off with a portion of the French army in the new battle which had developed from the Somme downward, and

our job was to try to get it away.

I was given a Brighton Beach boat as warship this time, one of those things that takes trippers for a cruise around the bay. We left before dawn on a Wednesday morning and made the first half of the crossing in fog. We headed for Dieppe at first, but Dieppe had already fallen, and we veered toward St. Valery-en-Caux, a little down the coast. I knew the place well, having been there two or three days before war broke out. We sighted the French coast in the early afternoon and closed to within about five miles of it. Our destroyer escort never turned up, though we heard it having a bright little scrap on its own just below the horizon to the southwest.

About the middle of the afternoon, we sighted two boats rowing toward us and picked them up. They were full of French seamen who said that they were the last survivors of St. Valery. They had fought the Germans from their ship with machine guns until she sank under them, and then had rowed out of the harbor. They were very badly shot about, many of them dead and a large number wounded. I was called onto the tug to give first aid. We stowed them on two of our faster boats and sent the wounded off.

The German planes were buzzing around most of the time, but high up. Just as I got back to my own boat we got the signal to

scatter. Three Heinkels had come over to deal with us.

My engine wouldn't start, as I had not been on board to see that it was warmed up, and the boat ahead of me was out of action with a fouled propeller. Neither of us could move, so we had to sit and watch the attack. The bombing was pretty good, but not good enough. For a long time it looked as if bombs from the first Heinkel were falling absolutely straight at us, tiny black specks that grew most horribly. They fell about 15 or 20 yards clear, and though they blew us sideways over the water they did us no harm.

Then the second bomber dived and dropped eight bombs, and again they fell just clear. While the third was maneuvering, my engineer got the engine going. I threw a towline to the other fellow, and we got under way. I had the flight of the bombs pretty well judged by then, and we worked clear of the third attack.

We started out for England. The bombers, having used up all their bombs, left us and we had a spell of quiet. However, big fighters came out to have another smack. We were far from the rest of the fleet and going along lamely. They attacked the others from a height, but when they came to us — thinking we were helpless, I suppose — they dived low and machine-gunned us heavily.

I was standing at the tiller, steer-

ing, and there was no sort of cover. One of the bullets got me through the middle. It felt like the kick of a mule, and knocked me away from the tiller to the bottom boards. However, there was not much real pain then, and I got up and examined myself. From the looks of the hole, I didn't think I had much of a chance. I told them to put me on the bottom boards, forward, and gave my gunner the course for the English coast. The tug picked us up after a time, and we were towed to New Haven, arriving about six next morning.

I was weak from loss of blood and wasn't betting too heavily on my chances of survival. However, I was operated on within an hour of landing, and it was found that I had been amazingly lucky. The bullet had done no serious damage.

I went to a hospital at Brighton. After three weeks the Admiralty moved me to a country hospital so

that I could have a quiet rest. I didn't. We had 28 siren warnings in 20 days, and were bombed one night.

I am now back in town. The Admiralty offers me a commission, as a reward of virtue, I suppose, but the medical examiners say that I cannot go to sea. I don't want a shore job, so I have turned down the offer. I shall be a good boy and sit in an office awhile until the wound is better. Then I shall wangle my way to sea. I think I know how.

Meanwhile we are all right here. Germany is not starving us out; she is not going to invade us out; and she isn't going to air-raid us out. If I can't quite see yet how we are going to win — the method and so on — I certainly can't see how we are going to be defeated.

Twenty miles of sea is still twenty miles of sea, and the Straits of Dover are the best tank trap the world has ever devised.



Making the Punishment Fit the Crime

A NAZI PILOT, brought to a hospital after having bailed out in a dogfight, although considerably shot about, bore himself arrogantly. He spoke good English, and all the while he was being stitched and dressed he kept up a running fire of abuse against England, the nurses, the doctors.

They rounded off the job by giving him a blood transfusion, then settled him in a nice clean bed and left him with the words: "Now, my lad, you have two pints of good Jewish blood in you. We hope it will improve your manners."

—UP—

One Foot in Heaven



A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY
HARTZELL SPENCE

Illustrated by Donald McKay

THE STORY of a practical parson who began his ministry with some pretty strait-laced ideas, but changed with the times. *Newsweek* says of this book: "In its quiet way it is one of the most delightful books of the year. And it's not so quiet at that." A feature motion picture will be made from it by Warner Brothers.

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN

ON PALM SUNDAY, my father was preaching a particularly resounding sermon. The church was packed, and father warmed to a responsive house like an old trouper playing Hamlet's gravedigger.

Palm Sunday was the climax of my father's pastoral year. On Easter he did not try to compete against the choir and the new hats, but this was his day. He was just stretching up toward the magnificent climax of an altar call when an usher tiptoed up and whispered in his ear. Father finished his sentence, closed his Psalter with a slap, and broke at once into his benediction. Even this he shortened.

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee, Amen," he said, and ducked out the side door.

By the time the stunned communicants had recovered, father was racing up the hill in his old Ford, his eyes fixed on the hilltop where our house was burning as heartily as any sinner in Hell.

That was father. He was practical.

BEING a Methodist, father was faithful to the rigid tenets of John

Wesley and the Methodist Discipline. We lived by the Discipline. Sometimes we well-nigh ate it, too, as no one who ever lived on a Methodist minister's salary will doubt.

In rules of conduct, father was as stern as any circuit rider. It was, in those days, against church rules to do any labor on the Sabbath. Mother prepared her Sunday meals on Saturday. We children could not even play outdoors on Sunday, or sing a song or read a book that did not "increase our knowledge of God's love." Motion pictures, dancing, card playing and tobacco were utterly taboo.

If these stringent rules were rigidly enforced, the Methodists would indeed be a small society. However, only the preachers and their families were expected to abide by them. The happy heathen ranged the earth and foraged well; the good church deacons, secure in their salvation, had nothing to worry about except the spiritual shortcomings of others — mainly the preacher and his family. But we of father's household balanced, precarious Christians, with one foot in Heaven and one on earth, not dar-

ing to plant both feet solidly either way.

A successful preacher must be much more than an earnest exponent of the will of God. He must be sincerely pious, narrow to the point of bigotry in his private life, a master politician with his parish, and a gifted financial juggler. He must have a quick wit, the courage of a first-century martyr, and a stomach adjusted to meager rations. If he possesses these qualities he is eligible for a country parish.

To climb to a city pulpit, he must have still other qualifications: the oratorical fire of Savonarola, the organizational genius of a minority politician, a society doctor's bedside manner, and, if possible, a couple of sons studying for the ministry. If, in addition, he is adept at flattery, he may eventually become a bishop.

But my father had no desire to be a bishop. Never could he be enticed away from a parsonage, even when he was offered a district superintendency or the presidency of a Methodist college. He had undertaken the Lord's work, and he would do it in the vineyard that needed the heartiest labor: the town parish.

FATHER was pulled into the ministry.

He had planned to be a physician in his native Canada. But during his senior year in the University of Toronto he went one night to a

Methodist revival to hear spellbinding old Bishop Hartzell, for whom I am named.

The spell caught father and held him. He was converted: as the Methodists understand conversion. The Lord personally placed a hand on his shoulder, and father accepted the Call. He yearned to become a preacher at once. "All right," the bishop told him; "you can catch up on your homiletics as you go along."

As there were then no available pastorates in Canada, Bishop Hartzell suggested Iowa, a growing country where a career awaited young men. Father lingered in Toronto only long enough to get a diploma and secure his fiancée's approval of his change of plans. Three months later — in September 1904 — he descended alone on the small north Iowa town of Laketon.

His first parish proved ideal for training a young man in his lifework. It was what is known as a circuit, consisting of the town of Laketon and two rural parishes. Father's headquarters were in town, and there he preached on Sunday morning. Then, after dinner with one of his members (he quickly learned which sisters were the best cooks), he would hitch up his horse and go to one of the country charges for an afternoon sermon, returning to town for an evening service. During the week he had sermons to write, babies to baptize, sickbeds to sit beside, midweek prayer meetings to lead, couples to marry, people to

bury, studying to do, men's and women's organizations to direct, young people to guide, and a business to keep going in three churches. He was on call 24 hours a day.

For three months he worked alone, then one Monday he disappeared. When he returned on Saturday, he brought a wife. He gave the Laketon congregation only a few hours' warning: a telegram from Chicago to Mr. McCreery, his only wealthy parishioner.

Mr. McCreery met the train with a rubber-tired carriage drawn by matched bays, and invited them to his home for breakfast. Father proudly noted his parishioner's admiration of his pretty bride. But the day was not to end as smoothly as it began.

Since father had given no advance warning, the Parsonage Aid Society had no time to overhaul the church manse. So when Mr. McCreery, after breakfast, drove the pastor and his bride to their future home, the shock was devastating. Mother, freshly beautiful and straight from her own fine home, paled as she entered. The parsonage was not only ugly but dirty. Mother wandered from room to room, speechless, swallowing hard to fight back the tears. To quote father: "It looked like a place the county poor farm had abandoned."

The furniture consisted mainly of castoffs from the parlors, bedrooms and woodsheds of a humble parish. The attic was full of old hats, shoes

without laces, boxes of mementos of previous pastoral penury.

"Notice that a minister never throws anything away," father said, as he held up a battered old shoe. "You never know when these things will come in handy! You know, dear, I think the previous pastor, God bless him, left this stuff here for us to use!"

The Laketon circuit paid its pastor \$385 a year — if he could collect it. From the look of that attic, he rarely succeeded.

Had mother been able to roll up her sleeves and go to work on that house, she might soon have made it livable — with her dowry silver, china, linen, and other personal possessions. But the good women of the parish were in and out all day, helping her to clean up. They were kindly and energetic; but they made sure mother never removed a favorite picture or bundled a hideous rag rug into the attic. Thus mother realized that the parsonage belongs to the church women, who have definite ideas about its maintenance.

Tired and dejected, mother was about to go to bed without bothering with dinner, when father broke some more bad news. "I'm afraid, dear, that we have a church reception to attend. Perhaps, though," he smiled hopefully, "it will not last very long." He was disappointed; it continued for three agonizing hours.

For more than half of that time

father and mother stood by the church door, vulnerable on one side to every December blast, and baked on the other by the Franklin stove, while mother was introduced to the flock.

"Sister Reynolds, your preacher and his blushing bride."

Mother resented the phrase, especially when Brother Sylvester, the chairman of the committee on pastoral relations, used it 150 times without variation. But she managed to keep her smile genuine.

"My husband has told me so much of you," she would say, having been hurriedly coached by father beforehand, or "Yes, indeed. Will has written me of your good work with the children." One slip, one person slighted, one bit of praise misplaced, and her value in that parish was ended.

Then another hour of standing, backed now into cold corners by women with axes to grind. Would she teach a Bible class or help in the nursery? Could she sing? The choir badly needed an alto. Now and again she darted a feeble glance at father, begging for rescue. But he, balancing a plate of melted ice cream which he had never found time to taste, was having his own troubles.

When the reception broke up at

last, the parson bundled up his bride and almost carried her across the street to the drab, cold parsonage.

She sank down on the shabby sofa, tears in her eyes.

"Another evening like this," she sobbed, "will kill me."

Father leaned over and kissed her. "But this is just the beginning," he said huskily. "This is just the Laketon

congregation. The two churches out on the circuit will have their receptions next week."

BY THE TIME William Howard Taft was President, we were living in Fort Dodge, Iowa, and I was old enough to be patted on the head when he came to town to visit Senator Dolliver. Five years had passed since father's arrival at Laketon, and he was able to write Bishop Hartzell:

"Fort Dodge is a great parish, with much to be done. It is the only Methodist church in a town of 12,000, and has nearly 600 members. The church building is old and the parsonage is, as usual, dingy, but the salary is magnificent: \$2400, and I am looking forward eagerly to my pastorate here."

His new parishioners were equally



pleased with him. One member wrote to her absent husband: "Our new pastor is a Man of God who can walk the earth and yield not an inch to any man. He is a parson with pride enough in his God to dress up for Him, which he most certainly does. Everyone is very much pleased, for he looks like a lot more salary than he is getting."

That was the one particular in which father sidestepped the rigid Methodist Discipline, which strictly forbade sartorial elegance. But his vanity about his clothes was justified, for his appearance was a definite asset to his work. He was six feet one, of military erectness with magnificent shoulders, his whole body vibrantly proud to be in the army of the Lord. The words "Onward, Christian Soldiers" leaped at you when he entered the room.

His voice was powerful and persuasive. Ordinarily he preached conversationally, but he could tremble the rafters when necessary. He was a salesman of God's word, and he sold it with all his might; by word and deed, by voice and appearance, by threats and cajolery, by fire and compassion. During his entire ministry he never left a parish with less than a 25 percent increase in membership.

But it was sometimes difficult to discover where father's capabilities ended and mother's began.

Mother worked in the parish and taught a Sunday-school class. She led the devotions before the

missionary societies, played hostess to the Ladies' Aid, and bolstered the sisters in their hours of trial. She sat by sickbeds, comforted widows, consoled jilted and betrayed maidens, heard an unending stream of petty personal complaints. She was a psychiatrist before the days of psychiatry. And from her pitiful share of father's meager earnings she contributed to every charity, worthy and unworthy.

When her parish work was done, mother had a house to keep, a family to cook for, children to rear as community models, and a husband to comfort. How she did all this — and with the benignity of a Raphael Madonna — is a mystery that no one but another minister's wife can ever understand.

THE REVIVAL meeting has undergone many changes since its early days. Once the followers of John Wesley were known as "the shouting Methodists." Even when I was a boy certain preachers had standard phrases they relied on to provoke cries of "Amen," and any evangelist who didn't "raise the roof" was not invited back another year.

Father was as much responsible as anyone in Methodism for a change in revival technique. He never exhorted anyone to be good lest he roast in Hell. Rather, he made the avenue of Christ so tempting that his congregation wanted to walk it with him.

So profound was father's understanding of human frailties, needs and longings that every sermon he preached was personal. Though he never referred to an actual case, many in the congregation would look furtively about to discover how many persons besides the pastor had discovered their secret sin.

One rainy night at one of father's revivals, a parishioner, entering by a side door, hung his wet coat on the end post of the altar rail. The gas lamps left the corner dark. After the sermon father, as usual, filled the rail with penitents and at the end of the service sent them to their seats. Before his benediction he glanced up and down the rail, for sometimes a sinner, wrestling with a particularly heavy sin, remained at prayer after everyone else had gone. This night, in the dim corner by the door, he saw a figure hunched into a coat, head bowed so low it was out of sight.

Quietly father addressed the meeting. "We still have one soul at the altar. If upon his conscience there is a grievous burden, he needs our help. Let us all pray silently."

The organ played softly one verse of a hymn.

"Amen," father said, but the penitent did not rise.

Father waited a moment, then prayed aloud for mercy on the sinner. Then, "Go in peace," he said, "and may the Lord go with thee."

Still there was no response.

Thinking perhaps the man had fainted, father walked over to the dim corner. He put his hand on what should have been a shoulder and touched a post.

Unabashed, he turned to his flock, which by then realized what had happened.

"Let us not be dismayed," he said quietly, "that we have lifted up our prayers for an empty coat. Now you know how I feel, night after night, praying for living, breathing souls in this tabernacle who could respond and will not."

THE METHODISTS believe in living their religion. They don't merely don it once a week with their Sunday suits. Methodists are church workers, and because they are so exceedingly zealous, there are bound to be sharp clashes of opinion. Methodists often are laughed at because they are inevitably fighting about something. That is not the church's weakness but its strength.

Sometimes, however, an issue develops that touches collective personal prejudices. Prejudices caused father his most anxious moments. But if he decided a matter of principle was involved he would defy the entire congregation.

Father was distressed by the prejudice against Negroes, which had so filtered through the Fort Dodge congregation that the members would not even employ a Negro sexton. But he knew that a dutiful blast from the pulpit would only in-

tensify the feeling. So he became a personal example of kindness toward the few Negroes in town. He helped the African M.E. preacher with a revival meeting and called him "Brother" on the street.

This attitude was so bitterly resented by a number of father's parishioners that a certain clique, led by Confederate Major Cooper, determined to get rid of him at the next Annual Conference. Enlisting the aid of some of the pastors who wanted the pastorate at Fort Dodge, Major Cooper arranged to have father invited to preach the Conference sermon.

Father, realizing that the conspirators planned to challenge his sermon, and if possible to accuse him of heresy, was in a quandary as to what to preach. A few days before Conference, however, he hit on a plan.

When the momentous day arrived, he arose, calmly read his text to the 300 visiting ministers, and began to preach. After a few sentences, I saw him exchange an impish glance with the presiding Bishop; then he settled down to preach a truly great sermon.

After the benediction the Reverend Stillman, who coveted father's Fort Dodge pastorate, addressed the chair and challenged father's sermon. "Let you be judge," he said, "whether an eternal sin has been committed here this morning by blaspheming against the Holy Spirit." The Bishop appeared to be

choking, and father's leg pumped up and down excitedly, as Stillman launched into a vigorous attack on an obscure doctrinal point in the sermon.

When he had finished, others took up the cudgel. New quotations from the sermon were dissected and damned. Then father's defenders sprang up and the church rang with oratory. Finally father could stand it no longer. He picked up a little gray book from the pulpit, opened it at a center page, handed it to the nearest district superintendent. That brother looked at the title, read a few lines, dropped his jaw, and quickly passed the book to the brother on his right. He, too, read, reeled, and passed the book along. Finally a brother hastened to Stillman, who was rising to make the fatal charge. Stillman waved the book away but his friend insisted. Stillman's eyes caught the title, read the appointed page. He sat down weakly.

The stillness of a sacrament now hushed the church. The Bishop rose. "If there is a charge to be made against a brother," he said solemnly, "let it be made now. There has been debate enough."

Not a word was uttered.

"None appearing," the Bishop continued, "I will close. But first," the Bishop roared, "I want to suggest another useful text: 'And if a house be divided against itself, that house will not be able to stand.'"

The preachers departed quietly.

The Reverend Stillman alone remained, head bowed over the little gray book — a collection of the Bishop's own sermons! — reading the one that father had delivered that morning word for word.

After church the next Sunday, father went to the door as usual and greeted his flock one by one. He received many congratulations on his return for another year, and finally faced Major Cooper. The Major held out his hand.

"Brother Spence," he said. "I'm a sinful old man, and horse-whipping would be good for me except that at my age it'd kill me. You're back, and I aim to coöperate. If I can't coöperate, I'll keep quiet."

Father shook his head vigorously.

"Brother Cooper," he counseled, "don't you dare keep quiet. The Lord needs a voice to say 'No' as often as he needs one to say 'Yes.' I think He's relying on you for the loudest No in this church. And life would be mighty dull if I couldn't look forward to a good scrap with you now and then!"

FATHER delighted in what he called his "flank attacks," getting things done indirectly. When the study needed new carpeting he didn't ask the official board to buy it: he simply contrived to have one of the stewards trip over an exposed surface. In one town the parsonage basement flooded after every rain, but his appeal for repairs was ignored. After a serious illness in the

family he determined to have the germ trap removed. He waited until the president of the Board of Trustees called. Then, beguilingly, he invited his visitor to look at the basement. Quite by accident the trustee slipped on the stairs and fell in the mud. A cement mixer was in the yard the next day.

Mother soon learned to use the same method in getting father to do what she wanted. If she asked him point-blank to deal with some church problem in a certain way, he refused, distrusting any judgment except his own. So mother would decide what had to be done and proceed obliquely to plant the seed of it in father's mind. He, pouncing finally on the idea as original with himself, then produced the attack that carried it to consummation.

During our last two years at Fort Dodge father conducted a strenuous campaign for a new church, and a parsonage to replace the leaky, dilapidated house in which we were living. His efforts met with hearty coöperation: only one serious argument arose over the plans. Dr. Romer and many of the parishioners, with growing boys on their hands, wanted a parish house with a gymnasium. They proposed that it be built on the site of the present parsonage, building the new parsonage in a more desirable section.

A genuine Methodist fight developed. Father quoted the Discipline as an argument against a recreational center: it forbade any

levity within the sanctuary. Church members pointed out that the gymnasium could be used for socials and Sunday-school classes as well as for amusement. Moreover, organized recreation would keep Methodist youngsters out of pool halls and other questionable places of entertainment.

Through meeting after meeting, father stood his ground, Discipline in hand. Finally Dr. Romer slipped over to the parsonage to consult mother. He left, humming a bright tune.

That night when the debate was at its fiercest, he arose.

"Brother Spence," he began with a convincing air of resignation, "you are the pastor of this church, and so it is you who should make the final decision. We have argued long enough. I have changed my mind and am willing to bow to your judgment. Besides, if we don't build a parish house, we won't have to tear down the parsonage, and therefore will not have to build a new one. Remodeling the old one will save a great deal of money. You are right, Brother Spence."

Father recoiled and looked at Dr. Romer as though seeing Judas. Then slowly he rallied and cleared his throat.

"Perhaps this is a case," he said at last, "in which we should lead our church into a broader interpretation of human values. My only argument against a parish house with a gymnasium is the Disci-

nary admonition against levity within the church. But what you have said about clean fun for our children is true. I guess we should pioneer. Let us prove that this tenet of our Discipline should be revised. We'll build the gymnasium."

FATHER often said that, like Paul, the preacher has no continuing city. Throughout his ministry, when he felt that the task for which he was called to the pastorate was finished, he was eager to move on. "When a minister takes root," he said, "he's through."

Before the new parsonage at Fort Dodge was completed, father realized with an overwhelming feeling of desuetude that his job was done. His imagination leaped to the challenge of the Bishop's suggestion that he go to Omaha.

Father's pastorate at Omaha was brief, however, and when it was over he felt that it had been a failure. The church was suburban, and the people were city dwellers in every sense of the word: worldly, rarely emotional, without enthusiasm for anything except a new game called "bridge." Father knew how to minister to the open-hearted farmers and townspeople of the plains, but this urban civilization defeated him. He did not take kindly to golf, stock speculation and war profiteering.

Mother, comforting him, pointed out that he had learned important lessons which he could take to future charges.

"For instance," she said, "you were bitter because you could not hold a revival service." The official board had vetoed a revival, saying, "We don't want any display of emotionalism in our church."

"Could it be," mother continued, "that the modern generation just doesn't respond to that type of ministry? Perhaps another approach would win these people. They are still human beings, with weaknesses, heartaches and longings. You just have to probe deeper to find them, because the outer veneer is thicker."

Father glanced at her sharply. "I see what you mean. I should accept these modern ideas, and try to lead people into paths that will do them the least harm."

After a little, mother added, with a smile: "Then take the movies. You were much opposed to them until you saw them in their true light. Now we can all enjoy them."

Until we moved to Omaha, my older sister Eileen and I had never seen a movie. Our playmates there went regularly, and for half the winter we begged in vain to be allowed to witness this wonder.

But finally the children's favorite, Marguerite Clark, was billed in *The Seven Swans*, a story mother had read to us at bedtime. Father telephoned the theater and ascertained that the picture followed the fairy tale exactly. At last he said, "All right, just this once."

When we arrived at the theater,

which was packed with children, we found that the fairy tale had been delayed in transit. In its stead was a Theda Bara picture, the chief episode of which involved the seduction of a bank teller.

"Well?" father asked, when we returned. Glowingly we explained the wonders of the motion picture and the plot of the story. When we reached the seduction, father broke into a rage.

"I thought you went to see a fairy tale," he boomed.

After that, movies were forbidden. But, having experienced their fascination, I could not stay away. I began to sell magazines from house to house in order to secure money to attend a nickelodeon featuring Westerns.

Of course father soon heard about it.

"Son," he said, calling me into his study, "I hear you have been going to the Bijou Theater."

"Yes, sir."

"Well," he sighed, "the fault is mine. I allowed you to go to the first one. So I am going to take you next Saturday and point out, in the film itself, why it is not good for you."

When Saturday arrived father accompanied me into the theater as resolutely as though he were entering a saloon to attend a dying drunkard.

It was a William S. Hart picture. Cattle rustlers roamed the lawless Oklahoma plains, pillaging and sin-

ning. They stole cattle and ranchers' daughters. They crowded the saloon and caroused. At each such episode father nudged me.

"There!" he grunted. "Is that an example you want to follow?"

Finally the outlaws whooped into town on a Sunday morning, rode into the church, seized the preacher and carried him away with them. Father sat tensely and forgot to nudge. Bill Hart rescued the minister and used the outrage as a springboard for organizing the lawabiding citizenry into a posse to restore law and order. Edna May Oliver, as a rancher's wife, stormed the saloon and dragged her husband out to join the vigilantes. At this scene of a righteous woman fighting for the right to worship, father chuckled, then silently watched the two-gun hero ride the outlaws down. At last the villains were safely jailed. Hart claimed the minister's daughter as his bride, and father laughed with delight.

All the way home I waited for his reaction. Finally it came. "There is a good moral there," he said.

I heard no more until the following Saturday, when he invited me to go to the theater with him again. To mother's uplifted eyebrow he

responded, "It will do me good to relax before my Sunday sermon."

FATHER learned early how vital can be the perquisite of the marriage fee. Many pairs of shoes for the children were thus provided, when otherwise we might have gone barefoot to school.

Father was not one to overlook this benevolence. Invariably, when leaving home, he would say: "If any

weddings come, I'll be at one of these places —" and he would give me his itinerary of calls.

So when I saw a wedding coming (I can spot wedding couples to this day), I would glance at the clock, shout to mother, and race away to find father. Mother would receive the blissful couple, seat them in the parlor, and hedge until father returned, panting but benign.

Father believed that, except for the solemn three-minute religious ritual, a wedding should be a joyous occasion. He was annoyed if the bride's mother wept or the bride was tight-lipped and nervous. In parsonage ceremonies he kept up a running fire of wit while he filled in the official license.

"Be careful how you answer these questions, young lady," he would



say. "It's perjury to falsify your age on a marriage record. Age next birthday?" And, receiving the answer: "You're too young to be married. Why don't you wait a year, and somebody better may turn up." And he would disarm the bridegroom with a smile.

Father greatly enjoyed big church ceremonies, and in his wealthier parishes he officiated at many brilliant weddings. But, strangely enough, his largest wedding was one of his most unpleasant experiences.

The families concerned were wealthy, selfish and narrow, and attended church only haphazardly. For the rehearsal, the bridal party came boisterously to the church from a cocktail party. Outraged, father nevertheless patiently pointed out the formalities step by step, rehearsing them until he was exhausted.

But the next night, during the wedding, he was at his best. He arrived early in order to check every detail. He gave the bridegroom and best man a last-minute pep talk. Then he hurried to the vestibule and whispered a joke to the bride so that she would come down the aisle smiling before her 1200 guests.

Father couched the ceremony in the language he reserved for great occasions. He was dressed in his best: flawless cutaway coat, ascot tie, gray double-breasted vest. All the details were correct, and the

wedding had cost him \$40, including his present to the bride.

After the ceremony, he waited in his study, but the best man did not come near him. For his perfect ceremony he received not even gracious thanks. And as he waited he suddenly realized that he and his family had not been invited to the reception. Above everything in the world father loved a wedding reception.

When he reached home he could hear the orchestra playing at the reception. For a moment he was entranced by the music. Then he walked indignantly upstairs to his desk, addressed an envelope to the bridegroom, rolled a sheet of paper into his typewriter. He deliberated for some time; then, with a smile, typed the following:

For professional services rendered: \$100.

ALL HIS LIFE father had reason to be conscious of money. He was continually harassed by financial worries, even when his salary reached \$4800 a year, which, on the surface, looks handsome enough. But his subscriptions to foreign and home missions, the preachers' retirement fund, the Community Chest, the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., the Day Nursery, the Salvation Army, and the church poor fund took nearly half.

To at least \$2000 spent in this way he added many benevolences of his own. He never turned away a stranger with a hard-luck story.

Some of my earliest memories are of unkempt men and women, wheedling funds from father.

I remember clearly how one day he told us he could not afford tickets to the automobile show. An hour later we saw him give seven dollars to a tramp. Another time he paid the railway fare of a young man whose mother was dying in a distant city, only to learn later that the youth actually was fleeing from a robbery. Of the scores of persons to whom he loaned many hundreds of dollars, only two ever repaid him: a Korean cook en route to a new job, and a Methodist minister's son who had been the victim of a pickpocket.

AFTER the brief and unproductive Omaha pastorate, both father and mother were elated over father's call to Morningside College Church in Sioux City. College youth, perturbed by war and in need of inspirational guidance, excited their imagination. The four years we stayed at Morningside were among the happiest — and saddest — of father's career.

The people, the city and the church were ideal for a man of father's temperament. Our family became a part of college life; we attended its parties and athletic events and had access to its lectures and library. The parsonage, a lovely house on the fringe of the campus, made us forget the years we had spent in less attractive surround-

ings. And the great stone church, covered with ivy to the top of the carillon tower, was a real house of worship.

But father's pastorate there was saddened by America's entry into the war. The military machine in the form of the Student Army Training Corps took over the campus. Barracks sprang up on the rolling lawns, the football field trembled under the tramp of marching men. In classrooms, study halls, and even in the church, students in khaki uniforms predominated.

Amid this martial activity father's steadfast purpose was to prevent hysteria and to make sure that, in the chaos of war, God was not forgotten. He found texts for sermons of strength and courage. And he conducted a conscientious campaign of cheer, lightening his sermons with bright anecdotes, so that sometimes it was difficult to tell whether he was preaching or delivering an after-dinner address.

Father asked for the job of chaplain to the cantonment, and got it. In two weeks he knew everybody by name, but not once did he try to convert the lads or exhort them to make their peace with God lest they be killed in battle. Instead, he helped them write letters home, coached them in calculus and chemistry, and wrote their English essays.

All he wanted from them was respect for his way of life. He received it from all but one group — a dozen

or more young men who had not been on the campus before the war. They played cards conspicuously when he visited the dormitories, and in many other ways showed their resentment of him. Father tried to combat this by inviting the ring-leaders to the parsonage; they declined. If he joined their baseball game they stopped playing.

One day he came upon six of them shooting craps. He stood by until he saw how the game was played, then sat down among them. They were expecting a moral lecture. To head it off, one lad defiantly tossed him the dice.

"Try it, Parson; it will do you good."

Father calmly took the dice, blew on them, and shook them. The boys were surprised.

"Two bits you don't make your point," one challenged, tossing out a quarter.

"All right," father responded, and threw — a winning four and three.

"Well, I'll be damned!" his opponent exclaimed.

"That is Hell, isn't it?" father remarked tactfully and walked away.

The boys were stunned. One recovered sufficiently to call, "Say, Chaplain, you forgot your winnings."

Father turned, delighted at this indication of fellowship.

"I can't accept it," he called back; "I didn't have a quarter in my own pocket to pay if I had lost."

From then on he was chaplain in fact as well as name.

When the influenza epidemic descended upon the community, father was called to the bedside of both parishioners and strangers. The hospital authorities telephoned him many a night to come and administer the sacrament to a man or woman whose name he did not know.

In one day, at the height of the epidemic, there were seven funerals. Father could withstand any pain and face death itself, but he hated funerals. Time and again he walked the streets for an hour getting up courage to go to one. He so loved every member of his flock that an interment was a personal grief, all the harder to bear because he could not reveal his own emotion.

As the epidemic waned, the newspaper lists of war casualties began to lengthen. Almost every Sunday father read out from the pulpit the



name of a young man who, the previous year, had attended Morning-side College and now was dead.

In both parish and pulpit father was a mighty pillar of confidence and strength. When his work was done, however, he became moody. Actually ill from overwork, he began to sit on the porch at dusk, watching the sun sink beyond the river. Then, turning up his coat collar against the dew-laden evening breeze, he would meditate in the dark for hours at a time. This worried mother, and finally she asked if it was necessary.

"The faces of my young men come to me in the dark," he said. "One by one I see them, even though they lie dead in France, and I ask God to give them happiness and peace. I think I will stay out here a little longer. I don't want to overlook anyone."

IN HIS later ministries the changing world began noticeably to affect father. Living intimately as he did with his congregations in liberal communities, he inevitably came to modify his ideas regarding personal conduct. He somewhat dubiously allowed us to dance, and one year he consented to be an end man in the Kiwanis minstrel show. After the first rehearsal the director approached him.

"Well, Doc," he asked, "are you having any trouble with those songs?"

"Why should I?" father replied.

"Every one of them is stolen from an old gospel hymn."

Father laughed heartily when, in the course of pastoral calls one day, he walked into a bridge party. The hostess was embarrassed, but father put her at ease immediately.

"Don't look at me as though you had been caught whipping a dog," he said. "Since you women have forgotten how to sew you've got to have some excuse to gossip."

And when, after the depression began, a timid mother came begging him to advise her daughter against accepting a job in New York, father replied, "It's a job, isn't it? What's the trouble?"

"I can't bear to think of Nancy going so far away all by herself," the mother answered. "Think what might happen to her in New York!"

"Mrs. Knowles," father said, "did you ever think what might happen to her in an Iowa haystack?"

FATHER's last pastorate was in Mason City, in north Iowa, where his ministry had begun. For it, he turned down an offer from Asbury College to become its president. "My job," he explained, "is in the parish. I can hold my own with sinners, but I'm not so sure about professors."

He went to Mason City in the autumn of 1929 and found the situation there ideal: the church had no debt, needed no construction, employed an efficient financial secretary for routine work. The member-

ship was after father's heart: the friendly people of the Iowa plains.

But the economic depression was a tribulation to everyone, and each tragedy in the congregation was a personal blow to him. His supreme conviction was that a preacher is a failure unless his people can say of him, "Surely he hath shared our sorrows and borne our griefs."

Mother always considered father's pastoral activity his greatest attribute, and this was particularly true at Mason City. During those trying years he worked unceasingly for his people, finding jobs for worthy youths, comforting those who had lost all their possessions and encouraging them to start afresh with renewed faith. Men and women from former pastorates often drove as far as 200 miles to consult father and be advised and comforted.

The burdens of these last years were a terrific strain, but father's health held out until the congregation had shaken off the economic depression. Then he was stricken one morning in the pulpit and had to be helped home and to bed. By midafternoon he rallied sufficiently to sit in the library and chat. But he knew, now, that any undue exertion would fell him.

That was father's last year in the ministry. At first he was still able to preach on Sunday, and during the week the congregation brought both church and personal problems to him at home. But that fall he suffered a coronary thrombosis that

kept him invalid for a year. Even then his people refused for 11 months to accept a new pastor, and retained a theological student from Chicago to conduct the Sunday services. Twice father begged the official board to replace him, but the members refused.

The hundreds he had befriended came to comfort him. Parishioners, acquaintances and friends from all over north Iowa came to sit by his bedside. His nonchurch guests would exclaim at the many flowers his congregation sent.

"I was their depression pastor," father would explain simply.

While he lay quietly in his room, father did a great deal of thinking. "I wish I were a young preacher today," he mused. "What I could do! All the hidebound old rules are gone. A preacher can be a human being, now."

He gazed out at the passing traffic.

"Look at that line of automobiles, hurrying to Clear Lake. When I first came to this country I used to think it was sinful for a man to spend his Sunday at a cottage, swimming and amusing himself. Now I know that a lake can be a great spiritual consolation to a man and that a little swimming doesn't profane the Sabbath. God wants his children to keep themselves physically fit."

A look of amazement crossed his face, as though he recognized for the first time just how far his attitude had changed.

"There goes Roger Hansen, walking to work," he went on. "I remember the time I preached a sermon on the evil of Sunday employment. Nobody needed to work on Sunday then. Last week I advised Roger to take this Sunday job."

He chuckled. "I'm afraid my thinking has come a long way. But then so has that of the church. I don't even say a man must go to church *every* Sunday. If I were not a preacher I'd probably skip a few Sundays myself. But I'd go often on weekdays. Going only to a Sunday-morning service is not sufficient to revitalize a man. Civilization is so quickly paced we no longer have time to think or meditate. Christians should get the habit of dropping in at their church every day on their way to work or on their way home or during the noon hour. Five minutes would be enough to compose their troubled spirits.

"Yes, Christianity is something to *live*, not just something to believe in the abstract."

One week-end father's condition suddenly became more serious. I hurried home from Des Moines, where I was working. I found him laughing, though he could scarcely move. "If you came for the obsequies," he challenged, "I am happy to disappoint you."

He seemed to gain strength during my brief stay, and talked often of changes he had noticed in religious habits.

"I was reading an article the

other day," he said once, "which purported to show that the church is slipping. I was very impatient. This writer argued that ministers are preaching to half-empty churches, that nobody practices Christianity any more. That's all nonsense. Christianity dying, humbug! Christianity is just beginning to live. It doesn't make such a *show* any more, I admit. The old revival meeting is gone, the prayer meeting is gone, the camp meeting is gone. But people are more Christian in their *homes* and in their hearts."

The telephone rang. I answered. The call was from Chicago, informing me that I had been transferred to New York and must leave immediately. Quickly I told father and looked up bus schedules. I just had time to catch the last bus that day. As I was leaving, father held out both his hands and took mine. His grasp was firm.

"Son," he said, "I am very happy over your promotion. When you return, I probably will not be here. But don't worry about me. We are both moving up to new jobs. You know that you are going to New York; and, just as surely, I know where I am going. You know what to expect when you get there; so, too, do I."

His clear eyes held mine for a long moment. I could not reply. We both knew we would not see each other again.

"God bless you, son," he said, "good-bye."

TO THE INDIES

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY
C. S. FORESTER

To the Indies, a current best-seller, is fiction based solidly on facts — the memorable facts of Columbus's third voyage to the New World, which he still believed to be the Indies. Using many actual historical personalities, Mr. Forester reveals the blood-lust, superstition and greed, the treachery and the bravery of the Spanish adventurers. "An admirable tale," writes Peter Munro Jack in the *N. Y. Times*, "realistic and romantic by turns; a most beguiling book."

TO THE INDIES

THE LEARNED Narciso Rich was washing his shirt. The fore-deck where he worked was stifling hot and Rich endeavored to stay in the shadow of the sail, but that was not easy because the ship was swinging aimlessly in a flat calm. The sun stung his bare skin, yet he could not postpone what he was doing until nightfall, because the work in hand necessitated a good light — he was freeing his shirt of insect pests.

He knew the shirt would not stay clean very long; not in this ship, where every man was alive with lice, and where the very planking swarmed with loathsome creatures which hastened out at nightfall to suck human blood. Nevertheless, he made a thorough job of it.

Not since his student days had Narciso Rich had to abase himself with such labor. In his own house he had servants to wait on him. Without immodesty he could look on himself as in the first rank of jurisconsults in the triple kingdom of Aragon. Merchant princes from Pisa and Florence and Marseille — the very Doge of Venice, for that matter — had listened attentively to his explanations of the law, and

had paid in gold for them. Now he was washing his own shirt under an equinoctial sun.

And — he admitted to himself with a lawyer's realism — it was his own fault. He need not have joined this expedition, which was the third voyage of Admiral Christopher Columbus to the Indies. But legal affairs in the colonies there had become so muddled that the King had summoned him to consultation, and had asked him to suggest an able-bodied young lawyer who might be sent with the Admiral on this voyage, to watch over the royal interests. A hot wave of recklessness had swept Rich away. His comfortable way of life and his worldly success had seemed to him, momentarily, of small account.

"I could go myself, Highness," he had said.

His Highness's jaw had dropped a little in surprise. "There is nothing we should like better," he had said.

After that there was no chance of withdrawal save at the risk of royal displeasure. And the displeasure of King Ferdinand was more perilous even than a voyage to the Indies.

So here he was, eaten alive by

vermin, and roasting under a tropical sun in a ship which seemed as though she would never again feel a breath of wind, so long had she drifted in these equatorial calms. He finished his shirt and set to work on his leather breeches. He was indeed the only person among the 130 on board who was displaying any sign of activity. The Admiral and his servants were in the great after-cabin, and the rest of the horde were lying idly in the shade of the bulwarks. They were more accustomed to filth and vermin than he was. His fastidious nostrils could distinguish the reek of their dirty bodies and unwashed clothing as one strand of the tangled skein of stinks — salted cod, not too well preserved, rotting cheese, fermenting beans. And it was strange that among all the dangers and discomforts he had expected — the fevers, the poisoned arrows, the fire-breathing dragons — he had never anticipated the vermin which now held so important a place.

As the sky began to display the marvelous reds and golds of another sunset, Rich paused to look about him. Overside was the deep clear blue of the sea, in which lay a long wreath of golden weed. A little flock of flying fish rose from the sea as he looked, and skimmed along, and vanished again. Far astern, almost on the horizon, he could see the brown sail and the red sail of their consorts, helpless, like them, in the calm. Lovely, and yet sinister, the

scene appeared to Rich. Standing barelegged on the foredeck of the *Holy Name*, his breeches in his hand, and with the sunset lowering around him, he felt a twinge of lonely fear.

And at that very moment a tiny breeze began to blow. The big sail flapped a trifle, and then louder. Alonso de Carvajal, the sailing master, was on his feet now, looking up at the long red-cross pennant which was stirring itself at the masthead. He bellowed orders, and at the sound of his voice the sailors roused themselves and moved to halliards and braces. Soon Rich heard a sound he had forgotten — the musical bubbling of water under the bows. He could feel his spirits rise as he hopped on one leg trying to pull on his breeches and not impede the sailors in their duties.

The Admiral was on the poop now, in his blue satin doublet with the gold chain glittering round his neck, his white hair hanging to his shoulders. Alonso Perez came shambling past him — the Admiral's servant, major-domo and general factotum. He stepped to the rail and cleared his throat noisily, standing waiting.

"Go!" came the Admiral's high clear voice from the poop, and Perez spat into the indigo sea. The Admiral's right hand was clasping his left wrist. He was counting the number of times his pulse beat while the white fleck of mucus drifted back to him, which would enable him to estimate the speed of the ship through the water. Rich had helped in pre-

paring the table of speeds which made the calculation possible.

It was one of the many ingenious devices which Rich had admired since he had come to sea and interested himself in navigation. The astrolabe, for example, enabled one to guess which point one had reached of the earth's rotundity from north to south. By its aid a ship's captain could always return to a place he had previously visited, by sailing along the line which ran through it parallel to the equator. If only there were a similar method of ascertaining longitude — Rich was interrupted in this line of thought; the ship's company was assembling aft for prayers.

He took his place among the gentlemen and priests at the starboard side. Heads were bowed. Horny hands made the sign of the cross. They prayed to the Queen of Heaven, the unlettered among them stumbling through the Latin words following the others. Rich glanced at the Admiral, who was gazing up at the darkening sky. There was a happy exaltation in his face, a fixed and fanatical enthusiasm — everyone was aware of the Admiral's special devotion to the Blessed Virgin. His blue eyes were still bright in the growing darkness, his white beard ghostlike.

The prayer ended, and the massed ship's company began to break up again into groups. Overhead the stars were coming into sight — strange stars, with the Great Bear almost

lost on the northern horizon, and new constellations showing in the south, flowing vividly against the velvet of the sky. Like another star appeared the taper borne by a ship's boy to light the lamp above the compass.

THE BLESSED new coolness of the night gave sweet sleep to Narciso Rich — despite the foulness of his sleeping quarters below decks. He told himself, as he stepped back into fresh air just before dawn, that they must be nearing the Fountain of Youth, for he felt none of the weight of his 40 years on his shoulders, and his bones had ceased to protest about that chaff mattress. Carvajal had told him of the curious type of bed used by the natives of the Indian islands — a network of interlaced creepers called a "hammock" in their pagan tongue — and Rich had suggested that this would be ideal for use on board ship, where space was limited and motion violent; but Carvajal had shaken his head at such a notion. Chaff mattresses had always been used at sea. Christian sailors could do better than to adopt ideas from naked unbelievers.

A ship's boy came pattering up, barefooted; the last grains were running out of the hour-glass, and he turned it. The ship's day was begun. Carvajal came up onto the poop, crossed himself before the painted Virgin by the taffrail, and

began bellowing at the sleepy men who were crawling out of the fore-castle. Twelve of them were set to work at bailing out the ship — seven as a living chain passing up buckets from the bilge to the rail, five returning the empty buckets. Every day this work grew harder, because in these seas there lived creatures who bored holes in the bottoms of ships, as clean as an auger.

The ship was fully awake now. Here came the friars in their robes, and after them Rich's recent cabin mates, the hidalgos, lounging out on deck, their swords at their hips. Soon the Admiral appeared wearing scarlet velvet, his gold chain and his jeweled sword and dagger. His four pages and two attendants followed him.

The hidalgos, Rich among them, fell into line and bowed deeply as he approached. He bowed stiffly in return — it was rheumatism which made him so unbending — and then turned to murmur a prayer to the Virgin by the taffrail. Carvajal made his report: they had run 21 leagues during the night. At dawn the lookout had seen a flight of pelicans. . . .

"Then land is near," said the Admiral. "Pelicans never fly far to sea."

The Admiral directed his glance forward, toward the lookout. There was a little petulance in his manner, as though he suspected the lookout of not doing his duty. Rich was puzzled, because the Admiral could have no certain knowledge

that land was within 500 miles of them in that direction; the Indies already discovered were far to the northward, and no one could tell exactly where the others might appear.

"It may even be in sight now," said the Admiral. "Perez, go aloft and see for me."

Perez shambled forward, leaped with ungraceful agility up into the shrouds of the mainmast, and climbed like an ape up the rope ladder. For a long time he stared to the westward, looked away to relieve his aching eyes, and then stared again. Suddenly he waved his hand.

"Land!" he shouted. "Land!"

The ship broke into a bustle of excitement. Two or three sailors sprang for the shrouds, and were instantly checked by a high-pitched cry from the Admiral. No one except the faithful Perez should set eyes on this new domain of his before its legitimate ruler. He walked to the shrouds with the dignity that concealed his rheumatic gait, and slowly began the climb. They saw Perez make place for him and point forward, and then, clearly dismissed, slide down the halliard to the deck. The Admiral stayed at the mast-head, the sun gleaming on his jewelry and his scarlet and gold. It was long before he began his slow descent.

"Gentlemen," he said gravely, as he reached the deck, "yet one more miracle has been vouchsafed to us."

He crossed himself, and they waited for him to say more.

"This voyage, as you know, gentlemen, my third expedition to the Indies, was undertaken in the name of the Most Holy Trinity. And now the first land we sight is a triple peak, three mountain tops conjoined at their base, the emblem of the Trinity. Three in One and One in Three. I have named the land Trinidad, in perpetual memory of this stupendous event."

After prayers and a hymn, the Admiral dismissed the excited ship's company so that they could climb the rigging and view the land in sight.

Narciso Rich was filled with awe. Six years ago the Admiral had discovered the Indies, in face of the hostile criticism of all the world. Today his prediction of the presence of land in a place where no one could be certain land existed had been dramatically confirmed!

Narciso set himself to make the unaccustomed climb up the main shrouds. At the masthead there were a dozen soldiers, who grudgingly made room for him. He clung wildly to the yard, breathless and giddy. Up here the motion of the ship was greatly exaggerated. The horizon swooped round him for a few wild seconds until he regained his breath and his self-control. He wiped off the sweat which was streaming into his eyes and looked forward. There was the land; bright green slopes illuminated by the morning sun. The Indies! The most westerly and the most easterly

limit of man's knowledge of the world he lived in. . . .

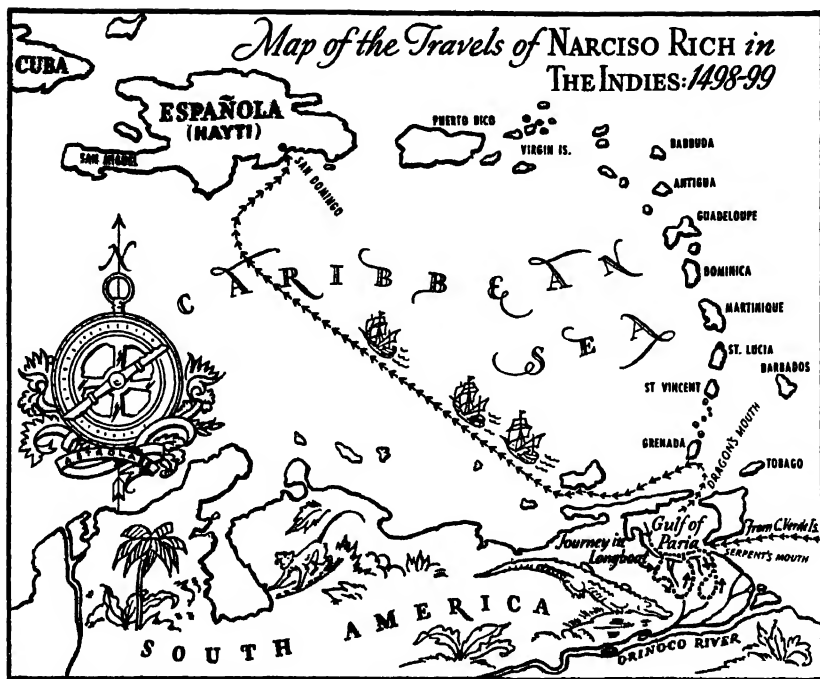
It looked a rich enough country — that vivid green spoke well for its fertility — but it seemed virgin. His straining eyes could see no sign of human habitation. If they were indeed near the Asiatic mainland, as the Admiral had assured them, would this not be a busy and prosperous coast, thick with shipping? Yet there was no shipping in sight at all, not even — what was the word learned from the Indian islanders on the previous voyages? — not even a *canoa*.

The Admiral had announced a triple peak. Rich swept his gaze along the skyline to identify the mountain. It was odd that he could not see it. The Admiral had been very positive about it. With a little sinking at heart he began to suspect that the Admiral had only imagined a triple peak.

This was disquieting. It tended to shake his faith in miracles, and that cut at the base of all religion and led to doubt and heresy, and from that to unsound theories or the distribution of property, to the fires of the Inquisition and the flames of hell. He shuddered at the thought of the damnation of his soul.

As his feet touched the deck he found himself face to face with Rodrigo Acevedo, the elder of two brothers who were on the expedition as soldiers.

"Well, Doctor?" said Rodrigo, "did you see the Great Khan put"



ting off to welcome us in his gilded galleon?"

"No," said Rich. "We have come this far south so as to avoid the Great Khan's dominions."

"We have avoided them in all conscience," said Acevedo, his mouth distorted in a lopsided smile. Rich remembered what he had heard about Acevedo's past — of the Inquisition's descent upon the family of his betrothed; his prospective father-in-law had been burned at the stake in Toledo, and his prospective bride had disappeared for life into a dungeon.

"What do you think, then?"

"I? I think nothing."

Their eyes met, with a gleam of understanding, before Acevedo was called away by a group clustered forward.

The backgammon boards were out, and the dice were rattling. Half the ship's company had already recovered from the excitement of sighting land and had plunged again into the diversions which had become habitual during the long voyage. These people were indifferent to their fates, careless as to where they were going; and that

was only to be expected, as three quarters of them were on board either against their will or, like Acevedo, because Spain had grown too hot to hold them.

It was like the first voyage over again, when the ships had to be manned by criminals and ne'er-dowells. For the second voyage there had been no lack of money or of volunteers. Seventeen tall ships had sailed, with full complements, and a score of stowaways had been found on board after sailing. The Admiral's stories of the wealth of the newly discovered lands had made men eager to join. But during the following years bad news had drifted back. The original garrison left in Española (which the natives called "Hay-ti") were all dead by the time the second expedition arrived. Death had followed death in terrifying succession, death by disease, by poisonous serpents, by famine, by the gallows after mutiny. It was not surprising that compulsion had been necessary to man the ships for this third expedition.

BY ORDER of the Admiral! All gentlemen will wear half-armor and swords today. By order of the Admiral!"

It was still dark. The harsh voice awakened Rich from a tumultuous sleep. He sat up and listened to the yawns and groans around him. In the poisonous atmosphere of the 'tween-decks, 20 tousled men were stretching and rubbing their eyes.

He got to his knees — the deck above was too low to admit of standing, with the 'tween-decks floored with chests — rolled up his mattress and struggled to open the chest beneath it. Cristobal García, big, burly, bearded to the eyes and clearly in a bad temper, lay next to him. An unexpected movement of the ship rolled Rich against García, who growled like a wounded bear.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Rich, hastily.

He was sweating profusely by the time the leather coat and breeches were on, and the back and breastplates buckled about him. He grabbed his sword and his helmet and scrambled out, bent double.

On the forecastle the bombardier and his two mates were cleaning the two swivel cannons. They had a barrel of gunpowder and a chest full of their enormous bullets, each nearly the size of a man's fist. The six handgunmen, each with his ponderous weapon and his rest, were aft. The deck was crowded with crossbowmen in helmets and jerkins, and spearmen with helmets and leather shields, and the armor-clad hidalgos. No embassy from the shore could fail to be struck by this display.

Round came the three ships, heading close along shore. Now Rich could understand why the Admiral had so persistently demanded only little ships — nothing more than a hundred tons. The two small caravels could sail much nearer the

beach than could the *Holy Name*. A sailor in the bows of each vessel was heaving the lead and chanting the depths.

It was a silent shore. Save for the birds there was no sound, no sign of life. They had hoped for the teeming millions of Asia, opulent cities and luxurious princes. The Admiral was convinced that the Indian islands he had discovered on his first voyages were pretty close to the dominions of the Great Khan. They had hoped at least to see laughing naked peoples like those of previously discovered islands. But here there was nothing.

At the Admiral's order, the bombardier ladled powder into his cannon. He clicked his flint and steel over his tinder, blew at the spark, tried again, got his match alight, whirled it round to make it glow, and pressed it on the touch-hole. There was a loud bang and a puff of smoke. The birds screamed and a little cloud of them appeared above the trees on the island. The echo of the report ran flatly along the shore, and that was all. No welcoming human appeared; the armored men stood stupid and silent on the decks.

"A lovely land, Don Narciso," said the Admiral's voice in Rich's ear. "Green and fertile, like Andalusia in springtime. This will prove to be the richest quarter of the earth."

"We must hope so," said Rich, unhappily.

"Hope? We know it to be so al-

ready. The Scriptures tell us so. I think we must be close beside the Garden of Eden, the Earthly Paradise, where the Tree of Knowledge grows, and where man is near to God."

Rich stared up, under his helmet's peak, at the tall gaunt Admiral and the ecstasy in his face. He could think of no passages in the Scriptures to justify the theory.

The Admiral's keen eyes detected an indentation in the shoreline. He turned to give orders in his clear, penetrating tenor, and the seamen leaped to obey him. The steersman dragged the tiller over, the anchor was let go and the cable roared through the hawsehole. Rich was impressed by the Admiral's sudden change from a dreamer of lunatic dreams to a practical sailor. As the *Holy Name* swung to her anchor the Admiral turned to him.

"A stream comes down to the sea at that beach, Don Narciso. I shall send ashore for fresh water. Would you care to go with the landing party and take possession of the island in the name of Their Highnesses?"

"Indeed yes. I must thank Your Excellency."

Rich forgot the weight of his armor and the heat of the sun; he waited impatiently while the longboat was swung out. Empty barrels were lowered into the boat; six seamen scrambled down and took their places at the oars, and four crossbowmen followed. Then came An-

tonio Spallanzani, the Admiral's Italian squire, with the Admiral's standard. Rich clambered down into the boat, realizing that if he slipped into the sea his armor would carry him straight to the bottom. The sailors tugged at the oars, and they went dancing over the waves toward the shore.

When they reached the golden beach, after running the boat through a line of white surf, Spallanzani struck the shaft of the flag into the sand and took a paper from his breast.

"We," he read, "Don Christopher Columbus, Admiral of the Ocean, Viceroy and Governor of the Islands of the Indies, Captain-General and Grandee of Spain . . ."—it was a solemn formula of possession.

When he had finished Rich took off his helmet.

"This is done," he proclaimed, "in the name of Their Highnesses Don Ferdinand and Donna Isabella. . . ." Then followed a long enumeration of Their Highnesses' titles, and the little ceremony was over.

While the sailors busied themselves with filling the water barrels from the nearby stream, Rich walked curiously up the beach, conscious now of a thrill at making these, his first steps in the New World. He stooped and filled his hands and drank from the little stream, rejoicing in the water's cool freshness and in having enough to drink after six weeks of a ration of only three

leathern cups of water a day. He turned into the forest. The sounds of the beach—the surf, and the voices of the watering party—ended abruptly.

Here in the forest the air was stagnant and warm. The sweat streamed down from under Rich's helmet, and his skin began to itch furiously inside his armor. A mosquito sang into his ear, then bit his neck. He brushed it off, and soon he was busy brushing off flies from neck and face and hands and wrists. He burst through into a little clear space, where the stream expanded into a small pool with marshy banks. Gay birds with hooked beaks flew thick—parrots, they were. He remembered that in the Admiral's triumphal procession through Barcelona, when he was received by Their Highnesses on his return from his first voyage of discovery, a great many parrots had been displayed.

He made his way back to the stream again, and saw someone kneeling at the water's edge, above the point where the men were filling their barrels. He had a flat pan in his hand. There was gravel in the bottom of the pan, and under the influence of the current and of the man's raking fingers it was gradually being swept away. It was Diego Alamo, the assayer, who had come ashore with a watering party from the caravel *Santa Ana*. Alamo had dealt in gold and precious stones; and his knowledge of Eastern languages might be useful when they

made contact with Asiatic civilization. Under suspicion of being a crypto-Jew he had thought it well to accept the appointment of Royal Assayer to escape the attention of the Holy Office.

Alamo, with a skillful jerk, flirled the remaining water from the pan and studied the layer of sediment closely. Then he shrugged his shoulders and washed the pan clean, looking up to meet Rich's eyes.

"Are there signs of gold?" asked Rich.

"Not in this stream, but the country looks as if it might bear gold. Perhaps, in the forest, gold-bearing rocks might be found. These rocks on the shore are dead and gold is unlikely in them." He ran his hands over a ledge. "See, they are smooth and lifeless — feel them for yourself, Don Narciso. It is the spirited, lively rocks which bear the noble metals. If we had more time . . ."

But a bellowing behind them made them turn; the watering party was waving arms to them in recall.

THE SQUADRON was sailing westward along the south coast of Trinidad when a cry from the lookout brought everyone to his feet. There was a canoe full in sight as they rounded a headland. It was well out to sea, on passage between cape and cape; with the wind right

aft the squadron overhauled it fast. Brown and naked, with streaming black hair, the Indians ceased paddling and stared with frightened eyes at the huge hull of the *Holy Name* drifting down upon them.

"Hey, Diego," called the Admiral, "beat your tambourine, and you boys dance to it. Show them we mean no harm."

It was a ludicrous scene, the ship's boys capering on the forecastle, and the sullen Indians gazing up at them uncomprehending. The Admiral himself was up on the bulwark, jingling hawk's-bells — which had been found to be an unfailing attraction in the other Indian islands.

At an order from the Admiral, a seaman suddenly swung over the bulwark and dropped among the Indians. The canoe overturned, and the occupants were flung into the sea. They were glad to clutch the ropes thrown to them and be pulled on deck, where they stood, dripping water, with the Spaniards clustered round them. Four of them were men and two women, the women quite naked, but three of the men were wearing cloaks of coarse cotton about their shoulders. Rich examined the material. It was of poorer weave than any he had ever seen.

"Make fast the canoe!" called the Admiral over the bulwark. "Put those paddles back in her!"

The Indians made a frightened group, their arms about each other and their teeth chattering in fright,

while the Spaniards pushed and elbowed to see more closely these strange humans, who felt no shame at nudity, who had never heard the name of God, who knew nothing of steel or gunpowder. Someone stretched out a hand and stroked a woman's shoulder; she shrank from the touch at first, but when it was renewed she gradually recovered from her shyness and smiled a little over her shoulder at the man who caressed her, like a child; but a bellow of laughter from the Spaniards made her seek safety again beside her fellows.

The Admiral was uttering strange words learned in Cuba and Española, and they responded to his soothing tone of voice even though they clearly could not understand what he said.

"Guanahani," said the Admiral. "Cibao. Cuba. Hayti."

The names of these places meant nothing to them.

"*Canoa*," said the Admiral, pointing overside.

That they understood; they nodded and smiled.

"*Canoa*," they said, in chorus, and one of them went on to say more, in a sing-song tone.

It was the Admiral's turn to shake his head.

"Their speech is not unlike that of Española," he said to Rich. "But it is not the same, save for a few words, like *canoa*."

The Admiral jingled one of his hawk's-bells enticingly, and they

eyed it with wonder. He offered it, and they shrank back a little. He took the hand of one of the men, and put the bell into it, and set the bell a-rattle by shaking the man's fist. An awed expression crept over the man's face as he realized that this bell was actually to be his. All the Indians were smiling now.

Rich's eyes were on the necklace worn by one of the women. "They are pearls," said the Admiral. He offered her a red woollen cap, with a gesture of exchanging it for the necklace. With a swift movement she uncoiled the necklace and thrust it, a great double handful, into his hands. Her puzzled look as he proffered the cap revealed that she had intended the necklace as a gift.

"It is the same as in Española," said the Admiral. "The heathen have no notion of barter. They think a stranger's wanting a thing is sufficient reason for giving it."

The surging Spaniards round laughed at such folly.

"Look at this, Your Excellency!" said a Spaniard, loudly.

One of the Indian men had something yellow hanging on a string round his neck. It was a tiny fragment of gold. Rich heard the quick intake of breath all round the ring. Gold! The Admiral strode up, his expression so hard and fierce that the Indian raised his arm to ward off a blow.

"Where did you get this?" demanded the Admiral.

The Indian still cowered away, and the Admiral, with an obvious effort at self-control, changed his tone.

"Send for Alamo from the *Santa Ana*," he said, aside, and then, turning back to the Indian, he smiled winningly. He raised his eyebrows in an obvious question, pointed to the bit of gold, and then away to the island. The Indian thought for a moment, and pointed westward. There was a general murmur from the crowd — there was gold in the west.

"Much?" asked the Admiral, making a gesture with widespread arms. "Much?"

The Indian after a moment of puzzlement extended his arms in agreement, to the sound of a renewed murmur from the crowd. There was much gold to be found; but Rich, watching the by-play, was not quite so sure. The Indian might be meaning that the gold was far away. Years of sifting evidence had given Rich an insight into the extraordinary ways in which misunderstandings can arise.

The Admiral was jingling another hawk's-bell and offering to barter it for the gold, and the Indian made the exchange gladly as soon as he grasped what the Admiral wanted.

The longboat, rowed as fast as a dozen stout arms could drive her, returned from the *Santa Ana*, and Alamo reported to the Admiral.

"What of this gold?" the Admiral asked.

Alamo took the fragment of metal, poised it on a finger tip, tested it against his teeth, turned it to obtain a flash of the sun from it.

"That is gold," he said. "Without my acids and scales I cannot assay it, but I am certain it is in a state of nature, as it was found."

"Thank you. Now speak to these men in the tongues of the East."

Alamo addressed the Indians in a language of which Rich understood no word. Nor did the Indians, to judge by their expressions. Alamo tried again in other languages, but the Indians' faces remained impassive.

"That is Hebrew, Greek, the Arabic of the East and the Arabic of the West, Your Excellency," said Alamo.

"Thank you. We can let them go now," said the Admiral.

He took more red caps, and set one on the head of each Indian. He pressed a hawk's-bell into each of their hands, and then he waved them over the side to their canoe.

"Go in peace," he said. The line was cast off, and the men took the paddles. Slowly the canoe stood away from the ship, heading in for the land. The scarlet caps danced over the water, bright in the light of the setting sun.

"With kind treatment and presents," said the Admiral, coming to stand beside Rich, "we can hope that they will tell their fellows and send them to us. We need pearls and we need gold."

Indeed, thought Rich. He knew how necessary it was for the Admiral to gather much treasure, if he hoped to retain the royal favor.

"We have made a start," he said, cheerfully.

"So we have," said the Admiral; in his two fists was the long string of pearls, luminous in the failing light.

NEXT DAY the little squadron passed through a narrow, treacherous strait, boiling with a swift current, which the Admiral named The Serpent's Mouth. As they emerged into the new, mirror-smooth body of water beyond, Rich stood by the Admiral on the deck.

"I could wish," said the Admiral, "that we might see more Indians. We need to trade. And we shall need labor for the mines."

"Might I —" began Rich, and then he hesitated, surprised at himself, before he took the plunge. "Might I take the longboat closer in to shore?"

"I should be glad if you did," said the Admiral. "You must take every possible opportunity to be able to report favorably to Their Highnesses on the wealth of these islands."

Rich had no time to repent. In a surprisingly short time he was in the longboat, with five gentlemen of coat-armor and three sailors. After an hour's sailing parallel to the coast they found a suitable land-

ing place, beached the boat, and, leaving two of their number to guard it, pressed on toward the interior.

The forest was nearly impenetrable; in places they had to hack a path through it with their heavy swords, following a small watercourse. But at length they began to see signs that there might be humans near them. They came upon a path, nearly imperceptible, which Rich decided to explore.

"Follow me quietly," he said to the others.

But they could not hope to move quietly in the forest. Dead wood crackled under their feet, low twigs rang on their helmets, their scabbards rattled and their accouterments creaked. Presently a little Indian boy, naked and pot-bellied, came running down the path. He put his fingers in his mouth and stared. His features began to work and it was clearly only a matter of seconds before he would cry.

"Seize him!" hissed García. But Rich held out his hand.

"Hullo, little one," he said, kneeling. "Come and talk to me."

The little boy postponed his tears and piped out something incomprehensible; then he stretched out a small hand and touched Rich's helmet.

"Pretty!" said Rich. "Pretty!"

The little boy replied in his own strange language, still engrossed in the helmet. When at last his interest died away Rich cautiously straightened himself.

"There!" he said, and pointed slowly up the path. "Mother? Father?" He began gently to walk forward, and the little boy put his hand in his and trotted beside him.

They came out soon into a little clearing. Smoke was rising from a small fire in its center. On one side there were five strange houses of dead leaves, but no human stirred. The little boy tugged at Rich's hand to draw him forward, and then raised his voice, calling. An Indian woman broke from the forest beyond the clearing and came running heavily toward them. She, too, was naked, and far gone in pregnancy; she caught up the little boy in her arms and stared at them, asking urgent questions of the child meanwhile.

As the Spaniards stood quietly, there was a bustle and stir in the forest; a score of Indians came forth into the clearing, old and young, men and women and children. Rich, looking to see if any of them was armed, saw that one man carried a little cane bow, and two others carried headless cane spears, against which ordinary clothes — leaving leather coats out of account — would be adequate protection. The Indians smiled, with flashing white teeth, chattering to each other in their high-pitched voices.

"The woman there has pearls!" said García at Rich's shoulder.

Round each arm above the elbow she wore a rope of pearls, each pearl larger than any they had obtained before.

"Look at them, by God!" said Tarpia.

The Indians noticed their gestures and turned to see what was attracting so much attention. They chattered and laughed to each other, the wearer of the pearls — a handsome woman of early middle age — laughing as much as any of them, a little bashfully. The wrinkled old man beside her — husband or father, it was not apparent which — clapped her on the shoulder, urging her forward. She approached them modestly, stripped the pearls from her arms, then thrust one rope into García's hand and the other into Tarpia's, scuttling back to her companions with a laugh. The Spaniards eyed their treasures.

"We must give them something in exchange," said Rich. The Admiral's orders had been very strict on the point that all treasure should be bartered for and never taken.

"I know what I should give her," said García, eying her nudity.

Rich tried to ignore him, and fumbled in his pocket for a coin which he dropped into her hand. The Indians looked curiously at the money. One of them suddenly spied the Queen's head on the coin, and pointed it out to the others. Instantly they were all laughing again delightedly.

A fresh idea suddenly struck the wrinkled man, and he turned and cried out to the others. His suggestion was greeted with acclamation. They laid open a hole beside the

fire, and from it arose a delicious-smelling steam. The Spaniards had reached the clearing at a moment when the Indians were about to dine. With sticks the Indians hoisted from the hole what looked at first to be a bundle of dead leaves; and when they peeled the leaves off, the smell grew more delicious than ever. At last the unrecognizable roast was laid bare. The wrinkled man took a leaf in each hand and began to break up the meat; the women scurried back and forth with more leaves. Rich found a savory piece on his lap; he bit cautiously into it.

"What is this?" he asked of one of the women. He pointed to the meat and raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Iguana," said the woman. "Iguana."

The name meant nothing to any of the Spaniards, as their expression showed. One of the Indian men came to the rescue. He went down on all fours, turned his head this way and that, put the edge of his hand on the base of his spine and waved it from side to side like a lashing tail.

"Iguana," he said, rising.

It was a graphic piece of work.

"He means a lizard," said Rich, trying to keep a little of the consternation out of his voice.

"Does he?" said Tarpia. "Well, lizard is good enough for me."

"My God, yes," said García. "Look at this."

He had drawn one of the girls beside him, and was caressing her naked body. She stood stock still, with eyes downcast, trembling a little. Rich looked anxiously round the ring. He saw the smile die away from the face of one of the Indian men. The merriment ceased; it was as if a shadow had come over the sun.

"Remember the Admiral's orders, Don Cristobal," said Rich, anxiously. Sullenly García pushed the girl from him, and the tension died away from the attitudes of the Indians. The wrinkled man broke off more meat.

It dawned upon Rich, with misgivings, that these people had given away the meal they had been about to eat themselves. Then he realized that he need not let his conscience trouble him. Their pleasure in giving was obvious. It was the Spaniards who were conferring the favor by accepting. A sudden wave of melancholy came over him. How could these laughing generous people be civilized? What did religion, property, or labor mean to them? They would be happier left alone — he caught himself on the verge of heresy again. It was a Christian's duty to set their feet in the way of God, and a Spaniard's duty to increase the wealth of Spain. Yet he revolted from the implications. Weakly, he tried to brush the problem from him as he brushed his hands together and rose. The shadow of the forest stretched from side to

side of the clearing; it was late afternoon.

"Back to the ship!" he called. Tarpia and García, their eyes on the women, seemed inclined to disobey. But at last they rose and followed with the others.

As he set his feet on the homeward path, Rich looked back at the Indians, standing grouped in the clearing, each with his arm on another's shoulder. The melancholy he had felt before flooded back within him, and he plunged without a word along the narrow path. The brook gurgled sleepily, the parrots overhead squawked and fluttered, and all the noises of the forest engulfed them again as they went on down the hill. At one time Rich heard, far behind him, the faint cry of a strange bird, high and shrill, repeated more than once.

They came out at last into the bright evening sunshine of the beach, where Don Diego Moret dozed on his back and the old sailor Jorge whittled at a stick. They looked up as the party approached.

"Is all well?" asked Rich, and then, in the same moment, he knew that all was not well. He looked back at his men, emerging from the forest. "Where are Tarpia and García?" he demanded. "And Diego?"

"I thought they were in front with you," said Acevedo, a little surprised. "Or perhaps they are coming down another way." But his eyes met Rich's, and they both

knew they were thinking the same thoughts.

Should he go back, Rich wondered? No, darkness would fall before he arrived. Bitterly he sat down to wait for the missing men. He remembered that strange cry far back in the forest. A bird, he had thought then — but now he knew what it was.

As the sun began to sink, a dull report reached his ears, and, looking toward the ships, he saw a little puff of smoke at the bows of the *Holy Name*. The great standard at her mainmast-head came slowly down, rose again, descended and rose.

"That's the signal to us, sir," called Jorge. "We'll have to go back."

"Very well," said Rich, his mind made up. "The others will be left in the forest."

They began to put their gear back into the boat. As Rich climbed in and sat in the stern-sheets, a shout from the forest made them pause and look around.

"That's García," said Rodrigo Acevedo.

The three of them came in sight now at the edge of the trees, running over the sand toward the boat. Rich saw their expression, like a trio of schoolboys caught in a piece of mischief, guilty and yet impudent.

"Where have you been?" asked Moret as they came up, panting.

"Oh, we missed our way," said

Tarpia, looking sidelong at Rich.

They followed the example of the others, throwing their weight against the boat and splashing out with her in the shallows. There was no opportunity of talking for a moment, and then they all came tumbling in over the sides. García was on the aftermost thwart, face to face with Rich. He reached for an oar along with the others.

"Shall we have to use these things?" he asked, loudly, dropping the oar clumsily into the rowlock.

Rich was staring at García's hand, and García caught sight of his expression and followed his gaze. The hand was stained with dried blood, hand and wrist.

Very coolly, García leaned over the side and washed clean his hands in the sea.

"It will be a long pull back to the ships," he said, and took hold of his oar again. His teeth showed white in his swarthy face as he smiled.

Later, while reporting his trip to the Admiral, Rich made no mention of the bloodshed. As a lawyer, he knew he had no proof of it; from his observation of the Admiral, he knew that no disciplinary action was to be expected. Moreover, to mention it would mean incurring the enmity of the burly García — and that might lead to a duel, in which case he, Rich, was almost certain to be killed.

So he held his tongue, though the episode made him heartsick and fearful.

A MARKED current along this western shore of Trinidad carried the squadron steadily northward during the night. Now, at dawn, everyone could see more clearly what lay ahead. There were several small steep-sided islands in a chain across their course, with narrow passages between.

"These channels are narrower, and more dangerous, than the Serpent's Mouth yesterday," announced the Admiral, as he studied the sea. "The Mouth of the Dragon, do you think?"

"A very appropriate name, Your Excellency," said Rich.

"I am not justified in risking the passage," the Admiral said. "I intend heading westward to see if we can find an easier one on the other side of the island."

But sailing westward brought them only to shoaling water, and a low green shore across their bows. At nightfall the Admiral ordered the anchors to be let go.

"I shall send the longboat tomorrow, Don Narciso," he announced, "to discover a western passage around this island. It would please me very much if you would go."

Several hidalgos were listening. There was a little ripple of volunteering round the circle. All eyes were on Rich.

"Thank you, Your Excellency,"

he said, reluctant to assume such responsibility, but not daring to refuse.

Five seconds later García was addressing him as privately as a crowded ship permitted. "May I be one of the party?" he asked.

Their eyes met — the burly young hidalgo with his bristling beard and gaudy clothes, and the stout little lawyer with the sharp eye belied by the unobtrusive manner. It was strange for the one to be asking a favor of the other, yet it was so.

"There are others who have not been ashore at all," Rich temporized.

"Yes," answered García, with a placatory grin, "but I should like to go again."

"And you remember what happened?" said Rich. He did not want García in his party; he was afraid.

"I remember. But —"

Rich knew that a refusal would offend him. On the other hand there was a chance of loyal service from him now. That was better than making a certain enemy of him.

"Will you stay with me if you come?" he asked.

It was a big effort to screw himself up to talk like a superior to this haughty young man, who could wring his neck like a chicken's. But it was the only course open to him.

"Yes," said García.

So García was one of the 20 men who crowded the longboat at dawn next day when they pushed off from the *Holy Name* and headed for the low green shore.

There was no sign of a break in the land to the northward; to the south the hills grew lower and died away into a flat green coast. It was to the south, then, that Rich directed the boatswain Osorio to steer. So low and flat was the shore that it was hard to distinguish where the sea ended and the land began, but at length a place was discovered where an arm of the sea appeared to run up into the land. The boat crept along up this inlet. After a short distance the inlet divided. Osorio at the tiller looked to Rich for orders.

"Which do you think looks more promising?" asked Rich.

Osorio shrugged enormously and spat.

"Go to the right, then," said Rich.

Soon the channel divided again, and Rich again took the northern arm; this divided once more, and he took the southern arm this time, to preserve as direct a westerly course as possible. And these were only the main channels; there were plenty of minor waterways diverging from them. It was bewildering.

The forest beside them steamed, and they could hear again the innumerable sounds of the life within it. The men at the oars were relieved by their companions, and the longboat pushed on until the channel became so narrow that the oars caught against the vegetation on either side.

"There's no way through here for the flagship," said Osorio.

"No," agreed Rich.

As they backed water and retraced their course there was a resentful murmur at the wasted labor.

"We must try again," said Rich loudly. "The Admiral relies on us to discover a passage."

"We must be three leagues from the sea," said Osorio. "And no sign yet of a spring to fill the casks."

Struck by a sudden idea, Rich put one hand into the water and tasted the drops which he lifted out. It was palatable water, almost fresh.

"We're in a river, by God!" said Osorio, watching him.

"Yes," said Rich, "a big river."

A river a quarter of a mile wide, thought Rich. And those innumerable marshy channels through which they had struggled! He thought of the innumerable arms of the Po, embanked by the labor of centuries. He had seen the mouths of the Rhone, too, and he had heard of the mouths of the Rhine and of the Nile. This must be a delta too; and the deductions to be drawn staggered the imagination. It could be no small island they were exploring: a river the size of the Ebro implied a land the size of Aragon at least. Larger still, most probably. Perhaps it was the mainland of Asia at last.

But then again there were difficulties. Rich remembered the description by the Venetian, Marco Polo, of the Asiatic countries and of the court of the Great Khan, its wealth and its fleets and armies. If this were the Asiatic mainland those

armies must have pushed hither to conquer this productive country, and those fleets must have coasted along these shores. Certainly the land would not be sparsely peopled by naked Indians with no knowledge of metals — and wearing pearls worth a king's ransom. If the Great Khan's fleets had not come here, it must be because it was not part of the mainland of Asia at all, or even close to Asia. And this in turn implied that the world was far larger than anyone thought, that the Admiral's calculations were vastly at fault, and that they had not reached the Indies at all!

It was a dangerous thought. There had been doubters before, on the second voyage, and the Admiral had compelled everyone to swear a solemn oath that they believed Cuba to be part of the mainland of Asia, and threatened to cut out the tongue of any man who affirmed the contrary.

"Shall we land and eat our food?" asked Osorio.

"No," said Rich, after a moment's thought. "Let's push a mile or two more up the river first."

A little further effort might take them again to the open sea and resolve all these doubts. The boat crawled steadily up the new channel round a vast bend. Another bend succeeded to that, the banks here lined with a wide stretch of golden sand. Some vast dull-colored creatures lay sunning themselves there; at the sound of the oars they be-

'stirred themselves and wallowed down into the water.

"Iguanas," said García, in reply to a question from a companion.

"Tender and sweet as chicken," said Tarpia, smacking his lips. All hands stared over at the sand bank, now quite deserted.

Round the next bend the character of the river changed. A long way upstream they could see rocks, and a sparkling of wavelets, a hint of white water. They had come to rapids!

"We'll land," said Rich, disappointed. He wanted to push on and on into the depths of this new and mysterious land.

While the men built a fire for cooking, Rich and Osorio walked upstream to explore the extent of the rapids. But the passage appeared to be hopeless for the long-boat, and soon they turned back to join the others.

"The gentlemen are hunting," Osorio observed.

Halfway between them and the boat lay three bulky shapes sunning themselves on the sand — more iguanas. Half a dozen gentlemen were stealthily approaching them over the sand, García, conspicuous in his glittering helmet, in the lead. Rich watched one of the men kneel and aim with a crossbow, and heard the clatter of the released steel.

From then on events moved rapidly. Two of the creatures vanished into the river; García, leaping for-

ward with a rope, noosed the third before it could escape. A whirl of the brute's tail sent him flying, but the others grabbed the end of the rope and hauled manfully.

Rich and Osorio came running up to see the fun, but Rich stopped, appalled at the mad ferocity of the iguana. This was no harmless tree lizard, but a ton weight of hideous strength. Its jaws were frightening and its lashing tail a formidable weapon. Rich remembered what he had heard and read of the crocodile of the Nile. This was very like a crocodile. Though its left foreleg was crippled by the crossbow bolt driven deeply into it, it was still fierce enough to face eight men with every chance of success.

With a whirl of oaths Osorio snatched the knife from his belt and sprang into the fray. A sudden swerve on the lizard's part swept off their feet the men at the end of the rope; at the same moment the beast caught sight of Rich and rushed straight at him. Rich stood fascinated for a second by its little dead eyes, which yet were so malignant. His mind was racing; he knew that if he ran away, as his every instinct dictated, he would forfeit the respect of these fighting men. So he changed his movement for flight into a clumsy evasion of the rush, and swung his sword frantically at the brute's head; the blade rang loudly on the bone. Three times he slashed; a crossbow bolt whizzed harshly past him.

Then suddenly the brute, as it swung round, turned over onto its back, revealing its whitish belly. The thing squirmed insanely for a second or two while Rich slashed again; García was beside him now, slashing too. Rich saw the pale green-gray belly gape widely in a red wound. As the creature righted itself, a hind leg came within the sweep of his sword, and he slashed once more. There was a thrill as the blade bit deep; Rich had the gratifying feeling that all his strength had been behind that blow. The thing was crippled, and a fresh drag upon the rope flung it on its side. All the gentlemen were rushing in now, and the thing died under the sword blades, its huge jaws still snapping. The mad yelling — they had all apparently been shouting at the tops of their voices — died away as they looked at each other across the corpse.

"Holy Mary!" said one of the men, looking round at the sweating gentlemen, at the torn-up sand with its bloodstains, and the dead lizard, "Did Don Cristobal say the Indians kill these things?"

"Smaller ones," replied García, feeling the bruises on his thigh; "I said smaller ones."

"And you say you have eaten their flesh?" asked another. "The thing stinks!"

It stank indeed; their nostrils were assailed with the foul musky stench which arose from the corpse.

"This is more like a crocodile of

the Nile," said Rich, and there was a murmur of agreement as they recognized the likeness.

"Look at that hind leg!" said João de Setubal. "I saw Don Narciso strike that blow myself."

The creature's left hind leg was cut nearly through close to the body, hanging merely by a bit of hide.

"A good blow, that," said Osorio.

They all looked at Rich with new respect; he felt himself blushing in the hot sunlight, but experience in court loosened his tongue:

"Gentlemen," he said. "It was the efforts of all of us that killed this crocodile. There was the cross-bow bolt which crippled its foreleg. There was the courage of Don Cristobal, who dropped the noose over its head. There were the intelligent men who dragged at the rope at exactly the right moment."

They murmured in pleased agreement at these compliments. It was odd, the influence trifles had over these hot-blooded gentlemen.



FRESH DISTRACTION came when one of the seamen cried out that a canoe was approaching upstream. Rich walked to the water's edge and waved a welcome; the canoe came steadily on toward them until it grated on the sand and the five Indians in it stepped out. They wore cloaks of white cotton, and aprons of the same material. They were handsome, of the palest copper color,

and with long straight hair hanging to their shoulders.

What Rich noticed specially was their lack of surprise at finding the white men here; immediately after salutations with raised hands they came forward and examined the Spaniards. Clothing and armor and beards came in for close study. They stood in a group and admired the longboat, marveling at its size and construction — their own wretched boat was made of a single piece of wood and had hardly three inches of freeboard.

They stared at the dead lizard with ejaculations of wonder. García approached them and pointed to it.

"Iguana?" he said inquiringly, and, as they only looked puzzled, he repeated the word, varying the intonation. "Iguana? Iguana?"

A look of understanding came over their faces and they made emphatic gestures of negation.

"Caiman," said one, and then, pointing to the trees, "Iguana."

"Eat caiman?" asked García. He pointed to the body and then to his mouth and then rubbed his belly.

The gestures of dissent were still more emphatic now; they made wry faces and held their noses.

Rich produced some of the trade goods with which the longboat had been supplied, and jingled a hawk's-bell enticingly. There was awe and delight displayed at the gifts. He tapped at one of the Indian's thin metal collars which seemed to be of gold, and which the Spaniards

had been eying since the Indians first arrived. Rich tried to display in dumb show great affection for the gold, and pointed inquiringly to the horizon. Instantly the Indian pointed south, with many words and gestures. Rich caught one word — "*Guanin*."

"*Guanin*?" he said.

"*Guanin*," said the Indian, tapping the collar.

They knew now the Indian word for "gold." Three collars were put into Rich's hands without his even asking for them. These uncultured folk clearly were possessed of the instinct to present strangers with whatever they desired. One of them began a new pantomime, pointing to his mouth, pointing to the whole group of Spaniards, and then, in a wide gesture, away across the river.

"He's inviting us to dinner," said García.

Rich nodded in acceptance. They pushed the longboat out from its mooring place and pulled after the canoe. Down where the delta began, the canoe turned abruptly into a side channel, which led them into a broader arm again, where trees grew with their feet in the water. Four more canoes floated moored to the bank, and a little crowd of Indians stood at the landing place to welcome them, men, women, and children, some in cotton aprons, many of them naked, and all of them chattering and laughing with pleasure at the strangers' visit.

A sort of triumphal procession

began, the naked children scampering in front, the adults leading the Spaniards by the hand, while the original party talked loudly to everyone, apparently telling of all the extraordinary things these strangers could do.

It was almost dark by now. Someone stirred the two fires into a bright blaze, and the Spaniards were led to seats. Then came the food, a prodigal display. There was fish and fruit, yellow cornbread, gray cassava bread and an unidentifiable roast meat.

A dignified Indian, taller than his fellows and apparently their chief, was standing ready to make polite conversation. It called for a good deal of effort to make him understand that they wanted to know the name of this land.

"Paria," said the chief at length. So this country was called Paria. Rich continued the sign-conversation. Slowly, laboriously, he learned that these waterways were indeed part of a river, a great river called the Orinoco.

"*Guanin?*" Rich continued. The chief called to his subjects. There was a good deal of bustling about, and people brought Rich ornaments of gold and put them at his feet — two more collars, and several shapeless lumps, the largest the size of a walnut.

"This wench has pearls on," said Osorio.

"I was going to ask about them next," said Rich.

He reached out and touched the armlet. At a word from the chief she stripped off the armlet and put it in his hand. More pearls were brought: a little pile of wealth lay at Rich's feet.

Beyond the ring of light round the fires something was happening in the darkness. The circle of Spaniards had grown thin. Then suddenly a woman screamed sharply, and Rich felt his heart sink. García was eying him curiously in the firelight, and Osorio was looking at him sidelong, to see what he would do. The Indians were tense; everything seemed to be waiting on his decision. In a few moments there might be a bloody fight, he realized now. He got slowly to his feet, and as he did so an Indian girl came running into the firelight. She made straight for one of the Indians and threw herself into his arms. Two more figures came into sight, João de Setubal and Diego Moret.

"What is this?" asked Rich.

"I found the girl first," said Moret, sullenly.

"*You* found her?" protested Setubal. "She promised me an hour ago."

"That's a lie!"

Their hands went to their sword hilts. To give the lie was as much an invitation to bloodshed as to give a blow. Someone was at Setubal's elbow in the half light, and someone else at Moret's. In a moment there would be a dozen swords drawn.

"Don Diego! Don João!" Rich cried, hurrying forward. The two men looked round at him, their bodies turned toward each other, right feet advanced, their blades drawn and ready to cross.

"Take your hands from your swords!" roared Rich. The desperate urgency of the moment gave power to his voice. They hesitated, and then, as Rich strode between them, they dropped their melodramatic poses.

"Are you fools enough to want to fight with a hundred Indians looking on?" spluttered Rich. "They may think us gods now, but how long would they think it if one of you had a yard of steel in his belly?"

A training in rhetoric may have enabled his tongue to move freely, but he had never before been so desperately anxious to win a cause.

"Will the women be so easy for you if they see you think 'em worth squabbling about?" he asked, wondering, as he said it, whether his tone of coarse goodfellowship rang true. "Think of your own case. If an archangel visited you in Spain you'd give him dinner, wouldn't you? But if you caught that archangel with your wife? What then?"

He got a laugh at that — a most encouraging sound.

"Let's have no more of this nonsense," he said, taking the bull by the horns at last, and assuming the attitude of authority which he dreaded. "It's time for sleep, and we'll sleep close together for safety's

sake. Seamen can sleep by the fire here. Gentlemen here. Don Cristobal, you can make yourself obeyed by these hotheaded lads. See that nobody wanders off in the night and gets his throat cut. Boatswain, you can do the same with your seamen."

To delegate the responsibility to García was a bold and successful move. García would not like it to be demonstrated that he could not make himself obeyed after Rich had assumed he could, and he certainly could fight if necessary, which was more than Rich could do. And the simple assumption of authority and of García's support worked a miracle, too. The young men were impressed by it — and perhaps Rich did not realize that they were the less ready to resent his authority after he had withstood sword in hand the first mad charge of the wounded caiman.

For the four full days which the Admiral had allotted as a maximum, Rich explored this new coast, searching for a passage to the western sea. The marshy delta-formation continued for miles. There were Indians in little groups everywhere, each group with a hospitable welcome. The longboat was laden deep with gifts; every village had stripped itself bare to supply the strangers — bread and fruit and strange edible roots in addition to gold and pearls.

But there were hardships too. The sun roasted the explorers, the

rain saturated them, and insects bit them. Tiny creatures found their way under their clothes and sank their jaws so deeply that their heads parted from their bodies sooner than loose their hold.

In the sweltering nights there were even worse things. Once Rich was awakened at dawn by Osorio shaking his shoulder. Rich followed the line of Osorio's pointing forefinger. From under the shelter of the mainsail two yards away projected the naked leg and foot of one of the seamen. Resting on the foot was a grayish lump, which moved a little. There was hardly light to see, but the thing was ugly, menacing, obscene. The leg moved and the thing dropped to the ground with a flutter of wings. Rich slashed at it with his sword and the flutterings ended.

It was a bat, with widespread leathery wings, its open mouth revealing a gleam of sharp white teeth. The revolting ugliness of the face made Rich shudder, and the spreading pool of blood in which the creature lay disclosed the work it had been at; it had gorged itself until it was unable to rise in the air. The seaman, when he was awakened, was pale from loss of blood, but he had felt no pain.

THE ADMIRAL listened courteously to Rich's report, and his eyes brightened at the sight of the gold and the pearls.

"It is a vast land, Your Excellency. The rivers are huge."

"You mean the channels between the islands?"

"Rivers, Your Excellency."

"There is no land near which could support a river of that size."

"We found a river the Indians called Orinoco, Your Excellency," said Rich.

"There is nothing so easy to misunderstand as the signs these Indians make," said the Admiral, kindly. "Believe me on that point; I have had sufficient experience to know. Let us hear more."

Rich told of seeing oysters which grew at the bases of trees near the water.

"Ah," said the Admiral, "that is the source of these pearls. Pliny has a passage on the subject. He tells that oysters exposed by the tide open their shells to receive drops of dew from the skies, and then solidify these drops into pearls."

Rich kept his mouth tight shut. He was not going to risk a snub by relating that the Indians had made him understand that their pearls came from other oysters, which were found only in deep water. And then with a shock he realized that the Admiral was right. He remembered perfectly plainly now the passage in *Historia Naturalis* that dealt with the point. Pliny could not be wrong; Rich withdrew in horror from the brink of the abyss of freethinking into which he had been about to plunge.

Instead, he told of the endless marshy channels, of their fruitless search for a passage.

"So you think the channels impracticable for the squadron?"

"Yes, Your Excellency."

"Then we shall have to risk the passage of the Dragon's Mouth. We have no more time to spare in exploration at the moment."

It was the Admiral's way to touch lightly upon one subject of investigation and then dash on to the next, to formulate a theory and neglect the confirmation of it, to find the distant prospect always more alluring than the present.

"My brother, I hope, will have reduced the colony to order, and will have several shiploads of treasure awaiting us."

"Yes, Your Excellency."

Bartholomew Columbus was one of the few men whom the Admiral trusted. With the powers of *Adelantado* — deputy to the Viceroy — he certainly might by now have effected a change in the colony; but Rich was aware that it would call for a man of vast ability and courage to enforce an orderly government on the adventurers who made up the colony.

"If all is well in Española, Your Excellency," ventured Rich, "I hope you will consider a new expedition to explore these parts."

"I hope I shall. But there is so much to do." The Admiral sighed, and his heavy lids drooped over his blue eyes; the man was weary.

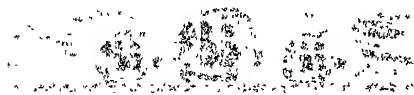
"But here there is so much to discover," said Rich.

"Yes, indeed," agreed the Admiral with more animation; his face brightened as he spoke. "I have written it all in the report I am sending to Their Highnesses. The Earthly Paradise, the mines of Ophir, the Fountain of Youth — I am glad that you are with me, Don Narciso, to confirm me in all these matters."

Rich had not the least intention of affirming to King Ferdinand the presence of any such phenomena. He went on deck again depressed and unhappy. He was reluctant to give up the exploration of this strange new land. He wanted to know how far it extended, and what ocean lay beyond it. He felt a little thrill at the thought that his foot had been the first from Europe to be set upon it. He felt in his bones that this river drained no mere island, but a new unguessed-at continent. A mad theory, contrary to all the ideas held by the Admiral, a dangerous, almost an heretical, theory. If only there were some means of ascertaining how far round this revolving globe they had sailed, whether it was one third the way, as the Admiral's theories demanded, or one eighth the way, as would have to be the case if his own mad guesses were correct! If only some miracle would let them know what time of day it was at that moment in Cadiz!

Sandglasses, turned half-hourly

for a ten weeks' voyage, could be as much as a week out in their record at the end of that time, he knew. Ingenious mechanics were constructing engines in Germany which could tell the time with an error of not more than an hour a day. If some remarkable man could devise one accurate to a second a day, the problem would be solved; but no such miraculous workmanship could ever be hoped for. Wilder and more chimerical ideas flowed through Rich's brain. Supposing a string were to be laid by a ship on the bottom of the ocean from Cadiz to the Indies, so that a twitch from one end would announce the hour of noon to the other end! That was plain madness, said Rich to himself, terminating his meditations with a jerk. Three thousand miles of ocean sundered Spain from the Indies. It was a gap no wild theories could bridge, no one would ever be able to tell at one place what was the time at another.



THEY SAILED next morning by the central channel of the Dragon's Mouth. It was reassuring to see the drastic change which came over the Admiral when he was confronted with a problem in seamanship. He was no longer a touchy old gentleman rather set in his ideas; his very rheumatism seemed to leave him,

and he paced the deck like a young man, his high clear voice as he called his orders to the captains of the caravels reaching easily across the intervening sea.

The passage was hazardous in the extreme, with wind and current hurtling the little squadron through the unknown channel, but the Admiral's magnificent seamanship took them safely through. Soon the land was behind them, and Rich felt the bows of the *Holy Name* lift to the long ocean swell, and heard its music, strangely welcome, under her stem. Ahead lay the open sea, and beyond it, Española.

As the ship steadied on her run, Rich wondered how the Admiral had calculated the new course. Española lay at least 200 leagues away, and he was approaching it from a point whose exact whereabouts (Rich knew only too well) the Admiral could not know. In spite of the Admiral's confidence, Rich could well imagine themselves lost altogether; they might blunder about for weeks seeking Española; provisions and water might fail; disease might break out among them even if they struck no reef or shoal.

His forebodings grew in the days which followed. Each noon the Admiral, balanced stiffly on the heaving deck, took the altitude of the sun with his astrolabe, and at night that of the Pole Star. But Rich, observing that the pendulum of the astrolabe swung uncontrollably with the heave of the ship, and that even

on clear nights the horizon was blurred, knew that these calculations were liable to wide errors. He mentioned his doubts in conversation with the Admiral.

"In five days," said the Admiral, "if the wind holds and no undiscovered land lies on our course, we shall sight Española."

And five days later at noon the lookout, hailing from the masthead, announced land. The Admiral came limping on deck.

"You see, it is as I foretold, Don Narciso," said the Admiral.

"And it is Española, Your Excellency?" ventured Rich. The question brought the Admiral's brows together.

"Naturally!" There was more surprise than anger in his voice. He had not thought Rich such a fool as to doubt.

Yet as the squadron drew closer, and the land acquired definition Rich saw him looking more anxiously toward it under his shaggy white brows. The deepset blue eyes strained in their effort to make out the details.

"Don Narciso," said the Admiral at length, "my navigation has been faulty."

"It gives me pain to hear Your Excellency say that," said Rich, waiting to hear an admission that the land ahead was unknown.

"It must be that the currents are stronger than I have allowed for," said the Admiral. "We are five full leagues to leeward of San Domingo."

"Only five leagues!" exclaimed Rich. It was miraculous!

"To leeward!" snapped the Admiral. "Thirty leagues to windward would have caused less delay."

He stumped about the deck on his rheumatically legs, in irritation.

"But Your Excellency," protested Rich, "it is seven weeks since we left Cape Verde, and that was the last known land which we sighted. An error of five leagues in a voyage of seven weeks! It is amazing."

The enthusiasm and astonishment in his voice were so genuine that the Admiral could not help but be touched by them.

"It is kind of you to say so, Don Narciso," he said. "But I am impatient to reach San Domingo. I want to see my brother, the *Adelantado*, and hear an account of his viceroyalty. The gold mines should be in full bearing by now. And the three ships we sent — I want to know if they have arrived yet. I am worried, Don Narciso."

As the squadron, close-hauled, tried to claw up to windward, a group of hidalgos drew Rich into their conversation. He stood among them a little awkwardly, for he never felt at ease among these men of war.

"What is the delay?" fumed Tarpia. "We are coming no nearer to the land."

"We are going on the other tack," explained Rich. "San Domingo lies to windward."

They looked at him without understanding. Despite the length of the voyage none of them had acquired any knowledge of how a ship is worked. Horses and hawks and hounds, they understood — because they had been taught about them from boyhood; but none of them was possessed with the lively curiosity that urged Rich to learn about everything that came under his notice.

"How far is this San Domingo?" asked García.

"Five leagues."

"And we shall not reach there tonight?"

"Perhaps not. But after dark there may be a wind off the land which would help us. There usually is."

"You're as good a pilot as the Admiral, Don Narciso," said García, looking at him curiously. Rich rounded on him.

"You don't appreciate what a marvelous navigator the Admiral is," he said. "There is no other sailor living who could have brought the squadron so directly here."

Just then the ship came about and stood in to the shore; a canoe was sighted coming out toward them. An Indian wearing a shirt of coarse towcloth paddled the canoe. He scrambled up the side of the *Holy Name*, and everyone saw — with a shock — that he carried a crossbow. Before the Indian, blinking round at the ring of Spaniards, had time to collect himself, the

Admiral was demanding where he had obtained it. The danger of allowing the natives to possess such weapons was apparent to all.

"Loldan gave it me," said the Indian; he could speak Spanish after a fashion.

"Roldan!" exclaimed the Admiral. "The Alcalde Mayor?"

"Yes. We friends," said the Indian proudly. "I shoot bad Indians. Christian, I am."

He bent his head and made the sign of the cross, and intoned something in a weird singsong, which was just recognizable as the Pater Noster. Some of the group round him laughed, as they might at the antics of a performing ape.

"Where is my brother, the *Adelantado*?" asked the Admiral.

"In the town," said the Indian, pointing down the coast with an appearance of indifference. "He not Loldan's friend."

"Not Rokdan's friend?" repeated the Admiral, blankly.

"No. He fight. Loldan fight. Indian fight."

The Indian grinned a simpleton's grin. A gesture more eloquent than his bad Spanish called up a picture of bloody confusion throughout the island. Someone in the background whistled in amazement at his words.

"But why? Why?" groaned the Admiral. The Indian grinned again, and tried to explain. There was no sense in his words.

"Take that crossbow away from

him," the Admiral ordered, curtly. "Put him over the side. Captain, lay the ship on the other tack."

THEY ENTERED the river mouth of San Domingo in the late afternoon, after two weary days of beating against head winds. There was the wooden church with its square tower, and beside it the fort — only the simplest arrangement of

ditch, palisade, and parapet, but quite impregnable to the simple unarmed folk who were its only possible assailants. At the water's edge, starkly visible, stood a gallows, from which dangled two corpses.

"Holy Mary!" said one of the hidalgos, with genuine sincerity. "It's good to be in a Christian country again!"

To Be Concluded Next Month

NEXT MONTH *To the Indies* concludes with the grim story of Spanish colonization in Española (Hayti). Narciso Rich, hoping to gaze upon an earthly paradise, sees instead the massacre of the Indians, the greed and cruelty of the Spanish adventurers, and the final disgrace of Admiral Christopher Columbus.

Intelligence Service

A COLORED BOY walked into a drugstore in Raleigh, North Carolina, and asked if he could use the phone. The druggist assenting, the boy took down the receiver and said: "Central, give me numbah 604." Then, "Is yo' Dr. Anderson? Do yo' want to hiah a boy to mow de lawn, milk de cow and run erran's? Already got a boy, is yo'? Dr. Anderson, is yo' puffedtly satisfied wid de boy yo' already got? Good-bye, Dr. Anderson."

As the boy started out, the druggist called to him: "Hey, boy, I believe you could do some work for me."

"I'se got a job, I is," the boy replied.

"Didn't I hear you just now trying to get a job from Dr. Anderson?" the druggist asked.

"No, suh," said the boy. "I'se Dr. Anderson's boy. I'se just checkin' up on mahself."

— F. Frank Watson in *The Rotarian*

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Catholic Converts	Sep.	51	COÖPERATIVES:		
CATTLE:			Give the Patient a Break	Sep.	77
Molasses Rides the Range	Oct.	61	Maine Line to Security, The	Dec.	35
CENSORSHIP:			They Group to Conquer	Dec.	67
"The German High Command States"	Oct.	99	Thirty-Six Churches in One	Nov.	58
CHILDBIRTH:			COUNTERFEIT MONEY:		
They Need Not Die	Nov.	55	Money to Burn	Oct.	65
CHILDREN:			CRIME AND PUNISHMENT:		
As a Child Sees	Nov.	26	Can This Be a Women's Prison?	Aug.	94
Child Pioneer	Dec.	6	Judge Didn't Throw the Book, The	Oct.	94
Later	Nov.	17	Laundry Tag Detective	Dec.	83
Most Unforgettable Character I Ever Met, XII	Sep.	46	Money to Burn	Oct.	65
No Pampered Pets in Our Home	Oct.	16	Murder, Inc.	Aug.	55
Quiz Kids, The	Oct.	23	Partners, Not in Crime	July	96
Recruit, The	Nov.	97	CYCLOTRON:		
Wolf-Girls and Baboon-Boy	Aug.	40	Maestro of the Atom	Aug.	121
CHINA:			DANCING:		
<i>Chinese Civilization Moves In- land</i>	July	5	Swing Your Partners	Dec.	89
Mother of the Guerrillas	Oct.	117	DEAFNESS:		
"We Have Our Orders"	Aug.	83	Hear, and Now!	July	53
CHRISTMAS:			DEATH:		
One Christmas Eve in Mexico	Dec.	49	Borrowed Timers, The	Nov.	27
CIGARETTES:			My First Funeral	July	27
Domestic Paper to Burn	Dec.	46	Racketeering Ghouls	Aug.	37
I Quit Smoking	July	31	DEFENSE, NATIONAL:		
CIVICS:			America's First Duty	Oct.	1
Here's Howe	Nov.	99	And So You're Drafted	Dec.	63
Spokane's Civic Horse-Trader	Oct.	71	Uncle Sam's Own Blitz Force	Dec.	104
These Our Rulers	Sep.	1	Wake Up, America!	July	6
Women Voters on the Job	July	119	Wanted: A Plan for Defense	Sep.	63
Young Democracy in Action	Nov.	102	What "On Order" Means	Oct.	33
			Famine Fighters	Dec.	11
			DIVORCE:		
			You-Don't-Want-a-Divorce Court, The	Sep.	85
			Doctors, You	July	35

DRAFT:

- And So You're Drafted Dec. 63
 Train Conscripts for War — and
 for Peace Oct. 57

DUST, Up from the July 20**ECONOMICS:**

- If Hitler Wins Sep. 108
 World Germanica, The July 115

EDUCATION:

- As a Child Sees Nov. 26
Chinese Civilization Moves In-
land July 5
 Father and Mother Sharpen
 Their Wits Sep. 60
 From Campus to Dinner Pail —
 and Back Dec. 25
 Industry Beckons Youth Nov. 75
 Let's Make Football Respect-
 able Dec. 60
 Most Unforgettable Character
 I've Ever Met, XIV Nov. 22
 Peter Pan Grows Up July 23
 Portland's 600 Dutch Uncles July 109
 Should Schools Teach Sex? Nov. 36
 Swing Your Partners Dec. 89
 Train Conscripts for War — and
 for Peace Oct. 57

ELECTRICITY:

- More Power to the Farmer Aug. 58

FAMILY:

- God and My Father Aug. 20
 Later Nov. 17
 No Pampered Pets in Our Home Oct. 16

FASHION:

- Gloria Swanson Defends Her
 Title July 122
 Massacred for Millinery Dec. 96
 Fat, Once I Was Nov. 70

FEET:

- In a Great Man's Shoes Oct. 89

FIRE CONTROL:

- Aerial Fire Department* July 70
 Cracking Down on Forest Fires Sep. 82
 Flying Yorkshireman, The July 129
 Football, Let's Make Respectable Dec. 60

FORESTRY:

- Aerial Fire Department* July 70
 Cracking Down on Forest Fires Sep. 82
Friends of Trees July 108

- Foyle, According to July 41

FRANCE:

- Most Unforgettable Character
 I've Ever Met, XI Aug. 32
 Paris Railway Station July 51

GERMANY:

- Behind the German Lines Nov. 115
 Behind the Scenes in Poland Sep. 57
 Blitzkrieg with Music Sep. 42
 Caribbean Snoop Cruise Nov. 127
 Facing the Nazi World Revo-
 lution Aug. 63
 "Gentle Heinrich" Himmler July 92
 "German High Command States
 The" Oct. 99
 Hitler Looks to South America Aug. 47
 Hitler's Branch Offices, U. S. A. Dec. 28
 If Hitler Wins Sep. 106
 Lady Führer über Alles Oct. 19
 Nazi Tactics Revolutionize War July 107
 "Official" Document Factory July 50
 Strategy of Terror, The Sep. 89
 World Germanica, The July 115

- Glass Magic July 47

GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS:

- America's First Duty Oct. 1
 Dead Hand of Bureaucracy, The Oct. 119
Democracy at the Crossroads?
 Nov. 16, 108
Footnote to Current History Aug. 28
 How to Write to Your Con-
 gressman Sep. 30
 It Needn't Happen Here Sep. 73
 Minnesota Miracle July 75
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 No Thoroughfare to Utopia July 13
 These Our Rulers Sep. 1
 Uncle Sam's Own Blitz Force Dec. 104
 What You Don't Know About
 Wendell Willkie Oct. 46
 Women Voters on the Job July 119
 Young Democracy in Action Nov. 102

GREAT BRITAIN:

- Blood for Britain Dec. 43
 Boy in a Spitfire Nov. 19
 Bright Face of Danger, The Oct. 77
 Britain's Labor Boss Dec. 20
 "Cliffs of England Stand, The" Nov. 80
 If Worst Comes to Worst Aug. 3
 Little Lord Beaverbrook Nov. 65
 Miracle of Dunkirk Dec. 108
 Most Unforgettable Character
 I've Ever Met, XII Sep. 46
 Roving Commission, A July 152
 Rush All Possible Aid to Britain! Sep. 12

Toward an English-Speaking Union	Dec. 92	INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS:	
HEALTH:		Britain's Labor Boss	Dec. 20
Borrowed Timers, The	Nov. 27	Codes, Collusion and Housing Costs	July 98
Cotton Field Volunteer Clinic	Sep. 100	Petrillo, Dictator of Music	Nov. 31
Famine Fighters	Dec. 11	San Francisco's Cure for Strikes	Oct. 79
I Quit Smoking	July 31	INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS:	
In a Great Man's Shoes	Oct. 89	America's Hour of Destiny	Aug. 105
Jungles Can Be Healthful	Oct. 27	Canada: America's Problem	Aug. 125
Once I Was Fat	Nov. 70	Facing the Nazi World Revolution	Aug. 63
Swimmers Are Not Fish	July 105	Friends to the North of Us	Nov. 109
HISTORY:		Hitler's Branch Offices, U. S. A.	Dec. 28
Bible Lesson	July 82	If Hitler Wins	Sep. 106
Child Pioneer	Dec. 6	Toward an English-Speaking Union	Dec. 92
"Don't Fire Until You See the Whites of Their Eyes"	Oct. 109	Wake Up, America!	July 6
Footnote to Current History	Aug. 28	World Germanica, The	July 115
Fred Harvey Girls — Civilizers of the Southwest	Nov. 73	ITALY:	
In a Great Man's Shoes	Oct. 89	Little King, The	July 124
Letter from Lincoln, A	Nov. 49	JAPAN:	
Log Cabin Myth, The	Nov. 35	"We Have Our Orders"	Aug. 83
Lost Colony, The	July 30	"You Are National Guest"	Sep. 25
Louisiana Purchase	Nov. 45	JOURNALISM:	
Remember the Alamo	Oct. 10	"The German High Command States"	Oct. 99
To the Indies	Dec. 137	Believe-It-or-Not Ripley	Dec. 53
When New York Blacked Out	Aug. 6	LANGUAGE:	
Year without a Summer, The	Aug. 76	Book America Wrote, The	Dec. 73
HOBBIES:		Guide to Modern English Usage	Aug. 91
Boys' Business, A	Dec. 98	Laundry Tag Detectives	Dec. 83
Everybody's Workshop	Sep. 55	LAW COURTS:	
There's Money in Stamps	Nov. 93	You-Don't-Want-a-Divorce Court, The	Sep. 85
Voices Are a Collector's Item	July 128	Letter from Lincoln, A.	Nov. 49
HOLLYWOOD, That's	Nov. 101	LIBRARIES, Miniature of Tomorrow	Oct. 97
Baghdad-on-the-Pacific	Sep. 128	LITERATURE:	
HOUSING:		How to Mark a Book	Aug. 70
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Houses Off the Assembly Line	Aug. 77	LIVING, ART OF:	
Howe, Here's	Nov. 99	Before I'm Eighty	Dec. 81
HUMOR:		Borrowed Timers, The	Nov. 27
According to Foyle	July 41	I Am Blind	Sep. 93
Conversation by Mail	July 1	Lesson from Rodin, A.	Aug. 26
Five That Never Fail Me	Nov. 39	Too Much Going On	Dec. 17
Flying Yorkshireman, The	July 129	Work in the Laboratory of Your Private Life	Sep. 7
Gloria Swanson Defends Her Title	July 122	You Become Someone—Alone	Oct. 37
God and My Father	Aug. 20		
Guide to Modern English Usage	Aug. 91		
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Imagination, Limber Up Your	July 68		

You Don't Have to Be Rich... Aug.	97	Murder, Inc. Aug.	55
LUMBER INDUSTRY:		MUSIC, Petrillo, Dictator of . . .	Nov. 31
Domestic Paper to Burn. Dec.	46	Blitzkrieg with Music. Sep.	42
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MAIL-Air, R.F.D. Nov.	107	U. S. Ambassador of Song. . . Sep.	43
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Fred Harvey Girls — Civilizers		Do Animals Think? Oct.	30
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The. Sep.	85	Cotton Field Volunteer Clinic . Sep.	100
MAYO CLINIC:		Most Unforgettable Character	
Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie. July	43	I've Ever Met, X. July	56
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Blood for Britain Dec.	43	Old Crafts for New Hampshire. Aug.	102
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They Need Not Die. Nov.	55	Future July	80
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Quiz Kids, The	Oct.	23	30,000 Times Life-Size!	Nov.	13
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Inner Threat, The: Our Own Softness	Oct. 6
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Rush All Possible Aid to Britain	Sep. 12
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Treachery in the Air	Nov. 46	Gloria Swanson Defends Her Title	July 122
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